

Dakota Smith Patreon by Thomas Bell

(01/January/2024 - 30/January/2025)

[A Disenchanted New Year: Theodore](#)

[Jan 1, 2024](#)

Disenchanted New Year; Theodore

“At least Mor stole you a sick car,” Theo says, his seat leaned back and his sun visor down, content with being shotgun as you navigate the heavy traffic.

“Not technically stolen,” You correct him, “The salesman handed us the keys.”

He raises an eyebrow, his lips quirked in amusement, “Of his own free will?”

You decline to answer. It had been an emergency, after all, and how were you supposed to know Mor had decided to swindle you the fanciest car on the lot? Theo laughs at your lack of answer, and you find yourself rolling your eyes affectionately. You’ve come to dearly love that annoying cackle of his.

Flipping your blinker on, you turn right per the GPS. It’s a two-ish hour drive from Catskill to New York City, and the roads have never been more packed.

New Year’s Eve is one of the busiest nights around here, apparent by all the cars headed in the same direction as you. You grimace, already thinking of the densely packed crowd in Times Square. Over a million people, one article had read...you try to imagine a million people and come up blank.

“Hey,” Theo rests a hand on your thigh, giving you a lazy smile, “This’ll be fun.”

You hope he’s right.

You had booked a spot in a parking garage, like, a month ago. Pretty much as soon as you knew you wanted to see the ball drop, you started planning. It was about a twenty minute walk to the Square, but you reached the city well before noon. They weren’t even letting people in before ten o’clock, so you had one or two hours to go yet.

Theo breathed in deeply as you exited the garage, taking in the bustling streets, “Ah, the sweet smell of pollution.”

With that he takes you by the hand and pulls you out onto the sidewalk. You both move quickly, him in front and you behind. The glamor hides your not-so-human features well to others, but you can still see his wings fluttering in your face. Your eyes catch on a few other supernaturals as you breeze by, but neither party makes an effort to stop. Everyone has somewhere to go, and you don't feel like talking to strangers regardless.

The crowd grows thicker the closer you get, and Theo tucks his wings close to his back with a disgruntled frown, "So, next year-"

"We'll watch it on streaming." You confirm, dodging a few errant children, "Remember, though, you said this would be fun."

"Yeah, sure, and when am I ever right?" Theo huffs out a laugh, "Let's just make it to the countdown."

You talk about everything and nothing as the seconds tick away, and then the floodgates open. People pour into Times Square, cameras already out and several children already squalling. Theo guides you through the crowd, and soon you find a place near the stage to wait out the rest of the day.

"You know, of all the times mom and dad have brought me here, we've never done New Years." Theo says, leaning against one of the fences, "Probably because mom would lose her mind."

Yeah, you could see that. His mom is great, funny, and totally chill, but she's really not keen on crowds.

"We'll tell her all about it," You reach up, pushing his silly 2024 glasses into place, "And these can be her souvenir."

"Wanna take a selfie for Spellgram?" He grins, "I mean, we look so stylish, after all."

He flips his camera around, tossing an arm around you and cheesing wide as he takes the picture. He hunches over the phone for a second, typing away, before flipping it around to show you the caption.

See you next year! He's put a little firework emoji beside the words.

You snort, shaking your head, "Lame."

"It's meant to be," He chides, hitting post unrepentantly, "And I can feel Vik's eye roll from here, which just makes it better."

The time passes quickly, and the music is blaring in no time as acts take the main stage and are recorded to be broadcasted around the country. Despite Theo's wishes, you two aren't interviewed by any news station, but he hardly lets that dull his evening.

As the ten minute to midnight mark hits, there's a buzz in the air as people get excited. The ball is a bright, shiny spot in the sky; it's not nearly as big from the ground as it is on TV. Theo stares up at it, squinting, before he takes your hand.

"Trust me," He whispers, pulling you away from the fence and toward the back of the crowd.

Before you can ask why he's giving up your spots, you feel the glamor wash over your entire body. It sits on top of your skin like a warm blanket, though you still feel Theo's arms around you in vivid detail. You hold on tight, bracing yourself as his wings rustle and move, lifting the both of you into the sky.

You grip his shoulders, and he braces you with his hands as you look around. The higher you go, the smaller the people below look.

The lights are stunning from up here, and you can see every little crystal that makes up the ball. As the screen lights up with the final countdown, you look back at Theo. His wings shudder, moving in closer around you like a velvety cocoon as he keeps you both afloat. He leans in until his breath brushes your lips, his eyes shining brighter than any of the fireworks in the sky.

"Three," He mumbles, an arm snaking around your waist.

"Two," You respond, your hands clutching him tighter.

You don't reach one, your lips meeting as the sound around you becomes deafening. It's over too fast, the cheering continuing below even still, but you feel frozen in time as he rests his forehead against yours.

"You know what the best part is?" He smirks.

"What's that?" You mutter, already skeptical before he can get another word out.

"We still have to drive home."

You sigh, nudging his shoulder in protest before he pulls you in for another kiss.

"Don't worry," He says after, "I'll fly us above most of the crowd on the way out of the Square."

He does, and you begrudgingly admit that it's a lifesaver.

[A Disenchanted New Year: Theodora](#)

[Jan 1, 2024](#)

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[A Disenchanted New Year: Viktor](#)

[Jan 2, 2024](#)

Disenchanted New Year; Viktor

“This is already stressing me out,” Viktor sighs, his eyes darting around at all the traffic as you lounge in the passenger seat, “Why did mom think this was a good idea?”

“Because it’ll hopefully be fun once we get there,” You point out, “And they got us a really nice hotel, so the party will probably be cool.”

“I don’t know why they did that,” He mutters, “I don’t even want to imagine how much a hotel with a view of the Square cost on New Year’s Eve.”

“I think they’re still celebrating,” You say, leaning over to nudge his shoulder, “Remember when we finally told them we were dating and your mom made us a cake, like, not even an hour later?”

“And my dad brought out one of the vintage bottles,” Viktor says, mystified as if he still couldn’t quite believe it had happened, “I almost thought the world was ending.”

“Just enjoy it,” You advise, “They’re happy for you. Us.”

He reaches out, taking your hand and placing it on his thigh. You squeeze the muscle there, making him smile over at you, the early morning sun lighting up his face.

The traffic is thick as you both make the trek from Catskill to New York City. It’s a two-ish hour drive that isn’t honestly that bad with good company and some music. New Year’s is one of the busiest nights around here, which is apparent as cars swarm the streets and people pack the sidewalks.

Your hotel has complimentary parking, and it’s a lucky thing. You don’t think at this point you’d be able to find much available without having pre-reserved it. Viktor grabs both your overnight bags and heads for the front desk to check in. You take the time to wander around the lobby, looking at all the fancy contemporary decor and the fine champagne.

“Come on,” Viktor’s fingers graze over your arm as he returns to your side, his eyes soft, “Elevator is this way.”

You hear Viktor gasp a little when he finally walks into the room, dumping your bags on the king bed. One wall is all window, giving you quite a lovely view. You can see most of Times Square from how high up your room is, the people milling about below practically specks.

A note from the hotel sits on the dresser with a complimentary bottle of wine and a few chocolates. You pop one in your mouth, tossing your bags onto one of the chairs to clear the bed.

“We have hours before the partying starts,” Viktor says, “You can get a nap in if you want.”

You smirk, extending a hand as you scoot back onto the bed, “I need my pillow.”

He smiles indulgently, sliding his shoes off before taking your hand. You move closer as he wraps an arm around your waist, tucking you into his chest. It’s easy to fall asleep, and you don’t even realize you have until he’s shaking you awake. It’s dark outside now, you realize. It would be, at least, if not for all the lights and commotion in the streets below.

“The music started a little bit ago,” Viktor says quietly, “I was going to wake you up sooner but you looked so comfortable.”

You groan, stretching slightly as you sit up. You glance over, taking in the view of Viktor’s profile shining with the revelry below.

“Were you wanting to go up to the bar for the party?” He asks, leaning back against the headboard.

“Why not?” You ask, sliding your shoes back on, “We paid for the experience. Well, your parents did, I guess.”

It's crowded when you reach the roof. This close to midnight has people already drunk and stumbling, so you two find a nice spot along the railing. The couches are comfortable as you sit and stare out at the skyline. The ball is a lot smaller than it looks on TV, you realize.

“Guess it's all about perspective,” Viktor mutters, “It looks tiny but I read it's actually twelve feet tall and weighs almost twelve thousand pounds.”

Time passes quickly on the roof; it's chilly this high up, so you're practically laying in Viktor's arms once again. He goes and gets drinks at one point, and the glasses are so dainty and delicate you can tell he worries about shattering them.

As the ten minute to midnight mark is reached, people are humming with excitement as more and more gather around the railing. You scoot closer into Viktor's side, letting an older woman sit down on the other end of the couch.

Eventually the countdown starts, and you chant the numbers down in unison with everyone else.

“Happy New Year's,” Viktor whispers just for you as everyone else shouts it out.

He leans in at the same time as you, his hand cradling your cheek as your lips meet. You sway in closer, like he has some kind of magnetic field pulling you in. He tastes like expensive champagne and smoke and fire, his sharp teeth kept carefully away from snagging your lips. You hear people cooing and awwing around you, but you feel no embarrassment. He pulls back to breathe, his face still inches away from your own. His eyes, mostly blue in the low light, look only at you.

“To many more?” You say, lacing your fingers through with his.

“So many.” He agrees, his lips curling up as he pecks you on the cheek.

It doesn't take long before you both tire of the noise and the packed crowd, so you head back down to your room not long after midnight. You're too tired for anything else, but the slow kiss you share in bed leaves you burning for more. You have a whole year, though, to worry about that, and many more to come.

[A Disenchanted New Year: Lucien](#)

[Jan 9, 2024](#)

Disenchanted New Year; Lucien

"Your mother is the worst person alive," You say, leaning back in the passenger seat of Lucien's car, "But at least she hasn't canceled that credit card."

He huffs out a soft laugh, "You're not wrong."

Going to Times Square for New Year's Eve isn't exactly cheap, after all. Not to mention getting a luxury hotel that throws a swanky party. You shudder at the thought of that particular bill, but Lucien had entered his mother's card information without remorse. Maybe she kept it active because she hopes he'll come crawling back once he realizes how much money he'll inherit. She hasn't seemed to realize that he'll get it either way, as the Riveras have no other children or family.

You'd feel bad for her and her delusions if she wasn't a blight on humanity. Unfortunately, she is, so you immediately agreed to partying in New York on her dime.

"We won't see the ball drop in person," Lucien says as he navigates the heavy traffic, "But I don't really feel like getting tangled up in that mess anyways."

He hates crowds, so you understand why he'd be hesitant. You're just as happy to sip a drink with him and watch it on the big screens in the fancy hotel bar, honestly.

"Fine by me," You say, looking at the thick crowds lining the sidewalks as you enter the city, "It definitely seems a bit packed."

That's certainly an understatement. Lucien carefully navigates through the mess to your hotel, tossing his keys to the valet with a smile before getting your bags out of the back seat. You're staying for a week, a vacation of sorts before classes start up again, so more than an overnight bag was necessary. While he checks in at the front desk, you admire the fancy rugs and the vintage lamps. It all has a very Roaring '20s theme, from the chandeliers to the red velvet covered stools you see at the bar.

"This way," Lucien comes up behind you, a hand resting on your hip as he leans in close to pass you the key cards, "We're on the tenth floor."

He leads you to the elevator, his hand hovering over the small of your back the whole time. When you unlock the door, he sets the luggage by the bed before giving you a quick kiss.

"I'm happy you agreed to this," You feel him smile against your lips, his forehead resting against yours, "Just having you here is..."

He trails off; whatever words he'd been looking for, apparently they hadn't been enough. Instead of explaining, he kisses you again. It's firmer this time, more sure, and you feel the air shift around you as his wings flutter.

"We should head down soon," You say, tucking a curl behind his ear, "We got here late."

His teeth brush over his bottom lip, contemplating, before he eventually agrees. He follows you right back out the door, drifting closer to your side as you head down to the lobby once again. The bar is slowly filling up when you two arrive, but it isn't too crowded. Lucien doesn't seem to mind it at least, despite having to keep his glamoured wings tucked close to his back.

The booze flows steadily, but Lucien isn't big on drinking these days. He has one or two, getting even touchier as the alcohol hits him. A hand on your thigh, your arm, your waist; he's all over you. A kiss on your neck, your cheek, your lips; you feel warm in the face and wave him away before things go too far in public. He pouts about it for a moment before settling on draping himself over your shoulders as the seconds tick closer and closer to midnight.

As the countdown starts, he's hardly paying any attention. His eyes are steadily locked on you, and he's kissing you by the time everyone has reached five. When the ball drops and the cheering starts, you're already wrapped up in a kiss that makes you weak in the knees. You run a hand along his jaw and he lets out a little whine that makes heat ricochet up and down your nerves.

You pull back, enjoying the kiss bruised look of his lips, "You didn't even see the ball drop."

"I was looking at something much prettier," He says, a dopey grin curling his lips.

You roll your eyes but settle into his arms despite his cheesiness, watching the confetti flicker in the air outside through the windows. People are dancing to the music around you, kissing and celebrating and hugging. You pay them no mind as the flutter of invisible feathers brush your skin, Lucien's wings curling around your shoulders like a blanket. You'd love to see the white feathers, to be able to stroke through them in the way that makes him go soft and limp under your touch. You file the thought away for later tonight as he rests his head on top of yours, swaying with you to a song neither of you know.

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[Viktor & Theodore - Painting](#)

[Feb 2, 2024](#)

"This is quite possibly the worst idea you've ever had for a date," Viktor sighs, staring down at the paint.

"Or the best," Theo smirks.

"No, I'm pretty sure it's the worst." The draca sighs, "I guess if we get paint on the couch, it's not my dorm."

"You're being fussy," Theo accuses, "Look, we're gonna have a great time. Here, I'll even start."

You bite back a laugh as Theo dips his paintbrush in the blue and spreads it across the entire top half of the small canvas.

"What's that supposed to be?" Viktor's brows furrow.

"I think it's the sky," You answer, taking the painting from Theo, "And I guess I'll paint the ground."

You take the dark green, spreading it over the bottom of the canvas until it meets the blue in the middle.

When Theo had suggested a joint painting session as a date, you weren't sure how it would go. Vik is controlling when it comes to his art; he's painfully picky with his pottery and the subsequent glazing and painting of it. Theo, on the other hand, lives to annoy him. You weren't sure how those two things would mesh, but you had some ideas.

"Well, at least we're better than preschoolers." Viktor says, accepting the canvas as you pass it to him, "There's no white space in the middle. Good job, kids."

"Oh, stuff it. I'm an artist." Theo gestures at himself in a grand motion.

"You're majoring in architecture," You correct.

"Which," Viktor gestures vaguely with his paintbrush, "Terrifying, for the record. I'm never stepping foot in a building you design."

"Architecture is a form of art!" Theo protests, "I have to make the buildings pretty and functional. But if you're so good, great artist, whatever will you add?"

Vik chuckles slightly, taking the yellow paint and drawing the wobbliest circle ever in the top corner. Just like an elementary school painting that doesn't quite understand where the sun should be.

"What were you saying earlier about preschoolers painting?" You ask, grinning at the sheer outrage on Theo's face.

"Alright then," The cambion narrows his eyes in concentration, "I'll make flowers."

"Okay," You mutter as he makes some pink squiggles in the green, "This is just bad on purpose at this point."

When you take the painting, you add in some orange lines coming from the sun so they look like rays of light. Viktor then adds birds, though they just look like black v shapes on the blue background.

"This has got to be the most childish looking painting ever," Theo laughs loudly when he takes it back, "And it was made by adults! Do you think your mom would hang it up if we ask?"

Viktor pulls out his phone with a grin, "Let's find out."

He snaps a picture of the so-called painting; it looks like something that belongs on the wall of an elementary school art teacher's room. It definitely does not look like it was made by three university freshmen.

It only takes seconds before Viktor's phone dings with a response.

"She said she'd love to," Vik scoffs in amusement, "God, mom. I think she's trying to send my dad into cardiac arrest sometimes."

"No, I think your dad would actually hang it up." You disagree, imagining Mr. Orlov's stoic face as he accepts this mess, "Like, pride of place. Right above the mantel."

"Not a chance." Viktor shakes his head, "Not in a million years."

"I'll bet you your mom's chocolate chip cookies on it." You counter, "If I win, I get your share next time she visits."

"And I get yours if he treats you like you've gone clinically insane." Viktor responds dryly.

"Oh, wait, I want in on this." Theo butts in, "I'm definitely with Vik though. Sorry, sunshine, but Mr. Orlov looks like he scares puppies on a good day."

You shake your head, smirking as you open Mr. Orlov's messages and send him a photo.

Hey dad, I made this for you. It's kind of bad, but I tried.

"Cheating," Viktor immediately accuses, "You're cheating! You can't call him dad when you show him, that's so unfair."

The response is nearly immediate.

It's not so bad, solnyshko. We can put it up in the living room.

"Told you so," You say, more than a little smug.

The next Christmas, the first one with the three of you as an official couple, you walk into the living room and find that stupid painting right above the fireplace. There it remains, holiday after holiday, and Mikhail staunchly refuses to move it despite you giving him permission. It is kind of bad, you try to persuade. He gruffly refutes you, making his wife giggle in the kitchen at his brusque form of affection.

At least you enjoyed the abundance of cookies. Though, after a couple days, you took pity on the two and allowed them to have some as well. You're nothing if not a gracious winner, after all.

[Florian & Emil & Julian - Aftermath](#)

[Feb 2, 2024](#)

"I'm never getting all the blood out of my hair," Emil sinks lower into the tub, the scent of bergamot and jasmine wafting from the steaming water.

Your hair is still damp from your own bath but you fall back against the bed regardless. At least this inn is one of the nicer ones; the sheets don't feel rough, and the pillows aren't bricks. You'll take both of those things as victories.

"Julian and Florian should be back by now," You turn your head to look at the door, your eyes narrowing as if your stare might make the two materialize.

"Liris is a big city," Emil reasons, running a sudsy cloth up and down his arms, "Besides, Julian's sister was around in the aftermath. She probably wanted to talk."

"Or accost Florian," You point out.

His face sours, lips pulling down into a frown, "Yes, or that."

"Do you think she's upset they wanted to come here rather than stay at her estate?" You ask curiously, "She seemed rather miffed when we declined the invite, and we're neither her brother or king."

"I have every expectation that she's horribly insulted and will be absolutely insufferable on the morrow," Emil says wryly.

"Great," You toss your head back on your pillow, "Can't wait for that."

The other two have excellent timing, as the door to their rented room flie open, leaving Julian to stumble in. The alchemist looks half dead; it's clear he's exhausted, and you see what looks to be chemical burn on the back on his hand. You sit up, alarmed, pinning him down with your gaze. Florian, who'd been coming in behind Julian, freezes slightly when he sees your face. Then the king snickers, glancing at Julian with a smug look.

"Told you you'd be in trouble if you didn't see the healer," Florian mutters, closing the door behind him.

Emil's gaze snaps to Florian and then to Julian. His eyes trail down until he sees the mark on Julian, same as you did.

"And why, by all the Gods above and below, did you not get that taken care of?" Emil starts before you even get the chance to open you mouth, "That looks like it's going to blister!"

"I'm tired," Julian says, his voice a borderline whine, "The line for the healer was atrociously long, and some of those people actually looked half dead. I'm an alchemist, burns are our thing. I figured I'd be fine."

"Leydon was particularly aggressive this time around," Florian mutters, leaning against the wall with brows furrowed, "Wren, could you-"

"I'm trying," You purse your lips, "She doesn't respond anymore. Not since...well..."

The king winces in understanding, glancing away. Emil sighs noisily from the tub, watching the three of you with an annoyed gaze.

"No strategy," The necromancer snips, "I tire of talking about all the ways we plan to kill people."

Florian doesn't respond, pushing away from the wall to approach Emil. He sheds his cloak, letting it fall carelessly to the ground, and pulls his bloodied shirt up over his head. The dark expanse of skin he reveals draws every eye in the room as he pulls his boots and pants off next.

Emil glares as he realizes what Florian has in mind, "No. No. If you want your own bath, order one. This is mine."

The king grins, "Why order another when there's a perfectly good one already here? Speaking of, dearest Julian, you want in? The tub is big enough for three."

"Absolutely not," Emil insists, "It's not even hygienic at that point."

Julian muffles a laugh, "Yeah, thanks, but I'll have to pass on the communal bath."

"While I'm glad you have some sense, don't think I forgot about your hand," Emil points at the alchemist sharply, "And you, your highness; quit splashing the water."

Florian watches sheepishly as the small waves he makes getting in the tub send some water sloshing over the edge. Emil huffs pointedly.

Julian fixes his attention on you then, holding his hand out with a puppy eyed expression you're almost certain he practices in the mirror, "Would my lovely saint be so kind as to heal my hand?"

"Your lovely saint is going to knock you upside the head if you aren't more careful with explosive powders," You say, going to him regardless.

Your fingers glow with a golden light as you kneel at his side, taking his hand in yours. The burn disappears before your eyes, and you see some of the tension on Julian's face ease. He reaches forward, brushing a strand of damp hair from your eyes.

"Thanks," He gives you a small grin, crooked and mischievous, but still more genuine than most people have seen from him.

When you stand again, you see Florian watching you with warm eyes, "Ari would be proud."

"Ari was about to bludgeon me to death earlier when I almost stepped on the damn relic we were looking for," You roll your eyes.

The king just shrugs, "She has her moments."

"I'd remember you aren't her favorite right now either," Julian points out, "You and Emil were supposed to stay in Kesdon. Who's even running the kingdom right now? You both burst in to save the day, when it didn't even need saving mind you, and Ebia's throne is vacant as a result."

"Not vacant," Florian shifts, glancing away, "Ezrah has things under control."

Your eyes damn near fall out of your head they get so wide, "Ezrah? My brother? That Ezrah?"

"He's...capable." Florian coughs into his fist, "And Orion is there!"

Julian sags a little, looking entirely hopeless, "Please do not let the Queen of Leydon know we're letting her runaway general sit the throne in your absence. She might join the battle to have your head personally for the insult."

"I would have let Rowan, if we're being entirely honest, but Emil tossed that idea." Florian pouts slightly.

"I don't trust them around the council," Emil says blithely, "I fear we might return to them all slaughtered if we leave Rowan anywhere near a seat of power in our absence."

"That was my hope," The king quips in response.

Julian snorts, shoulders shaking from the force of his laughter. Emil gives them both a disapproving look.

It's quiet for some time, and Julian eventually slips back down to get the barmaid to fetch another tub for him to wash up as well. It arrives quickly, the servants bowing the whole time they pull it into the room. You all had tried to be subtle, but it's clear the staff is aware of your stations despite your efforts.

Emil gets out of the water before Florian, slipping into a robe and drying their hair by hand with a towel. Florian and Julian exit their respective tubs around the same time, though Julian can't be fussed to deal with a towel and dries his hair with magic.

"That causes frizz, you know." Emil says as he curls into your side, watching Julian suck the moisture from his hair using a bit of elemental magic.

"Well, it's a good thing my looks are fucked already." He jokes in turn, though it doesn't quite land the way he wants it to.

He's used to deflecting with self deprecation, to bringing himself down before anyone else has the chance to. You frown, looking at him with sad eyes until he falters, glancing away.

"You're pretty," Emil rolls his eyes, "With or without frizzy hair. Though you should take care of your curls, you know. I'm sure Florian could give you some tips."

"I have so many oils for my hair back home," The king confesses as he falls back on the bed, "It's probably a little ridiculous."

Julian hides a smile, looking away as he pulls a loose white blouse over his head, "I'll let you do my hair one evening, then."

"Of course," Florian brightens, "The trick is massaging it into the scalp."

"A massage?" Julian raises an eyebrow and he comes to stand at the edge of the bed, "This is sounding better and better."

You reach a hand out over Florian and Julian takes it, letting himself be pulled down with the rest of you onto the too-small bed. He falls halfway across you and Florian, only a stray flailing arm being caught by Emil. Florian immediately takes the opportunity to kiss Julian, his warm hands cupping the other man's face as he draws him closer.

Emil watches them fondly, resting his head on your shoulder as he laces his fingers with Julian's. You reach over to run a hand through the alchemist's brown hair, enjoying the way he tries to split his attention between the three of you. He ends up in a heap of limbs spread across everyone, so entwined it's hard to tell where each of you start and end.

Florian is soon pressed against your side, his nose brushing against your neck as you feel his breathing slow. Emil isn't much better, practically slumped over on you and Julian both. They had ridden a long ways to get to Liris when Kesdon received word of Leydon's troops at Ebian borders.

"Poor babies," Julian snarks, but his voice remains quiet so he doesn't stir them.

"They both worry," The whisper back sympathetically, "Emil especially, and Florian can work himself into a fit. It's my fault, really."

You'd died once, after all. Your lovers were expressly concerned with keeping you here for good since your return.

Julian hums in agreement, "You are rather troublesome."

Biting back a grin, you nudge him sharply with your elbow. He snickers, leaning over Florian to press a kiss soundly to your mouth. Julian has always kissed in an all-consuming way; his hand cupping the back of your neck, his lips warm and soft, his urgency endearing. You lose yourself to it until the movement makes Florian grumble in discontent, burrowing further into your shoulder as he sleeps.

Julian pulls away, but not before pressing another quick kiss to the tip of your nose.

"Get some rest, dear saint." He says quietly, "We need you to plan another miracle."

"No pressure," You say dryly.

"None at all," He agrees, settling down as well.

You wouldn't think it'd be comfortable, sharing a bed that was made for two with four. You all manage it somehow, though, drifting off as the night comes to hang over Liris with grim darkness. You're safe in this room, though, with all of them. That's enough for now. Tomorrow is another matter, with new problems and no solutions, but it'll just have to wait. For now, as your eyes slip closed, you're content being wrapped up in the three people you love most.

[Feb Spicy Side Poll](#)

[Feb 2, 2024](#)

It's now the month of Valentine's Day, and that means another poll to determine the spicy side story!

Julian Fortier (FL)

Marcella Dumont (FL)

Amri Singh (D)

The Wraith (D)

Kiran Patel (TU)

Cam Ramos (TU)

Thorne Varela (IDT)

Haakon (IDT)

113 votes total

[Feb RO POV](#)

[Feb 2, 2024](#)

The February RO POV poll!

Dimitri Volkov (FL)

Marcella Dumont (FL)

Elis (D)

Amri (D)

Viktor Orlov (D)

Kiran Patel (TU)

Haakon (IDT)

Llyr Silvia (IDT)

142 votes total

[\(M\) Cameron Flashback: The Chosen](#)

[Feb 13, 2024](#)

Watching the way they all turned on you at the drop of a hat, the way the golden child had been condemned so quickly...

You had been perched on a pedestal only to be knocked off and shatter in pieces on the ground. It made Cameron sick to his stomach.

He has so much to regret, it all feels like poison on his tongue. The ashes of his home, the guilt of watching you fall apart, the sting of lightning he can still feel race up and down his arms...

It's all too much. Most days he doesn't think he can cope, and he just wants to crawl back into anonymity and wallow. That's impossible, though. Cameron was dragged into the spotlight kicking and screaming; the son of two mediocre sorcerers set to become the new savior of the supernatural world. Now, for better or worse, they call him the Chosen One. You, on the other hand, had been dubbed the Unchosen.

His eyes are drawn to you again, to the stares and whispers you receive, and his chest aches fiercely. He ignores it; mostly because he's a coward, but also because he doesn't think you'd appreciate his intervention. The truth is he fears how they turned on you, and he knows it's only a matter of time until the same is done to him.

For your sake, he wishes he could call back the lightning. For his own sake, he wishes he could un-burn the fire. He wishes his mom was here so he could ask her questions, tell her about you and how he

wishes things were different.

But she's dead, and things aren't different. Now, when you look at him, you don't see a classmate you had Ancient Runes with last year. You don't remember the project you'd done together fondly. Instead, you see the asshole who upended your entire life. His life was upended too, he thinks. Everyone talks about how lucky he is to be the Chosen One, how lucky he is that he has such power, but all Cameron can think about is how he buried his parents and cousin less than a month ago.

In the midst of all the vitriol spit at you, though, he knows you aren't in the mood to be sympathetic with your anger. He doesn't blame you. Hell, the Council tried to get you expelled immediately after your fall from grace.

You have good reason to be upset, he acknowledges. He just wishes that hopeless look in your eyes would disappear. He can't be the one to help you, though, not when he's the source of all your ails to begin with. How can he help you mend the wound when he's the one who twisted the knife?

So he sits next to the Rivera heir in class and at meals, just like his aunt instructed him to. He knows she has some plot she's working on, something that requires the Riveras as a whole, so Cameron begrudgingly goes along. He doesn't think he can ever be friends with Luci Rivera, though. Who would want a friend that turns on you so quickly? Not that Cameron has had many friends before, but the point remains.

Still, on the rare occasions Cameron manages to meet your eyes across the room, he wishes with every bone in his body that things could be different. That his mother could crush him in an embrace again, that his aunt could hold his cousin, that his father could ruffle his hair and help him with homework.

That, maybe, you could look at him without the weight of these titles that society has forced you both to bear.

It's impossible, though. So he sits, suffering in a different but wholly similar way to you. Maybe if he offered a hand, you could both stay afloat instead of mutually drowning.

He fears your rejection, though. Fears you slapping the hand away, rather letting water fill your lungs than have Cameron be the one to help you. He fears the reaction of the masses, that they might turn their venom of him and his aunt.

He fears so much, wishes too much, so he just does what he's best at. He keeps quiet.

[\(F\) Cameron Flashback: The Chosen](#)

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[Theodore Flashback: Anger](#)

[Feb 13, 2024](#)

Theo had watched you shoulder a lot of weight for a long time. Being the Chosen One, you constantly had eyes on you, watching your every move. Then that mess with the Phantom...

You had been treated like a disgrace for letting the criminal escape. As if you'd actively chosen to do it, as if you'd sat back and said your polite goodbyes to the lunatic. No, the sorcerer nearly a decade your senior had blasted you back with a gale of wind, throwing your body to the ground yards away. You had been lucky your bones hadn't snapped on impact, though you'd come out with black and blue ribs and more than a few cuts and scrapes.

Then, a month later, the Phantom burned Cameron Fletcher's home to the ground. The younger sorcerer had filled the elder chock full of lightning in retaliation, allowing the Council to finally apprehend the villain. The Phantom still escaped days later, so none of it really mattered in the end.

Except it did matter. Cameron had gotten the ball rolling on the prophecy, checking off box after box. Then the Seer claimed she'd been wrong, that she saw lightning in her visions, and it was a done deal. You're the Unchosen, now. A failure. Something for the dickheads to gawk and point at, as if you're on display in a fucking zoo.

Theo hated it. He hated them all.

Perhaps he should have a bit more sympathy for Fletcher, given the circumstances. The sorcerer lost their parents and cousin in one swoop, being left with only their aunt. He couldn't find any fucks give, though, when he watched Cameron strut around with Rivera like they owned the place.

Luci, who's the more offensive of the two, of Theo is completely honest. At least Cameron had never been his friend, Viktor's friend, your friend. Luci had. The nephilim acted like six years of friendship meant nothing, and it burned Theo like nothing else.

When he catches Luci looking your way, he longs to tear into those deceitful eyes. When the Chosen One stares at you, Theo itches to wipe the smug look off their face.

The masses at the school act like failure is contagious and steer away from you as if you have the plague. The Council wanted you removed from the school, but luckily Vik's dad put his foot down.

Theo never thought Mr. Orlov was all that scary before. After eavesdropping on that particular meeting with you and Viktor, he quickly changed his mind.

It's all just load after load of bullshit. Mr. Orlov knows it, Theo's own parents know it, but everyone else just accepts it as fact. That you're bad luck, that you might be in cahoots with the Phantom, that you should be exiled.

It makes him so angry. Unbearably so. Theo had used to resist the anger as a child, when his father would sit him down and explain that he couldn't always follow his base instincts.

Now, watching the way your shoulders slump and you cave in on yourself, he doesn't care if he gives in. He would love nothing more than to raze the ground and salt the earth. He'll make every single fucker who even looks at you wrong regret it.

He'll make his grandma proud. Anger herself would smile as she watches the hell her grandson gives anyone who messes with you.

[Theodora Flashback: Anger](#)

[Feb 13, 2024](#)

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She'll make her grandma proud. Anger herself would smile as she watches the hell her granddaughter gives anyone who messes with you.

[Mikhail & Taisiya - Valentine's Day](#)

[Feb 14, 2024](#)

Mikhail slips into their bedroom quietly as the first rays of light shine through the curtains. The house is quiet; the kids are off to school, and his wife is under the impression that he should be as well.

He took the day off, though, and drove all morning to get home. He stopped only at a florist and a bakery along the way.

Kneeling by the bed, he admires the way the light hits her skin, her hair fanning out around her in a flaming halo. She looks like something from a myth, a goddess forgotten to time. Despite being supernatural himself, Mikhail had never been one for religion. Taisiya is the only holy thing he's ever believed in.

He leans in, pressing a kiss to her forehead. She stirs slowly, as she always does in the morning, before those warm eyes flutter open and steal all the air from his lungs. No matter how many times he sees her with her eyes still heavy with sleep and hair mussed from the night, it moves him every time. It reminds him how lucky he is to get the privilege of seeing her wake, of having her in his bed.

"Mik," She squints up at him, her nose scrunching in confusion, "Why aren't you at work?"

He brushes the stray hair from her eyes, smiling at her expression, "I took time off."

Her entire face softens, "For Valentine's Day? You didn't have to, Mik."

"I wanted to, love." He brushes a kiss over her lips, heat flooding veins when she meets him eagerly to deepen it.

He comes to sit on the edge of the bed as she pushes the covers off herself, her body pressing against his side. Her hands skate along his jaw before she wraps her arms around his neck. His hands rest on her waist, and he pulls her up and onto his lap in one smooth movement. She makes a little noise, something caught between a sigh and a moan, but it's lost between their lips.

He pulls away for a moment just to stare. The way her lips are spit slick and red, the way a flush has risen to the tops of her cheeks and spread across her nose, the way her mouth curls into a wider and wider smile the longer he gazes at her; it's all still mesmerizing to him.

"Quit it," She reprimands, though her voice is purely amused.

"How?" He asks, "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"You've been saying that for twenty years." She laughs, the noise musical and sweet.

"And I'll say it for twenty more." He confirms.

She kisses him again, feeling him back in by his horns. It's slower this time as she runs her hands along the expanse of his chest, her fingers long familiar with his body. He rubs idle circles into her bare thigh as she does, access made easy by the way her nightgown hiked up when he pulled her onto his lap. His tail curls around her ankle, working its way up her calf.

"We have all day, you know," He mumbles against her mouth, "And I brought donuts. Your favorite, in fact."

"Angela's bakery?" She perks up, her face lighting up with youthful joy.

"The very one." He says, a deep satisfaction curling in his chest at her joy.

She slides off his lap, pulling him up in a swift movement and leading him down the stairs with giddy excitement. She gushes over the flowers, all of her favorites in a crystal vase. Sunflowers, baby's breath, and daisies are arranged neatly beside the box of donuts, which is next to catch her attention. She sits on the counter eating, just like she used to when they were twenty two and studying in his dorm.

He stands next to her, leaning on the counter as his wings wouldn't exactly allow him to sit like that. When they finish eating, she wraps her legs around his waist and draws him in close. His wings flutter as she holds him against her from where she's perched, and he knows exactly what's on her mind.

Their next kiss is far from chaste, and in minutes he's sinking to his knees with every intention of making her scream.

[Disenchanted Valentine's: Viktor](#)

[Feb 14, 2024](#)



When you open the door, he's standing there with a bouquet of daffodils and roses in a nice, funky patterned button down. His smile is brighter than the colorful blooms he holds, the faintest flush staining the tips of his ears a light pink.

"There you are," You grin, leaning against the door frame.

"Here I am. Happy Valentine's Day. Roses are cliché in my opinion, but they're traditional." Viktor gives you an indulgent smile as he hands over the bouquet, "I like the daffodils the best, though. They're bright."

"They remind me of the sun. Very yellow." You surmise with a laugh, surveying the flowers in your hands.

He hums in agreement, "I always thought they reminded me of you."

Freezing, your eyes dart up to meet his. He's looking at you, soft, like you're the center of his universe. His sun, his light.

You step back to let him into your dorm, and he closes the door behind him. You busy yourself for a moment, getting a large glass and filling it with water for the flowers.

"Theo is out," You say, fanning the fresh flowers out so they look like a proper centerpiece, "So it's just us for tonight."

"Thank God," Viktor rolls his eyes, "I've gotten enough ridiculing tonight from my sisters. I called mom to ask where to buy flowers and I don't think they're ever gonna let me live it down."

"Probably not," You huff out a laugh, "But I appreciate your sacrifice."

"I'm glad someone does," He grumbles, following you to the living room, "Mom just kept giggling."

You settle on the couch, watching him closely as he sits beside you. He offers his hand, palm up, and you accept it. Lacing your fingers together, you bite back a smile.

"So, what do you want to do?" You ask, "Watch a movie, go get take out, make a frozen pizza and commiserate over alchemy homework?"

"Anything but reminding me we have alchemy homework at all," His nose scrunches, "I do love frozen pizza, though."

"Frozen pizza it is, then." You say, "We'll toss one in later. I just...want to rest like this for a little while now."

His expression tells you he understands completely. He draws you in closer until you're resting against his chest, his chin coming to fit naturally in the nape of your neck. You glance up, tracing the curve of his horns with mischievous eyes before you finally reach up and run a finger along the smooth arches.

Viktor shudders under your touch, shifting to bury more of his face in your neck as you turn your attention to the other horn, not wanting to neglect it.

"Careful," He warns, voice breathy.

"I'm never careful," You whisper in return.

He huffs out a fond laugh, knowing just how true that statement really is.

You twist in his arms, going in for a kiss that burns with unspoken want. He meets you halfway, pulling you even further on top of him as he leans back against the couch. His sharpened teeth catch on your lips as his tongue meets yours, coaxing a low moan from your throat as his hand wanders further and further down.

He breaks the kiss, trailing kisses along your jawline before he focuses on your neck. The suction of his lips against your pulse point makes you shudder as he finally dips below the waistband of your underwear. He nudges your legs open to give him more space before he brings his hand back up, resting his fingers at your kiss swollen lips.

You take them into your mouth without question. You watch his face closely as you bob your head up and down on the digits, seeing the way his expression shudders. He tears them from your mouth, returning below in seconds.

Those spit slick, clever fingers find your entrance and work you open carefully, whispering encouragement as he finds every place that makes you come undone in his arms and promptly abuses the knowledge. He takes you apart until you're practically melted in his arms, your pleasure rising and rising until it crests. You peak, falling and shattering over the edge as you come undone in his grasp.

He holds you throughout it all, stroking your hair with the hand not covered in your release, "You did so well, you let me make you feel so good..."

You slump back against him, tilting your head up to look at him. He bends over, kissing your forehead lightly.

"So," He says cheekily, "About that pizza?"

You just groan, closing your eyes and sinking further into his embrace.

[Disenchanted Valentine's: M Theo](#)

[Feb 14, 2024](#)



"I'm a great baker!" Theo defends himself, ignoring the flour scattered all over the counter and floor and himself.

Oh, and you. You're pretty sure it's in your hair.

"You almost used salt instead of sugar," You point out.

"That's what you're here for," He says, dusting his hands off unsuccessfully, "To keep me from making little mistakes like that."

You decide not to point out that it would've been a bit more than a little mistake and it would've made the cookies inedible. From the quirk of his lips, he's already well aware of the fact. He approaches you on light feet, his tail swaying eagerly behind him as he kisses your cheek with a wink.

"You're a great assistant, sunshine." He quips with a grin.

"Mmhmm." You huff, "And you're getting even more flour on me."

"Oh, my sincerest apologies." He smirks, "We have eight minutes until the cookies come out. We can catch a shower after they do. We did get pretty messy, after all."

You roll your eyes, dumping the bowls and measuring cups in the sink and not quite giving him a straight answer. The timer ticks down faster than you feel it should, and soon the little heart shaped sugar cookies are on a cooling rack to prepare them for icing later.

You glance over at Theo, and see his eyes are locked on your profile. You bite your lip to stifle a smile and turn in his direction.

"Well?" You prompt.

"...Well?" He echoes in confusion, brows drawing together.

"I think I was promised a shower with a handsome devil just a few moments ago." You remind him, "I was wanting to take him up on the offer."

He takes you by the hands, pulling you down the short hallway with a wide grin. You both tumble into your too-small bathroom, and he finds immense pleasure in giving you a show as he slides off his pants. You stop him as he goes to undo his buttons, instead stripping him of his shirt yourself.

You run a hand along his bare chest as he grins, leaning in to kiss you deeply. His lips are cool against yours, your entire body feeling like it's on fire as his tail wraps around your waist.

"Can I?" He asks lowly, his hands reaching for the fastenings on your pants.

You swallow thickly and nod. He undresses you slowly, his fingers grazing against your skin here and there as your clothes fall to join his on the tile. He pulls you back toward the shower, idly turning the knob on for warm water while he presses you against the wall. His breath is hot on your neck as he kisses up the smooth column of your throat before continuing his heady assault along your jaw.

When your lips finally meet again, he spins you around and draws both of you into the shower. The warm water pours over you, but getting clean seems to be an afterthought as Theo sinks to his knees

before you. You work soap into his hair as he leans forward with an eager tongue, lavishing attention on you in a way that makes it hard not to clench his hair between your fingers.

Orgasms come quick and easy when his mouth is in charge, and you lean against the wall of the shower to prevent your shaky legs from buckling. He savors it, rising slowly just as you reach down to take his hard length into your hand.

“Oh, fuck-“ He chokes on a whimper, his tail swaying violently and catching on your thigh, curling around you like a lifeline.

He nearly bends in half as you pump him slowly with a firm grip, drawing him in by the neck with your free hand to kiss him in a way that has heat building in your abdomen once more.

“Good boy,” You whisper sweetly between your lips crashing together, squeezing his cock between the long strokes of your slick skin on his.

He moans, a quivering noise that’s breathed directly into your mouth as he finally spills all over your hand. It washes away quickly and you both stumble out after another rinse off, your limbs clumsy and your bodies sated with pleasure.

“We might get messy again with the icing,” He teases as he runs a towel over his hair.

“Don’t push it,” You grin back, pressing one last kiss to the corner of his smirking mouth.

[Disenchanted Valentine's: F Theo](#)

[Feb 15, 2024](#)



“I’m a great baker!” Theo defends herself, ignoring the flour scattered all over the counter and floor and herself.

Oh, and you. You’re pretty sure it’s in your hair.

“You almost used salt instead of sugar,” You point out.

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"Can I?" She asks lowly, her hands reaching for the fastenings on your pants.

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before you. You work soap into her hair as she leans forward with an eager tongue, lavishing attention on you in a way that makes it hard not to clench her hair between your fingers.

Orgasms come quick and easy when her mouth is in charge, and you lean against the wall of the shower to prevent your shaky legs from buckling. She savors it, rising slowly just as you reach down with shaking hands to stroke her wet core. Your thumb finds her clit quickly, as her body is just as familiar as your own. You stroke it in slow, measured movements, and it's bordering on torture for her as she reaches up to grip your shoulders.

"Oh, fuck-" She chokes on a whimper, her tail swaying violently and catching on your thigh, curling around you like a lifeline.

She nearly bends in half as you work two fingers inside her, opening her up and stroking against the slick walls until she's quivering. You draw her in by the neck with your free hand to kiss her in a way that has heat building in your abdomen once more.

"Good girl," You whisper sweetly between your lips crashing together, picking up the pace as your fingers work faster and take her apart quicker.

She moans, a wanton noise that's breathed directly into your mouth as her wetness coats your fingers. It washes away quickly and you both stumble out after another rinse off, your limbs clumsy and your bodies sated with pleasure.

"We might get messy again with the icing," She teases as she twirls her hair up into a towel.

"Don't push it," You grin back, pressing one last kiss to the corner of her smirking mouth.

[Disenchanted Valentine's: Elis](#)

[Feb 15, 2024](#)



The shadows in the room thicken and part, opening like a doorway for Araselis to step through. They look grand as ever; black robes drape over their limbs, flowing as they enter the room. The low light

catches on their golden jewelry, drawing your attention to the sprawling tattoos that cover their shoulders and trail up their neck.

“What exactly are you doing?” They tilt their head to the side, face pinched in confusion.

“Making a diagram for alchemy,” You glance pointedly at your notes and textbook on the kitchen table, “Why?”

“You didn’t ask for me today,” Their lips twitch down into a displeased frown, “I was under the impression this holiday is quite important to mortals.”

You furrow your brows, “Valentine’s Day? How do you even know about that?”

“You’re aware that I’m well read,” They say dryly, “And if I overestimated its importance to mortals, or perhaps to just you, I’ll happily take my leave.”

You see the hurt twinge in their gaze, recognize the defensive crossing of their arms. They want you to want them to stay. A foolish thing for them worry about, seeing as you always want Elis with you.

“You didn’t, I...I’d like it if you stayed.” You say quickly, watching them closely and allowing satisfaction to coil deep in your heart when their body language softens.

“Oh,” They glance away, “I guess, in that case, staying wouldn’t be too much trouble.”

You bite back a smile. They’re ridiculous, but you just love them all the more for it.

“I didn’t think Valentine’s Day would be the kind of thing you’d remember,” You gently probe, stacking your papers and shoving your textbook off to the side.

“My memory is endless,” Elis huffs slightly, wandering into the living room, “I don’t, however, know the specifics. What is it you mortals do on this day?”

“Spend time with our partners, usually.” You explain, “We can do whatever, though. There’s no guidelines or anything. We can just watch a movie or something...maybe cuddle during it.”

They smirk as you follow them to the couch, both of you standing in front of it, “Cuddling?”

You shrug, feeling the heat rise to your face, “Your wings are soft.”

Drawing closer, you reach out and card your fingers through the silken, red feathers. Against their will, a shiver runs through Elis, their eyes locked on yours like a hunter cornering prey.

Elis’s eyes fall to your lips before jerking then back up to meet your gaze once again, “And this is what you mortals like to do on your foolish little holiday?”

“Yes,” You tilt your head, “But you already knew that, didn’t you?”

Their smirk is telling as they pull you forward by the back of your neck, the ensuing kiss enough to punch the air from your lungs. They keep dragging you closer, their fangs resting sharp against your soft lips. Not enough to tear, careful not to puncture, but the feel of those deadly canines makes your abdomen flutter.

"You want this, then?" Elis looks down at you with mild curiosity, those fathomless red eyes intense.

Sucking in a shuddering gasp, you nod quickly as their hand slides down your waist to rest at your hip.

"I want to hear you say it." Their voice, smooth as silk, wraps around your heart and squeezes it into submission.

You reach a shockingly steady hand out, running gentle fingertips over the scars that climb viciously up their cheek, "I want you."

They twitch slightly and you think briefly that they might pull away. Then a snarl curls on their mouth and they crash their lips into yours once more, fierce and demanding. They grab at you, as if you'd disappear if their hands left you for even a second, and you stroke your hands through that soft hair before finally resting to grip their shoulders.

"You ruin me," They growl as you pull away to suck in a trembling breath.

"I love you," You counter, watching the way they shatter.

You reach down, tugging at the tie of their robes. When you glance up for permission, those devastated eyes meet yours and they give you an unreserved nod.

Their black robes fall to the floor, pooling around their feet in a sea of reflective darkness. You can finally see the sparse auburn hair that trails down their abdomen, leading to a hardened length and even more tattoos that curl around their bare hips. They sit on the couch, legs spread, and look at you with those pupil-less scarlet eyes. They aren't ruined any longer from your words; they're hungry.

"Take what you want, dear destiny." They breathe out, holding a hand toward you without hesitation.

They know you'll take it, and you do. They draw you in closer until they can wrap large hands around your hips, guiding you to settle in their lap.

"You say you want me?" They hiss in your ear, sharpened incisors grazing along your jaw before resting at your pulse point, "Then you have me. Unequivocally."

Your heart kicks violently in your chest, and you know they can feel it. They press a dangerous smile into your skin as they roll their hips up, letting you feel every inch pressed against your thigh. You suck in a sharp breath, wiggling out of your clothes while trying to keep as much contact with Elis as possible. They don't help; they simply lean back and watch you, their gaze trailing over each inch of skin as it's revealed.

When you're equally naked, you settle back into their lap. Their fingers trail over your entrance, a cool slick substance covering them that makes you shiver as they push inside you. You fall against their chest but they hold you fast, anchoring you to them until they decide they've opened you up well enough. With a sigh that's bordering on a whine, you take their length in hand, savoring the hiss they make at the contact. You guide them inside you, slowly lowering yourself as pleasure ricochets down your spine.

"Easy, dear heart." They mummer, both arms wrapping around your waist to slow you, "Careful. Don't hurt yourself, just feel it."

And you do. You feel it, all of it, all of *them*. You fall apart in their arms and they follow soon after, crying out in a way you've never heard before. You hold their face reverently between your palms and kiss each scar, kindly ignoring the wetness that flushes their unnatural eyes.

"I love you as well," They mutter into your shoulder as if it's some great secret they fear revealing.

"I know," You say, resting your cheek against the crown of their head.

You let them hold you in place like that so long that you lose track of time. It doesn't matter; you're both content in the afterglow, holding each other as if you've never been broken.

[Disenchanting Valentine's: M Wraith](#)

[Feb 22, 2024](#)



Some people would think that cooking dinner for one on Valentine's Day is depressing and lonely. Those people have clearly never experienced having a phantasmal mental roommate that loves to pop out and commentate simple tasks.

"I think I liked pasta," Wraith says, watching you heat the water to a boil, "Not with cheese, though. Tomatoes sound better."

"You didn't like mac and cheese?" You shoot him a disbelieving side eye, "Everyone likes mac and cheese."

A small smile flickers on his lips, "I feel like I heard that a lot from someone."

"Well, someone was right," You say, dumping the noodles in the pot unceremoniously and stirring, "Clearly you've never had the right mac and cheese."

He wrinkles his nose, glancing down at the Kraft package and the bright orange noodles printed on it. He raises an eyebrow, looking almost judgemental.

"This isn't that, okay?" You defend, "This is the mac and cheese you have after a long day and you're too tired to make anything else. Half the time you stand in the kitchen, eating it straight out of the pot."

"That might just be you," He jokes, "I definitely don't recall ever doing that."

You shoot back, "You can't even recall your own name."

He stares at you blankly for a moment and you fear you may have crossed a line. Then he laughs, and you realize you forgot how breathtaking he is when he's happy. The way his nose crinkles, the way his dimples show when he smiles, and the sound of his laugh. God, his laugh. It just about makes you weak in the knees.

You hear a hiss as the water boils over and snap back around to stir the pasta. You bite the inside of your cheek, hoping he hadn't noticed why you were so distracted. When you sneak a glance at him, a small smile curls his lips up when you meet his eyes.

"Better pay attention," He chides playfully.

Damn it all, he definitely knows.

You finish dinner with him chatting in the background about everything and nothing. You pour half the pasta in a bowl for yourself and cover the rest for Theo after evening classes let out. Plopping down on the couch, Wraith perches next to you and stares out the window for some time as you eat.

The first thing he says after a long pause is, "What is Valentine's Day, anyways? Some kids in your classes won't shut up about it."

You blink, glancing over at him. He has his lips pursed in confusion, and there's a little furrow between his brows. It's the look he gets when he's frustrated he can't remember something. You refrain from saying you think it's cute simply because you might die of embarrassment.

"A holiday for couples," You explain, "Mostly for big corporations to make money off of couples, but you get the idea."

"Oh," He shifts, staring down at his semi-incorporeal hands, "I don't think I ever celebrated that."

"You aren't missing much," You start to brush off the importance of the holiday when you see the look on his face.

Not frustration, not confusion, but loneliness.

"I don't think..." He hesitates, glancing up at you as if he's suddenly self conscious, "I don't think I had many people in my life."

The words are wrenched from him, like he's ashamed to admit it. He usually balances carefully on the border of cheeky and kind, but this reminds you more of when you first met. When he was all alone in your head, in your dreams, drifting in the darkness of the afterlife until he finally anchored to you.

"Not just in a romantic sense." His mouth twists to the side, "I don't think anyone really cared about me in general."

You open your mouth to say something, anything, when you see the silvery wisps form in the corners of his eyes. Tears.

"It's nothing to worry about, anyways." He shrugs, jaw clenching as he turns away, "Not like I can change it now."

Ah, evasion of emotions, your old friend. It was one of your favorite methods to get through the day back in boarding school. Unfortunately, it never really helped you feel better. Bottling it all up and ignoring it until you had a breakdown was no way for you to live.

Studying the tightness of Wraith's expression and the tension in his form, you decide it's no way for him to live either. Even if he isn't exactly living in the traditional sense.

"I wish I had known you," You whisper.

He jerks slightly in surprise, turning wide eyes back in your direction, "Why?"

"I would've protected you, or at least been there by your side when I failed." You say, swallowing past the knot that threatens to form in your throat, "Because you deserved someone to be with you until the end. You still do."

The misty tears spill over, running down his cheeks and vanishing in midair. You reach a hand out, placing it over his cold one as you inch closer to him. Your shoulders brush, and you ignore the chill that runs down your spine.

"I wish I had known you, too." He stares at your hands, twisting his around so he can entwine your fingers, "Sometimes I feel sad, and other times just overwhelmingly angry. I think it's because that's how I felt when I was living. You make me happy, though; you make me feel like I can be something more than sadness and anger."

"You are more," You insist, "No matter what happened before this, before us, you will always be more than that to me."

"Us," He turns the word over in his mouth, dark eyes filled with longing, "Is there an us?"

"Would you want there to be?" You ask, squeezing his hand.

"Do you?" He counters, "I think, by now, you should realize that you're all I want. If I could be given back my life, with the sadness and the anger and the loneliness, I'd say no. I'd stay here, with you, where I can be happy."

You're all he can touch, and he makes good use of the ability. He leans in closer, moving his hand to rest on your shoulder.

"So...Do you?" He asks, his face inches from yours.

You can only nod. His lips crash into yours, and you relish the ice cold feeling that washes over you. He settles in your lap, unsure of where to put himself as you collide with each other, and the weight of him is somehow reassuring.

"So, does this mean you're my Valentine?" You ask with a breathy laugh as he pulls back.

His eyes grow wide, "That's actually today?"

"Yeah," You nod, unable to hide your amusement, "You have great timing. Some would think you planned it."

"I didn't," He smiles mischievously, "And since I'm unprepared and without a gift..."

He kisses you again, and you think this works just fine for you. Then his hand reaches your waist, trailing lower, and you suck in a sharp breath as he runs a finger along your waistband.

"Too much?" His brows furrow, jerking his hand back, "We can stop, or just kiss, or whatever you want. I just...just want you to keep touching me. If that's alright?"

The look on his face is pleading and you wonder how your touch feels to him. Are you warm where he's cold? Solid where he's shifting?

"It's okay," You say gently, guiding his hand back to where it was, "The cold was just...surprising."

He carefully slips his hands down your pajama pants, his fingers curious and exploring. He learns your body quickly, though, and uses your gasps and eventual moans as a guide. You hold onto him tightly as the pressure in your abdomen rises, ready to pull you under at any moment, and you hear him let out a shaking whine as his fingers struggle to stay steady.

"Are you okay?" You ask, panting as you cup his cheek in your hand.

"I can feel it all," He chokes out, whimpering as he leans into your touch, "Whatever you feel, I feel the echo. I can feel my own touch, like I'm in your body."

"Well, you are." You smirk slightly, running a hand over your own chest and tweaking a nipple between your fingers.

A bolt of pleasure races down to your core, and your gasp is synchronized with Wraith's. He really can feel it all. As his hand works faster, his movements eager, you drive the both of you closer to the edge by rocking into his touch and teasing every sensitive part of your own body. The only place you can't really reach is your neck.

You can reach his, though.

Falling forward, you drape your upper body over him as you press heated kisses along his jaw. Eventually you find where his pulse would be if he had one and suck lightly before kissing him there, too.

You both tip over the edge at the same time, shattering in each other's arms. Wraith flickers momentarily, like he might just disappear into thin air. He clutches at you though, holding on desperately to his anchor, and you grip him back just as firmly. He remains with you, finally relaxing in your arms.

The night is quiet except for his quiet little praises, the sweet nothings he whispers as he kisses each of your fingers with reverence.

"My anchor, my...everything."

[Disenchanted Valentine's: F Wraith](#)

[Feb 23, 2024](#)



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“Do you?” She counters, “I think, by now, you should realize that you’re all I want. If I could be given back my life, with the sadness and the anger and the loneliness, I’d say no. I’d stay here, with you, where I can be happy.”

You’re all she can touch, and she makes good use of the ability. She leans in closer, moving her hand to rest on your shoulder.

“So...Do you?” She asks, her face inches from yours.

You nod. Her lips crash into yours, and you relish the ice cold feeling that settles over you. She settles in your lap, unsure of where to put herself as you collide with each other, and the weight of her is somehow reassuring.

“So, does this mean you’re my Valentine?” You ask with a breathy laugh as she pulls back.

Her eyes grow wide, “That’s actually today?”

“Yeah,” You nod, unable to hide your amusement, “You have great timing. Some would think you planned it.”

“I didn’t,” She smirks, “And since I’m unprepared and without a gift...”

She kisses you again, and you think this works just fine for you. Then her hand reaches your waist, trailing lower, and you suck in a sharp breath as she runs a finger along your waistband.

“Too much?” Her brows furrow, jerking her hand back, “We can stop, or just kiss, or whatever you want. I just...just want you to keep touching me. If that’s alright?”

The look on her face is pleading and you wonder how your touch feels to her. Are you warm where she’s cold? Solid where she’s shifting?

“It’s okay,” You say gently, guiding her hand back to where it was, “The cold was just...surprising.”

She carefully slips her hands down your pajama pants, her fingers curious and exploring. She learns your body quickly, though, and uses your gasps and eventual moans as a guide. You hold onto her

tightly as the pressure in your abdomen rises, ready to pull you under at any moment, and you hear her let out a shaking whine as her fingers struggle to stay steady.

“Are you okay?” You ask, panting as you cup her cheek in your hand.

“I can feel it all,” She chokes out, whimpering as she leans into your touch, “Whatever you feel, I feel the echo. I can feel my own touch, like I’m in your body.”

“Well, you are.” You smirk slightly, running a hand over your own chest and tweaking a nipple between your fingers.

A bolt of pleasure races down to your core, and your gasp is synchronized with Wraith’s. She really can feel it all. As her hand works faster, her movements eager, you drive the both of you closer to the edge by rocking into her touch and teasing every sensitive part on your own body. The only place you can’t really reach is your neck.

You can reach her neck, though.

Falling forward, you drape your upper body over her as you press heated kisses along her jaw. Eventually you find where her pulse would be if she had one and suck.

You both tip over the edge at the same time, shattering in each other’s arms. Wraith flickers momentarily, like she might just disappear into thin air. She clutches at you though, holding on desperately to her anchor, and you grip her back just as firmly. She remains with you, finally relaxing in your arms.

The night is quiet except for her quiet little praises, the sweet nothings she whispers as she kisses each of your fingers with reverence.

“My anchor, my...everything.”

[Disenchanted Valentine's: Ex-Lover M Luci](#)

[Feb 24, 2024](#)



"Just trust me," Lucien whispers to you, leading you by the hand down one of the paths around campus.

Of course you trust him. It's Lucien. You two haven't been through all the shit you have for you not to trust him. Still, under nightfall, the shadows of the trees seem to jump out as you pass. You squeeze Lucien's hand a little tighter, moving closer to him as you both keep going.

It's not like it's a quiet night on campus. Valentine's Day never is. Couples are coming back from dinner, having picnics in the courtyard of the student center, watching the stars outside the dorm buildings; people are everywhere. None of them pay you any attention as Lucien leads you around the dorms to the back of the Arts building. He scans a key, which you have no idea where he got, and leads you inside down the dark hallways.

"Are we allowed in here?" You hiss, keeping pace as you pass the classrooms by.

"Yeah," He raises an eyebrow as you finally come to stop in front of a door, "How do you think I got a key?"

There's light coming from inside the room, but you can't see much with Lucien in front of you.

You shrug a bit, "I thought you stole it."

He blinks at you, and you can't help but laugh a little at his expression. He turns without comment and opens the door, tugging your hand to lead you inside.

You bite back a gasp as you look around the art studio. Only one easel has been left in the center of the room, the rest moved against the wall. A few fluffy blankets have been spread out on the floor, and bowls of fruit and chocolate are set to the side. One lamp is on in the corner, providing some dim lighting in the large room. Candles surround the blankets in a half circle, and it looks like he's scattered flowers petals haphazardly around on the floor.

"Ta-da," He says weakly, sweeping an arm out to gesture at all of it.

You can hear the nerves in his voice, see him swallow heavily; he's afraid you won't like it. Why you wouldn't, you have no idea. This is...more than you ever thought you deserved. You turn to him fully, swallowing your emotions as you take an unsteady step toward him. You give him a soft kiss and he brings a hand to settle on your hip, his fingers flexing with the urge to pull you closer.

"Thank you," You whisper hoarsely, not hiding the tears that threaten to fall as well as you'd like.

His lips part, his mouth opening as if he was going to say something. No words come out, though, and he just stares down at you quietly for a moment. You feel the same, as if the words have been ripped from your tongue, gone without a trace. You never thought it would be this easy, loving him again. Again, you think, turning the word over and over in your head. As if you ever really stopped.

It's different now. Before, Valentine's Day was a simple and sweet affair. You'd eat dinner on the balcony of his bedroom, watching the night sky in each other's arms. Now, so many years later, you're celebrating it with him for the first time all over again. It always comes down to that word; with Lucien, it's always again. You circle around each other, constantly drawn to the same orbit, destined to somehow find your way back to each other's sides.

"It's nothing," He finally says, his quiet voice still loud in the silent room, "It's the least I could do for you."

You feel the urge to kiss him again, but instead you walk further into the room. Lucien closes the door, watching you as you take it all in.

"My art professor is the one who gave me the key," He says suddenly, "She knows I like to paint at odd hours. It's soothing for me. This studio is like a place away from it all, somewhere I can just be me."

The importance of him bringing you here isn't lost on you, and he obviously knows you realize that.

"It seemed fitting," His eyes are warm as they flit over your face, "You're the only person who makes me feel the way this place does. Safe."

This time you give into the urge. Your lips press against his, less soft and more urgent. He pulls you flush against him, groaning as you wrap your arms around his shoulders. He turns the both of you around, breaking the kiss just long enough to guide you down onto the blankets. Your back presses against the plush fur, and your breath catches as your eyes lock, both of your gazes longing.

"Are we," You whisper, your face mere inches from his, "About to have sex in an art studio?"

He bites his lip, stifling a chuckle, "Uhm, do you want to have sex in an art studio?"

"Well, I..." A tingle runs down your spine at the thought, desire pooling below the more you think about it, "I want to. I want you."

His eyes brighten the moment the words leave your mouth, a dopey little grin curling his lips. Candlelight shines on his skin as he makes quick work of undressing, and you're almost so distracted that you forget to do the same. He presses down on you, his body on top of yours as he captures you in another kiss as his hands slide down your body. He catches on your hip, his thumb caressing your skin.

You pant, pulling away long enough to reach for your jacket. It's tossed to the side with the rest of your clothes, but you dig for the lube in the pocket and press it into his hand.

His eyes widen before a smirk flickers on his lips, "You had plans, then?"

"I had hope," You respond, laying back down with a smug little smile.

Lucien's face softens as he cards a hand through your hair, drinking you in for a moment. He then proceeds, relishing every little noise you make as he carefully works his fingers into you. Finally, when you're just about to go over the edge from just two digits, he slides his length into you. You grip his shoulders as he kisses a trail up your neck, adoring awe on his face as he listens to your quiet moans.

You find the peak together, him collapsing into your arms with a spent whine as you clutch him close. You tug one of the blankets over the both of you as the chill of the evening sets in, making goosebumps raise on your bare skin.

"I got ahead of myself," He mutters into your shoulder, "I didn't even get to show you the painting."

"The painting?" You pause, remembering the canvas turned backwards on the easel so you couldn't see the front, "You painted me something?"

You feel unbearably loved in that moment, like the affection could just about strangle you.

"I painted you," He responds, pulling his face from the crook of your neck to look up at you with those damned brown eyes of his.

Something warm settles in your chest. You haven't even seen the painting yet but you know you'll love it regardless. Lucien made it, and you love him so much it feels like you could combust from it all, so of course you would.

"I love you," You say, your voice trembling.

He presses his forehead against yours, "I never stopped."

[Disenchanted Valentine's: Ex-Lover F Luci](#)

[Feb 24, 2024](#)



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Lucia's face softens as she cards a hand through your hair, drinking you in for a moment. She then proceeds, relishing every little noise you make as she carefully teases you with her fingers. You feel the

wetness as she rocks against your thigh, her own breath coming heavy as you reach down and stroke your fingers through the wetness.

Her moan is shaking, her hands unsteady, but she still manages to focus on you even as you stroke at her in a way that has her thighs shaking.

You find the peak together, her collapsing into your arms with a spent whine as you clutch her close. You tug one of the blankets over the both of you as the chill of the evening sets in, making goosebumps raise on your bare skin.

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"I love you," You say, your voice trembling.

She presses her forehead against yours, "I never stopped."

[The Wedding - Luis Rivera](#)

[Feb 25, 2024](#)

Luis looks in the mirror, takes in the bags beneath his eyes and the limp mess of hair on his head. He looks good, objectively; the stylists hired by the Riveras wouldn't allow anything else.

Still, he feels empty. Like a shell of himself. Even the smooth silk of his dress shirt makes his back sting, and the tie around his neck feels more like a noose. These are his last few hours as Luis Barrera. Soon he will take his wife-to-be's family name, and Rivera will be a brand he wears until he dies.

Francisca's words echo in his head from the night before. *The only way you're leaving this marriage is as a corpse.* He stares down at his hands, at the way they tremble as he holds the edge of the sink in a white knuckled grasp.

He believes her.

The door swings open and he startles, not relaxing even as he realizes it's only his mother. She slips into the room, not a hair out of place, a tight smile firm on her face.

"My darling," She says, "You look so handsome."

"I look like I'm going to my casket." He says, turning his head from her, "Maybe I am."

"Don't say that." He can hear the frown in her voice, "Francisca seems lovely."

He snaps around, his body tense, "Need I show you my back?"

"No, because I have experienced the same." She snaps, "Did you foolishly think your father only hit you and your brother?"

"And you'd send me to the same fate?" His fingers curl into tight fists, "You never cared for us, did you? We were an obligation, never a joy."

"Of course you were an obligation." She sighs, "You're so emotional, Luis. Marriage is not a matter of love in families like ours, but business. If you behave well, Francisca might not be so severe."

"Behave," He steps away from her, fighting the urge to cry, "Like I'm an unruly dog."

"Look how you're acting, son." She says, gesturing to the entirety of him as if his whole being brings her shame, "Accept your duty. Your brother has, why can't you?"

"Do not call me son," He allows the tears to fall one last time, "You are not my mother. I have no mother."

"You're being difficult," She rolls her eyes, exasperated as she usually is.

"And you're being horrible," He responds, "Shall we state more of the obvious, or will you do us both a favor and leave?"

She goes without another word, the door shutting firmly behind her. He crumples to the ground, uncaring if the nice suit they stuffed him in wrinkles, and mourns for his life before it ends. A walk down the aisle or to the gallows? It seems the same to him.

[Disenchanted: RO POVs by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

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

[Viktor's POV: The Day You Came Home](#)

[Feb 26, 2024](#)



The average play-through is about ~1,000 words and is Viktor's POV of the day he and his mom picked you up from the Riveras after you were kicked out.

Also has a surprise Taisiya POV!

Let me know what you guys think ❤️

Password: VIKPREGAME

[Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

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

[The Wraith's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Feb 29, 2024](#)



[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

The Wraith's story 'That Warmth of Yours' has now been uploaded! It now sits at around an average of 1,000~ words per playthrough!

Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

Password: WraithSpice

[Disenchanted Valentine's: M Cameron](#)

[Mar 4, 2024](#)



Cameron gives you a nervous smile as he opens the door, “Hey.”

You smile back, “Hey.”

He pauses for a moment, eyes flickering over your face before he jolts back into motion and scrambles to step back, “Sorry, uh, come on in. Just us tonight.”

“Where’s your aunt?” You ask, glancing around.

“Staying with her boyfriend tonight.” He explains, closing the door behind you, “She just told us to behave and not wreck the house.”

“I’ll try my best,” You say wryly.

“I think she’s more worried about me than you,” He chuckles, “I’ve got dinner on, we can watch TV for a bit while it finishes up.”

The couch is soft, a familiar feeling now that you’ve visited Cameron’s house a few times now. His aunt’s house, really, but what’s the difference?

“So are things working out with them?” You glance over at him, “Your aunt and, uh...what’s the name?”

"Claude." He grimaces, "She really likes him. I'm just worried about it blowing up, you know? He's human and she hasn't even thought about telling him. I think she wants to escape the supernatural, after all that happened, but it'll go sideways if she keeps this up."

You can understand why she wants to escape. She lost her husband and son, and well as her brother and sister-in-law, all in one night. A magical fire, then a life condemned to the spotlight in the supernatural world. You can't lie and say you'd never thought of escaping yourself, so you can't judge all that much.

"It'll be okay," You squeeze his arm slightly, "And if it's not, then you'll be there for her."

He gives you a grateful look, his dark eyes warm, "Thanks. I just..."

"I know." You say softly, leaning over to press a kiss lightly to his cheek, "Just relax, sparky."

He rolls his eyes, and the oven timer goes off only seconds later. Dinner is served and eaten, a few candles at the center of the table, easy chatter flowing between you.

"Thanks for coming over, by the way." He says as he takes your plate, leaning down to press a kiss to the crown of your head, "Happy Valentine's Day."

You watch him walk toward the sink, enjoying the view as he washes your dishes and sits them in the drying rack. You reach a hand out to him, making a grabbing motion, and he indulges you by drawing closer once again. He takes your hand in his and looks down at you, an achingly fond expression on his face.

You stand abruptly, making him take a stumbling step backwards, but you've already used your advantage to spin the two of you around. He blinks as you push him down into the chair, looking baffled as you sink down to your knees.

Cam always feels like he has to take care of everyone, but never really bothers with himself. You're determined to give him something for a change, to let him chase his pleasure instead of providing yours to you on a silver platter.

"You don't have to," He begins, but you silence him with a look.

Snaking a hand up his thigh, you ask, "Do you want this?"

His pupils dilate. He nods roughly. The answer is yes, of course. How could it be anything else when he looks at you like that?

You work fast, unzipping his pants and pulling his semi-hard length from his underwear. It only takes a few strokes of your hand to bring him to full mast, his member twitching in your grasp as he squirms in his seat. You lean forward, parting your lips to give the head an experimental little lick.

He groans, head falling back as his fingers sink into your hair. Encouraged, you take the head and slowly slide down the rest. It's a lot for you; he's long, and you have to bob your head as you work down his cock. He makes a choked out little moan, sounding like the noise was wrenched from him.

"God," He gasps, his hips bucking a little, "So...so good for me."

You hum in pleasure as he pushes into your throat, losing himself slowly but surely, and you take it all with dutiful affection. Pulling back slightly, you twist your tongue around the head and pump the rest of his shaft in your hands.

As he grows closer to the edge you pick up the pace, hearing his breath come quicker and quicker. He pulls you closer, jerking forward, hitting the back of your throat as he reaches his peak. His hips stutter as a choked whine escapes you, and he realizes quickly what he's done. He lets go of you, but you don't pull back regardless. You take what he gives until he's done.

Only then do you release him, wiping at your mouth with the back of your hand. He blinks down at you, transfixed, looking entirely like he's just witnessed a miracle.

"Sorry about the, uh..." He reaches down, cupping your cheek in one hand, gently stroking your cheekbone.

"I liked it," You assure him.

He lets out a nervous little trill of a laugh. You don't think he's ever had that done to him before, but you don't point it out. Instead you stand, letting him take you into his arms and just hold you. His embrace is warm, the electric current running just under his skin buzzing as his heart beats wildly in his chest.

"I like you," He counters.

"Oh, really?" You raise an eyebrow, "What a relief."

"More than like," He amends sheepishly, his dark skin flushing a deep red at the tops of his cheeks.

"Well, I'm rather fond of you myself." You press a kiss to his jaw, "Now, let's move to the couch. My thighs hurt."

He sweeps you away, tugging you by the hand as he heads back toward the living room with a grin. He tugs you down, wrapping you in him, skin to skin as he puts on a movie neither of you pay attention to.

[March Art Poll](#)

[Mar 10, 2024](#)

The revised poll, because I messed up the choices last time 🤖

Also, Steph is already drawing Elis (and Luis!) so that's why they aren't on here.

Mor

Amri

Harlow

Charlie

Avery

115 votes total

[Mystery IF Reveal](#)

[Mar 10, 2024](#)

That interactive fiction I mentioned I've had for a bit but never really wanted to post?

I'm posting it. Here on Patreon at first, just to see the reception. Since it's hella old, I updated the UI and mechanics but it should be good to go now.

It's called Faewild, and it takes place in a medieval-adjacent world with two realms; the Human Lands and the Faewild. The Faewild itself is broken down into two main groups. The Folk of the Skies, or the Celestial Fae, who are also called High Fae. They have one High King and Queen and four Lords in their court. Then there's the Aosi, who are fae that live in the mountains and forests. They have no overarching leadership aside from the powerful families who rule the different settlements.

Then there's MC. A human taken by fae, unusually cherished rather than enslaved. Your time has come, High Crowned.

For anyone interested, I might be posting this tomorrow 🙏

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

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

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

[Harlow's POV: Over and Over](#)

[Apr 11, 2024](#)



The average play-through is about ~1,000 words and is Harlow's POV following the wails they saw of MC's death. The fully coded version now that I can actually get it uploaded lol!

Let me know what you guys think ❤️

Password: HARLOWPREGAME

[April RO POV](#)

[Apr 11, 2024](#)

I'm uploading the spicy side stories for March now, and I'll post that poll for Wraith and up as soon as they're uploaded.

For now, the RO POV! There is a special option here, though. The Fallen Lights Horse Riding POVs would be the POV of every RO that MC can catch a ride with at the end of Chapter 3!

Fallen Lights Horse Riding POVs

Mor (Disenchanted)

Elis (Disenchanted)

Mari de Klerk (RB)

Amri (Disenchanted)

137 votes total

[Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

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

[Mor's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Apr 25, 2024](#)



[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

Mor's story 'Off Your Mind' has now been uploaded! It now sits at around an average of 1,000~ words!

Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

Password: MORSpice

[The Rending: Prologue](#)

[Apr 25, 2024](#)



Odesus threw the doors of his mother's temple open without care, striding in like a roll of thunder. His boots clicked on the fine tile below with the force of each step, pure adrenaline propelling him forward.

She looked up from where she knelt by her garden, her serene countenance falling into a frown as she watched him approach.

"Mother," He said stiffly as she stood to greet him.

"What's got you in such a state?" She sighed, wiping her hands off on a clean rag, "That door is glass, you know. It will break if you throw it open hard enough."

He was hardly in the mood to entertain small talk and instead decided to cut to the core of the issue, "Thinovar has fallen. Rhoivar is likely to follow soon."

She turned away from him, usually a signal to any of her children that silence would be the wisest option continuing forward. He could not abide this time, however; silence wouldn't make her understand and silence certainly wouldn't stop the destruction.

"You aren't listening!" He stressed the words, slowly coming undone with the weight of a future only he could see, "The Kandish Coast doesn't even exist anymore! They're calling it The Wastes now, what with it being too infested with necrotic magic for any living being."

"I have listened every time you broach the subject, my son, but it's you who doesn't understand. It will right itself in time," She still did not face him, instead gazing up at the sky through the glass roof above, "You of all beings should know that."

"I know that with every passing day, the strings of fate grow darker. More and more are cut too soon, shifting what the future might bring." He forced his voice to remain level despite the deep seated urge to yell, "Giving the mad king more time cannot possibly fix things. This carnage will only get worse."

"We don't interfere in mortal quarrels," She turned around, her lips pursed, "You know this."

"This is no quarrel," He shook his head slightly, "It's a slaughter. It's the undead versus the living. Should we just let them all die?"

"They hardly even worship us across the ocean," She countered, "A scarce few temples do our clergy occupy. I'll say this one last time, for your sake and mine, drop the matter."

Odesus bit his cheek until he could feel the sharp sting of pain and taste metal on his tongue. This grand home of hers, with its gilded tiles and silver metalwork and a garden that never runs out; it's all she cared about. The great Nyva, matron of Leydon, the mother of all healers, and the goddess who had not an ounce of humanity in her heart. His jaw tightened, his anger and sorrow reaching their boiling points in tandem.

"I have no temples on any mortal land, nor any clergy in my name, yet I have more empathy for these people than you can even pretend to." He bit the words out, "You'd think being worshiped would have brought you closer to humanity, mother, but it's only driven you away. You've forgotten your duty to this world and to those who invoke your name."

She straightened, her eyes flashing as they narrowed, "You dare-?"

"I do." He interrupted her, "The worth of a life does not only hold weight if it makes offerings at your altar."

She was furious, he could tell. The only thing that garnered him mercy was that he'd always been her favorite son. If not, she'd have struck him where he stood.

"You have always been different," She said, her words tight and clipped, "Your powers are unique, drawn from the universe in a divinity older than all of us. Despite this, you forget that you are young. You will learn, and I fear it may be the hard way, Odesus."

"Very well, then," He muttered, turning his back to her, each step carrying him closer to the doors and farther from her reach.

"I don't want you interfering with this," She called out one last time, a last ditch effort in the face of his obstinance, "As your mother, I demand it. You will only get hurt in your meddling, or worse. We are immortal but we are not invulnerable."

His mouth twisted, "If there must be a sacrifice, then the lamb I shall be."

He didn't need to be facing her to know the impact of his words. They landed like blows, wounding her more than any violence ever could. He sharpened them that way, after all; they had served their purpose. He refused to look back, keeping his eyes trained on the path below him as he escaped to his own small sanctuary. It was not nearly as grand as his mother's, but it was his.

As he approached the double doors, a whisper came from the shadows, "Making mother angry?"

Turning sharply, he saw his sister practically materialize from the darkness as she moved toward him. Her dark eyes were narrowed, her smile like that of a hunter who had scented blood.

"What's the golden child done to cause upset?" She asks, tilting her head ever so slightly to the left, "Oh, apologies, brother. Nenthys is her favorite, not you. I sometimes forget, what with how you bend over backward to please our parents."

"Agnia," His jaw clenched as he sighed sharply out his nose, refusing to give her the rise she so desperately wanted, "Why are you here?"

"Why?" She feigned surprise, pressing one pale hand over her heart, "I wanted to help my dear big brother, of course."

"You never help anyone, so what do you actually want?"

She keeps up the facade for a few moments longer before finally breaking.

"Oh, fine." She dropped her hand, rolling her eyes, "What I really want is to see you crash and burn."

He stared at her, quietly baffled before he simply shook his head, "Why? Your clergy will perish the same as all other mortals."

"I hardly care," She scoffs, "Seeing you realize that our beloved parents aren't coming to save you after you royally fuck this up will be worth it."

"And why is that what you wish for?" He asked hopelessly, "Why is that your desired outcome in all of this mess?"

"Because you think far too highly of yourself, brother." She looked at him, torn between pity and disgust, "Our parents know it, as do our siblings. You sit in your temple at all hours, whispering to the stars and waters, but what can you really do about any answers you might see?"

His silence makes her smile wider, triumph in her gaze as she watches him break.

"We can survive without you," She shrugs slightly, "Being the oldest means nothing when you have no real use. Even Nenthys, as much as her heart bleeds all over the place, serves a purpose. I want you to realize this, and realize that being mother and father's good little lap dog changes nothing about it."

"I'm not a lap dog," He finally snaps back, "I do my duty as their son, something you can hardly comprehend."

"Duty this, duty that." She doesn't back down in the face of retaliation, only sinking her claws in deeper, "You do their bidding and they throw you scraps of affection to appease you. Nothing more, nothing less."

"And you have a purpose, sister?" He clenched his fists, "Aside from wreaking pain and suffering everywhere you go?"

"I live under no false pretenses," She smirked, "I know exactly why I'm here."

"Really?" He bit out, "Why, then?"

"Suffering," She says, the delight in her eyes nearly enough to make him recoil, "You, however, have delusions of grandeur. You overestimate your purpose."

His fingernails dig into his skin, half moons making black blood well up into the wounds. He does not bleed gold like his family; he is not like them. He never will be.

"And you underestimate the lengths I'm willing to go to," He says, his voice quiet but determined.

She opens her mouth again, but no words come out. He pushes past her, his eyes locked on the door, not eager for another round of her hurtful banter.

Despite being the eldest of his siblings, he had never been the most popular deity. He was mentioned in household prayers, as the eldest of his siblings, but he was not revered.

Nenthys, the protector of women and children, goddess of the home, revered by nearly all. Caris, worshiped by scholars and generals alike for his wisdom and strategy. Ilvara and Vielä, the twins to whom mourners prayed for safe passage of spirits. Even Agnia, who was equal parts reviled and beloved depending on who exactly you asked.

He, on the other hand, was simply there. Included, but never espoused for his domain. Who would worship time, after all, when it inevitably brought death at its heels? It's not as if he could change what fate he saw in the stars.

Or could he? He turned the topic over and over in his mind, wondering if his mother might be right, if Agnia might incomprehensibly be right. Is it impossible to veer destiny from this course? Is he about to set off on a fool's errand that will only bring about his destruction?

He looked at the calm pool of water in the center of his temple. It whispered no secrets to him today, nor did the stars. All was silent, and only the darkened threads of fate in his mind's eye, usually so bright and golden, remained to remind him of what's at stake.

Approaching the pool, he carefully ran his fingers through the still surface. Ripples scattered at his touch, and that familiar incessant humming reverberated in his skull. Flashes of the undead, the Veil being torn open, the spirits that howled through the night; it all paints a clear picture. If this continued unchecked, the consequences would be beyond disastrous. Kingdoms full of shambling corpses and vengeful ghosts lingered in his mind's eye as he drew his hand back, fingers dripping.

He would change fate. He must. He was the God of Time; if he couldn't circumvent this madness, no one else could. In fact, he feared no one else would even try.

[Nyva](#)

[Apr 25, 2024](#)



Alignment: True Neutral

Symbols: Crescent moons, a silver staff

Sacred Animal: Rabbits

Nyva is the Leydonian Goddess of the Moon, Night, Magic, and Healing. She is the wife of Arlios and the mother of Odesus, Ilvara, Vielia, Agnia, Nenthys, and Caris. She is the estranged twin sister of Cyrela.

Nyva is the eldest of the two twins born from the void of creation. When she was brought forth into an empty world, she ruled the ever dark sky and her sister, Cyrela, ruled the earth below.

Cyrela, bored of the emptiness around her, began crafting animals of whittled wood with clay hearts. She filled the earth and seas around her, amusing Nyva at first when the birds came to call greetings from her sister.

The eternal darkness did not make for a bountiful land, though. Still, Cyrela pressed onward. She wanted to create the image of herself and her sister, with the capability to think and speak. Nyva warned her against it; in a world so young, these creations could easily turn their backs on the one who crafted them.

First came the humans, too imperfect to satisfy Cyrela. Shortly after came the elves, a near perfect mortal mirror of her own divinity. She gave them life with her breath, and a piece of her own magic so they might prosper.

Still, with only the light from the moon, her mortal creations grew restless. They wanted more from the world they were forced into than darkness and barren lands dependent on magic to nourish them. A fraction of these first mortals plotted to overthrow the twin goddesses, to sacrifice them so that the void of creation might bring forth light and prosperity.

Ignorant of the brewing plots of deicide, Nyva sets aside her difference of opinion about the creation of mortals to help her sister. She tries to make a light bright enough to brighten the sky, but only a faint silvery light will spill from her hands. They work toward a common goal, but it still isn't enough.

While on her sister's land, Nyva meets an elf named Arlios, one of the mages plotting to kill Nyva and Cyrela. Taken with his charm and ignorant of his plans, she begins teaching him how to wield his power. In the process, he falls in love with the goddess.

The mortals begin growing more and more restless when the mages decide to act. Arlios, desperate to spare Nyva, flees to warn her of the coming treachery. The mages had suspected his betrayal and followed after him, leaving only ash and bone behind. Nyva, having heard his cries to her, appears to find his remains.

Her rage was something no mortal had ever seen, and likely no mortal ever will again. She tore the mages present apart before ripping the magic from every mortal Cyrela had created. The world itself trembled, meteors falling from the sky and pelting the ground. All the while she merely gripped Arlios's bones and cursed the void itself.

The resulting field of craters is known today by Oclesians as **Nyva's Wrath**. With her hands covered in ash, she tore her own life force in two and forced it into Arlios's soul, dragging him back from the beyond. As he took his first breath, the sky brightened; the sun rose over the destruction, the very first morning this new world had ever seen.

Nyva spared the rest of the mortals at Arlios's behest, turning her back on her sister and retreating back into her own domain. Arlios followed; night and day, moon and sun, two parts of one whole.

To this day, Nyva gifts very select mortals with magic. She is largely worshiped in Leydon and Oclesia, where she is regarded as the Matron Goddess who saved humanity by creating the sun.

[April Spicy Side Poll](#)

[Apr 25, 2024](#)

VERY LATE but it will be posted in April lol! Here's the spicy poll regardless!

E (Fallen Lights)

Amri (Disenchanted)

Elis (Disenchanted)

Julian (Fallen Lights)

Marcella (Fallen Lights)

Ari (Fallen Lights)

109 votes total

[Odesus](#)

[Apr 29, 2024](#)



Alignment: Chaotic Good

Symbols: An hourglass, an ouroboros

Sacred Animal: Snakes

Odesus is the Leydonian God of Time and Destiny. He is the son of Nyva and Arlios, and the elder brother of Ilvara, Vielia, Agnia, Nenthys, and Caris. He is the *Lord of All That Begins and Ends* and the *Bringer of the Rending*, colloquially known as just *the Bringer*.

He saved the world along with his Chosen, Taras Sidorov, by bringing about the Rending of the Realms. His Chosen used Odesus's sword, the Sword of the End, to defeat the Shrouded King and separate the spirit realm from that of the mortal realm for good.

Unlike his younger siblings, he was not born of Nyva's womb. Instead, after Arlios ascended to godhood he plucked the brightest star from Nyva's sky and allowed her to breathe life into it. Ebians often claim it was an insult to Cyrela, mocking how she created mortals. As Odesus was born in this way, he had not ichor flowing through his veins but instead the very matter of the universe.

Some scholars speculate that this was the reason he was granted two powerful realms; as he was created from the very fabric of the universe, older than even Nyva and Cyrela themselves, only he could withstand such domains. Others believe Odesus was no more powerful than any of the other deities from either pantheon and was simply filling a role that was needed at the time.





[Sneak Peeks!](#)

[Apr 30, 2024](#)

Steph is finishing up some old commissions! Here's Elis and...Luis! Yes, Luis as in Luci's dad!

[Disenchanted Valentine's: F Cameron](#)

[May 1, 2024](#)



Cameron gives you a nervous smile as she opens the door, “Hey.”

You smile back, “Hey.”

She pauses for a moment, eyes flickering over your face before she jolts back into motion and scrambles to step back, “Sorry, uh, come on in. Just us tonight.”

“Where’s your aunt?” You ask, glancing around.

“Staying with her boyfriend tonight.” She explains, closing the door behind you, “She just told us to behave and not wreck the house.”

“I’ll try my best,” You say wryly.

“I think she’s more worried about me than you,” She chuckles, “I’ve got dinner on, we can watch TV for a bit while it finishes up.”

The couch is soft, a familiar feeling now that you’ve visited Cameron’s house a few times now. Her aunt’s house, really, but what’s the difference?

“So are things working out with them?” You glance over at her, “Your aunt and, uh...what’s the name?”

“Claude.” She grimaces, “She really likes him. I’m just worried about it blowing up, you know? He’s human and she hasn’t even thought about telling him. I think she wants to escape the supernatural, after all that happened, but it’ll go sideways if she keeps this up.”

You can understand why she wants to escape. She lost her husband and son, and well as her brother and sister-in-law, all in one night. A magical fire, then a life condemned to the spotlight in the supernatural world. You can’t lie and say you’d never thought of escaping yourself, so you can’t judge all that much.

“It’ll be okay,” You squeeze her arm slightly, “And if it’s not, then you’ll be there for her.”

She gives you a grateful look, her dark eyes warm, “Thanks. I just...”

“I know.” You say softly, leaning over to press a kiss lightly to her cheek, “Just relax, sparky.”

She rolls her eyes, and the oven timer goes off only seconds later. Dinner is served and eaten, a few candles at the center of the table, easy chatter flowing between you.

"Thanks for coming over, by the way." She says as she takes your plate, leaning down to press a kiss to the crown of your head, "Happy Valentine's Day."

You watch her walk toward the sink, enjoying the view as she washes your dishes and sits them in the drying rack. You reach a hand out to her, making a grabbing motion, and she indulges you by drawing closer once again. She takes your hand in hers and looks down at you, an achingly fond expression on her face.

You stand abruptly, making her take a stumbling step backwards, but you've already used your advantage to spin the two of you around. She blinks as you push her down into the chair, looking baffled as you sink down to your knees.

Cam always feels like she has to take care of everyone, but never really bothers with herself. You're determined to give her something for a change, to let her chase her pleasure instead of providing yours to you on a silver platter.

"You don't have to," She begins, but you silence her with a look.

Snaking a hand up her thigh, you ask, "Do you want this?"

Her pupils dilate. She nods roughly. The answer is yes, of course. How could it be anything else when she looks at you like that?

You work fast, unzipping her pants and assisting her in wiggling out of them. She gasps when your fingers graze the wetness collected between her thighs, her shoulders tensing. You drop your hand not long after, instead opting to simply dive in head first with your tongue. Jolting, her thighs tighten around you as your tongue finds her clit almost immediately, lavishing it with attention as she squirms in her seat.

She groans when you press two fingers into her as well, head falling back as her fingers sink into your hair. Encouraged, you work her open while your tongue flicks against that nub that drives her crazy. She makes a choked out little moan, sounding like the noise is being wrenched from her.

"God," She gasps, her hips bucking a little as her fingers tighten in your hair, "So...so good for me."

You hum in pleasure as she presses forward, grinding against your hand as she rides your face. She's losing herself to the pleasure, and you take it all with dutiful affection. Pulling your fingers out, your tongue trails away from her clit and slips downward into her opening. She whines as you sink in as far as you can go, her back arching in her seat.

As she grows closer to the edge you pick up the pace, hearing her breath come quicker and quicker. She pulls you closer, jerking forward, her breath trembling. Her hips stutter as a groan escapes her,

wetness gushing against your tongue as she's pushed over the edge.

Only then do you release h34, wiping at your mouth with the back of your hand. She blinks down at you, transfixed, looking entirely like she's just witnessed a miracle.

"Sorry about the, uh..." She reaches down, cupping your cheek in one hand, gently stroking your cheekbone, "Mess."

"I liked it," You assure her.

She lets out a nervous little trill of a laugh. You don't think she's ever had that done to her before, but you don't point it out. Instead you stand, letting her take you into her arms and just hold you. Her embrace is warm, the electric current running just under her skin buzzing as her heart beats wildly in her chest.

"I like you," She counters.

"Oh, really?" You raise an eyebrow, "What a relief."

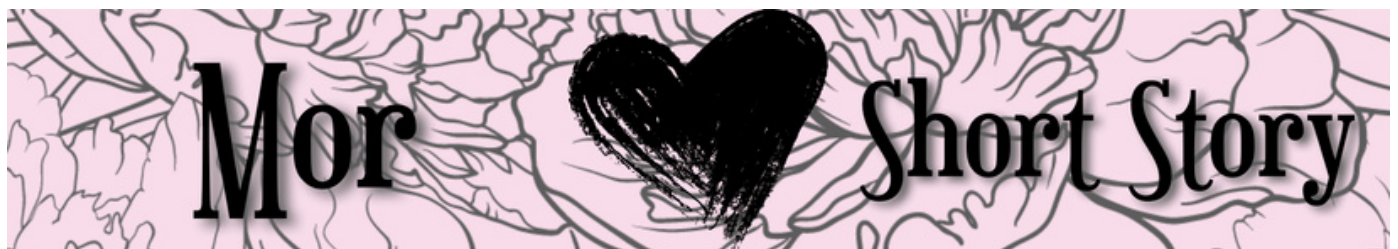
"More than like," She amends sheepishly, her dark skin flushing a deep red at the tops of her cheeks.

"Well, I'm rather fond of you myself." You press a kiss to her jaw, "Now, let's move to the couch. My thighs hurt."

She sweeps you away, tugging you by the hand as she heads back toward the living room with a grin. Tugging you down and wrapping you in herself, she seems overjoyed at how the night has turned out. Your bodies are pressed together, skin to skin, as she puts on a movie neither of you pay attention to.

[Disenchanting Valentine's: M Mor](#)

[May 5, 2024](#)



You know when he appears. You can feel the chill that follows him slowly climbing up your spine. His presence spreads across your body like goosebumps as you turn to see his dark wings flutter as they

settle at his back.

Mor gives you a lopsided smile, holding out flowers wrapped in smooth paper and curly ribbon. You raise an eyebrow, glancing down to see a few of the leaves and petals wilted. He grimaces at your inspection.

"Pardon the presentation," He says, "Plants don't like me all that much. I had Elis do most of the arranging, but a few still died during transportation."

The thought of Elis arranging these flowers, tying them up delicately in the paper with a bow, makes you snort. Mor cracks a grin as well, and you're willing to bet his sibling hadn't been thrilled about being asked for help.

"Let me get some water," You say, moving to the kitchen.

Mor follows close behind. Unfortunately you have no vases; the only cup big enough is an old plastic tumbler that Theo lost the lid to. It'll have to work, you think as you fill it up with water. You toss the paper and ribbon, pluck out the dead flowers, and set the haphazard centerpiece in the middle of your kitchen table.

"Perfect," You grin.

"Eh," Mor squints, "This was a better idea in my head. The ones in the magazines looked much prettier."

"They're nice," You defend your pathetic little bouquet vehemently, "They're trying their best."

"The flowers?" His brows raise, "I'm sure they are. Unfortunately, an idiot had their equally inept sibling arrange them. They were nice, and now they're butchered."

"Well, I'm fond of idiots, so you're in luck." You laugh slightly as Mor draws closer.

"That I am," He says, leaning in to wrap his arms around your waist.

You accept the kiss easily, enjoying the way his lips meld lazily with yours. He takes his time, enjoying the contact as one hand moves down to press against the small of your back and draw you closer.

Pulling back, you look into those pitch black eyes. They're nothing but a sea of darkness, yet somehow you find desire in his half lidded gaze.

"Bedroom?" You ask quietly.

His hand tightens on your waist, pulling you against him firmer than before.

"No," He says, looking slightly pained at the admission, "I had something else planned."

"Oh?" You draw back slightly, ignoring his small huff as he loses grasp of you, "And what did you plan?"

He offers his hand to you, "Go on a flight with me and you'll see."

You take it without question, his clawed fingers cradling yours gently.

"Alright," You agree, letting him pull you toward the door.

The second you step foot outside, you're shot into the air. His wings are larger than any you've ever seen; no nephilim or draca or cambion could ever match the sheer size of Mor's wingspan. Black feathers rustle in the wing as he carries you up into the watercolor sky. Dark red and purple mix with blue as the sun begins to set, and you figure this is suitably romantic for Valentine's Day.

When you both finally settle on the roof of the University Center, you notice a blanket spread out by a few bottles of...

"Is that sparkling grape juice?" You ask incredulously.

"It's wine." Mor blinks, frowning as he sits you down to squint at the bottles, "It's wine, right?"

"It's Welch's." You bite back a laugh, "Sparkling white grape juice."

"I..." Mor's shoulders slump slightly, "Elis informed me that wine was a popular grape drink consumed on Valentine's Day."

"Wine is fermented, that's just grape juice." You explain, "Have you never had alcohol?"

"I avoided anything human like the plague once upon a time," Mor pouts slightly, though you know he'd deny it to his undying day.

"And look at you now," You smirk slightly.

"Hush," He huffs, sprawling down on the blanket.

He looks up at you expectantly, and you decide not to keep him waiting. He pulls you close against his side as you both look up at the sky, one large wing shielding you from the wind. The soft, black feathers brush against your skin as you rest your head on his shoulder. The scent of cedar and sandalwood is strong as you press a kiss to the side of his neck, snickering at the way he tenses.

"Be good," He chides.

"Says you."

Scoffing at your retort, he tugs you even closer until you're both damn near on top of each other. There are still plenty of people buzzing around below; the night is no match for good weather and a romantic buzz in the air, after all.

"Thank you," You say quietly.

He squeezes you lightly in response, "Of course, little crow. Anything-"

He cuts himself off, glancing away and swallowing hard. You see his throat bob before he looks back at you, giving you a tight smile.

"Anything for you." He finishes.

You bite back a smile of your own, cupping his cool cheek in your warm hand, "Anything for you, as well."

He blinks, brows furrowing and smoothing all in an instant. After so many centuries alone, he's still not used to devotion. Be it feeling it or having it felt for him, it's unusual and he's still not sure how to comprehend the depth of the emotions.

"I do love you, you know." He admits quietly.

You kiss his jaw twice before moving along to his lips. He kisses you back, both his hands resting on your hips and reeling you in further. He presses his thigh up between your legs and you gasp sharply, biting back a moan.

"I want to hear you," He whispers, sharp fangs toying with your lip.

"There are people down there," You breathe out.

He rolls his eyes, grinding his thigh up against you once more, "I don't care. We're so high up, they won't even notice. So...make some noise for me, little crow."

He pinches your hip lightly with his claws, not enough to hurt but definitely enough to make you jolt. Your gasp trails off into a moan as you give in, rocking against his leg while he nips and kisses at any skin you have bared.

"Mor-" Your voice is strangled.

"Come on," He teases, lifting your shirt to lightly scratch his claws down your skin, "Louder..."

He grabs your hips and reels you in even tighter as you rut against him. Your movements become frantic, your breathing heavier, as he meets you with equal vigor. He's trying to push you over the edge; his teeth, claws, thigh, every part of him is aimed to dismantle you entirely.

And he does.

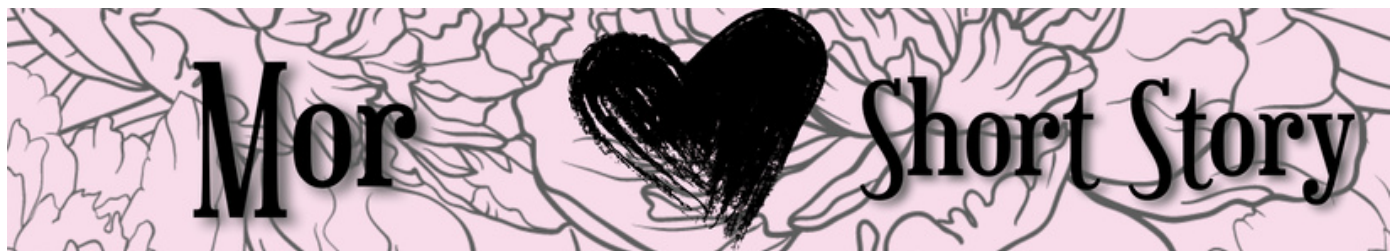
You reach your peak, trembling in his arms with your head thrown back as he scrapes his sharpened teeth right over your jugular. Your jerk against him as he sucks your skin between those wicked teeth; that'll be one hell of a hickey come morning.

“Good job,” He praises, lips tugged up into a smirk as he looks at you with mischievous eyes, “But...did you think we were done?”

You roll your eyes, grabbing him by the shoulders and kissing him once more. This is going to last well into that night, that much is apparent. You just hope your university doesn't have security cameras on the roof.

[Disenchanted Valentine's: F Mor](#)

[May 5, 2024](#)



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"Mor-" Your voice is strangled.

"Come on," She teases, lifting your shirt to lightly scratch her claws down your skin, "Louder..."

She grabs your hips and reels you in even tighter as you rut against him. Your movements become frantic, your breathing heavier, as she meets you with equal vigor. He's trying to push you over the edge; her teeth, claws, thigh, every part of her is aimed to dismantle you entirely.

And she does.

You reach your peak, trembling in her arms with your head thrown back as she scrapes her sharpened teeth right over your jugular. Your jerk against her as she sucks your skin between those wicked teeth; that'll be one hell of a hickey come morning.

"Good job," She praises, lips tugged up into a smirk as she looks at you with mischievous eyes, "But...did you think we were done?"

You roll your eyes, grabbing her by the shoulders and kissing her once more. This is going to last well into that night, that much is apparent. You just hope your university doesn't have security cameras on the roof.



[Luis Early Access](#)

[May 7, 2024](#)

Luis Rivera, art by @stephschoices!



[Elis Early Access](#)

[May 7, 2024](#)

Araselis, art by @stephschoices!

[Ezrah - Building a Home](#)

[May 12, 2024](#)

Today is a hard day for a lot of people, including those who never really had a mother to celebrate. Happy Mother's Day to you, and know you are not less than because of someone's incapability of loving you.

This story does feature themes of child abuse.



You shut the door behind you as quietly as possible, not bothering to wipe the tears off your cheeks. They're still falling, after all.

Sitting heavily on your bed, you glare down at the book in your hands fiercely. Your mother had made breakfast that morning, and for some reason it had given you hope. She'd even smiled. It was directed at Ezrah, not you, but still. That was rare in and of itself.

Foolishly, you had hope. You thought maybe, on her day off, she'd like it if you read her a story. Ezrah's been teaching you after all, and Miss Anna down the street had given you a new book when you'd gone over to play with her son. Maybe your mother would finally be proud. Maybe she would finally listen. Maybe she would finally love you.

No. Instead she'd stared at you, eyes vacant, while you offered to read her your new story. Then she turned around, her voice soft but cold, and told you to go to your room and play. She never yelled at you anymore, not since Ezrah got really mad at her that one time, but the words hurt just as much even without the volume.

Clutching the book to your chest, you stare down at the wooden floor. You know there's something wrong with you, even if Ezrah insists there's not each time you ask him. Why else would your own mother hate you so much? Ezrah says people's brains are funny sometimes, and that losing so many people had changed her before you were even born.

You just wish you could get the same version of her that Ezrah does. That the children in the village get when they're sick and come to her for a tonic or poultice. The version of her that smiles, or pats heads, or bandages scrapes and soothes fevers. She's a healer without any magic, yet all she does is hurt you. It's not fair.

The door creaks softly as it opens, and your head snaps up to see your brother enter. You had hoped... well. Maybe it's high time you stop hoping.

Ezrah is still in his training attire, sweaty curls pinned back and filth from getting thrown to the ground smeared on his face. He hadn't even bothered changing once he got home from Kesdon.

"You need a bath," Your nose wrinkles at the state of him.

"Rude," He huffs, coming to sit on the floor beside you, "Are you saying I'm smelly?"

"Very," You nod firmly.

You're only seven, and you know very few truths about the world. One of those truths, however, is that Ezrah always smells when he gets off work.

He's quiet for a moment, glancing down at the book still clutched in your grasp, "She was in a mood when I got home."

You glance away, your face scrunching up as you try to fight off the way your eyes burn, "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to apologize for." He says quickly, "I just meant...did she say anything to you?"

"Miss Annetta got me a new book," Your voice trembles, "I thought maybe I could read it to her."

His face falls and you know he probably already has an idea of how that interaction went down.

"Did she yell?" He asks, his voice more serious than you've heard in awhile.

You shake your head.

"Alright," He says quietly, sighing slightly, "Listen, star, I think maybe it would be better if we just try to avoid her."

You look up at him, brows furrowed, "Why? She loves you."

He flinched like you've wounded him, but you're not sure why.

"And I love you," He says, "Very much. I hate to see you hurt and...it'll just get worse. Staying in the apothecary with her."

"Where..." You glance around your small room with wide eyes, "Where else would we go?"

"Annetta's oldest son moved to Kesdon some time ago, took his family. She's willing to rent me his old house." Ezrah explains, "It's comfortable. A kitchen, three bedrooms. More than enough space."

"You can put your smelly boots somewhere besides your bedroom door," You say hopefully.

He narrows his eyes, "They aren't that bad."

"They stink up the hallway." You inform him promptly.

He rolls his eyes, "Whatever. Sure, the stinky boots will be left downstairs. What do you think?"

"Will she be mad if we leave?" You ask, remembering the few times you've seen her angry.

"I don't care." He says, "She can take it up with me."

Your eyes widen, "No!"

She's never hurt you physically, but she has Ezra. It only happened once, during an argument you weren't privy to. You'd peeked around the corner as she smacked him sharply across the cheek, before quickly dissolving into tears herself. Ezra hadn't cried.

"I'll be okay, star." He comforts you, wrapping one arm around your shoulders to give you a quick squeeze.

"What if you can't come back?" You mumble into his shoulder.

Because of you. If you weren't around, there would be no conflict between them. Ezra would still have his loving mother and his childhood home.

"I don't want to come back," He says firmly, "I have everything I need already. You know that, right?"

"It's my fault, though." You sniffle slightly, trying to suck it up, "That she's mad. That you get upset."

"It's her fault." You brother swear, his voice filled with anger but none of it directed at you, "She's the adult. Not you. Not...me. Her. We have to do what we have to do, okay? For us."

You nod, burying your face in his shoulder. He doesn't say anything when you begin crying, just ruffling your hair and promising that everything will be alright. You aren't quite sure how long the two of you sit there, camped out on the floor together, but it's dark outside when he finally stands to go.

"Goodnight, star." He says before shutting the door, "I love you."

"To where?" You prompt.

He smiles fondly, "To the moon and back."

[Ezra - The Art of Birthdays](#)

Ezrah: The Art of Birthdays

It was your first birthday.

Your mother didn't even remember. That or she just didn't care.

Ezrah wished he was surprised, but he wasn't. Not really.

She stayed in bed all morning, not stirring even when Ezrah called for her at the doorway. So he shut the door, left her alone, and steeled himself with the knowledge that the responsibility fell to him. Not just for your birthday, but for you as a whole. He could no longer hope she would eventually snap out of it; it's clear that she wouldn't, that she didn't want to, that this burden now fell to Ezrah.

He bit his cheek. That's wrong to think. You're not a burden, not at all, and he shouldn't even call you that in his mind. He wondered down the hall and into his bedroom, where he'd moved your crib. You had your own room, a nursery that mom and Ilya had made for you, but he'd wanted to keep you close.

His shoulders slumped as he stared down at the crib. Ilya had made it himself, cutting the wood and sewing the mattress himself. He hadn't allowed mom to do anything while she was pregnant, even partially taking over the apothecary so she could rest. As he ran his thumb over the little rabbits carved around the edge of the crib, he tried desperately not to cry.

Things had been going so well until two months before you arrived. Ilya left to run some errands, headed for Liris to pick up the apothecary's stock for the coming season, and he'd never returned.

When he wasn't home after three days, mom went Liris herself. She found his horse wandering the roadside, saddlebag and everything within intact. The inventory was never picked up, and no one could say for certain when they last saw Ilya Novikov.

That was when it all began. She was different when she came back, inventory in tow and without the man she planned to marry. Ezrah heard her screams all the way from his bedroom; how she cursed his name, called him a fool, called him worse things than that.

He never imagined, not once, that the newfound animosity she held toward Ilya for disappearing would transfer to you. It did, though, and now Ezrah has to deal with the aftermath.

The tears finally fell, landing on the blanket he wrapped you up in. He scrubbed at his face, sniffing as he tried desperately to stifle the sadness that threatened to overwhelm him.

Then you opened your eyes, staring up at him in such wondrous curiosity that it nearly broke his heart. He didn't think babies this young could remember much, he knew he couldn't, but it still felt wrong to be crying like this on your first birthday. Plucking you up from your crib gingerly, he held you as he crept down the stairs. It was overkill, probably. Even if mom heard him leaving, she didn't care anymore.

He left out the backdoor of the apothecary downstairs and headed straight for Annetta's house. The bakery was closed this early, but she'd probably still be awake. He hoped so, anyway. She had a new baby, too, and she probably got as little sleep as Ezra did.

Clutching you to his chest with one arm, he knocked on her door rapidly. You remained quiet, your attention captured by Ezra's hair as your chubby little hands tugged lightly on the curls that hung loose. He should know better by now; hair needs to be up and anything shiny needs to be put away. Otherwise you will end up fascinated by it, and potentially give him a premature bald spot.

Annetta's door swung open. She looked like she'd just rolled out of bed, her hair a mess and a simple dressing gown hastily thrown over her pajamas.

She looked down at the two of you, brows furrowed, taking half a step outside, "Ezra, what's going-?"

"Can babies eat cake?" He blurted out, interrupting her.

She stared down at him for a moment before saying, "What?"

"Can babies eat cake?" He repeated himself.

"Alright, so I did hear you right the first time." She sighs, crossing her arms, "No, no cake, but perhaps frosting."

"Oh," Ezra sighed in relief, "Good. I don't know how to bake. I've just been mashing up vegetables most days. It's hard to make meals when the one eating only has, like, two teeth."

She pursed her lips, her face twitching like she was torn between laughing or not.

"Sometimes I forget you're eight," Annetta said finally, "What's all this about anyways?"

"Well, all my birthdays have had cake." Ezra falters slightly, "Except this year. So I figured a first birthday is a really big deal and I was scared little star wouldn't have a cake, either."

"That's sweet," She said, looking sadder than Ezra can remember, "And, honey, tell me next time it's either of your birthdays. I'll make you a cake, okay?"

"Okay," He nodded before glancing back down at you, "So what should I do, then? If cake is out, there's not much else. I don't know how to make frosting."

"How about you relax?" She suggested, kneeling down to be eye level with Ezra, "Come inside and rest. I'll make breakfast and your little one can play with Roland. Then, later today, I'll whip up a cake for us and some frosting for the babies."

"Really?" His eyes widened, "What about the bakery? I didn't mean to mess your day up."

"I wasn't feeling like opening up shop anyways," She reached out to ruffle his hair, "Come on in. You know, Lyle is quite a bit older than you but he could probably show you how to wield a sword. He wants to be a knight, you know."

"Really?" Ezra gasped, "I wanna be a knight!"

"Then it works out perfectly," She stepped back to let him in the door.

It was warm inside, and smelled like cinnamon, and Ezra mourned his own home briefly. While the actual building he lived in remained unchanged, it hadn't felt like this in a long time. Welcoming, comforting, filled with the hum of quiet chatter and love; instead, his house was now cold and quiet.

He only has you, and you only have him, but maybe you could both have other people too. Maybe Annetta cared, and maybe her son could show Ezra how to fight, and maybe things would be okay after all.

[Postcard Announcement! \(+ some other things <3\)](#)

[Jun 15, 2024](#)

Steph and I are doing a collaboration! A new tier has been introduced to Patreon called the **Deity** tier, **aka the postcard tier**.

This is the first ever physical merch kind of thing I've done, but a subscriber mentioned it and I thought the idea was super cute!

Each month (if the initial launch goes well) every subscriber in the Deity tier will receive 1-3 postcards illustrated by @stephschoices that feature a character quote. The number of postcards is dependent on if the character is gender selectable. The first postcard will feature Luci Rivera, for example, so it will have two variations.

I will have a mock up of the postcard as soon as Steph finishes it up, and I'll post it here then! It will feature Luci's official character art. In the future I'm hoping to commission exclusive art for the postcards from Steph so they're unique, but I'd like to do all the official art first.

The tier is limited to 50, if that many even join lol, simply because this is sort of a soft launch to see if people are interested. The tier has been posted already, but I'll have the mock up of the postcard soon if you guys want to wait for that!

The deity tier will also get Mikhail and Taisiya's prequel story, which will release in chapter format beginning this month.

Thank you again everyone, hope you enjoy the Fallen Lights update and I'll be posting Ezra's first pride story (featuring one of his love interests, Kalyan) very soon!

Also, quick PSA. My old laptop completely crashed, which I was using while my PC got repaired, so I had to buy a new one. Please bear with me while I try and recover all the files; I might simply have to rewrite some commissions and stories lol. The new laptop was like 40% off, though, so that's a win!

PLEASE NOTE: I can only do domestic shipping right now! So only United States addresses, please!

[Ezra & Kalyan - Pride](#)

[Jun 16, 2024](#)



Kalyan huffs, turning his head sharply until he hears the crack of his neck popping. His entire body is like a bowstring drawn taught, ready to fire. The metallic taste of blood from biting his tongue floods his senses, mixing with the thick stream of red that drips from his nose. The pain is almost nostalgic in a sick way, if he's totally honest.

Turning the corner, he jerks to a sudden stop as he nearly crashes into a taller, larger figure. His gaze darts up from the ground to find none other than Ezra fucking Rhys.

Great. Just what Kalyan wanted on this already shitty day.

Glowering, he goes to sidestep the prick. He and Ezra have never gotten along. Kalyan supposes the fact that his former patroness harassed Ezra's little star didn't help matters when their personalities

already clashed so horribly.

Oh, and Kalyan did lightly stab him that one time. Lightly. Not his best moment, he's willing to admit. In the sake of fairness, however, Ezra had broken his arm right after. That shoulder was never the same after, even after everything was supposedly healed.

So yeah, Kalyan would prefer to avoid this interaction altogether. Which would be totally possible if Ezra hadn't grabbed his arm as he tried to shoulder past. His bad arm, too. The one Ezra broke.

It's clear the High General remembers that when Kalyan winces, seeing how the other man drops him as if he were burned. Ezra purses his lips, his eyes darting all over Kalyan's face as the former acolyte tries to find another escape route.

He takes in the blood, the busted nose, the torn lip. Slowly, Ezra's face settles into something that Kalyan has never seen before. Something cold, mean...deadly.

A shiver runs down his spine. He never understood why people feared the High General of Ebia so deeply.

He does now.

Kalyan swallows hard, already readying his defense, "Look, I didn't hurt anyone--"

"Who did it?" Ezra's voice is perfectly calm as he keeps his eyes carefully trained on Kalyan's injuries.

Kalyan blinks, mind going blank, "What?"

"Who did this?" Ezra reaches out, as if he's going to touch Kalyan's wounded face, but changes his mind at the last second.

The general's hand falls lamely to his side. Kalyan swallows again, but not out of fear this time.

"Why do you care?" He asks roughly, "Want to give them a medal or something?"

Ezra's whole face scrunches for a moment, like he doesn't get the not-quite joke. Then it smooths out once again, his sharp jaw tightening once more.

"No," He says, voice firmer than Kalyan can ever remember, "So I know who to give a matching one to."

Kalyan is well aware he probably looks ridiculous and all, what with the gaping fish look, but honestly he can't be blamed. What else is he supposed to do when Ezra fucking Rhys just offered to bust someone's face for him?

"Kalyan," Ezra says, his voice low and gravely in his anger.

Oh, Gods. His first reaction to his name being said like that should be terror, not...whatever this is. Racing heart, sweaty palms, and a general sense of lightheadedness; what is wrong with him?

"Some drunks," He forces the words out, a little bit choked, "At the bar. Didn't like my accent."

Ezrah's hand twitches to his hip, as if to reach for the sword that isn't there at present. Kalyan isn't sure how he feels about this; Ezrah only ever speaks to him to invite him to spar. Why is he so upset over this? Pissed someone else got to beat Kalyan up first?

"Whoa, what happened to the moral high ground?" Kalyan quips, trying desperately to get the general's mind off the drunks that decked him a few times, "No use getting your hands dirty for a washed up cultist, right?"

"What?" Ezrah's eyes widen, bordering on horror, "You don't think that, do you?"

Kalyan freezes. He wants to look at anything other than Ezrah, but the general takes a step closer so his face is all that's visible. He drops to stare at Ezrah's shiny boots.

"Kalyan, they killed your parents." Ezrah breathes out, "They took you when you were a child. You never even had a chance to want anything else because that's all you were allowed. You're not a...a washed up cultist. You're a victim."

"Do you know how many people I hurt?" Kalyan scoffed, keeping his gaze averted, "I'm sure they really care about my sob story."

"Do you know how many people I've killed?" Ezrah says, his hand reaching out to gently tug Kalyan's face up to look at him, "More than you, I'd wager. I don't care about any of your perceived sins. I care about--"

He cuts himself off, pulling away from Kalyan. It looks like it hurts him, like he's wounded himself simply by pulling his hand away.

"You care about...what?" Kalyan whispers, his voice trembling.

Ezrah takes a haggard breath in, running a hand through his curls as he glances up at the sky.

"You." He grits out, "I care about you. Thank you so much for noticing."

Kalyan feels like he got punched in the face again. Or ran over by a horse.

"Oh," He whispers.

"Yeah," Ezrah scoffs, "Oh. I know you don't reciprocate--"

"What?" Kalyan blurts out, interrupting.

"You don't reciprocate," Ezra repeats slowly, "That's alright. I'm still not going to set by and let this happen."

He gestures at Kalyan's face, his own still tight with anger. Kalyan is still rather hung up on his apparent non-reciprocation of Ezra's affections to really care about all that anymore.

"How do you know I don't reciprocate?" Kalyan demands, feeling a little offended on his own behalf.

He hasn't gotten a chance to choose many things in his life, dammit, and he'd appreciate getting to choose this. Gods, would he appreciate it.

"I invite you to do things all the time." Ezra insists.

"You invite me to spar," Kalyan says incredulously, "That's not...why would you think that's a good representation of your feelings? I thought you just wanted to beat me up as payback for stabbing you that one time."

Ezra's face whitens, "What? No! No, that's not...that's not it at all! I just don't have time to do much else, so I figured if you joined me...No, I don't want to beat you up. That's quite possibly the last thing I want."

His eyes fall briefly to Kalyan's fucked up shoulder, the regret palpable. The former acolyte swallows, feeling things shift and come into perspective. Pieces click together, and suddenly he feels like a fool.

Taking a step forward, he places a hand gently under Ezra's fourth rib. Right where he'd stuck his knife.

"I also care," He says stiltedly, "About you."

The apology is unspoken, yet still thick in his words. Ezra covers his hand with his own, his fingers tightening around Kalyan.

"Good," He whispers, his smile soft, "Now give me the name of that bar and the appearance of whoever hit you. I'll take care of that, then take care of you. Your nose looks broken."

Kalyan huffs, rolling his eyes and dropping his hand, "You're not beating up a few drunken losers. Especially not on my behalf. I will, however, accept a nice pastry from that bakery in town for my pain and suffering."

Ezra gives him an indulgent smile, "Of course."

Kalyan gets his pastry and returns to his little apartment in a considerably better mood. A few days later he walks into his regular bar, determined not to let some assholes drive him off, and finds nobody will quite meet his eye.

Then he sees them. The ones that had jumped him because they thought he talked funny. Bruises blossom across their cheeks, and their noses are just crooked enough to look broken.

Kalyan doesn't know exactly how Ezrah did it, but he did. He must have threatened the entire damn bar with how they avoid his gaze like the plague. That's alright, though. Kalyan really only wants one set of eyes looking at him, anyways.

[Agnia](#)

[Jun 16, 2024](#)



Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Symbols: Hemlock, a chalice

Sacred Animal: Ravens

Agnia is the Leydonian Goddess of Madness, Trickery, and Nightmares. She is the daughter of Nyva and Arlios and the younger sister of Odesus, Ilvara, and Vielia. She is the older sister of Nenthys and Caris. She is *The Lady of Madness*, often associated with psychological torture. Many illusionists seek her as a patron due to her domains amplifying illusory magic.

Disenchanted

Lucien





[Postcard Results!](#)

[Jul 9, 2024](#)

The first photo is the design that won! You guys selected the full photo for the cover with the quote and snapshot on the back.

The Deity tier has been posted and to receive August's postcard (this one!) you will need to be subscribed by August 15th ❤️

Aside from this, I have other things coming tonight that I finished up yesterday! Can't wait for you guys to read it even though rewriting so much was definitely tedious lol.

[Ezrah & Patrice - Pride](#)

[Jul 9, 2024](#)

Ezrah & Patrice

Ezrah jumps as the doors slam open, a furious Patrice striding in with his face twisted into a scowl.

"You great blithering idiot!" He hisses, "What were you thinking?"

The general is horrified to see tears in his eyes.

"I..." Ezrah tries to form the words but comes up short.

"Right," Patrice lets out a ragged breath, nearly laughing, "Clearly you weren't."

"I was," Ezrah insists weakly, "I was, really. I calculated the risk-"

"And damn near died," The baker wraps his arms around his middle, as if to shield himself from a blow, "A little to the left-"

"I've heard it," Ezrah sighs, "All of it. The healer nagged me for almost an hour."

"And you deserve it." Patrice says, lips pursed, "Do you know what would happen if you died? It would kill m- everyone. It would kill everyone."

Ezrah leans back slightly, taking a moment to trace the tense lines of Patrice's body. He can tell the other man is beyond distressed; Patrice's cuticles have been picked bloody, and he can see his lips are chapped from worrying them between his teeth.

"I'm here," He finally says, the words slow and deliberate, "You haven't gotten rid of me yet."

"Asshole," Patrice swears, grabbing him by the shoulders and pulling him into a hug.

Where Ezrah is still sitting on his bed, he ends up with his face buried in Patrice's chest. He takes a deep breath in, his cheek pressed against the worn cloth of the baker's shirt. The smell of fresh bread and sweetness still lingers, a faint waft of vanilla that will haunt Ezrah's every waking moment for the foreseeable future.

He lets his eyes slip closed, slumping forward in Patrice's grasp and just allows himself to just exist for a moment. Not as the high general or a big brother or an instructor, just as Ezrah.

"The next time you think about being stupid," Patrice whispers into his curls, "Remember this. Remember how devastated I would be to lose you."

"I thought you said it would kill everyone," Ezrah pointed out, perhaps a bit smugly.

“Me especially,” Patrice pulls away, “So don’t go off playing the fool.”

Ezrah fights the urge to reach back out and claim the baker in his arms once again. Instead he simply nods.

“Alright,” He says softly, “I cannot promise to always be safe-“

Patrice’s voice was full of warning, “Ezrah-“

“But,” He pressed on, “I swear to you that I will always endeavor to come home to everyone. To you.”

“To me,” The other man’s throat bobs, “You mean it?”

“I do.” Ezrah whispered, reaching for his hand.

Patrice let him take it, so he drew the baker back into his arms and tugged him down onto the bed. He was half in Ezrah’s lap and half on the blankets, his blush hard to spot against the darkness of his skin but still present.

Wonderfully present, actually. Ezrah’s new goal was to make Patrice’s ears turn such a hue every day.

“I’m still incredibly cross with you,” Patrice whispered, the warmth of his words washing over Ezrah’s neck and raising goosebumps along his arms.

“That’s alright,” The general smiled, “If you plan on keeping me around, I’ll probably make you cross many times after this.”

Patrice rolled his eyes, giving him an annoyed yet fond look, “At least you’re honest.”

Not as honest as he wanted to be. He would love to tell Patrice the truth, to claim his mouth and tell him the actual depths of what he felt. He didn’t, though. Everyone always claimed Ezrah was so brave, but in truth he was a coward.

The blow is only slightly lessened by the weight of Patrice leaning against his side.

[Jealousy - Dimitri](#)

[Jul 15, 2024](#)

Dimitri has always been careful to keep his emotions under wraps. He cannot afford anything else. His anger is a slippery thing, quick to slip its leash should he give it the opportunity.

So he doesn't. Well, at the very least he tries his best not to. It's moments like these, however, that test the grace he has carved into his very bones.

You'd been visiting Ari, saying hello to the children; the usual whenever you visited Myrine. Now some man hovers near you outside the temple, and he feels warm all over in embarrassment. It's not that you couldn't have friends, no, it's just that...well, this man's hand is on your arm and his smile only speaks of wanting one thing as he looks down at you.

Dimitri cannot see your face, and he doesn't want to. In some small part of his heart, maybe he had hoped you visited Myrine to see him. Maybe he had hoped there would be more than just sparks between you. Maybe he thought you wanted him, too.

That's not for him to decide, though.

Then you step away, and the man follows. Dimitri pauses on turning away, his eyes narrowing as he tracks the way your body tenses as the man puts a hand on your elbow this time. He's trying to draw you closer, and you're fiercely attempting not to resort to physical violence.

Dimitri has no such reservations. His anger boils at the sight, heat pooling beneath his skin with his damned curse.

The blacksmith grips the pot he'd fixed for Ari like a war hammer. He'd just hammered the dents from it and here he is ready to add another. He'd probably have to make her a new one entirely if he got blood on it...

Oh, well. Something to pass the time at the forge.

"Excuse me?" He calls out, so unlike his usual mild temperament and tone.

The man tenses, his eyes darting over to Dimitri's quick approach. The line of your shoulders ease when you see him coming. It soothes him, somewhat, that you find comfort in his arrival.

"Blacksmith, what's your business here?" The man asks, and Dimitri recognizes him.

Not his name, no. Just his type. A rich lord's son, under the impression that he was owed something simply because his mother popped him out. A notion Dimitri was eager to disprove.

"You should leave."

The nobleman sneers, "And what gives you the right to tell me what I should do?"

Dimitri looks past the man, his eyes trained on you, "Why is he not currently a stain on the ground?"

"You just swept the steps this morning," You give him a sheepish smile, "I didn't want to make more work for you or Ari."

"Are you ignoring me?" The buffoon asks, insulted.

Dimitri raises the pan like a weapon capable of horrible crimes, his eyes cold, "Leave. Like I suggested earlier."

The man rushes off without another word. A rat scurrying off with his tail tucked between his legs.

"If it comes to squashing a bug like that," Dimitri says as you come closer, "I will happily clean the blood from our doorway to spare you Ari's sighing."

"I need not when my fierce warrior is armed with such deadly tools," You smirk slightly, glancing down at the pan.

He feels the heat again, this time pleasant and rising into his cheeks.

"I was fixing it for Ari," He explains, "I...are you okay?"

"I'm okay," You confirm quietly, offering your elbow to escort him in, "You can give that back to Ari and then we can go get supper."

"Right." He wraps his arm in yours, heart pounding so loud he's convinced you surely must be able to hear it.

You say nothing if you can. Just like that, the anger cools, the heat receding. He fears his emotions, he fears the curse that had been thrust upon him, but you soothe his worries at just a touch.

All his life he'd been told he was an unlucky thing, an unfortunate soul to have been saved. You make him think life might just be worth living without the fear, however. If he has you, after all, what has he to fear?

[Jealousy - M Harlow](#)

[Jul 15, 2024](#)

Harlow isn't quite sure when he began caring about your well being. He isn't sure when his heart began beating out of his chest at the mere thought of you in danger. Images of your many deaths flash across

his memory; once upon a time, you'd been an annoyance. Now it feels like a pit has opened up in his stomach when he recalls all the ways he watched the light leave your eyes.

It makes him sick.

You don't have many classes together, luckily. He doesn't have to lay eyes on you and feel as if someone is ripping every rib from his body one by one until he's a bloody mess. He knows how it feels to be taken apart physically; turns out the emotional equivalent is just as bad.

However, what hurts even more than seeing you in general is seeing you with someone else. That's a new development, and one he's wholly against. Why does he even care? Why does seeing you leave the lecture hall with a guy at your side make him feel like pulling his hair out?

He can't afford to lose any more hair, after all. The stress already does that for him on a regular basis. He's already far too used to picking it out in clumps in the shower.

Looking down, he determinedly doesn't look up as he makes his way to his dorm. You're in a different building and he'll part ways with you soon enough. His eyes keep drifting up, though, and-

You're shuffling away. Pulling back every chance you get.

His brows furrow, eyes darting over your posture and the way the man seems to crowd you. He'd thought it over eager attraction at first, but with you trying to get away it didn't look great for the guy.

He calls out your name, his voice sharper than he intended, but you jerk around in instant with relief of your face. He isn't sure if he's grateful or not that you're happy to see him, but he definitely feels like throwing up.

"Mitchell," The guy scoffs, "Don't you have somewhere else to be?"

"I think I'm needed here," Harlow glares, crossing his arms.

"Clearly you're as batshit as your mother," He sneers, "Because I can't think of one place that needs a broken banshee."

Well, that definitely brought him up short. Harlow isn't even sure how to respond, his mouth opening before closing just as quickly. No words escape. Can he argue with sentiment? Not really. He just needs to stay long enough that he can make sure you're safe-

You spin on your heel, your hand cracking against the guy's face with a resounding slap. He stumbles back, shocked, and Harlow is pretty sure he does the same.

"Don't," You say, voice low as you poke the man violently in the chest before shoving him back, "Talk to him like that."

"You-" The idiot snarls, but he pales when your magic crackles at your fingertips.

Unchosen or not, you're quite frightening when you want to be.

"I'll get you fucking expelled," He bites out before hauling off with haste.

You relax before noticing Harlow's wide eyed look. You give him a small smile, rubbing the back of your neck.

"Hey," You say, before grimacing at the sound of your own voice.

"You won't make him leave when you're uncomfortable," Harlow says slowly, "But you slap the shit out of him for insulting me?"

"He deserved it," You shrug, "It just...made me mad."

Harlow comes to stop at your side, pausing for a moment to enjoy the way the streetlights cast a warm glow around you. He offers his hand, and you're polite enough not to mention it shaking.

"I'll walk you back?" He offers.

"I'd like that," You slip your hand in his, so warm against his cool skin.

He definitely feels sick again, but he pushes it down and tries to enjoy this while it lasts.

[Jealousy - F Harlow](#)

[Jul 15, 2024](#)

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[Domestic - Orion](#)

[Jul 17, 2024](#)

"It looks like soup," Orion sighs, staring into his bowl with furrowed brows, "Really terrible soup."

"It's milk, honey, and yeast," You say, amused, "We have to add other things to make dough. Otherwise...well, I guess it would be really terrible soup."

He grunts, quietly looking at the murky liquid with discontent. You squeeze his arm gently, giving him a smile when he glances over at you.

"Add the flour first," You instruct, "Then you can decide you hate baking."

"I don't hate it," He defends himself, crossing his arms over his chest, "I've always wanted to try. I just fear I'll never be good at making things."

Your brows scrunch as you take in his words, moving to lean against the edge of the counter. It's warm in the kitchen at present; the heat of the day combined with the fire of the stove makes for a sweltering environment. A few beads of sweat roll down Orion's face, and he bats a stray hair away from his eyes once again.

"What do you mean?" You ask carefully.

He avoids your eyes, "I could never use magic. I cannot paint like my sister and father. Even when Kira tried to teach me to knit, I failed miserably. The only thing I'm good at seems to be destruction."

War. That's what he means. He's only good at war. You purse your lips, not sure where to go from here. You take the cup of flour, pulling his bowl to be in reach, and carefully pour some in. Then, you reach for his arm, tugging him closer, and press the spoon into his hand.

"Now mix it," You say.

He swallows, but does as you say. It's slow to come together, as most things in baking are, and once all the flour has been added you show him how to knead the dough.

"You'll be good at this part," You say as you demonstrate, "What with your big muscles and all."

You get an eye roll for that, but he's smiling again. He kneads the dough for a good while, until you deem it finished. Then he tucks it in the little tin pan and you place a damp towel over the top.

"It'll rise now," You explain, "It looks more like a loaf after that."

He nods, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. Flour streaks across his tanned skin, stark and bright, and you can't help but laugh.

"You've got a little..." You reach up with a towel, wiping the smear away, "There."

His eyes soften as he leans down, pressing a kiss to your cheek.

"Thank you," He says quietly, "For being patient."

Not just now, the words go unspoken. When you first met, when he was finished with life and the world, when he was angry at the cards he'd been dealt. When you thought he was a monster and he thought you a fool.

"You waited for me, too." You brush his hair away this time, "You always have."

"That's different," He denies, but lets you pull him in for a kiss regardless.

His lips are chapped and his hands callused as his thumb runs along the line of your jaw. When you pull away, you rest your forehead against his as he caresses the small of your back with a firm hand.

"If you can't love someone when they're yeast milk, you shouldn't act like you deserve them when they're a fresh loaf of bread." You say sagely.

"That...makes no sense." He blinks slowly, "Yeast milk?"

"The terrible soup!" You pout, "The joke isn't funny when I have to explain it."

"Then your jokes are never funny."

He chuckles, far too proud of himself when you smack his chest with a huff.

Jealousy - Julian

Jul 18, 2024

Mayhaps Julian had mistaken your intentions. That was fine, if so. Incredibly fine. So perfectly fine and he doesn't have a problem with it at all. His heart certainly doesn't feel like it's cracking in two. No, sir.

He enters the tavern where you'd gotten a room, as you usually do when you visit. Gods forbid his sister talk you into staying in his family's huge, ostentatious home again. The one time she managed it, she did nothing but try and sniff out gossip on his love life like a bloodhound the entire night. Regardless, that's when he saw you.

At the bar.

With someone that is certainly not him.

It's okay, really. It's fine. So fine.

He sulks off to the side, fully intent on grabbing a stool and drowning his sorrows. He would go to another bar, another tavern, another whatever, but...well, his sister had bribed them all not to serve him anymore.

Old Welston that owns this place is the only one who doesn't really give a shit. Is it a cheap tactic she's employed lately to make him use his bedroom at the palace? Yes, yes it is. Will he spite her by still not returning home? Also yes.

Despite seating himself at the bar, he has no stomach for a drink tonight. He waves off the serving girl, his eyes continually trailing over to you.

He happens to be watching the exact moment you pour your drink over the man's head.

Leaping from his seat at that very second, a thrill runs through him as he sees the man reaching for the dagger at his belt. Grabbing his hand from behind, he twists the arm back until-

There it is. A good pop.

In his defense, you wouldn't pour your drink over the asshole unless he was being awfully creepy. And from the flush on your face, the degenerate must've said something rather scandalous.

"Is sprained good enough?" He leans over the man's shoulder to purr, "Or would you prefer broken?"

"Just get him out of here," You bite out, glaring at the sorry sap still held in Julian's grasp.

He winks, shoving the man in the direction of the door. Bastard doesn't waste any time, at least; he's out of the tavern like a shot as soon as Julian lets him go.

"And here I thought you'd replaced me," Julian turns, pressing a hand over his heart.

"Ass," You huff, sitting back on your stool.

"I do have a pretty one," He smirks, "But perhaps we should focus on other matters."

He fills the man's vacated seat after his last quip. It feels good to be where he belongs once more; perched by you, hanging off your every word.

"It's decent," You shrug.

"Decent!" He says, scandalized, "I'll have you know-"

"Julian," You interrupt him, your face drawing into a much more serious expression, "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," He dismisses.

"I will, because I appreciate it." You narrow your eyes, "Deal with it."

"I love your aggressive affection so, my dear." He grins, "If you want-"

You cut him off by leaning forward and brushing your lips against his. He has to admit, if you want to shut him up it's a very effective tactic.

"I don't feel like having a drink anymore," You mummer.

You're exhausted, that much is obvious. He stands quickly, offering his arm.

"Then to bed with you."

"And you."

Julian blinks, "You want me to stay?"

"I always want you to stay," Your smile is a small, quick thing, but it still sends electricity shooting up his spine.

"Oh," He shrugs, full of faux nonchalance, "I guess I can spend the night here."

"What's your alternative?" You raise an eyebrow, "Having tea with your sister?"

He grimaces, "Don't remind me. The spiteful hag."

You accept his arm, tugging him toward the stairs. He goes easily, happily, trailing after you like he's some besotted fool. Well, actually, he supposes that's exactly the term for himself. Besotted fool.

[Lucien Flashback: Punishment](#)

[Jul 20, 2024](#)

Sometimes Lucien hates painting.

It doesn't make sense. It's the only consistent thing he's ever had in his life. Before you, during you, after you...even when it felt like he'd lost it all, he still had a brush in his hand.

Staring at the canvas now only makes him regret almost everything, though. Your eyes stare back, the only clear thing he's managed to paint all week. The rest of your face is blurry, out of focus, incomplete; he saw you just a few months ago, why can he not remember the details?

He could never forget your eyes, though. Even when he's losing his mind, his memory fading, everything else lost to time or insanity, he'd still remember your eyes.

Forcing himself to set the brush down, he turns and takes a step away. This will never not haunt him; your gaze, the cold left in your absence, the heaviness in his heart. He fears he'll carry it with him until he's dead.

Some days he thinks that might be sooner rather than later.

He sits on the floor of Cameron's aunt's attic, which is acting as his little art studio until college finally rolls around. He crosses his legs and leans back, just staring up at your eyes painted in horrifically detailed acrylic. He'd made your gaze rather cold. Fitting, he supposes.

Lucien is no longer on the receiving end of your smiles, or your warm looks, or your wide eyed gaze when you were trying too hard not to laugh at something. He deserves your scorn. He deserves it so dearly that he forces it upon himself, even. Here he is, painting his worst nightmares with his own brush.

It's not penance. It cannot be penance for there is no absolution of this sin.

No, this is karma. Karma that twists his gut and makes him want to lose his meager breakfast. He remembers you that day, the day you left his parent's home with an emptiness in your eyes as you walked out. Years later, as he left through that very same door, he wondered if he felt a fraction of the pain you had.

It had been the second home you'd lost, after all. How cruel of them, how cruel of *him*. Turning on you when you, of all people, needed love the most.

The scar on his back burns fiercely, no cream enough to ease the sting of holy fire, but freedom was worth it. He should have left with you when you'd been banished from the Rivera household, but he hadn't known then what he does now. If he'd known the Orlovs would take you in as they did...

He wonders if they would have allowed a second child to move in. Surely they would've. Viktor's mother had been nothing but kind when Lucien used to visit. Her hugs were the only time he'd felt a mother's touch and it hadn't hurt.

Wondering was pointless, though. If he kept going down this path, he'd surely get lost. That's what Cameron always says at least.

He stands, removing the painting from his easel. Your gaze damns him as he places it against the wall with the back facing out. Perhaps torturing himself would be more respectable, more in line with what he deserves, and he knows that. He just can't stand it anymore tonight.

[Lucia Flashback: Punishment](#)

[Jul 20, 2024](#)

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THE LORD OF NIGHT, NAVRA

Age: 25 years old

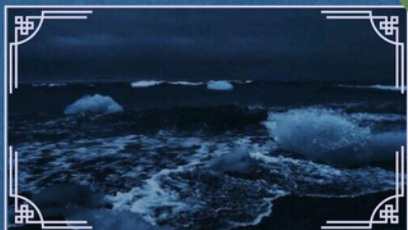
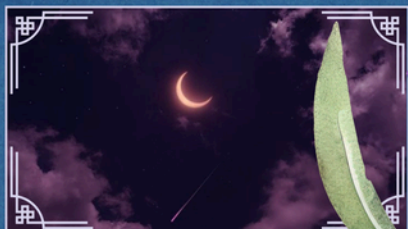
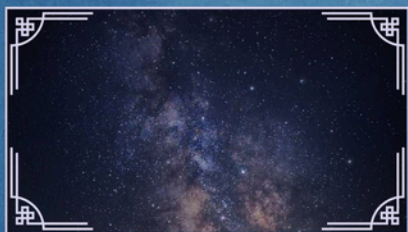
Race: High Fae

Height: 6'1

Zodiac Sign: Cancer

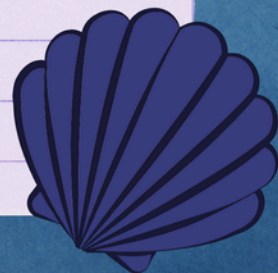
Favorite Color: Amethyst

Favorite Animal: Owls



ABOUT NAV

He is the youngest Lord to ever inherit in the history of the Faewild. He enjoys collecting shells along the shore of the Night Court and telling the moon all about his problems. He is the least trusted of any Lord or Lady of the Faewild and generally avoids attending court for this reason.



[Jul 21, 2024](#)

Here is the Lord of Night himself, Navran! The youngest to ever inherit by far at a mere four years old.

THE LADY OF NIGHT, NAVARA

Age: 25 years old

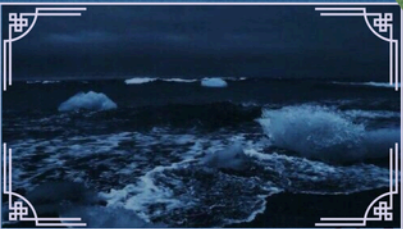
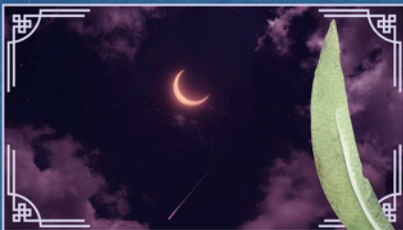
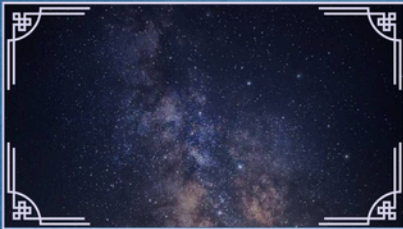
Race: High Fae

Height: 5'7

Zodiac Sign: Cancer

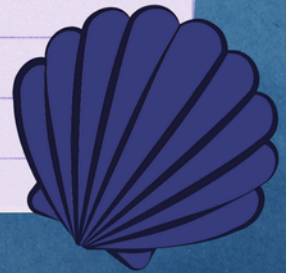
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[Jul 21, 2024](#)

And here is the Lady of Night, Navara, with her version!

[Domestic - M Avery](#)

[Jul 22, 2024](#)

"Does it scare you?" You ask quietly, watching the lightning arc across the dark sky.

"Sometimes," Avery responds back, his voice hushed with something like reverence as he corrects himself, "Most of the time."

"We can go inside," You offer, "Lay down, maybe watch a movie."

You could tune out the rolling thunder and the cracks of lightning that make him flinch each time they strike, you mean. Remove him from a situation that only seems to cause him distress.

"No, I..." He sighs, leaning closer, "I used to watch storms with my mother and my..."

He swallows the words, staring down at his hands with regret.

"It's okay to be scared after what you went through."

"I feel like a failure," He says, "I'm not even sure why. No one cares if I can't sit and watch a storm roll through anymore."

"Pride, maybe?" You smirk slightly, nudging him in the side, "You do have a problem with that."

He hums, "Oh, do I, now?"

"Very much so," You say, "It's alright, though. it suits you most of the time."

He goes to respond, but another flash of lightning illuminates the sky. You see the reflection in his dark eyes, his face lit up briefly so you can see every detail with him so close. His freckles, his scar, the way he bites his bottom lip. He gives the sky a firm side eye, as if it might decide to fall down upon you both.

"Let's go inside," You bid him again, running a hand down his arm, "There's no point in this."

"I don't want to be scared anymore," He whispers the words like a confession.

"That'll take time," You say just as softly, "You almost died, Avery. By all rights you should have; taking that much electricity to the heart should have killed you. It didn't, though, and you're here with me. You have time. We have time."

"We have time," He repeats, as if he's trying to convince himself, "We do."

"We do," You cup his cheek with your palm, brushing the pad of your thumb along his sharp cheekbone, "We can do this another night. As many nights as we have to until you're not afraid. It won't happen all at once, though."

"No," He mumbles, "It won't."

He glances back up at the dark sky before breaking apart from you to stand. He offers a hand, pulling you up with him.

"I think this is good enough for now," He says, faux nonchalance thick in his voice, "I didn't have a panic attack so...improvements, I guess."

"Come on," You say, tugging him toward the door and back inside the house.

He never sleeps well when it storms out, so you hold him close on the couch and put on a movie. It's some stupid 90's comedy, just enough background noise to block out the rolling thunder. He curls into you, and you run your fingers through his thick, dark hair.

There are dirty dishes in the sink, there's laundry in the dryer, and you still need to vacuum the rugs. You're happy, though, in this moment. Content. So is Avery, despite the howling storm outside and the fear that runs through him like blood.

You have time and that's all that matters. Time with each other, time to make his fear fade...and time to make you forget you've ever been anything but loved.

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[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 Chapter 1 Part 1](#)

[Jul 23, 2024](#)



Welcome back to Reaper's Bay!

This update includes the rework of RB that I've been fiddling with for some time! It also completes the beginning section of Chapter One, in which you meet the one and only Mari de Klerk.

Also general bug fixes from the old version, grammar and spelling, all that good stuff.

I hope you guys enjoy!!

Password: RBUPDATE

[Jul 24, 2024](#)

Viktor's knees are absolutely smeared with clay as he works his hands around the bowl he's shaping. Using his fingers, he draws the top part carefully in before presenting it to you proudly.

"It's a heart," He grins, "For my heart."

You bite your cheek to stop the laughter that threatens to bubble over.

"Well, that's all well and good..." You glance down at your own monstrosity, "I'm pretty sure mine is just a lump, though. A leaning lump, at that."

"Or a very artistic interpretation of a rock," He quips, "Keep your thinking positive."

He snickers at your expression as he stands, moving behind you and crouching down. He gets very close, his chest to your back, reaching around your waist without hesitation. He takes your hands in his, and his breath is warm on your neck when he speaks.

"Let me show you."

You swallow hard. It feels like the temperature in the room spiked to ninety, but that might also be the portable space heater pressed against you. Perks of dating a draca, you suppose, until you end up hot and bothered in the ceramics workshop.

"Careful or you'll be showing me something else," You grin, glancing back to catch his eye roll.

"Haha," He says, totally deadpan, "Funny joke."

"Who said I was joking?"

"We are not fucking in the place I have class every Monday and Wednesday." He says firmly, "I would literally never be able to pay attention again."

"Fine, then." You huff, "Help me turn my *artistic rock* into something pretty."

That he does, and he does it well. Guiding your hands carefully, he makes a simple vase. He works with a confidence and ease in his craft that would annoy you if it wasn't kind of hot. Yes, you're awful at this, but he's not and his concentrating face is horribly attractive.

You also feel kind of accomplished, too, in a way. After all, he might've been guiding them, but your hands still technically made this.

"Can you carve a dragon in it?" You lean back against him, "A little cartoon one, with horns like yours."

"Your wish is my command," Viktor says, twirling a loop tool in his hand.

He free hands it quickly, so it's a little ugly but in an adorable way. His chin rests on your shoulder as he works, and you lean back against him to get comfortable.

"Ta-da," He mutters next to your ear, gesturing down at the little guy.

"Cute," You say, "Like you."

"Flatterer."

You twist around and kiss the very tip of his nose, "Always."

He leans back, "I'll get these off the wheel and in the kiln, then we can head back."

"And shower," You say plainly, "I have clay in places I never imagined having clay. Like all over my back, because someone leaned against me."

"You enjoyed it," He scoffs.

"I did," You relent almost immediately, "Yeah, that's true."

You watch him carefully as he works to get your pieces off the wheels. Yours really does look ridiculous, which endears you to it all the more. As you exit the Arts Center, you find yourself thinking of someone who might love it even more.

"If we glaze it, do you think I could talk your dad into putting it on the mantle?" You smirk.

"No," He says immediately, "He already has enough of our awful, half-assed art displayed in the house-"

You're already texting Mr. Orlov before Viktor can finish getting the sentence out.

[Desperate - M Avery](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

Avery & number 13 from [this list](#)...

"Please, just hear me out!" Avery insists, taking a step forward.

"No," You say firmly, your feet planted even as he draws closer, "It's suicide."

"It's the only choice I have."

"It's not," You hiss, "You're a desperate fool to even believe it would work."

"If it does, it saves more than one life. If not, only mine is forfeit." His jaw flexes, clenching and unclenching, "I have to try."

"Have you ever considered that I care enough about you to stop you from running off like this? To certain death?" You snap, "Because I do. I love you, and if you love me in return then you will drop this."

"I have to save them." He pleads quietly.

"The weight of the world is not on your shoulders," You meet him halfway, reaching to grab his upper arms in a tight grip, "One mistake doesn't mean you owe the universe your very soul. Especially not a mistake that only ended up hurting you."

He's silent for a moment, refusing to meet your eyes. You shake him, perhaps a bit desperate yourself.

"Avery, please."

He must hear the breaking in your voice because he finally looks at you. He meets your gaze, one hand slipping up to brush a stray hair from your face. His fingers glide down your cheek, enraptured by something only he can see. You loosen your grip slightly but still keep a hold of him, ever cautious.

"I do love you." He says.

You let out a shaking breath, "Then listen to me. If there is a way that doesn't result in your meaningless slaughter, we will find it. I just can't lose you too."

His expression fractures before shattering open before you. As he watches you strip yourself emotionally bare, he must find the courage to do the same. He pries your hands gently from his arms before holding them close, your palms resting against his chest.

His heartbeat is a frenzy of movement beneath your fingertips.

"I'm sorry for worrying you. It's been a long time since...well, since someone has been around to care if I make it home." He confesses quietly, "I had forgotten."

"Then I will remind you," You affirm, clenching the fabric of his shirt in your hands, "Each and every time you want to do something so stupid."

"I'm sure you will," His eyes are soft, and he squeezes your hands gently.

You swallow, some of the tension in your body bleeding out. He reaches down to wrap an arm around your waist, tugging you close until his face is pressed into the crook of your neck.

"I'm sorry." He mummurs against your skin.

"I know."

"I love you."

You run a hand through his hair, "I know that, too. Just stop giving me stress migraines and we'll be good to go."

His laugh makes his warm breath tickle your skin, the sensation washing over you completely. Maybe he'd be alright. Maybe you would be alright, as well.

[Desperate - F Avery](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

Avery & number 13 from [this list](#)...

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"No," You say firmly, your feet planted even as she draws closer, "It's suicide."

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Desperate - Lucien

Jul 28, 2024

Lucien & number 4 from [this list](#)...

"Have you considered this isn't good for you?" You ask stiffly, you gaze darting to the tequila and Lucien's proximity to the edge of the roof.

"All the time." He says, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees.

He doesn't sound drunk, not even a little tipsy, but you still have the desire to yank him away from the pending free fall. You think he surely wouldn't die like this, regardless. He has wings, even if he did fall he could save himself.

If he wanted to.

Your teeth sink into your bottom lip hard. Would he want to?

"Then why do this?" The question comes out quiet, your voice hoarse.

"I don't know what else to do." He answers, shockingly candid, "I can't be around Cameron like this. They worry too much. The hallways are crowded, and so is every other spot in this university. So to the roof I go."

"Have you even touched that bottle?" You squint at it, trying to see if the seal has been broken.

"No," He says, a slight bitterness in his voice, "I tried. If I take a drink, it'll only come back up."

"Why?" You raise an eyebrow, inching closer, "Scared of heights?"

He tenses, though, his wings rustling ever so slightly.

"Lucien," You say as you finally stand beside him, glancing down at the top of his curly head, "Seriously."

He still doesn't respond, just gazing at the ground below vacantly. You kneel beside him, reaching a hand out for his shoulder-

Flinching violently, he jerks away from your touch. His eyes dart around your face and his expression goes carefully still.

You don't think he realized it was you. You wish, for just a moment, that you could see what was going on in that brain of his. There had to be some explanation, some reason.

What happened after you were forced to leave? What happened well before you ever arrived?

"I'm fine," He says, voice blank, "I'll be down in a bit."

"I'm not leaving you up here," You deny instantly.

His gaze darts over to you, and you're shocked to find he looks reproachful.

"I'm not a child," He keeps his voice carefully level, "And I don't need a chaperone."

"What about a friend?" You suggest, regretting the words as soon as they leave your mouth.

The past hangs heavy between you both as he stares at you like you've gutted him. You want to say that you meant it earnestly, that you do want to be here for him, that you're scared to leave him alone-

He stands, not looking at you as he heads for the stairs.

"Lucien-" You call out, but he simply waves you away.

"Don't waste your time," He mutters, "I think we both know I don't make a very good friend."

Then he's gone, slipping down the stairs quietly and leaving you behind. At least he left the tequila, too.

[Desperate - Lucia](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

Lucia & number 4 from [this list](#)...

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She doesn't sound drunk, not even a little tipsy, but you still have the desire to yank her away from the pending free fall. You think she surely wouldn't die like this, regardless. She has wings, even if she did fall she could save herself.

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Then she’s gone, slipping down the stairs quietly and leaving you behind. At least she left the tequila, too.

[Desperate - Amrit](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

Amrit & number 10 from [this list](#)...

“Just play along,” Amrit turns to look at you, giving you a little pout, “Please, dearest?”

You cross your arms, “Don’t call me that.”

“I always call my significant others pet names,” He smirks slightly, his gaze darting up and down your body, “And you certainly are significant.”

“I hate to break this to you, but coffee after finding a dead body together isn’t a date.” You roll your eyes, “Why do you even care if they think we’re together?”

“It takes the heat off you,” He smirks, “If my parents see me out and about with you, the council won’t have any thoughts to spare about dead bodies and missing CCTV footage. Not with how big of a fuss they’ll make.”

“So you want to take the target off my back by painting a bigger one on yours.” Your brows furrow, “Why?”

“They do say love makes us do crazy things.” He says breezily, wrapping an arm around your shoulders.

“Amrit,” You warn him lowly.

You hear the click of someone taking a picture on their phone. People are already whispering. As much as it pains you, the story of a missing girl would be buried beneath you and the disowned Singh heir hard launching a relationship.

"See?" He whispers by your ear, his curls brushing against your neck as his wings flutter and rest around you, "It's already working."

The position feels oddly intimate. You suppose that is his goal.

"What a shocker, the journalist knows how to manipulate the media." You say, entirely deadpan.

He pouts, "You could sound more impressed."

"You're currently meeting expectations," You quip, "Try harder to exceed them."

"God, you sound like my dad." He grunts.

It catches you off guard for a moment, and any snappy comebacks or quick wit abandons you in an instant. The last fucking thing you want in this world is to sound like Amrit's shitty father.

"I-" You open your mouth, but freeze when you see a wide grin crack his serious expression.

"God, you should see your face." He wheezes the words out through a laugh, "Oh, how I wish I had my camera."

You slap him lightly on the arm, "That wasn't funny, asshole."

"It was hilarious," He corrects you, "Though I'm pleased to know you care so much about my childhood trauma."

"Not everything is a bit, you know." You grumble.

"How mistaken you are, dearest. My entire life is a bit that I'm very committed to." He says, "Ask my parents."

His arm snakes around your waist as more people turn and gawk while you make your way back to your lecture hall. You feel warm all over and have a sudden, visceral desire to show him up.

"How committed?" You whisper back, glancing at him through long lashes as you come to a stop outside your building.

He freezes, blinking rapidly, "Uh, what?"

"I said how committed?" You repeat yourself, shifting closer.

The tips of his ears burn as he watches you with wide eyes. You run a hand up his waist and he swallows visibly, his gaze not drifting from you for a second. Bringing your faces closer, you ghost your lips over his, barely touching...

Then you pull away. Out of his embrace entirely.

"Wait," He says dumbly, reaching out as if to pull you back in.

"I don't need some desperate bit to want you," You smile slightly, "I'll text you when my class is out."

You walk through the door, leaving him behind on the sidewalk. You see a small flame flicker to life on one of his feathers through the reflection in the glass, and you smirk because he doesn't even notice it. He's too busy watching you walk away.

[Desperate - Amrita](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

Amrita & number 10 from [this list](#)...

"Just play along," Amrita turns to look at you, giving you a little pout, "Please, dearest?"

You cross your arms, "Don't call me that."

"I always call my significant others pet names," She smirks slightly, her gaze darting up and down your body, "And you certainly are significant."

"I hate to break this to you, but coffee after finding a dead body together isn't a date." You roll your eyes, "Why do you even care if they think we're together?"

"It takes the heat off you," She smirks, "If my parents see me out and about with you, the council won't have any thoughts to spare about dead bodies and missing CCTV footage. Not with how big of a fuss they'll make."

"So you want to take the target off my back by painting a bigger one on yours." Your brows furrow, "Why?"

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"Amrita," You warn her lowly.

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[Lucien - Please Don't Call](#)

[Dec 25, 2024](#)



And the toughest part is that we both know what to happened to you, why you're out on your own. Merry Christmas, please don't call.

It was a wet kind of snow that fell the night of Christmas Eve. Lucien didn’t mind; the drinks he’d had earlier still burned through him even as he shivered. It wasn’t enough to make him stumble, or fall, or forget. How unfortunate, during a time when the memories are so potent they hurt.

Everything was closed this late, only a scarce few restaurants still packed with the last dredges of procrastinating shoppers. Everyone else was home, with their family and friends, warm and happy and safe. You were, he hoped. It was a foolish notion; the Volkovs would ensure that you were that and more.

Still. *Still*. The desire to hold you, to hear your voice, to see for himself that you’re okay and-

Lucien was inherently selfish, he’d long since come to terms with that flaw of his. It was selfish to want to pull out his phone and call you. He’d deleted your contact, trying in vain to move on, but his fingers still itched with the familiar pattern of your number. He knew it by heart, even as the world started to feel a little fuzzy around the edges. He couldn’t forget them, couldn’t forget you, no matter how desperately he tried.

His phone buzzed and his heart leapt to attention. It wasn't you, he knew that, but he still wished it was. He slumped on a bench, letting the cold chill him to the bone as he disregarded Cameron's text. Come home, his friend had said, only he didn't have a home. He had a couch at Cameron's place, and nothing else.

He once called you home, probably still would if it wouldn't make him feel exceptionally pathetic, but he'd been thoroughly evicted since. Rightfully so, but the pain was still there even if it was his own fault. Lingering, stinging, festering under his skin. He didn't think it would ever leave him; just like the rest of his baggage, it would rot him from the inside out.

He stood once more, his hands in his pockets, the wind freezing whatever tears were likely to slip out. His regrets made semi-decent company; far better than what he himself would make, at least. He would walk with them tonight, walk until he was numb, and then he would go back to his couch and the present under the tree that Cam's aunt bought him out of pity.

It's a slow death, and it'll take years, but he refused to trouble you any longer. You deserved more than him and his regrets. Still, he ached for the way you used to run your fingers through his curls. How you'd smile and the way it made everything feel better. How you would be able to banish this cold just by looking in his direction, his eyes meeting yours. He had loved your eyes.

Lucien wouldn't call you, but he sure as hell would be the one to pick up if your number lit up his screen.

[Lucia - Please Don't Call](#)

[Dec 25, 2024](#)



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[Ezrah & Silas - A Study in Enemies](#)

[Dec 26, 2024](#)



Ezrah & Silas - A Study of Enemies

The blood that seeped slowly from Silas's side concerned Ezrah even if he didn't want to admit it. He watched as his enemy drained of color, a kind of pallidness to his skin that made him look half dead already.

"Stay down," The High General of Ebia snapped firmly even as his gut twisted.

Silas looked more insulted than anything, opening his mouth before he shifted in a way that made him fold in on himself. If Ezrah had been feeling petty, he would have said he told him so.

Silas wheezed out a weak laugh, "Just finish it."

"No," Ezrah denied immediately, "It would be dishonorable."

"When have you ever cared about your fucking honor?" The other soldier spat out.

When it comes to you, you imbecile, Ezrah thought but didn't dare say.

"There's hardly any satisfaction in killing a man already downed," He said instead, "A bit of a fish in a barrel, don't you think?"

Silas bared his teeth and Ezrah desperately wanted to knock them out and wipe the blood gently from the corner of his mouth all at once.

"When we see each other again-" Silas started.

"You'll kill me." Ezrah smiled slightly, "Just remember why you even have the opportunity when the time comes."

Remember this. Remember the cold of this cave and the warmth of Ezrah's hands wrapping and salving what would have been a fatal wound. Silas might remember Ezrah as something other than an adversary, and perhaps Ezrah would do the same in return.

Those burning, angry eyes soften for a split second. He looks almost confused. Ezrah can relate; he's never before had an enemy he wanted to maim and draw close in the same breath. He dropped the salve on the cave floor beside Silas, and tossed clean bandages into the man's hand.

"Coward!" Silas snapped after him, "I owe you nothing!"

Ezrah could taste the lie even without their lips touching.



It's warm today, yet Ezrah still feels cold under the shade of the old oak tree. He puts the flowers down on the grass in front of the simple carved grave.

A hero, they claimed you were. He traces your name in the uncaring stone and cannot feel any semblance of pride. He almost prefers you would've been a coward, had turned tail and run, left the village to its fate. He knows you never would've, though. You had always been too much like him.

Maybe that's why the regret chokes him. Ezrah raised you to be good, to care about life, and all that did was deliver you to an early death.

Marcella had claimed she was worried about him last week. She said he wasn't the same after losing you. How could he be?

Truly...how could he be? He'd love for anyone to actually answer the question. Instead, they keep spitting their concerns out, claiming he's changed. Of course he's changed, he wants to scream.

Every path in Kesdon is haunted by your presence, every room in the castle filled with your ghost. He sees you in the library, studying, and you're gone when he blinks. He feeds your horse an extra carrot every time he visits the stables, and he can picture your smile.

You're everywhere, your presence surrounds him, even though he knows exactly where you're buried. Six feet below; that's where you lay. Alone, cold, likely nothing but bone at this point.

It churns his stomach to think remains are all that's left of the child he raised.

Your visage is burned into his eyes, a pale imitation of the gap toothed brat he taught to use swords. He touches the stone one last time as he stands, and still it doesn't warm under his fingers. It's as cold as you, as cold as he is now.

Stepping back, he doesn't cry. He's moved past that now. Instead, anger burns a pit in the very center of his chest.

There it is, he thinks. There's the warmth.

[Theodore - Snapping](#)

[Dec 29, 2024](#)

Theodore - Snapping

Theo knows he has anger issues. It comes with the territory of being Wrath's grandson. Ever since he was a child, his parents were so strict on his emotional regulation. No tantrums, no wailing; all feelings were kept under a close watch.

It helped him bury the anger, yes, but it never helped him cope with it. He hides it with a quip and grin, and it festers beneath all along. They thought it was best for him, and who is he to disagree? He's pretty great if he says so himself.

Still, sometimes he just can't push down. It boils up and rises and rises and-

The popsicle stick he's using to build this stupid fucking model snaps in his hand. He takes a deep breath; it's just a stick, it's not that important, just grab another one from the bag.

"Theo-" Viktor looks taken aback when he glances over, "Theo, it's on fire!"

It is, he realizes distantly. It's becoming ash in his hands, just like all his plans. Every good thing he thought he could have, every happy moment...he wanted so much for himself, for Viktor, for *you*...

It's such bullshit. Murders, abductions, fucking weird ass primordial beings popping up everywhere. He tries to brush it all away, but after so many times of watching horrible things happen and being able to do nothing to stop it-

"Theodore!" He hears his mother's voice in his head, as sharp and cold as it used to be when he was a child, "Impulse control!"

"Sorry," He says to Viktor, near stoic, letting out a breath.

He brushes the ash off his hands. It falls on his jeans, making dark smudges when he tries to wipe it away, but he ignores it with a clenched jaw.

"Theo, I'm worried." Viktor's brow creases, "Should we just wait till-?"

Just wait until you get home? Fuck no. He's made a fool of himself enough in front of you. He won't lie and say it was a *good* idea to take Fletcher out by the knees the day of Orientation. He just-

Impulse control.

Bury it, throw dirt on it, and call it a day.

"Really, I'm good." He says with an easy grin, falling back into his usual song and dance with ease, "The amount of glue on my fingers right now is just abysmal."

Viktor purses his lips, worrying for a moment longer, before he nods and continues his work. The dark circles under the draca's eyes tell Theo he's not rested well enough to psychoanalyze anyone.

It's for the best. Really. He just needs to keep working on it.

[Theodora - Snapping](#)

[Dec 29, 2024](#)

Theodora - Snapping

Theo knows she has anger issues. It comes with the territory of being Wrath's granddaughter. Ever since she was a child, her parents were so strict on her emotional regulation. No tantrums, no wailing; all feelings were kept under a close watch.

It helped her bury the anger, yes, but it never helped her cope with it. She hides it with a quip and grin, and it festers beneath all along. They thought it was best for her, and who is she to disagree? She's pretty great if she says so herself.

Still, sometimes she just can't push down. It boils up and rises and rises and-

The popsicle stick she's using to build this stupid fucking model snaps in her hand. She takes a deep breath; it's just a stick, it's not that important, just grab another one from the bag.

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[Lucien - Stroke of Midnight](#)

[Dec 29, 2024](#)

Lucien - Stroke of Midnight



Lucien had gotten used to not having you around in the same way one would get used to missing a limb. You have no choice but to cope, yet the phantom pains linger.

His house was quieter, darker, he felt like he had to tiptoe around to not stir up his mother's wrath. She was kinder when you were here; not because she changed who she was, no, but she softened her razor edges so you didn't see. She has no reason to do that now.

He adapted, per usual. His mother was angry before you arrived, and she'll keep being angry now that you've left.

Still, as a new year began to roll in, he missed your presence fiercely. You were the first person he'd ever celebrated with in truth; his mother used to force him to go to charity galas or holiday parties, and eventually had you do the same. New Year's Eve was simpler, though. It always was.

His mother, unwinding from the busy Christmas season of manufacturing the perfect family image, typically retired before midnight to her room with a bottle of wine. His father would make food for him, and you during your years here. Some simple junk food he'd never get to eat any other day of the year; pizza rolls, or taquitos, or something similar.

Before you arrived, he used to watch the ball drop with his father in the living room. When you entered his life, however, the two of you would camp out on his balcony and watch the fireworks as the clock ticked down. When you inevitably gravitated toward each other as you grew older, eventually you shared a kiss at the stroke of midnight. It had been his very first, and now...

Now he was alone in his room. His television was turned off, a plate of cooling cheese sticks on his night stand. His father offered to watch the ball drop with him, just like they used to. Lucien just...didn't want to. Couldn't, perhaps. He just wanted to crawl under the blanket and sleep through the entire night, trying not to recall the soft press of your lips against his.

There was screaming downstairs. His parents were doing more of that since you left. It's almost as if his father intentionally incenses his mother so she leaves Lucien alone. He appreciated it, but he wished it wasn't necessary. He wished he had a different mother, any other mother, was born to any other family and lived in any other house.

He wasn't, though. So here he would remain, missing you and what his life could've been. He'd dream about better times, about you, until he lost any sense he had left. That wasn't much, after all, so it was a short ways to go.

[Dec 29, 2024](#)



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[Moros - The First Cold](#)

[Dec 30, 2024](#)

Moros - The First Cold

Who knew a primordial could get a head cold? Definitely not Moros. He doesn't know why this is happening, or what higher power finds this shit amusing, but it needs to stop now. His nose is leaking constantly, yet somehow also feels as if bricks have been stuffed up his nostrils. It feels as if he's swallowed razor blades, or something equally unpleasant, and his eyes have never been so swollen.

This is worse than Hell. He should know, too, seeing as that is the location in which he usually resides.

"Whiskey," He says into the phone as soon as Elis answers.

"What?" His sibling just sounds baffled, "Mor? Why do you sound muffled?"

"I'm fucking dying and I've looked in every cabinet we have for whiskey, or honey, or lemon. Somehow we are zero for three right now." Mor seethes, "Out of them all, I'd like whiskey the most. Where is it?"

"Oh." They sound reluctant, "I finished the bottle up with Syl a few nights ago."

Always leave it to his family.

"Fuck you," He says, part affectionate and part serious.

All he hears is Elis sputtering as he hangs up the phone. He runs damn near burning water and soaks a rag in it, laying it over his face. It does nothing to relieve the pressure building up in his head. He feels like a balloon that's been overinflated.

He sends you a semi-whiny message, but you're in class. You won't respond for quite some time, so he does the next best thing. He googles it. Apparently spice helps, so he rounds up every hot sauce in the house and makes a cocktail so cursed he could probably fool Satan into thinking it's you.

Staring down the glass, he brings it to his lips. Almost as if it anticipates the torture to come, the pressure in his head eases off. It's too late for negotiations, though. He downs the whole thing, and the effect is almost instantaneous. He coughs, and he feels like lava is shooting up his throat. Maybe if he opened his mouth right now, flames would escape.

At least his head feels better. His mouth, and likely his stomach in a few moments, cannot say the same. By the time you finally text him back, he's already collapsed on the couch and fallen asleep, cursing the universe all the while.

[Morana - The First Cold](#)

[Dec 30, 2024](#)



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[A Disenchanted New Year: Charles](#)

[Dec 31, 2024](#)

A Disenchanted New Year; Charles

It's not anything extravagant, but you still think this might be in the top ten moments of your life. Watching the New Year's special on television with Charlie while eating homemade pozole definitely feels like heaven. Especially with the way he leans into you, his legs half tangled with yours, his quiet little huffs of laughter making your blood rush.

"I'm really glad we didn't actually go to the square," He says, looking at the giant crowd that had amassed to watch the ball drop live, "Just look at all those people."

"And it's cold," You encourage, "Much nicer insider."

"Much nicer with my personal heater." He grins, nudging your shoulder.

"Ah, hey, watch it. I spill soup on this couch and Vik will have my head." You say, steadying your bowl.

"Eh," Charlie snickers, "You'll be fine. He never stays mad at you."

"Fine. You make me spill this, and I call your moms."

His eyes grow wide, "Judas."

"You'll have forced my hand," You say with an air of grim finality.

"Fine then, hurry up and eat so we can cuddle." He huffs, sitting back, "You're so slow."

"Sorry I don't inhale it," You smirk over at him, "Like someone I know."

"I'm a good cook," Charlie shrugs.

"You are," You confirm, "You only had to call your mom, like, three times."

He goes to pinch your side and you swat him away, smiling. You finish the last bit of soup, sitting the bowl on the coffee table with his before leaning back and lifting your arm. He dives under it immediately, and you both end up wrapped around each other with a blanket on the couch.

"You know," He says once you've both settled, "I heard some of those people wear diapers."

"What?" You ask, aghast as you look at the merriment on screen.

It's hard to believe, but it makes sense. They are basically trapped there all day if they want a good view of the ball drop.

"Yeah. Mama sent me some post on Facebook. Most of them wear, like, adult diapers." He confirms, "It's crazy. Oh, she also said to tell you she wants us to fly out next Christmas. Mom agreed."

Charlie's mothers had taken a quick liking to you, and for that you're immensely grateful. They both even insisted you call them mom as well.

"Thinking a bit far ahead, but it's not like I have anywhere to be." You shrug, "Though Mrs. Orlov might be sad. I think she liked having everyone over this holiday."

"We can FaceTime in." He says, "Or celebrate with them after we get back."

"We'll discuss later," You laugh slightly, "We have a whole year to think of something."

He presses further into your side, his arms wrapping around your waist, "Sounds good."

You hold him close as the clock slowly but steadily ticks down to midnight, the pops of fireworks coming from the TV and outside. At five minutes out, you feel him shifting beside you. When you glance over, his eyes are already locked on your face.

"I love you, you know." He whispers.

You can't help but feel like your heart is doing an acrobatics routine in your chest.

"I love you, too." You say in return, reaching up to brush a curl behind his ear.

His grin is infectious as he leans forward and presses a kiss to your mouth, his lips full and soft. You reel him in closer, one hand on his face and one on his shoulder. He's on top of you, all over you, and you wouldn't have it any other way.

When the new year arrives minutes later, you don't have to go out of your way to seek a kiss. You're already wrapped up in each other.

[A Disenchanted New Year: Charlotte](#)

[Dec 31, 2024](#)

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[A Disenchanted New Year: Amrit](#)

[January 1](#)

The party is extremely busy when you arrive. It's something you're still not used to; the loud music, the hum of conversation in the background, the smell of alcohol permeating the air. Maybe once you would have enjoyed this, maybe once you were a people person. If you were, that person died a long time ago from sheer necessity. Now you're left adrift as Amrit somehow endears himself to everyone in the room in seconds.

You feel lost until he wraps his hand around yours, a soft smile meant just for you curling his lips, and suddenly you aren't alone.

A lot of these people are from his work; fellow journalists, others who take issue with the Council, and the spare few who just wanted to drink on New Year's Eve. Either way, these aren't the type of people to judge you. On the contrary, many of them are sympathetic to your plight, to all that happened to you, to the flaming wreckage your life became.

You could go on, but it's pointless. What matters is that, as you wander over to the island in the kitchen with food and drink laid out, not one soul gives you a weird look. No one watches you with judgement or scorn. You're just a person to them, painfully normal, and isn't that delightfully peculiar?

"Calm down," He mumbles to you, "You're about to pop my hand off with how hard you're squeezing."

"Sorry," You mutter, "Habit."

"I know," He says, "I'm right here. If anyone wants to give you shit, they can talk to me first."

And get nailed in the face with a fistful of seraphic magic, which he doesn't say outright but *heavily* implies. You bite back a smile as he grabs you both a drink and leads you to a quieter part of the room. He leans back on the couch, lifting an arm for you to slot perfectly into his side. You'd be perfectly content just sitting here the rest of the night, warmth radiating from him as he pulls you close.

"We could have stayed home," He says quietly, his lips nearly brushing your ear.

You shrug slightly, "These are your friends."

"Fuck 'em," He's unrepentant, saying it almost flippantly, "Also, for the record, co-workers. At best."

"You still like them," You huff, "And have to see them everyday."

"Like I said, fuck 'em." He grins, "See Amy over there? She never refills the water in the Keurig. And Josh? He steals my stapler, like, every week. Don't get me started on Marcus, the asshole constantly hits reply all on department wide emails."

"Be quiet," You chide, yet can't help the chuckle that escapes.

He just tucks you closer, pressing his face into the junction between your neck and shoulder. It's dark in this corner, and hardly anyone is paying you any attention, but you can't help blushing as he grows bolder with his hands and mouth.

The clock strikes midnight, and the crowd of people around you erupted into cheers, but Amrit only trails his mouth up to meet yours. He presses closer as your fingers twist in his curls, not giving a single damn about the ball dropping or champagne popping going on outside this moment. It's just you and him, his wings slowly fluttering down to wrap you in a soft embrace.

...

You, him, and someone with a camera apparently. You stare at Amrit's phone with wide eyes as a picture of the two of you making out is splashed all over the front page of the very newspaper Amrit works for.

"Told you Marcus was an asshole," He says simply, sipping his coffee.

You sputter, part outrage and part embarrassment.

"Don't worry babe," He winks, "He won't have a job by tomorrow."

You trust him on that much, at least. If there's one thing he's good at, it's knowing everything about everyone. You almost feel bad for the poor bastard. You glance back at the picture before he puts his phone away. The key word there is *almost*.

"Happy New Year, babe." He says, giving you a peck on the cheek.

[A Disenchanted New Year: Amrita](#)

[January 1](#)

The party is extremely busy when you arrive. It's something you're still not used to; the loud music, the hum of conversation in the background, the smell of alcohol permeating the air. Maybe once you would have enjoyed this, maybe once you were a people person. If you were, that person died a long time ago from sheer necessity. Now you're left adrift as Amrita somehow endears herself to everyone in the room in seconds.

You feel lost until she wraps her hand around yours, a soft smile meant just for you curling her lips, and suddenly you aren't alone.

A lot of these people are from her work; fellow journalists, others who take issue with the Council, and the spare few who just wanted to drink on New Year's Eve. Either way, these aren't the type of people to judge you. On the contrary, many of them are sympathetic to your plight, to all that happened to you, to the flaming wreckage your life became.

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[Deity Poll - January](#)

[January 14](#)

Which game will get an update of at least 5k words in January (outside of pre-planned updates and exclusive to the Deity tier until the next Patreon update)?

Fallen Lights

Disenchanted

Reaper's Bay

Faewild

0 votes total

[Moros - Retribution](#)

[January 14](#)



“Mer-” The demon wheezed out, black blood splattering across its lips and chin as those pleading eyes stared up at Moros.

“Mercy?” A smile twisted Mor’s face, baring his pointed canines as he dug his spear deeper into the Devil’s little servant, “That is not an option anymore.”

It made a gurgling noise, its voice thick as it tried to speak through the blood clogging its airway, “Our Lord deemed War’s punishment fitting-”

Mor ripped his spear out, relishing the cry of pain. Slowly he circled the pitiful creature crumpled at his feet, tilting his head in consideration.

“Of course,” Moros softened his voice, “You were just following orders. Araselis thought they were as well, that they had no choice but to comply.”

“Yes, yes-” It gasped eagerly, “Orders-”

“But did it feel good?” He whispered, taking a knee beside the demon, “To maim someone with so much power?”

Confused silence followed, the creature intelligent enough to know not to answer. Mor chuckled softly, running his fingers over the leathery skin on its face.

"I asked you a question." He said pointedly, tightening his grip, "I expect an answer."

"No, no, did not feel good..." It breathed out, voice pitched high.

Mor pressed his thumb to the pulse in its neck. The heartbeat beneath fluttered wildly, and the primordial's smile grew.

"You're lying. That's alright." He said softly, "All creatures lie until they're stripped to their bones. Want to see how long it takes you to break?"

It began thrashing, trying in vain to stand despite its very life force gushing from the mutilated hole in its chest. Moros simply put a hand on its trembling shoulder, keeping it pinned to the ground. This time, when his fingers grazed its skin, his nails scraped gently in the same place Araselis had been marred.

"Perhaps you should know how my sibling felt," Mor whispered, putting more pressure until the skin slowly began to split, "And you should know how lucky you are that you were sent to *discipline* the only one of us four who hesitates to strike back."

A thrill ran down his back at the howling cry that tore from its throat; he hooked his fingers in deeper, tugged harder, until one side of its face was a mess of blood and drooping flesh. It screamed until it could no longer.

"Araselis was misguided to allow their punishment, but I'll make things clear from now on for both you and my siblings. *He* is *not* our Lord, and simply because we reside in Hell means next to nothing about his dominion over us."

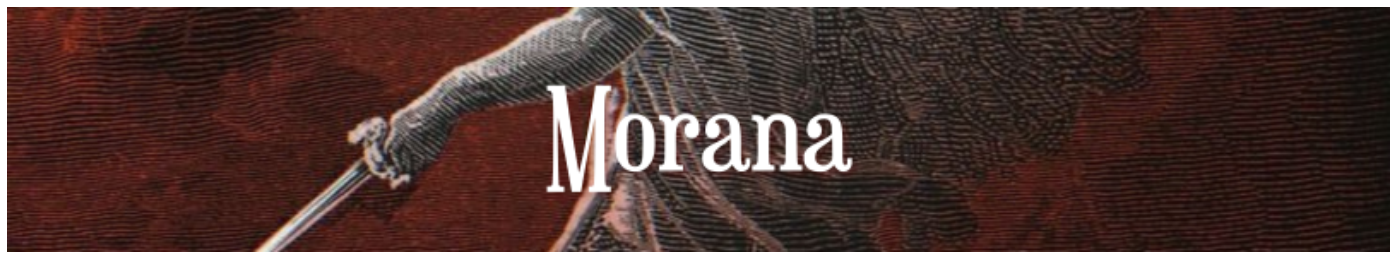
"Treason-" It sputtered out desperately, even as Moros wrapped a hand around its throat.

"Yes. Too bad you'll never get to tattle, hm?" He smiled, nails digging into the meat of the demon's throat.

It died with a choked off whine and Moros stood, the mangled gore gripped in his hand. He dropped it next to the corpse, blood stained and satisfied.

[Morana - Retribution](#)

[January 14](#)



"Mer-" The demon wheezed out, black blood splattering across its lips and chin as those pleading eyes stared up at Morana.

"Mercy?" A smile twisted Mor's face, baring her pointed canines as she dug her spear deeper into the Devil's little servant, "That is not an option anymore."

It made a gurgling noise, its voice thick as it tried to speak through the blood clogging its airway, "Our Lord deemed War's punishment fitting-"

Mor ripped her spear out, relishing the cry of pain. Slowly she circled the pitiful creature crumpled at her feet, tilting her head in consideration.

"Of course," Morana softened her voice, "You were just following orders. Araselis thought they were as well, that they had no choice but to comply."

"Yes, yes-" It gasped eagerly, "Orders-"

"But did it feel good?" She whispered, taking a knee beside the demon, "To maim someone with so much power?"

Confused silence followed, the creature intelligent enough to know not to answer. Mor chuckled softly, running her fingers over the leathery skin on its face.

"I asked you a question." She said pointedly, tightening her grip, "I expect an answer."

"No, no, did not feel good..." It breathed out, voice pitched high.

Mor pressed her thumb to the pulse in its neck. The heartbeat beneath fluttered wildly, and the primordial's smile grew.

"You're lying. That's alright." She said softly, "All creatures lie until they're stripped to their bones. Want to see how long it takes you to break?"

It began thrashing, trying in vain to stand despite its very life force gushing from the mutilated hole in its chest. Morana simply put a hand on its trembling shoulder, keeping it pinned to the ground. This time, when her fingers grazed its skin, her nails scraped gently in the same place Araselis had been marred.

"Perhaps you should know how my sibling felt," Mor whispered, putting more pressure until the skin slowly began to split, "And you should know how lucky you are that you were sent to *discipline* the only

one of us four who hesitates to strike back.”

A thrill ran down her back at the howling cry that tore from its throat; she hooked her fingers in deeper, tugged harder, until one side of its face was a mess of blood and drooping flesh. It screamed until it could no longer.

“Araselis was misguided to allow their punishment, but I’ll make things clear from now on for both you and my siblings. *He* is *not* our Lord, and simply because we reside in Hell means next to nothing about his dominion over us.”

“Treason-” It sputtered out desperately, even as Morana wrapped a hand around its throat.

“Yes. Too bad you’ll never get to tattle, hm?” She smiled, nails digging into the meat of the demon’s throat.

It died with a choked off whine and Morana stood, the mangled gore gripped in her hand. She dropped it next to the corpse, blood stained and satisfied.

[Disenchanted: RO POVs by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

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

[Cameron's POV: This Feels Targeted](#)

[January 19](#)



Here's Cameron's POV as well as the debut of the NEW UI! I fought with it a little more than I thought I would have to, hence the lateness, BUT you guys now have a DARK MODE! That's been highly requested lol!

If there are any bugs at all, please let me know! This is a totally new base so I might have to work some kinks out.

As for Cameron's POV, it comes out to around 2k words per playthrough and has an exclusive scene featuring Luci and Cam (as Luci is vomiting into a potted plant). You can take the same branches the game offers; be nice or be an asshole to Cam and see how they react!

Password: NEWPOV

[What next \(spicy edition\)?](#)

[January 20](#)

What would you like me to post next? 🤔 Most popular will be posted for Wraiths, and the Fae tier will also get the second most popular as their extra spice!

E Renaud Spicy Side

Marcella Dumont Spicy Side

Orion Spicy Side

58 votes total

[January Devlog](#)

[January 21](#)

All the re-coding has been done for Disenchanted! Hallelujah!! That was the biggest obstacle to be perfectly honest, along with the base of the game, so it's a big relief to have checked them off.

Now for content! So far, I have added 5,000 words to the already released chapters. I've been focusing on expanding both the characters and setting up the plot for late game. I expect that number will be higher by the time I'm done.

As for NEW content, I'm currently sitting at around 10,000 words!

I have also designed new character profile pages in game, too. Not anything important but I think they're very pretty!

I'm still hesitant to give an exact date, but the update is coming very, very soon and it will be a large one!

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[Viktor's POV - Bringing You Home](#)

[January 25](#)



Here is Vik's rewritten pre-game POV. Luci's will be posted today as well, the other side of this very day.

Play and say hello to Vik and his mom <3

Password: DOUBLEFEATURE

Enjoy, and maybe suffer! ;)

[Disenchanted: RO POVs by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

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

[Luci's POV - Watching You Leave](#)

[January 25](#)



And here is the companion to Viktor's earlier POV. Another POV of the same day, with a much different tone. Altogether, this one is about 1.2k words and details Luci watching MC get kicked out.

TW for Luci's mom.

Edit: There was an error with one of the if statements that caused a bug. Please restart and refresh!

Password: DOUBLEFEATURE

[Lucien - The Myth of Pygmalion](#)

[January 30](#)



The young Prince of Cyprus found he vastly preferred marble to his peers. They all wanted something from him in the end, no matter the manner in which they avowed their affections. Be it power, influence, or wealth, he has learned that no fondness came without a price. Lucien did not desire a relationship that had him bargaining for love, always giving more than he would ever get.

By simply existing, his sculptures had given him more happiness than any living being could claim. He did not have to decipher riddles nor suffer any unclever hints at his hand, the circular speaking nearly enough to drive him insane.

Self-sequestering became a habit when he found his patience wearing thin with his unnumbered suitors. His mother was horribly cross with him each time, but isolation was the only choice, else he risked falling right into the arms of Dionysus through either cups or madness.

A thin layer of powdered marble residue covered his workshop as he began another piece on the eve of yet another feast. An attempt to lure him out, he was sure; he had enjoyed feasts as a child, after all. Of course, that was before he realized they were just auctions, and he was the cut of meat to be sold to the most influential bidder.

This was an ambitious project, though, as all statues so large are. A slab of marble near his own height, slowly taking form beneath mallet and chisel. It allowed him to avoid not only this feast, but every one

that came after for the next few cycles of the moon. For that, he adored it above all else.

The hard edges of stone slowly gave way to the softness of the body, curves forming beneath the touch of skilled hands. After the shape was there, he slowly began to refine. He poured himself into the details, forgetting all else that pained him as he created not life, but something close enough.

The hands, perfect in their anatomy, appeared so lifelike that he swore the statue would grasp him in return. Veins were made for non-existent blood to course through, the appearance of skin so delicate he thought briefly of reaching through and finding a beating heart. He knew something so pleasing awaited, yet he didn't think he could bear looking upon a visage so beautiful.

Silken did he imagine your clothes to be, rich with the wealth he dreamed of adorning you in, draping off your body so perfectly. So silken did he make your veil, a face barely visible through the seemingly translucent marble. He was wholly entranced.

On the eve of one sunny day, his door slammed open. He startled, dropped his chisel, his heart stopping as it gouged out a mark in the sliver of exposed skin between your chiton and veil. He turned, his furious eyes finding their equal in his mother's.

"Too long have you been trapped in a prison of your own making," She hissed, "Aphrodisia approaches. You will attend, and you will find your intended under Her guiding gaze."

He clenched his jaw, his shoulders tense. All he could think of was the marring of your perfect form.

"I hope you know none of the gold you find in my marriage will keep you warm as you age, Your Grace." He bit out, bracing himself if she decided to strike him.

His mother raised her arm slightly, as if to do just that, but stopped herself. Her hand dropped back to her side, a sneer curling her lips.

"And I hope you know, son, that no marble will keep *you* warm."

With that, she was gone. Lucien could only fall to the ground, staring up at your veiled figure as he wished fiercely that he could see your gaze upon him. When he reached for you, you were cold. Of course, as he touched only marble, not a person.

He buried his face in his hands and wept, not bothering to stifle his sobs. Nobody was watching, what shame did he care to lose?

The day came, warm and stifling, incense thick in the air as he wandered through the city streets. His sandaled feet carried him, but his mind was elsewhere. Men and women all vied for his attention, but he thought only of his ivory suitor that awaited him at home.

As he was washed in the sea water of their foam-born Goddess, he could not tear his thoughts away. When he was clean, supplicated before the altar, he wished for only one thing.

A spouse who might bring me as much joy as marble, who might love me as truly as stone.

He lit the incense, left an offering of flowers, and turned and left with the golden gaze of great Aphrodite pinned on his retreating back. He returned to his workshop, his gaze falling on you once more.

He yearned to lift that damned veil, cursed himself for not carving your marble countenance.

Lucien approached the statue, reaching up with aching fingers. The smooth slip of the marble gave way to the softness of silk and he froze, wondering if he had finally succumbed to some degree of lunacy.

Yet, as his hand trailed down your shoulder, the solid weight of cold marble was warmed under his touch. He squeezed your arm gently, marveling at the elasticity. Grasping at your wrist, his thumb found your pulse, the veins he so lovingly carved being put to use at long last.

Your lungs expanded with your first breath; he heard the inhalation, and it's as if you stole the air from his own chest. Trembling, he saw the starkness of the marble had transformed to a much richer, human hue.

The mark from his chisel remained; a slight scar, right beneath your collar bone. He traced it as you looked upon him for the first time, and now it was your hands that shook. You gripped the veil, lifting the thin cloth, and he was grateful he left the slopes of your cheeks and the shape of your eyes to Aphrodite. He could not create something so divine as your face if he had a thousand years to work the stone.

He held your hand as he once longed to do, aided you in stepping down from the pedestal. Your legs were shaky, your muscles new, but you stood all by yourself. Your eyes were full of light despite the depth of the color they held, quick and clever. You reached up to trace the scar he had mistakenly given you.

"I am sorry," He said, the first words to ever grace your ears.

"Mistakes are unavoidable," You responded, your voice rough as you spoke, "What matters is what happens after."

So, with the veil discarded upon the ground, he kissed you. The first of many with his suitor of ivory, blessed by the Goddess of Love herself.

[Lucia - The Myth of Pygmalion](#)

[January 30](#)



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[Greek Lucien - Exclusive Art](#)

[January 30](#)



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By @stephschoices 