

Mila Patreon by Thomas Bell (02/March/2022 - 22/February/2025)

[Update 1.](#)

[Mar 2, 2022](#)

Helloo, welcome to my Patreon and thank you so much for being interested in my work!

I feel like there's a lot to get through!

I'm working on Golden, and I think the last update took a lot out of me considering it was the biggest one I've done, over 82,000 words with a lot of drama involved – but I'm slowly getting back into writing. I'm currently on the MC's scene, going through the chat about the supernatural world with Jared and Melissa. It's definitely a chance for the reader to develop their relationship with the MC's parents, whether it's a positive change or a drastically negative one.

After that, I'll get to the ROs' scenes. I'm quite excited about this bit because there's going to be one on one conversations, a few deep conversations too and also point of view scenes from the ROs.

Additionally, I started writing a new IF! I was in two minds for so long as to whether to write two IFs at the same time, and whether I'll put too much focus on one than the other – but the idea I have hasn't left my mind, so I started writing it and I'm almost 7,000 words in and I'm so excited for it! I'll be revealing the title and the synopsis for it (for those in the silver and gold(en) tier), so look out for that – and also a poll too to see which RO you'd like to be introduced to first.

I haven't revealed even 1% about this new IF so, this really is exclusive content, you Patrons will know about the synopsis, characters and get sneak peeks before everyone else – alongside getting early access to this demo (& the Golden demo!) when it's out!

That's all for now, talk to you all soon <3

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A snippet of what I've been working on – *Golden edition*:

"He gave me some files and told me that supernaturals exist."

The ambience this room once had has disappeared. It didn't fade slowly, it happened all in one go as each of my words were registered, the feeling of tranquillity is fizzling out and I know what I'm about to say will only add to this uneasiness.

[Chess Piece → A Dempsey](#)

[Mar 2, 2022](#)

"There's a crack in my bishop," **A** mumbles absentmindedly, their thumb brushing over the top of it.

They watch as you arch an eyebrow. "Your what?" you question.

"The chess piece," **A** confirms in a light voice, sliding another one off of the board as they pack it away.

"So, you *do* have hobbies," you tease.

A doesn't hesitate to roll their eyes at that, an expression they're used to showing everyone, especially you; especially when it comes to irritating comments.

"Shocker, I know," they mutter back to you, glancing over their shoulder to watch you take a seat on the empty chair close to their desk.

A didn't invite you to their apartment, admittedly, they've thought about doing so once or twice – but they still have that 'do I actually enjoy your company? Am I doing more than just tolerating you?' streak within them whenever they think about you. It's a 50/50 choice. A yes or a no. Yet, you somehow have them completely scrambled.

"Is chess your thing then?" they hear you ask in a soft voice. "Do you play it often?"

The questions are enough to pull **A** out of their small trance. They force themselves to not sink further into one when they realise that you fit perfectly with their room's aesthetic. Not by the style of your clothing, just the fact that it looks like you belong in their presence: in their bedroom with their most sentimental possessions, with all the things that they wouldn't share with anyone... maybe sharing them with you wouldn't be terrible.

"Not really often," **A** blurts out to stop their mind wandering further down a hole they definitely don't want to go down. "The other three are shit at it." You notice the hint of a smile curl over **A's** lips at that comment when they mention their friends. "It's a logical game, I usually play by myself or FaceTime my dad and play it with him."

It's a new dose of information, one you find yourself pouncing on. "Your dad," you say, as though you're testing out the word, as though you'd never associate a dad with **A**. "You don't really mention him much."

A stays silent at that. Falls into the chair opposite you before leaning back. "I didn't realise that I was required to share stuff about myself."

"You don't have to," you shoot back, "I just mean in comparison to how much you talk about the Greek side of your family, is all."

Hazel eyes bore into yours. Months ago, **A** would have brushed the comment off, brushed you off, wouldn't have even let you through the front door; yet here the two of you are, talking about the parts of themselves that they keep under wraps.

"It's not an intentional thing," **A** murmurs. "The human side of my family isn't the same as the supernatural side." The tilt of your head pushes them to continue. "They don't see me as just a demigod(dess) who stupidly missed out on full supernatural benefits."

"Oh."

A watches as your eyes soften slightly and they deadpan before letting out a groan. "You're not going to get all sympathetic with me, are you?" It's a rhetorical question because **A** shrugs. "I got over it, it never bothered me."

You hum, sway from side to side in the spinning chair. "Never bothered you because you're strategic and logical?"

"Because I don't let thoughts and emotions affect me." Those words don't fall from **A** in the strong tone they're used to speaking in, their voice wavers and they know why. Over the past few weeks, feelings have been hard to decipher... because of you. The thoughts of wanting you around, to have normal conversations that don't just consist of the missions they're sent out to do, or university stresses the two of you are facing.

You let your eyes scan over their face, watch them do the same to you. Silence washes over you, **A's** mouth moves as though they're going to say something, but they gaze away for a brief moment.

You wet your lips. "You have a few walls up," you mumble, "it's okay if a few feelings get through them, whether they're good or bad ones."

A knows that. They do. It's just that they're not accustomed to it. To letting emotions in, to letting them feel so much and then acting upon them – if they were then this situation would probably be different.

They'd be sitting next to you, offering you a smile... asking you on a date even.

But that's a step too far.

Many steps too far.

Because **A** is all about logic and strategy. Like a chess piece.

[New WIP Title & Synopsis Reveal!](#)

[Mar 2, 2022](#)

BEFORE DUSK SETS IN

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You receive a note from The Order, the cryptic organisation that has control over the gangs in London. Life for you has suddenly gotten more interesting, especially when The Order begins to blackmail you with your own demons...

You're a **member** of one of the most powerful gangs in the city.

Action. Power struggle. Betrayal. Loyalty. Love. The gang life has it all. It's practically all you and your older brother have ever known – not that you've seen him in a while.

It's been just under a year since your brother left the city, went on the run to avoid punishment for a crime he says he didn't commit - the murder of the infamous Zakai McVay. Naturally, many things about this mystery are still under wraps. You can find out what really happened, but it's impossible to do it alone.

Bring in a bunch of misfits, and maybe you can crack a few closed cases and reveal a few secrets that are under lock and key. You and your best friend join forces with three others, allies you'd never see yourself working with, and realise that together you may achieve everything you've ever wanted.

Maybe you'll even get out of this life.

All of you have mysteries to solve and fights to win.

A fight against society. A fight against the city. And most importantly, a fight against yourself.

So much to lose yet so much to gain.

Are you ready for the biggest challenge of your life?

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Features –

- Play as a male, female or non-binary; straight, gay, lesbian, bisexual, pansexual, graysexual, demisexual, asexual, gang member w/ the choice of your own pronouns.
- Play as a person of colour (this choice can have an effect on the story).
- Romance any of the five romantic options; all gender-selectable; male, female and non-binary. The ROs are: the best friend, the rival, the initiate, the crown and the betrayer.
- Choose your gang member's speciality (tech genius, combat, stealth (stealing), deception, charmer or the tactician). Use this skill set to your advantage... just don't let your weaknesses ruin the operation(s).
- **Choose your gang member's dark past...**
 - Have the opportunity to leave the gang life behind.
 - Or become your gang's leader.
 - Embark on a crazy adventure with friends, enemies and the powerful and discover the truths everyone's so desperate to keep hidden.

And if there's one thing to keep in mind, don't expect this run in to be easy... *we've all got secrets we'd rather keep buried.*

[Let me know your thoughts in the comments <3]

[RO Vote 1.](#)

[Mar 3, 2022](#)

Which RO from 'Before Dusk Sets In' would you like to be introduced to first?

The Best Friend.

The Initiate.

The Betrayer.

The Crown.

The Rival.

12 votes total

[Mar 3, 2022](#)

The Rival

A gang without rivals? Unheard of.

Your biggest rival of all. **Ryah/Rian/Royce Zayed**. The feud between your gangs stretches back decades for various reasons. It's you vs them now and everyone knows it. The hatred is strong and it's only grown over the years. Their arrogance, their cockiness, the sharp tongue, witty remarks, and that distinctive scar you gave them — you make their blood boil. The two of you know the streets like the back of your hand, but maybe the two of you could put this rivalry aside... enough to realise that surviving for one another is a path you both want to follow.

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Character Sheet:

- **Physical description:** Tanned skin and hazel eyes. Shiny, dark brown curly hair. **Female** R has hair just past the shoulders. **Male and non-binary** R has short hair, around ear-length.
- **Sexuality:** Demisexual
- **Height:** 6'0
- **Distinctive Features:** That scar you gave them above their right eyebrow.
- **Race:** Mixed/Middle Eastern
- **Ethnicity:** Egyptian and American
- **Specialism:** Deception
- **Birthday:** January 10th
- **Zodiac Sign:** Capricorn
- **MBTI Type:** INTJ-A
- **Random fact:** Prefers the dark, so much so that all the lights in their home can be dimmed.

[Let me know your thoughts in the comments <3]

[Mar 4, 2022](#)

Which RO from 'Before Dusk Sets In' would you like to meet next?

The Best Friend.

The Initiate.

The Betrayer.

The Crown.

13 votes total

[RO Vote 2 Winner - The Best Friend](#)

[Mar 5, 2022](#)

The Best Friend

You don't get anywhere in this game without trust...

The Best Friend: **Shiloh Quince**. In this life, ride or die isn't just a phrase, it's reality. Good thing you have Shiloh. They're a little rough around the edges, metaphorically and literally, the tattoos prove it. They're the fierce protector, the one that's always with you no matter whether you've argued – the two of you can take this found-dynasty to the very top. With them by your side, you know anything is possible. But maybe having them by your side as more than a friend is a little more fitting.

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- **Physical description***: Light brown skin and brown eyes. Black hair with slight waves and curtain bangs has a few fly aways every now and then. **Female** Shiloh has hair down to mid-back. **Male** Shiloh, short hair, nape length. **Non-binary** Shiloh, medium length, long enough to run your hands through it.
- **Height***: 5'10
- **Distinctive Features***: Their *many* tattoos, the little beauty mark under their left eye.
- **Race***: Asian
- **Ethnicity***: Chinese
- **Specialism***: Combat / Weapons Specialist

- ***Birthday****:~ March 23rd
- ***Zodiac Sign****:~ Aries
- ***MBTI Type****:~ ESTP-A
- ***Random fact****:~ Shiloh has a female border collie named Kiko.

[Let me know your thoughts in the comments <3]

[Home](#) → [B Holden](#)

[Mar 5, 2022](#)

B is what many would call a diamond in the rough, the rough being the werewolf part of them, the diamond being them themselves. The type of person you can confide in, one who's going to comfort you no matter what, one who you can fall for with ease – you've experienced that first hand.

It's odd, really. That all those years ago, meeting them in your mother's office proved to be a life-changer – for better and for worse, but the pros definitely outweigh the cons because here the two of you are, tangled up in bed sheets together, a sunbeam streaming in to shine on their face.

You stir awake first, look down to see **B's** arm loosely over your torso. With a light smile, lean over, let your thumb caress their cheek gently. Their eyelashes flutter, they're supernatural, you're sure that your delicate touch would be enough to wake them.

"Good morning." Their accent is thick. Their voice is a little raspy. A sound you wouldn't mind bottling up and listening to again and again, thankfully, in this new apartment that the two of you call home, you get to hear this every day.

"Hi," you mutter back, eyes slightly hooded as you watch **B** open their own.

They smile up at you, turn their head to press a kiss on the palm of your hand before pulling you in closer. "What time is it?"

"Not a clue," you murmur, "I've been busy freckle counting."

"Oh?" **B** questions playfully, their gaze flickering down to their cheeks and nose for a moment to. "How many have you counted?"

You pause, lean down, and press your forehead to theirs. "Don't know that either. Waking up next to you is a pleasant distraction, believe it or not."

They're giving you a full-toothed grin now. It's beautiful, genuine, picture perfect and right now, this is **B** as authentic as possible – no gold jewellery to use as a cover up, just them wrapped up next to you.

They edge forward, press a kiss to your chin before swiftly flipping you onto your back. **B's** on top of you now, hands either side of your head, knee between your legs, a playful glint shimmering in their eyes as their plump lips find your neck. Peppered kisses. A trail of them. The feel of them so sweet and tender that they're enough to draw an audible gasp from you.

B brings their lips up to your ear, places a kiss behind it before whispering. "I'm a fan of starting our mornings like this."

"Hm, me too," you hum, slightly breathless as you feel the touch of **B's** hands moving to your hips, their fingers brushing absentmindedly brushing against bits of exposed skin.

They study your face, take in every feature, realise that every single one of them is their favourite and capture your lips with theirs. "Let's get breakfast... or brunch," **B** mumbles as they pull away.

Their hands over yours, an arm around your waist, a kitchen of your own and you're sure this is what bliss feels like - you sitting on a bar stool, eating brunch with **B** whilst they are sitting across from you.

"Congratulations, you're not terrible at cooking," you tease after swallowing another forkful of the food **B** made you.

B rolls their eyes. "Gosh, what a compliment. I feel honoured."

"As you should."

You watch as they take a sip of their hot drink, **B's** gaze not leaving you. "Are we staying home today?" *My God, B thinks**. ** Home. You, me, these four walls and our comforting décor.*

You nod a little. "We can do." You then pout. "Actually, I think we need to go grocery shopping."

"Let's go tomorrow," **B** shoots back. "We can have a lazy day."

"How do you expect us to eat?"

B glances over their shoulder. "There's a fridge behind us with... some food," they mumble. "Plus, we'll order a takeaway later, your favourite, whatever you want."

The edge of your lips turns upwards. "Slightly tempting."

The werewolf arches a brow. "Only slightly?" **B** slips off of their stool and moves to your side, places their hands on your thighs, pushing your legs apart to stand between them.

Your gaze flickers over them, your food is suddenly forgotten about as your hands clasp the sides of their shirt. "I have a feeling you're going to change it to 'very tempting'."

B wets their lips, inhales a quick breath as they drink you in, they tighten their hold on you. “That is the plan, sweetheart.” And once again, they’re leaning forward, **B’s** face hovering over yours, lips inches apart and you’re a little surprised that they don’t kiss you straight away.

You feel like you’re becoming restless, itching for them to kiss you. They may call this the honeymoon stage of a relationship, the bits where you’re desperate to be close to one another, but you’re sure that you’re always going to feel like this when **B’s** around.

“Are you going to kiss me?” you ask, becoming impatient.

B gives you a little smirk at that, rubs their nose against yours. “Sorry, I was just admiring.”

And right after that’s said, they do kiss you, and the two of you have a lazy day on the cards.

[RO Vote 3.](#)

[Mar 7, 2022](#)

Which RO from 'Before Dusk Sets In' would you like to meet next?

The Initiate.

The Betrayer.

The Crown.

11 votes total

[RO Vote 3 Winner — The Betrayer](#)

[Mar 8, 2022](#)

The Betrayer

Just like that, we're strangers again. Strangers with memories...

The Betrayer: **Teja/Tré/Tate Heroux**. Ah, you never thought you'd have to hear that name again. There was a time when there was trust, a time when there was loyalty... all before they threw it away and left your gang to join another. Now they're a lone wolf trying to survive. This world isn't easy and they definitely have regrets with how they went about their business. And maybe you're part of the reason why they left in the first place... Are you willing to forgive? Willing to let them explain why they did what they did? Willing to let your heart fall and trust them one more time?

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- **Physical description:** Tanned brown skin and hazel eyes with green flecks. Incredibly wavy dark brown hair. **Female** T has their hair down to their torso, often swept to the side. **Male and non-binary** T has their hair to the nape and often runs their fingers through it to sweep it to the side.
- **Height:** 5'8
- **Sexuality**^{*,*} Asexual and sex-indifferent
- **Race**^{*,*} Mixed/Arab
- **Ethnicity**^{*,*} French-Moroccan
- **Specialism**^{*,*} Unknown
- **Birthday**^{*,*} February 2nd
- **Zodiac Sign**^{*,*} Aquarius
- **MBTI Type**^{*,*} ISTP-A
- **Random fact**^{*,*} Chews gum to calm themselves down.

[RO Vote 4.](#)

[Mar 11, 2022](#)

The last RO poll for the new wip! Which would you like to meet next?

The Initiate.

The Crown.

10 votes total

[RO Vote 4 Winner — The Crown](#)

[Mar 12, 2022](#)

The Crown

Being friends with powerful people always gets you a leg up.

The Crown: **Chanel/Cree/Creighton DeLuca**. If you're getting technical, then they're part of The Order, part of the rich, powerful and jealous-filled life that comes with it too. But if you're asking C themselves, they want no part of it. They're the humble, kind, 'behind-the-scenes' person who can get you out of a rut - but despite their life, they have their own dreams and ambitions. Want nothing to do with their half-siblings that are battling it out for the crown, the same half-siblings that get the attention C always misses out on. C has insecurities to battle, trust to gain... someone to tell them that it'll all be okay. Someone to say, 'I see you and only you.'

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- *Physical description*: Dark skin and round dark brown eyes. Thick, black Afro hair. **Female and non-binary C** wears their as it is with a twisted style at the front, sometimes adds gold hair jewellery. **Male C**, short, a taper fade at the back and sides.
- *Height*: 5'11
- *Distinctive features*: Two helix piercings in their right ear. Dimple in their left cheek.
- *Race*: Black
- *Ethnicity*: British-Jamaican
- *Specialism*: Stealth
- *Birthday*: September 24th
- *Zodiac Sign*: Libra
- *MBTI Type*: INFJ-T
- *Random fact*: Suffers with anxiety.

[Last RO from the new WIP](#)

[Mar 13, 2022](#)

The Initiate — the one who got the least amount of love from Patrons, but the most confident ;)

The Initiate: **Lourdes/Lorenz/Lior Corrales**. They're the new arrival, the one with promise, an advanced skill set, excitement... and an ego. They've left their struggling lifestyle behind and now they're ready for a new challenge, and they'll let you know it, especially now they're your next-door neighbour. But beneath the beaming grins, brilliant humour and fiery personality — they're afraid, not of this life, but of something else. But could you be the one to break down their guard? Make them see that their new life is worthwhile? Fight off your demons with one another, side by side as partners and lovers.

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- *Physical description*: Brown skin and light brown almond eyes. Dark, coily hair. **Female and non-binary** L usually wears hair tied up in a bun with a middle parting, when it isn't, it's just above the shoulders. **Male** L, short hair that's shaved at the sides with coils left at the top.
- *Height*: 5'9
- *Distinctive Features*: They have freckles scattered all over their face (L hates them and usually covers them with make-up).
- *Race*: Mixed/Black
- *Ethnicity*: half-Cuban, one-quarter Algerian, one-quarter Canadian
- *Specialism*: Unknown
- *Birthday*: November 25th
- *Zodiac Sign*: Sagittarius
- *MBTI Type*: ENTP-T
- *Random fact*: Despite being an extrovert, they love hanging out in empty places.

[Update 2.](#)

[Mar 15, 2022](#)

Helloo, I hope you're all doing well, and the week has started off brilliantly for you.

I was supposed to post this update yesterday, but my life and mental health is still... terrible, to say the least so I didn't get around to it.

On the bright side, the much brighter side, I've managed to get some writing done on both WIPs! For those on the silver and gold(en) you would've seen that you were introduced to the synopsis and ROs of

[redacted], I hope those who have seen it have enjoyed what you've read, definitely let me know what you think.

In terms of Golden, I've finally gotten through the MC and the chat with their parents scene about supernaturals! Ugh, it felt like such a long slog to get through, but it's done. I think it's because I really enjoy writing scenes with the ROs, obviously, but I'm glad I can add in these bits in for realism.

Next, I'll get to inserting the MC more into supernatural life, they'll be back with the team and of course have the opportunity for more friendship and/or flirt points, more one-on-one situations etc. When these get written over the next few days (fingers crossed!!), I'll be releasing sneak peeks, so look out for those.

K's drabble is the one I'm going to write next, so anyone who's a Kiana/Kaidan fan can look forward to that.

I think that is everything. I'm really thankful to have writing as an escapism at this moment in time and happy to have a community to share it with, so thanks for your support.

That's all for now, talk to you all soon <3

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Snippet of what I've been working on – *Golden edition*:

Whether I'm supposed to be annoyed with Walter or grateful that he stayed is something I'll have to figure out, alongside the rest of the things on the seemingly endless list of information that I'm learning.

Sneak Peek 1.

"Aren't you a sight for sore eyes." This bit is calming. It's soothing and playful, almost enough for to forget about being kidnapped and tied to a chair literal minutes ago. All thanks to Shiloh.

They grin at me, a beautiful full-toothed one that reaches their eyes.
"Well, I do try, sweetheart."

BEFORE
DUSK SETS
In

[Before Dusk Sets In — Sneak Peek 1.](#)

[Mar 17, 2022](#)

Shiloh Quince

The first sneak peek of *Before Dusk Sets In*.

Sneak Peek 2.

"You think I'm messing about, Zayed," I say through gritted teeth.

R snorts. "Right. Just to entertain you,
I give you permission to take first swipe at
my face whenever I feel like letting you leave."

"You say it like that wasn't my plan in the first place."

BEFORE
DUSK SETS
In

[Before Dusk Sets In — Sneak Peek 2.](#)

[Mar 19, 2022](#)

R Zayed

The second sneak peek from the new wip.

Sneak Peek 3.

"What? You don't trust me when I say I didn't?" I spit back.

She scoffs, leans her arms on the table and gives me a strong stare.
"This isn't about me trusting you," she says barely above a whisper,
"it's about you almost losing your life because of a circling rumour."

BEFORE
DUSK SETS
In

[Before Dusk Sets In — Sneak Peek 3.](#)

[Mar 21, 2022](#)

Your gang member

The third sneak peek of the new wip. So many new characters to meet.

[Update 3.](#)

[Mar 23, 2022](#)

Helloo, I hope you're all doing well.

Mentally, I'm still not doing great, but writing has really been helping me with that.

There isn't much on the Golden front since I last posted an update on here as I've been working on the new WIP, I want to get the demo out for it before mid-April and right now, I'm well on the way to doing that.

Originally, the *Before Dusk Sets In* demo was going to stop when you meet 3 of the 5 ROs, but I want readers to get a feel for all 5 of them. Though this will mean more writing until I can release the first part of the demo, I think it'll make reading it more enjoyable so everyone can flesh out their gang members.

I've just added in the height and skin tone customisations for the gang members. As I've mentioned previously, if your gang member is a poc, then this will influence the story. I haven't seen this feature much in IF, and I want to add as much representation as possible, so I'm hoping that this feature will be both realistic and enjoyable to read — showing that poc don't always have negative experiences.

With what I've written in the demo so far, you'll meet **R** and **Shiloh** and two side characters, next I'll be writing L's bits with your gang member — **L** didn't get as much love as the other ROs when it came to the polls, but I'm hoping that they end up being a pleasant surprise when you read about them in game. I've got just under 14k words written, still a few thousand to go, but as promised, you'll be the first to get any updates and read it when it's done.

I hope you've been enjoying the sneak peeks too. There'll be more soon!

That's all for now, talk to you all soon <3

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Snippet of what I've been working on – *Before Dusk Sets In* edition:

I slouch in my seat. "What's the worst they could do, anyway?" I ask with raised brows.

The look Daryl and Nia share should tell me all I need to know. The Order don't mess about, they don't take things lightly and it makes me wonder whether my bosses have experienced this first-hand.

[Late Night Walks → K de la Renta](#)

[Mar 25, 2022](#)

It's a situation **K** has never been in before. There's confusion, mostly in denial, and they both cloud their judgement. A feeling that **K** can't possibly admit to themselves.

Their hands are firmly stuffed in their jacket pockets — one thing **K** is sure of, they hate the cold; but a late night walk should be enough to clear their head. That was the plan... all until the rhythmic sound of a human heartbeat hits their ears.

K then second guesses themselves.

“Surely not,” they mumble, swerving around a corner, and without even squinting they make out the silhouette. It’s clear to them, these are the details they have no problem noticing, and with another step forward, their eyes meet your own.

“Fancy seeing you here,” you say coolly, your own jacket wrapped around you, a small smile on your lips that’s visible under the half-moon.

“I know,” **K** murmurs, taking a step towards you as you move to stand in front of each other. “Didn’t get enough after seeing me at university?” This is what **K**’s good at. The teasing. The flirting. A lopsided smirk. But it’s a smirk that will somewhat falter when they feel a twisted knot in their stomach.

You snort. “Here you are flattering yourself.”

“Worth a try,” **K** chuckles. Their features suddenly turn soft as they bounce from foot to foot. “You heading somewhere?”

“Just on a walk,” you murmur. Your eyes suddenly tear away from **K**, a small smile dances over your lips as you take a step to the side. “You can join me, if you want to, that is.”

They watch you begin to walk away. Saying no would mean **K** could do as they planned, enjoy the night alone. Clear their head. Take advantage of the Lehsa’s stillness because, apparently, this big city does sleep. With all that in mind, **K** still decides against it, lets their heart and mind battle against one another before they’re taking long strides towards you.

“A walk where, exactly?”

You shrug your shoulders as **K** comes up to your side. “No destination, really. You?”

“The same,” **K** says back. The two of you have barely said any words yet the vampire finds this comforting, to be in your presence and suddenly feel whole — that is until you start asking questions.

“How come you’re out here?”

“Just um...” **K** begins, trailing off a bit as they look down to their shoes. “Thinking about things.”

You nod, look side to side before the two of you cross the street, a subconscious action as there aren’t any cars on the road.

“A penny for them?” you ask.

The sides of **K's** mouth curl upwards. "They cost much more than a penny," they drawl, suddenly feeling warm as the sound of your chuckle reaches their ears.

They're good at deflecting their own feelings. Brushing them aside, playing them off when they get strong enough, and that's what they're doing right now.

"Plus, you're the human," they mutter, "you need the sleep way more than I do."

You stay silent at that, and after a moment, **K's** glancing to the side to look at you — their eyes suddenly softening. "What's wrong?"

"The detective," you choke out, "watching him..."

It's guilt that washes over **K**, simply because Detective Wyatt's death was more than just a tragic accident. You witnessed more than most did, had it wiped away before it suddenly returned.

"I'm sorry you had to see that," **K** murmurs, their eyes still on you. Their gaze is so strong that you turn to them, give them a weak smile to mask the pain, but they see right through it. "Hey." They swiftly move to stand in front of you now, bringing you both to a halt as they remove their hands from their pockets.

It's a bad move on their part, it's another piece of confirmation. Confirms that these emotions they're feeling are connected to you. The way their eyes dart over your face, take in your features, try to decide which one of them is their favourite — but settle on the fact that they love them all equally because they're what makes you you.

"I am," **K** mutters, "really sorry for it all. The death, the compulsion thing, all the—"

You move forward, your fingers loop through theirs and the feeling of sparks is such a cliché term to use, but it's the only way **K** can describe your touch. It's enough to stop them mid-sentence, your touch is soft yet exhilarating. It takes every ounce from **K** to not tighten their hold around you.

"I know you are," you mumble back, "you mentioned so many times." You glance down, suddenly taking note of your intertwined fingers before your eyes lock with **K's** again.

Honestly, if **K** could hug you right now, they'd do it. Kiss you, even. They'd come up with an excuse, a *lie*, afterwards as to why they were so desperate to do it. It's when they find themselves pulling out of your grasp that they regret not holding onto you a little longer.

"I just didn't want you to have to go through all that supernatural shit."

The corners of your mouth turn upwards. "You care about me."

K arches a brow as they snort. "Is that what you think?"

"Are you going to deny it?" you ask back wittily, the smirk on your lips widens. **K** tilts their head at you, as though they're taking in your words and debating how to answer.

"There aren't many people I care about, rich kid."

But, you... yeah, maybe I care a little, is what they think to themselves.

Sneak Peek 1.

"Go on, say it, B," K interrupts, their gaze fixed to their boots.

"Actually, I'll do it for you. The
deputy mayor practically gives a demigod/dess and a
vampire the job to kill a human with the golden mark."
The tone of their voice isn't as harsh as the others expected.
"It's... I don't think it was just coincidental."



[Golden — Sneak Peek 1.](#)

[Mar 27, 2022](#)

[Update 4.](#)

[Mar 30, 2022](#)

Hope you're all doing well once again.

I think 2022 hates me because this year just said, 'have bad mental health... *and here*, have covid too even though you've done absolutely everything possible to stay safe!!' but hey-ho, fingers crossed the rest of the year gets better for me here on out.

Despite having covid, I've gotten soo much writing and idea-building done! Firstly, **Golden**: you would've seen that I posted the first sneak peek of chapter 9 and as I continue writing, you'll obviously get more. I'm up to a point where the MC is going to be immersed in the supernatural world much more, this is the first time this will happen for the MC (or second time if you consider the detective's death a supernatural world experience) and it's going to be introductory, but there's going to be a lot of questions the MC will get answers to.

The one-on-one scenes with the ROs are all planned now, and if writing and ideas go well, your MC will meet a few supernatural side characters which I think is exciting! This story is getting a lot bigger and there are more branches etc. so thanks for being patient when it comes to waiting for an update, especially as I'm on my internship and a university student too.

In terms of **Before Dusk Sets In**, I've gotten over 10k words written in 10 days, whilst having covid (can you tell I'm soo pissed I got covid, like wtf!). It may not be everyone's cup of tea, but I've really enjoyed writing this story and exploring a different world and different characters and personalities. It makes me happy. There's going to be a lot of customisations for your gang member including name, nickname, pronouns, clothing, whether you have tattoos, hair, and skin colour and that's only so far!

I've extended how much I'm going to publish for the first demo, so I'm just over halfway the first chapter and I think that means I'm about 55% done with writing.

There are flirt options and friendship options written in already, and there are three ROs that you've met so far, two more to go! That's why I extended the demo so you'll be able to meet them all and form opinions.

Side note: I've also started that 2,500 essay for uni that I've been putting off, so woo.

That's everything for now. Thanks for your support.

—

Snippet of what I've been working on – *Golden edition*:

"Fine, then," Cardon mutters. "It seems as though \${name} will be visiting this side of Northern Lehsa."

[Drabble Poll](#)

[Apr 3, 2022](#)

Which stage of the relationship would you like drabbles to be written from?

Confused Feelings Stage

Crushing Stage

Relationship Stage

Deep Relationship Stage

17 votes total

[Drabble Poll 2.](#)

[Apr 6, 2022](#)

Last poll before I start writing and posting a few drabbles.

Which POV would you like these drabbles written in?

MC's POV

RO's POV

16 votes total

[Sick Days --> P Martens](#)

[Apr 8, 2022](#)

"You're sick," **P** says, the back of their hand on my forehead.

"I'm fine," I reply, a clear lie.

"I literally just heard you have a coughing fit," **P** shoots back. I watch as they barely glance over their shoulder to look at me. They're standing over the stove, spoon in their hand as they stir the soup they're making for me.

It's **P's** love language, all of this. Well, other than the hand-holding, but the acts of service bits. The soup, making my favourite breakfast in the morning, all the little things I've become used to since we've been together. It's comforting, our kind of normal even when a supernatural/human relationship can be so far from that.

I wrap the blanket around my shoulders a little, my eyes close as I lean back into the sofa. I'm moments away from falling into a much needed slumber until I feel the other side of the sofa sink in, indicating that **P** is sitting next to me. Their arm wraps around my shoulder with ease, it's warm and homely, like it's meant to be there before they pull me into their side.

"I feel like shit," I murmur against them. They chuckle softly, I can feel the vibrations in their chest when they do so.

"I can imagine."

"What?" I question. "Magical beings can get sick?"

P hums. "Our immune system is good... not *that* good to block out every single virus in the world." Their fingers trace patterns over my skin delicately. "To me you're not contagious, though. I can fight a cold."

"Lucky you." I sniffle after that, subconsciously grip on to their jumper a little tighter as I try to make myself comfortable. "Distract me."

"Hm?"

"Distract me," I say again. "Take my mind off of all of this."

P ponders for a moment. I can imagine their blue eyes looking to the sky, letting the cogs in their brain run riot as they think of something.

"When I started liking you, B was the first person I told," they say eventually. I perk up at that.

"Really? How come?"

P shrugs when I look up at them, their lips part for a moment before they answer my questions. "I thought it'd be easier to talk to them about it. I didn't want to dive head first into a relationship and start rushing things. And B's good with emotions, they would've noticed the changes in how I was feeling."

It's not a love confession. **P** and I have already been through those with one another, said the three special words more times than either of us can count over the years. But, this is a new bit of information that I've learned about, and I'm intrigued to know more.

“What did B say when you told them?”

P gives me a smile at that. “They had a bet with the others that I’d start liking you, you know, as more than a friend.”

I snort. “How much was I worth then?”

“I never actually found out, I’ll need to ask.” Their fingers begin to tangle with my own. “Then they told me to mention it to you when the time is right, if it’s meant to be, it’ll happen. If not—“

“Then you wouldn’t be cuddling me on this sofa and making me soup.”

“Exactly,” **P** laughs. “I’m glad I told you. I’m glad there’s an us.”

I look up and give them a smile of my own, my lips grazing their chin. “You and me both.”

[Update 5.](#)

[Apr 11, 2022](#)

Hello, hope you’re all okay!

For a **Golden** update, even though much hasn’t been written for the actual demo (it’s close to 230,000 words though!), I’ve done a lot of world-building and note making. With the opportunity to meet supernatural side characters, I have to flesh them out e.g., decide what they are, which RO they’re closest to, how they’ll interact with your MC etc. I’m very excited to get this written, especially the whole human x supernatural interactions too. Additionally, **A’s** birthday is on the 20th April, so I’m preparing a short story for them. It’s going to be a story that, of course, showcases their stoic personality but there are soft scenes too. They don’t hate their birthday, but they’re not up for celebrations. You’ll get first view of this short story as I’ll post it on here before Tumblr.

Before Dusk Sets In, I finished the prologue and chapter one! It’s just under 27,500 words and customisation for your gang member has now been added in. The first half of chapter two is what I want to get done next, that’s where you’ll meet the other two ROs. This has been a really fun project for me and I’m excited to get it out there. There are so many opportunities for your gang member’s personality to develop, and some lighthearted scenes too. Slowly getting to this demo being finished!

That’s everything for now. Thanks for your support.

Snippet of what I've been working on – *Before Dusk Sets In* edition:

I can't tell whether it's a smile or a scowl over her face as she looks between the two of us. "These gangs are gonna be the damn death of you, L."**

[Update 6.](#)

[Apr 16, 2022](#)

Hello, hope you're all doing well!

For a **Golden** update, everything's been put into **A's** birthday piece which has been fun to write. The MC is involved in this story too, so I'm hoping **A** stans will enjoy it. I'm over halfway done with it, and it's been really fun to write another side of **A** that people haven't seen yet, they're a little more open and relaxed and **A** will finally flash a smile... swoon!

Before Dusk Sets In, I finished the prologue, chapter one and the first half of chapter two. All in all, it's all written up. I've been really excited (and nervous, naturally) about releasing this IF as it's so different from my first one — so I hope people like it.

For those of you who are on the Gold(en) tier, you'll get early access to:

- **A's** birthday story on **20th April 2022 at 2pm BST**
- The first demo of **Before Dusk Sets In** tomorrow, **17th April 2022** between **2pm – 3pm BST** (I wasn't sure on timing because it's Easter Sunday tomorrow), **four days earlier than the public release.**

Hope you're super excited for what's to come!!

Snippet of what I've been working on — *A's* birthday edition:

The three of you are seriously trying to bribe me with cheesecake?" A asks with an arched brow.

BEFORE

DUSK SETS

In

[Before Dusk Sets In — Early Demo Access](#)

[Apr 17, 2022](#)

DISCLAIMER: Thanks so much for all of your support, and because of that, you get this early demo release! Please, *please*, don't share any content from the demo with anyone as it's been released to you early for a reason!

—

The first demo of *Before Dusk Sets In* is officially out for Patrons to enjoy!

(I recommend playing with a black screen on Dashingdon because the graphics look cool!)

DEMO — [Before Dusk Sets In](#)

IN THIS CHAPTER

- Get kidnapped!
- Get a cryptic note addressed to you
- Go food shopping and buy ice cream :)
- Meet your bunch of misfits, aka, *all* the ROs.
- Meet with the organisation that has control over all the gangs in London.
- Get blackmailed...

Begin the biggest challenge of your life.

WORD COUNT

- 45,485 (with coding)

- 39,391 (without coding)
- 18,265 (average playthrough word count)

I spent a lot of time working on this, so please let me know your opinions (and any bugs or typos) on here or on Tumblr. I'd love to see what you all think <3

[Favourite People \[a short story\] — Happy Birthday Athalia/Asher!](#)

[Apr 20, 2022](#)

Favourite People [a short story] → **A** (begrudgingly... sort of... they're softening up so probably not begrudgingly at all) celebrating their birthday with everyone, including you.

Happy birthday to my favourite demi-god(dess)!

I think **A's** my most controversial character, and definitely the one who is the complete opposite to me in every way possible. Even though it's going to be a while until they completely open up and fully trust someone other than the other three, it's going to be lovely watching (well, reading) them reveal a bit about themselves that they'd usually keep stored away.

I think this short story is pretty good as it shows another side to **A**, their fears, probably a few dreams and whilst they don't loosen up fully... down the line, they'll gladly meet you halfway. Also, slight (& fun) K spoiler in this short story!!

There's coffee waiting on the table. That isn't really something new, **A's** used to one of the other three making a hot drink and just knowing to make a coffee too. The only difference this time is that it's in a mug that says, 'Happy Birthday' in multi-coloured letters.

Birthdays... **A** doesn't hate them, but it's like everything else in their life. The things that make you happy will always come to an end, it's a waste of vulnerability and for a moment, you are weak — that's something **A** hates. Not having a safety net to fall back on if they fall too deep. Most of the time, there's no one to catch you. You break, pick up your own pieces and move on. **A's** fine living with that philosophy, it's what they've been brought up on. It's not that they don't need anyone, but relying on someone else, especially one who isn't in their close circle is a difficulty.

For **A**, birthdays are riddled with childhood memories that they would rather forget. But in the present, birthdays come with celebrations, a whole load of fuss: they're all the things they'd rather put to one side and indulge in something much less... outgoing. Call it boring, call *them* boring*,* you know **A** will throw a sarcastic quip your way, along with a fake smile and harden their exterior.

They sip their coffee, let the hot liquid warm their insides. It's odd that they find such bliss in simplicities, admittedly it's comforting — no unwanted surprises, in a room with all their favourite people... well, all of them minus the human they no longer find intolerable.

"I can't wait until you get to one hundred, just to see what you'll be like then," B blurts out as they take a seat next to **A**, their shoulders brushing together lightly, "you know, with your immortality and all."

"If you want to chat to someone old, just go talk to K," **A** teases. The vampire narrows their eyes at them from across the room.

"I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt," K says with a nod.

"Oh?" **A** questions over B's chuckling.

"Yeah," K spits back light-heartedly. "Because it's your birthday, I will let that slide."

"And you're expecting me to be grateful?" **A** shoots back.

"No, but P still has the receipt for your gift, we'll happily return it," K replies, eyes narrowed as the blonde-haired magical being waltzes in.

"It's personalised, we can't return it," P chimes, dropping the neatly wrapped gift in **A's** lap before slinking an arm over their shoulders. "Happy birthday."

It's a smile on their lips because it reaches their hazel eyes perfectly, an expression like that is usually reserved and stored away, but with them, it makes an appearance every now and then. "Thank you."

"Technically, we're trying to butter you up for something," B says, turning to **A**.

They stiffen. "If you say the word 'party'..."

"How about 'gathering' instead, then?"

"No."

"There's going to be less than a handful of people, us included," P says. "And that cheesecake you like will be there."

"The three of you are seriously trying to bribe me with cheesecake?" **A** asks with an arched brow.

"Depends on whether it's working," K chuckles.

It worked. Not like a dream, but it worked. **A** was definitely in two minds, the first thought to go and enjoy the city by themselves: find a Turkish takeout to order some food, find a spot, continue the book they're reading, visit the local museum and return their parents' calls; the latter being something they've definitely been putting off.

But they decide against all that, find themselves enjoying music from a Spotify playlist that was handpicked for them personally as their eyes scan over the gift the others got them. A print of one of their favourite book quotes.

"There are darkneses in life and there are lights, and you are one of the lights, the light of all lights," you read when you get close enough to **A**, your head tilted so you can get a full view of the print. "That's very..." you trail off, your eyes meeting hazel ones as you try to come up with the right word, "unexpected. I didn't think a quote like that would be your favourite."

A snorts. "I know, it's so surprising that I have a heart."

You chuckle as you take a seat across from them, placing down a plate of cheesecake and two forks. "That isn't what I said."

"But what you were secretly thinking?" they question.

"Nope," you reply back, popping the 'p'. "You definitely have a heart; you like me now."

A wets their lips at that and flashes you a small smile. "Maybe you just think too highly of me."

"Possibly," you utter, wondering whether to push further and ultimately you do. "Or I just know when you're being somewhat kind. I mean, there's no way you'd come to a party—"

"Gathering," **A** shoots back as they hold a finger up.

You roll your eyes. "Fine, *gathering*, on your own. And months ago, you wouldn't have let me sit with you... well, not without some throwing some type of insult first."

"Okay, now you're thinking of me way too low," they mutter, leaning back in their seat. "The sarcasm comes before the insult."

You smile at their joke, and in a moment the two of you are sharing a laugh. You watch as **A's** eyes scan the room. **P** was right, there only are a handful of people around. The majority part supernatural with you being the only full human there.

"I got you something," you say, pulling **A** from their inner thoughts.

"You did?"

"It's your birthday, I couldn't turn up with nothing." You're delving into your bag, pull out a neatly wrap present before sliding it across the table. You aren't sure what type of person **A** is, the one who carefully tears the wrapping paper in a way to save it, completely rip it apart, or the one to open their presents alone so there's no need to outwardly show emotion. So, you eye them, and to your surprise, they do the same to you.

"Do you want me to open it now?" they ask.

You shrug. "It's your gift, you do what you want."

A's fingers drum against the table for a moment, their eyes are shimmering with gratitude, and they eventually do pull the gift towards them, tear the paper and reveal a box. They lift the lid, let their eyes flicker down before the corner of their mouth twitches upwards.

"A fountain pen."

You nod. "I heard that when you found out you were going to be sent out to Lehsa because of me, you were writing in your journal at the time."

A snorts. "The others talk too much," they joke, taking the pen out of its case before twisting it between their fingers. If possible, it fits them like a glove would.

Though **A** tries to stop it, their thoughts drift to you. There aren't many things that are perfect in life, definitely not people, but you get **A**, understand them, more than most. They clear their throat quickly, trying to rid themselves of those thoughts but when their eyes meet yours, the sweet notions only intensify. "Thank you."

"No worries," you reply, head turning to the side as two more supernaturals walk in, bottles and giftbags in their hands and smiles on their lips. "Are you going to greet them?"

"God no," **A** chuckles. "Not yet anyway. I'll let them have a drink or two first."

You give them a light smile. "If I knew any better, I'd say that you're enjoying my company."

"Did I say that?" **A** asks.

"You totally didn't need to," you respond, a smirk on your lips as you push the slice of cheesecake in the middle of the table. "Here." You offer them one of the forks before taking up your own.

A ignores the brushing of their hand against yours as you both cut into the dessert.

They're happy they came. A birthday without too much overthinking, one where they're completely themselves and enjoy the day. In a room with their favourite people, and **A** can confidently say that you are part of that category.

[Update 7.](#)

[Apr 24, 2022](#)

Hiya, hope you're all doing super well.

This is sort of a general/overall update. I took a few days off of writing, only two days, but a break is a break.

Before Dusk Sets In's demo got released, and the feedback has been super lovely. I hope that those who have had a chance to read it really liked it. I had a lot of fun writing it and I'm personally excited to see where it goes. I've update the Patreon description to add this IF in it, so when there are a few more chapters up, I'll start writing drabbles for the ROs (let me know what you think of this idea, especially if you're in the Golden tier).

All my focus will be back to **Golden** again for the upcoming week. I have a lot of handwritten notes for how the rest of chapter nine is going to go. The first part of chapter nine is very plot-based before going into the MC's story and the choices, the plot stuff worked rather well in the last update so I'm hoping that people will find that enjoyable, especially as it's pretty dramatic. More stuff to learn about the supernatural world too, so lots to get into.

Next up on Patreon will be a few drabbles, development updates, and if I get enough written, then sneak peeks too!

Thanks for your support!

[Together --> P Martens](#)

[Apr 27, 2022](#)

You stretch an arm over as you stir in your sleep. Usually your arm would collide with another, slip around the waist of the person sleeping next to you, but it just hits the cold mattress.

You open one of your eyes and really take in that there's no one beside you. A tired groan escapes you, you rip the duvet off of your legs, let your feet hit against the laminated floor before leaving the bedroom.

You tip-toe down the stairs, avoiding the second one as it tends to creak and then turn into the living room. You find **P** sitting in there, a mug in front of them, the hint of dark circles under their eyes as they look up.

"I didn't wake you, did I?" they utter under the dim lighting, their expression twisting into guilt as you lean against the doorframe rubbing your eyes.

"No," you reply. "I just noticed you weren't in bed."

P nods, their expression slightly more relaxed as they run their hands over their knees. "Did you want one?" they ask, pointing to the hot drink in their mug.

You respond with a nod of your own and **P** gets up without any hesitation. They move over to you, take your hand and lead you into the kitchen. Whether you wanted the drink or not, you know it's the best way to find out why **P** is up at such untimely hours. The lack of sleep usually indicates something is bothering them.

You take a seat on the counter, watch as they take your favourite mug from the cupboard and turn the kettle on. For many moments, the only thing that envelopes the two of you is the rumble of the kettle and the steam that comes from it.

Your fingers lace together as they pour the hot water in the mug, the clinking of a spoon sounds next and you take the opportunity to ask the question that's chipping away at you.

"Are you okay?" you blurt out.

There's a pause in everything. In the stirring, in **P's** slight movements, you swear you hear them suck in a breath before they clear their throat.

"I just couldn't sleep," they utter, walking over to you and sliding the mug over at the same time. They're standing in front of you now, and you and **P** have been together long enough to know when something isn't right. To know when something's off. They place a hand on one of your knees to separate them so they can stand between them.

"Any reason why?" you push, your hand now over theirs now and despite their sadness, you can feel **P's** warmth. "You can tell me things," you whisper.

"I know," they mumble, their blue eyes downwards, their thumb brushing over your knuckles as they swallow hard. "I've just been feeling a bit on edge, my magic has been a bit... out of whack."

You turn **P's** hand over, their palm facing upwards whilst you arch an eyebrow. "That's strange."

"I called my dad and asked him about it."

"And?"

"It can happen to magical beings sometimes, it's very rare, sometimes it's genetic where magic doesn't work as it normally does... or doesn't come back at all." The last of those words are said much more quietly than the rest, and you realise that's what's worrying **P**. "There are health side effects, physically, mentally..."

You meet their eyes. "But you're worried you won't be able to do magic at all at some point?"

It's small, you barely notice it, but **P** nods.

Truthfully, you're out of your depth. A golden birthmark with supernatural properties is something you'll have to live with. It has come with its bad moments, more perks than you can care to count, brought you closer to a whole other world that you didn't believe existed... but you weren't born with that knowledge. **P**, their abilities have been a part of them from the very beginning.

You give them a small smile. "I'd still fancy you if you were human."

They snort at that, your aim was to get a smile out of them and you do. "That is a very comforting fact. Thanks for telling me."

"It's only the truth." The air turns serious after you say that, the happiness doesn't fill **P** like it usually does, and if this is something they have to deal with you will too. "Not that I'm hoping you'll never be able to do magic again but you're so much more than a few spells."

P heaves a sigh. "It's not just that," they utter. "Everyone in my family has some magical ability of some sort, it makes me feel connected to them. If I don't have that then... I don't know who I am."

"Exactly as you are now," you say without missing a beat. "You're intelligent, kind, empathetic, confident." You watch as **P** shakes their head at you, hints of frustration bubbling within them.

"That's all well and good," they begin. "But—"

"I know it's not magic, that those are only personality traits that you'd say anyone can have but whether your magical abilities are there or not you're always going to be your parents' kid. Completely cliché, but you'll be connected to your family no matter how far you are."

You're not sure whether your words lift **P**, they don't give anything away, all they do is grip your knee a little tighter before taking a step back.

"It's late," they murmur. "We should go back to bed."

You slip off of the counter. "If you want to stay up, I'll stay with you."

They shake their head. "You don't have to."

"I want to," you counter. Your hand is in theirs, you pull them to the sofa and within moments you find yourselves laying on it together, **P's** head against your chest as your fingers go through their freshly

dyed hair. “I know I’m probably the worst person to give you advice about all of this, and I’m probably not the most supportive—“

“You are,” P murmurs against you. “I’m lucky to have you.”

That forces a small smile out of you. “I just want you to know that I’m always here for you, no matter what. And worst case scenario, you never do magic again—“ You feel P tense at that, “which I don’t think will happen! Then we’ll navigate through that together. Promise.”

P presses a kiss to your shoulder. You take it as a thank you of some sorts. “Yeah, together.”

[Update 8.](#)

[May 4, 2022](#)

Hellooo, I hope you’re all staying safe and doing well. I was supposed to post this update yesterday but just didn’t manage too.

I’ve been getting back into writing Golden. I realised how much I’ve missed these characters, especially the ROs. I’m not one to start writing a chapter until I know what happens in the next chapter, if that makes sense. So, I’m currently writing chapter 9 and now know what I want to happen in chapter 10... early sneak peek, one-on-one scenes, best friend scenes and *fake dating* 🥰 — something a bit more light-hearted after chapter 8’s heavy content.

Onto chapter 9 again, I was about to get a thousand or so words written and it’s more scenes with the MC and Jared, as soon as that’s finished (which I could literally get done between tonight and tomorrow), the ROs will have their scenes coming up. First in the group setting, and then steering off into one-on-one scenes again. A lot of learning about Golden lore and the supernatural world which will be interesting, and there are lots of questions for the MC to ask too.

That’s all for now. Speak to you again soon, a drabble will be up next on Patreon.

Sneak Peek 2.

That's when I come to a halt.
"This is a supernatural place?"
I don't need to ask, the picture confirms it, but I question it anyway.

"Yes, it's a university, actually."
That makes sense, the statues, the mixture of modern and historic interior.
"It's Lehsa's Institution for Supernaturals. Or LIS for short."



[Golden — Sneak Peek 2.](#)

[May 7, 2022](#)

Sneak Peek 3.

After everything it's nice to cling onto some comfort,
any type of comfort I can get... and this is it — seeing P in front of me.

They smile. It's kind, gentle, genuine,
reaches their eyes as though they've
been desperate to show the simple expression to someone all day.



[Golden — Sneak Peek 3.](#)

[May 11, 2022](#)

[Update 9.](#)

[May 17, 2022](#)

Hiya, hope you're all doing well!

I'm in two minds because I feel like I got quite a bit written since my last update, but feel like I haven't at the same time. I wrote near enough 3k words, and it's been really fun to get back into Golden.

As you saw from the sneak peeks (if you're on the last two tiers), I'm at the ROs' scenes, and the sneak peek from **P's** bit isn't a full one on one scene, it's just a general one depending on which option you chose to go with. So, that's basically just the beginning of the middle section of chapter 9, there's still so much more to come — including one on one scenes with your chosen RO, and flirt scenes.

The plan is for each scene with the ROs to be a little different, not only for replayability purposes but so you're able to see their personalities a lot more. I'm also planning on only releasing chapter 9 this time around because I think chapter 10 is going to be pretty big and I'm conscious that it's been quite a while since I've provided a demo update.

Do know that writing is going very well, and with only having chapter 9 in my sights, it definitely eases my worries and allows my mind to stop wandering and thinking, '*oh, I need to finish this quickly so I can get to chapter 10.'

*

Your MC is going to get a lot of questions answered, and there's the opportunity for deep moments too — and chapter 9 sort of ends on a cliffhanger, but I'll get to that later on in Patreon updates.

Chapter 9 still continues from the heavy content of chapter 8, so the mood is still a little down so you get to see how the ROs deal with that alongside having your MC with them. So... basically, you're all in this deep shit together lol.

Bit of a side note, but **P's** birthday is May 27th so I need to start drabble writing for them... I won't lie, these birthday drabble ideas usually come last minute and I smash out over 1k words like the day before and just hope people enjoy it haha.

I'll be posting the next Golden sneak peek tomorrow!

Thanks so much for bearing with me and being patient.

—

Snippet: "You're going to have a ton of questions that I can't give you the answers to. The people here can."

Sneak Peek 4.

"I'm not. Not really,"
A answers honestly, making the first move.



[Golden — Sneak Peek 4.](#)

[May 19, 2022](#)

asdfghjkl, low key misleading but let your mind run wild A stans

[Update 10.](#)

[May 21, 2022](#)

By my standards, I usually wait a few more days until providing you with an update but because I just finished (no, not the chapter!) but the parts I planned to just now, I thought it would be good to inform you — and obviously give this exclusive update. Actually getting through my plans is super uplifting.

I'm sort of splitting everything into parts so I don't get too overwhelmed with how much writing I need to do. Chapter 9 is just over 9k words already and I haven't even gotten halfway through with it. The beginning is very, very plot-based, I think in a way the whole chapter is but definitely the beginning

because there aren't any choices until it pans to the MC's scenes. This is something I do worry about because, you know, interactive fiction is all about choices but it's also a story that needs to be told at the end of the day.

With the MC and 'I know about supernaturals' parent chat done, the LIS introduction and meeting up with the team again (the latter having a sprinkle of flirting there), I'm back to plot. As I said, the MC gets questions answered in a somewhat heavy situation because of what happened in chapter 8 — and after that, I think the scenes probably get more fun and I'll inform you all about that in due time.

Just a little update that feels nice to write because I'm kicking myself for not writing fast enough but there's also progress which is good! In a few weeks, I really do think that this can be done and sent to beta readers. As always, I'll keep you updated.

[Update 11.](#)

[May 25, 2022](#)

Another update! Surely that's a good thing, right?

It's another stage where I doubt myself and think, 'have you actually written a lot' — but progress is progress and I'm really getting along with chapter 9 — and most importantly, I'm enjoying it... minus the odd eave of insecurity every now and then.

I stuck to my plan from last week — finish **A's** scene and start the team x MC scenes and that's exactly what I did. The **A** scene I really enjoy, there are a variety of choices and depending on how you reacted to their supernatural reveal (if that's who you spoke to in the study room), it's a conversation they'll remember.

The team x MC scenes, I've done the first portion of that — where you get to know about the team as supernatural individuals — **B** has quite an emotional scene here, big hugs to them. You see the four of them in a different dynamic, less banter-y (only less because they have to pop a joke every now and then), and your MC is a part of that, and for some of the ROs, it can be picked up again and spoken about in the one on one scenes.

The next scene I'm writing with the team and MC is the MC getting info about their birthmark! This is pretty huge, because, by this point, you'll know everything (not completely everything because the MC is human), near enough everything, the team knows — so what else you find out will be a revelation you find together as a five-some.

Chapter 9 is currently over 11k words now, and there's still a bit more writing to go (one on one scenes, scream!!) but do know that chapter 9 is coming along very, very well. There's also going to be a surprise at the end of the chapter ;) but if you're on the Gold(en) tier, you'll get early access and see this before anyone else — but more about that much later, when chapter 9 is done and dusted.

P's birthday is in 2 days! May 27th, and I'll be writing their birthday drabble... tonight, at 11:30pm when it's only a day before their birthday asdfghjkl. As you did with **A's**, those on the Gold(en) tier will get early access to the drabble — I haven't decided whether it'll be fluff or angsty... maybe both.

—

*Snippet: "I'd bet my Balenciagas that we're the topic of conversation in their meeting," **B** says as they move towards the window.*

A's brow arches. "You don't have Balenciagas."

[Plans \[a short story\] — Happy Birthday Phoebe/Phoenix!](#)

[May 27, 2022](#)

Plans [a short story]

→ **P's** past and what a potential future could look like with the MC.

Happy birthday to my favourite witch/warlock.

I think **P** started off as being very underrated and as the story progressed and I wrote more about them in drabbles etc., they're probably much more of a fan favourite.

They're intelligent, emotional, kind, suave, and everything you'd want in a friend... and a lover, especially if you plan to/are romancing them.

Hope you enjoy this short story for their birthday, do tell me what you think.

—

Whilst there are some that are afraid of it, **P** has always had an interest in the future. Whether it comes from the magic flowing within them, or the urge to know what happens next in their lifetime, the future has always been a personal interest. Right from the start. If it wasn't, they wouldn't have left their small town, travelled, and made a large city their new home.

They initially had a plan, but that changed drastically, more than they could've ever imagined. The aim was to study, be, I don't know, a teacher, or an architect maybe because they know their way around sketches and a paintbrush — but the supernatural world had other ideas. Not that **P's** bothered by that. If it didn't, they wouldn't have met the other three people that would play such a huge part in their life, become their best friends, and mutually, their pain in the ass at the best of times.

And, technically, if their academic and planned out route had worked, it's the possibility that they wouldn't have met you.

So, small victories. Or very large ones, actually.

The witch/warlock bundles into your home, phone clutched between their ear and shoulder as they carry the rest of the bags in. You can hear their footsteps, the rustling of the bags, and then their soft, melodic voice comes next. They're not talking in English, that's easy enough to tell, so it's obvious who they're talking to. The language changes from Dutch to French with ease before they're silent for a moment.

"Okay, I'll think it over," **P** murmurs before saying goodbye and ending the call.

You jump up and slip onto the kitchen counter to take a seat. "I can't tell whether that was a stressful conversation or not," you say, watching as **P** flashes you a smile and drops their phone and bags on the table.

"Hello to you too," they greet cheerily. "I was talking to my dad."

"I figured." You raise an arm and use your hand to beckon **P**. Family has always been a topic that you feel you have to tread carefully on when you talk to **P**, they had a complex childhood to say the least, which isn't all that common for magical beings from Europe. But it always feels like you're peeling back a layer from the guards that **P** doesn't realise they have up when they mention their family.

They're Dutch and Belgian. An only child, something the others joke about and say that it's why they're terrible when it comes to sharing. Originally brunette, that came from their dad and his side of the family, their mum is the blonde one — which **P** clearly envies even though you've encouraged them to stop dying their hair for a little while. They're considering it, they truly are, especially if it puts a smile on your face. Also grew up with a pet dog that they adored, much to their parents' dismay because a magical child and an animal has its tendencies to cause chaos.

"Is he hoping that you'll meet him in the Netherlands next month?" you ask **P**. They nod. "What's stopping you?"

P's gaze is downwards, their head tilts a little as they move to stand in between your legs and rest their hands on your thighs. "Nothing really."

"Yet you're not snapping up the opportunity. Why?"

They shrug before smiling. "Believe or not, I like it here."

You snort. “Don’t let the big city rub off on you.” You gently tap your fingertips over their knuckles. “You think your dad’s going to try and make you stay if you go over to the Netherlands for a few days.”

It’s easy to pick up on **P’s** conversations sometimes. The tone of their voice, their facial expression when something isn’t going right.

“Not think, I know,” **P** sighs.

“Understandable,” you murmur, a statement that **P** arches a brow. “He’s pissed you fell in love with someone human.”

“That’s not true.”

“Hm, it totally is,” you say back. “Not that I mind, tell him I think his kid is a catch,” you say playfully with a wink, enough for a chuckle to fall from **P’s** mouth. They bring your hand up to their mouth and place a kiss on it — that’s something you’re used to as well.

“I’m sure he’ll be happy to hear that,” they mumble before their expression turns serious. “If I go on this trip, will you come?”

Your eyebrow arches. “Me, a human, come and meet a bunch of magical beings in a small town?”

“You handle my magic just fine.” You do, that’s clear. Even now, with a wave of **P’s** hand, the bags on the table float into the kitchen and the contents begin arranging themselves in the correct drawers and cupboards.

“Yeah, but that’s different. You’re different.”

“Oh?”

“I’m used to it all. I live with you. I love you.”

Their eyes sparkle at your last three words. That’s an expression you’ve taken notice of more than once. The three words always seem to calm **P** in a stressful situation, just having affection returned has the ability to do that to them. You remember months ago when the two of you were lying on the sofa, your head in their lap as their fingers delicately ran up and down your arm, tracing aimless patterns as they murmured all the ways they fell in love with you.

You were both unbelievably tired, jobs in the supernatural world tend to do that to the body. **P’s** eyes were closed, they were speaking softly, letting the words roll off their tongue before you both fell asleep right there.

You remember what they said with ease.

“I’m used to falling for someone really fast, and before it ended up not working out. I changed my approach after that, tried falling gradually instead of all at once... I’m not sure it worked when I started

liking you though. It just... happened. I couldn't stop it, didn't want it to, admittedly. It's the best I've felt and even though we're together, live together and everything, I still feel like that."

You fell asleep with a smile on your face that day, woke up with a smile too and **P** had asked why you were so cheerful, almost forgetting that they had spilled their heart out to you at 2am.

You're brought back to the present when you rest your hands on **P's** cheeks. "If your dad tries forcing you to stay and live in the Netherlands, I'll fall out with him big time — I'm not joking."

P chuckles. "I don't think you are. Does that mean you're coming if I go?"

"I'll think it over," you tease before pushing their shoulders back so you can slip off the counter. "I'm on the night shift today."

P groans as you walk past them to go to your bedroom, they follow behind. "Did you ever actually think you'd get a job in the supernatural world?"

You snort. "Of course not," you chuckle as you take a jacket off the hanger and slip it on. "No regrets though... well, only when I need to work stupid hours but it's worth it. Most of the time."

"Do you want me to wait up for you?" **P** asks. Dumb question. Whether you say yes or no, you know they will. You smile at them.

"I'm sure I'll come in and see you on the sofa."

"You're not wrong," **P** says with a casual nod as they hand you your backpack. "Be careful."

"I always am." You grin at their protectiveness.

"And call if you need anything."

"I always will."

P tugs you into them, and the two of you sway a little, their forehead pressed against yours. "Will you stop off at that café down the road in the morning and get those pastries we like?" they mumble against your lips.

You roll your eyes as you take a step back. "I'm going."

P lets out a hearty laugh as you leave your bedroom and move towards the front door. "Have a good night."

"Uh-huh, you too," you say back playfully, keys in the front door and you hear their voice again as you're about to twist the handle.

“Check the front pocket of your bag, by the way.” You turn behind you, an eyebrow arched as you expect to see **P** still standing there, but they’re not. You do as they instructed, rummage through the front pocket and pull out a piece of paper. You stare down at it and chuckle.

Another sketch to add to the collection **P** randomly likes to draw for you.

Only this isn’t a drawing that’s from today. It’s the memory you recalled earlier, the two of you asleep on the sofa after **P** poured their heart out to you; and below it is their neat handwriting.

‘I love you — don’t forget the pastries’.

Sneak Peek 5.

My eyes lock with K's, and though it isn't
the confident, flirtatious reaction I was expecting to get from them,
it might as well be with the way it makes me feel.



[Golden — Sneak Peek 5](#)

[May 30, 2022](#)

[Update 12.](#)

[May 31, 2022](#)

Chapter 9 is still coming along and I'm happy with it so far! On a personal note, my mental health when it comes to writing has been beyond terrible recently, but I'm still getting a lot of words written down, and the main thing is to enjoy it — which for the most part — I am despite all the insecurities.

Unfortunately (or maybe not, actually), I had to delete about 1.2k words because... well, new ideas, a bit of a plot change, major side character introduction further along in the story, so the beginning of chapter 9 I originally had planned was scrapped. Thankfully, I've put the words I've deleted into a document so I can always go back to them and see whether they'll fit in again somewhere else — but without it, there's still lots of drama going on, so it's fine. The section was also a huge bit where there weren't any choices, very plot-based, and I know that may be frustrating for some readers.

The plans I posted from the last update were to finish off the birthmark discussion scene which I have! I was sort of dreading to write it because I thought it'd be a long slog to get through, but it wasn't bad at all. I think it's pretty interesting and opens the MC to the supernatural world, and more about why they're a part of it, and the team gets to explain everything to them — so that's pretty cool.

After I finished that, I started the first RO x MC one on one scene which was also part of my plan. I've started with **K's** because it's the first one I came up with and is the most fresh. Overall, the one on one scenes have flirt options, friendship options, or just get to know the RO more on a personal level. I'm probably under halfway done with **K's** scene, there are various locations to visit, the chance to talk to some new people too so naturally there's a lot to write — but it's all happening.

I'll let you know when that scene's done.

Look out for more sneak peeks and there'll be a **B** drabble coming up on here too!

Cheers for your support, now especially.

Snippet:

"de la Renta, you've come for a rematch after I beat you in our last sparring session," she exclaims.

"You clearly have short-term memory because I won," K counters. "Anyway, no, I came to show \$! {name} this place."

[Update 13.](#)

[Jun 4, 2022](#)

It's been four days since I last updated on here, and about ten since the last Tumblr progress update. ***I finished K's first scene of chapter 9!***

I'm really happy to get it done and over the line, it was a rather fun scene to write because it shows a very different side to them. They're still reeling from what happened in the detective's office, the compulsion, and then seeing the MC again. There are flirt options, options to get to know them more and also a few... hostile ones.

The whole of **K's** scene in that first part of chapter 9 came to 10.6k words... so now just three more to go, ahh. I like to split my writing into parts so I don't get too overwhelmed with it all. But yeah, I managed to write 8k words in four days — not bad.

I'll be starting **A's or B's** scene next, I think — no hate to **P**, it's just I like to write each RO's scene in the order I come up with ideas for them in.

Chapter 9 is really coming along... my sleep pattern however is not so good because I go to bed late and wake up hella early to get writing done, but I'm really happy with it at the moment and for now, it has put my insecurities away in a little box... fingers crossed they won't come out and mess me up for a while.

I'm behind on drabble writing because I'm trying to finish off the chapter to update the demo, so I'll be posting sneak peeks from **K's** scene on here in the meantime.

Cheers for your support.

Current word count: 247,411 (+10.1k) — since last progress update.

Snippet:

"Plus, Lehsa's supernatural friendly enough, other cities are totally against us setting foot on their land... not that that's ever stopped me visiting those cities."

*My eyebrows shoot up at the last of **K's** words. "What do you get out of doing that?"*

The corners of their lips curl upwards. "Fun. Adrenaline. Spontaneity. Risk."

Sneak Peek 6.

K's brow arches at that.
"Hypothetically speaking, though.
This isn't a call for me to turn you, is it?"



[Golden Sneak Peek — 6.](#)

[Jun 5, 2022](#)

[Update 14.](#)

[Jun 12, 2022](#)

Hi, hi, hello! Sorry for the bit of silence, life has just been a bit hectic with school stress etc. (found out that I can't afford to go to my dream university *sob*), but anywayy, do know that I've been getting writing done!

So, remember how I said that I'd be starting **A** or **B's** scene next, I ended up starting **P's** scene, haha. As an author, writing IF can be super repetitive and makes it feel like you're reading the same words back — but as a reader, you won't necessarily see it like that because your choices shape the story a lot — however with **P's** scene I was able to put in some great bits. A POV scene!

I really enjoyed writing it out because you get to meet a minor side character and get **P's** thoughts about your MC — those of you who are romancing **P**/have flirted with them are in for a treat :) I have three more branches of P's scene to write — if I pulled an all-nighter I could probably get two of those three branches done, so we'll see how that goes.

Other exciting stuff, I commissioned some RO art for the first time! It's a drawing of **Kaidan**! I didn't know which RO to get drawn first, so I did a random wheel spin and it fell on Kaidan. I'm hoping to commission more in the future too — as soon as chapter nine is finished, I'll give Patrons an early release of the art.

I'll be posting sneak peeks of **P's** scene, so look out for those. I'm still pushing for a June update for the demo, and believe me when I say I'm on course for it!

Current word count: 252,983 (+5.5k) — since last progress update.

Snippet:

"I respect \${them}. It's not every day your life gets flipped upside down," P says.

"A pretty birthmark has the ability to do that, I suppose."

Sneak Peek 7.

P shakes their head. "Nope," they say, a smile then dances over their lips. "Consider yourself more special than most."



[Jun 15, 2022](#)

[Update 15.](#)

[Jun 20, 2022](#)

P's scene is done!

It's over 11k words and interesting, I think. Depending on your choices, you can see their magic in action, well, read about it because the magic happens in a scene that's in their point of view. It was a very fun scene to write, and those who are romancing **P** will like it, I think ;)

There are so many choices and options for all types of reactions: you can learn more about **P**, about the supernatural world, other Golden lore, what the next steps will be in terms of what is now a murder mystery.

My plans are to start and finish off the last two RO scenes — I really am getting there in terms of getting the first half of this chapter done. When it gets to the second half of the chapter, that's when the fun *really* starts... a fun, supernatural party where the MC dresses to the nines.

There'll be sneak peeks coming your way, and as all my focus has been on main writing I know I've been behind when it comes to drabbles so I have a revamped **B** drabble that I'm going to post in the upcoming days — thanks for your support and for being understanding.

Sneak Peek 8.

I move to put the book back in its rightful place,
and as I do, my gaze rests on P.
"Well, I'm a fan of you." I then give a nonchalant shrug.
"If that opinion is of any importance to you."

"It's one of the most important ones I've gotten," they reply,
playing along with this little game we've got going on.



[Sneak Peek — 8.](#)

[Jun 27, 2022](#)

[Update 16.](#)

[Jul 9, 2022](#)

Hello, hope you're all doing well. I've been rather quiet on here which I do apologise for, but I've been having a lot of personal life issues going on which has definitely taken a toll on me mentally.

I have been getting a bit of writing done, not as much as I'd like to but it's there! With **K** and **P's** scenes done, I was going to move on to **B's** but then I decided to write B's and **A's** at the same time. Mentally it's helping me think that I'll get through writing the scenes faster—I expect each scene will be around 10-11k words so my plan is to finish those for this week and I can finally move on to the ending scene of the chapter.

As a sneak peek, chapter nine will have the fake-dating trope introduced and I'm so excited for it and the setting that the MC and their chosen RO will be in. It's completely optional though, if you'd rather not go through the fake-dating trope with that RO then it's fine as the story is about building friendships too.

The touch-averse option will also be in use again in chapter nine which I think will help with inclusivity as a whole, so I think that'll be cool to write about as there'll be a different choice options—and overall that'll help with replayability.

Sorry for being so silent once again, life has just been super stressful for me but I'm (fingers crossed!) hoping that I'll get an update out for the Golden demo this month.

[Moon Phases --> B Holden](#)

[Jul 13, 2022](#)

To no surprise, university days can be rather tiring. I find myself watching the clock tick, counting down the minutes until I'm able to leave the crowded lecture hall. At the front of the hall the professor drones on, admittedly, I lost all interest in what she was saying about an hour ago – because her voice is so monotone, along with my mind drifting to a certain werewolf.

The last of the professor's words I hang on to are 'you may go'. Instantly I get up from my seat, and a sigh of relief leaves my lips as I throw my bag over my shoulders. Whist weaving between other students I'm able to get to the hall's exit, and as I do, my eyes immediately scan the crowd in the hope that I'll come across the bright gleam of gold jewellery and deep brown skin.

"You're looking for **B**, I take it?" Being around the four of them for so long now, I know the hint of a Greek accent to the voice I've just heard is from A.

I twist around to see them standing with K and P by their side, yet it's clear to see a member of their quartet is missing. I nod my head. "Is it that obvious?"

A light smile curls over K's lips, it's teasing yet genuine. "Well, you seem way less pleased to be seeing the three of us."

I tilt my head. "That's not true."

P raises an eyebrow at me before a chuckle escapes their lips. "It's completely fine if it is," they say with ease before leaning their shoulder on to the brick wall beside us. "I wouldn't be all that ecstatic to see A after a draining lecture."

I watch A in front of me as their lips twist into a sneer. It's easy to smile at the three of them, their friendship dynamic is, well annoying, but full of light-hearted humour that only bonds them closer together. Though, I can't help but think that it's unlike **B** to be away from the three of them.

"Where is **B**?" I eventually ask.

"They're at home. Asleep, probably," K murmurs.

My eyebrows furrow. "Why?"

"Why do you think?" A retorts quickly as though the answer is blatant. They watch as I blink rapidly, I purse my lips together in thought but also confusion, and it's then A rolls their eyes and speaks up again. "There was a full moon last night."

"Oh." The simple word falls from my lips in frustration more than anything else, frustration at myself for not realising instantly.

The corners of P's lips tug upwards into a sympathetic smile. "You weren't to know," they say reassuringly. "It's not like humans need to regularly keep up with the moon's phases."

"I still feel like I should've," I respond back with a small frown.

"Save the self-pity and just go and see **B**," A mumbles with ease, their hazel eyes then soften. "I'm sure they'd appreciate it."

—

Travelling up to Northern Lehsa isn't as it was before. I'm finding myself more aware of the supernatural elements around me, whether that's creatures, environmental magic, or anything else I still wonder about.

I walk down a lengthy hallway to the team's apartment; I raise my knuckles and knock on the door twice before stepping back and waiting. A few moments pass by, ones where I'm bouncing from foot to foot, until I hear an audible groan and footsteps patter towards the door.

Subconsciously, I smooth out my jacket and immediately after the door swings open, and now **B's** standing in front of me. Their eyes are slightly hooded, there's dark circles under them, and from what I can see of their arm there's a fresh cut on it. Though, as their eyes meet mine, it seems the visible aftermath of the full moon begins to slowly drain away. And even better, they smile at me.

"Aren't you a sight for sore eyes?" they ask. The gleaming smile on their lips seems to widen, and as they step aside to let me in, I take the opportunity to shuffle forward into their apartment.

"You mean that literally, I assume." I can't help it, my eyes flicker down to the cut on **B's** arm. I can see it clear as day now. The healing process has already begun, but it doesn't mask the red, painful looking

tinge that glistens under the living room light.

In a swift movement, **B** moves their arm from my view, taking it out of view. “Literally and metaphorically,” **B** responds. “Not that I’m not happy to see you,” **B** continues, they take a seat on the sofa and motion towards the seat next to them, one that I take. “But what are you doing here?”

“I was going to ask you out to lunch.” The words leave my mouth in a ramble, and now I’ve said them out loud, I realise what it sounds like – even more so when I see a smirk curl on **B’s** lips.

“Oh, you mean a *date*?” they ask with ease, they avoid my eyes for a moment, then toy with the tassels of the cushion in front of them.

“I—” I begin before clearing my throat. “Whatever you want it to be.”

B laughs, one that sounds rather tired but hearty all the same. They lean towards me and considering the full moon was less than twenty-four hours ago, I know **B’s** enhanced powers can sense my heart hammering in my chest at the proximity between us.

“So, say I wanted our lunch to be a *friend date*...”

At the statement, I roll my eyes, not noticing how close **B** and I’s fingers are, they’re close to touching. “You’re being a tease.”

B nods. “That I am.” After the honesty, **B** does take my hand in theirs. It’s warm, slightly calloused, without the signature rings over their fingers – yet the touch feels familiar.

“Are you okay?” I end up whispering as I interlock our fingers together. “From the full moon, I mean.”

Whilst keeping their eyes locked to my own, they place a hand on my shoulder. “You look worried.”

“Course I worry about you.”

B gives my shoulder a gentle squeeze. “Worrying about each other isn’t going to do either of us much good, you know that don’t you?”

I swallow hard, noticing our conversation is drifting further away from my initial query. “You still haven’t answered my question.”

“I’m good,” **B** utters after a moment. I tilt my head at them, expecting more. More than the rehearsed lie they’ve practiced whenever such a question is asked. “Considering the circumstances.”

“**B**...”

“Honestly,” they add. With clenched teeth, not wanting to push any further, I give a less than satisfied nod at the question. With me accepting **B’s** answer, the conversation takes a turn once again. “You and I are still going out for lunch?”

"If you're up for it."

"Sweet." **B** then drops their hand from mine, a tingle travels up my arm as the warmth leaves me. "I'll go and get ready. Give me at least twenty minutes to look a lot less... dead," **B** says before getting up from the sofa.

"No problem," I chuckle as **B** gives me a sweet smile before zipping around a corner to what I assume is the bathroom.

I settle back into the sofa, seemingly getting comfortable until I feel an arm wrap around my shoulders. It's obvious that it belongs to **B**, but it doesn't stop me feeling even a little startled. First, I hear them chuckle in my ear and then I calm down and place my hand on their wrist.

"Don't scare me like that," I mutter.

"Sorry," **B** apologises with amusement. And instead of startled, I'm pleasantly surprised when I feel their lips on my cheek. They give me a soft kiss against it, one I can't help but close my eyes at whilst I fully embrace the sensation I wouldn't mind getting used to.

"Thanks for checking up on me," **B** mutters after, and then slinks back to get ready.

Even though the circumstances weren't ideal, being with **B** does feel like some type of bliss.

Sneak Peek 9.

"A snorts,
using the mechanism to mask
their overthinking. "And if it is a bother?"

Zeren smiles at that.
"You wouldn't be tolerating \$!{name} if they were bothering you that much."



[Jul 21, 2022](#)

Zeren — fun, supernatural side character ;)

[Bet \[a short story\] — Happy Birthday Blaire/Blaze!](#)

[Jul 29, 2022](#)

Bet [a short story]

→ start the day off with a bet and see what it unravels from the past.

Happy birthday to my favourite werewolf!

B is definitely the most underrated out of the four ROs and deserves lots of love. I'd like to think that those romancing **B** are in for a treat and will have the best time doing so. There's nothing wrong with being soft and kind in a hard world.

Hope you enjoy this short story for their birthday, do tell me what you think.

—

“Way to turn this day on its head, **B**,” you mutter as you turn to them.

They let out a breathy chuckle and shake their head lightly. “I didn’t.”

You arch a brow and give them a strong stare. “You, one of the most sociable and extroverted people I know,” you continue, “practically just admitted that they don’t like celebrating your birthday.”

“No,” **B** counters back. “I said that I’m not crazy about it. Is that so surprising?”

You wet your lips, noticing that you may have come across a topic that **B** has purposefully failed to mention for one reason or another—and though you want to get to the bottom of it—you know there are certain ways to go about it.

"Let's put a wager on," you say quickly, ignoring their question and watching as their brows raise. You elaborate. "Okay, not a wager, but a bet."

The corners of their mouth twitch upwards. "I couldn't possibly refuse one of those." You'd use many adjectives to describe **B**: kind, considerate, selfless—daring is another, the side of them that isn't the most visible to the naked eye, but it's the same trait that pushes them to treat things as a challenge and not back down.

You smile and lean forward, let your eyes scan over their face—take note of the scattered freckles that have appeared due to the July sun—and nod. "I bet I'll give you the best birthday you've had."

B chuckles. "I don't think that'll be hard considering I cherish the days I spend with you." *Very smooth.* "Though I accept wholeheartedly." They stick out a hand for you to take and you do. Your fingertips glide over the gold rings on their fingers before they bring your hand up to their mouth, they press a kiss to it like it's tradition, like your bet with them is now sealed. "And if I don't have the best birthday ever?" they ask you.

"Then you would've spent the day with me and that's still pretty good, no?" you say back smugly, taking in **B's** laugh before you slip out of your seat.

"Touché."

"Let's go."

"Where?" they ask.

"I'm taking you out."

—

The two of you strayed from your plan...very much so. What was originally going to be a dinner became a hand-held walk along a cobbled street before **B's** eyes latched onto an arcade, and the words 'fancy a game?' fell from their lips. You were pulled in, and a game turned into one and then two until a handful more tickets were being bought.

"You have an unfair advantage," you mutter with a groan. You crouch down to slip the air hockey puck out of your goal.

"Ah, an excuse as to why you're losing badly."

You give **B** a slight glare. "A perfectly valid excuse." You slide the hockey puck to their side of the table and with ease, it's sent back over to you.

"I'd like to think fully human me could beat you at this too."

"Hm, I don't believe that for a second," you shoot back, not only with words but the puck is back in their half of the table. "Either way, human you would probably let me win."

B snorts. "Becoming a werewolf didn't change my personality, babe," they say casually with short pauses between their words when the puck slots into their goal. **B's** lips twist, the look of competitiveness and concentration is back. "We should play another game," they mutter quickly.

"Because I've scored a point?" you ask with a laugh.

"Because I want to win," they answer back with a teasing smile.

It's ironic that your game ended in a draw, especially with the day starting with the words 'I bet'. By the time you leave the arcade, hand clutching a stuffed animal, it's nightfall. Not pitch black, but dark enough to see the fragments of stars twinkling in the sky. You're once again off course: dinner and a walk before getting a cake has turned to finding a quiet park, getting a comfortable spot on a small hill and looking up at the sky.

Your hands brush against **B's** every so often until they lace their fingers with yours. "Look at that, a half-moon." The hint of relief is in their words before a smile quickly comes after.

You give their hand a squeeze. "Lucky us."

B's thumb rubs the outside of your hand and for a moment you're silent. It's peaceful, far from awkward—come to think of it, you're sure you've never had an awkward silence with **B**.

"My mum made birthdays really weird," they blurt out. It's completely random, and breaks any train of thought you were having but you listen intently; turning away from trying to find constellations. "I was being honest when I said my personality hadn't changed when I turned, but she didn't see it the same. I was, still am, a different person to her so, yeah...birthdays aren't something I look forward to."

There's a whole other story behind that, you can tell by **B's** face, by the way their hand holds onto yours that much tighter as though they're trying not to lose you.

You wet your lips and lay on your side. "Werewolf, human, whatever—I'd love you all the same." The two of you have been through a whirlwind of adventures: some sentimental, some utterly dangerous, others in between that pushed you towards each other both literally and metaphorically. Three words like 'I love you' are probably thought a lot more than they're said, but saying them now seems appropriate.

B leans on their side too. Their eyes are a little hooded, they concentrate on your perfectly entwined fingers before their eyes meet your own.

"We probably wouldn't have met if I was human."

"What a disaster that would be."

"I don't know," **B** muses. "Life would probably be a lot quieter and I have been craving that for a while," they joke.

Your eyes roll. "If this is your way of breaking up with me and telling me to leave, then—"

They chuckle before throwing an arm around you and pulling you closer. "You know I'd never do that." You do, you don't need to be told that but it's a delight to hear it.

You and **B** are true-blue. Completely.

"You have more to you than being a werewolf, **B**," you utter. "I'd happily tell that to anyone who thinks differently."

"I appreciate that." They wouldn't have to tell you, you know they do. Their gaze goes back up to the sky for a brief moment. "You won."

"What?"

"You won," they repeat with a small smile before turning to you. "Your bet from this morning."

I bet I'll give you the best birthday you've had.

Your brows furrow. "We didn't do anything I actually planned."

"It's not bad to steer off course."

Your bottom lip sticks out. "We did the most simple things."

"I like simple," **B** fires back. "Not everything has to be spontaneous, the little things aren't appreciated enough. I, for one, know all about that." They go to sit up and you follow in suit, their arm stays looped around you. "Speaking of simple, we should order a takeaway."

"I'd call you boring but considering we missed our dinner reservation to play air hockey, I don't think that's a bad idea."

The two of you get and start walking back down the hill, **B** leans over and presses a kiss on your temple before their lips drop and brush over your ear. "We should have these bets more often."

[Update 17.](#)

[Aug 2, 2022](#)

This isn't the most fun update for me to post.

My grandmother was rushed to hospital last week and has been diagnosed with a bilateral brain haemorrhage so my time has been spent at the hospital, really. I spend around 6 hours at the hospital and come back home and feel extremely tired and go to sleep. I wake up the next day and do the same.

I'd love to be able to say she's on course for a full recovery, but my family and I have been told to prepare for the worst.

Writing has still been an outlet for me, and it's something that I'm going to continue to do but obviously, this is going to slow the update much, *much* more than I ever wanted and all of this is very upsetting and stressful for me at this time.

I'm still working on **A** and **B's** scenes, I've added about 1k words since my last update on here and I'll still be chipping away at it. I hope you enjoyed B's drabble for their birthday.

I know this isn't an update on writing that you wanted to hear, it's definitely not one I wanted to type either but life really has gotten in the way right now. Fingers crossed I'll be able to give a much happier and better writing update later on.



[Commissioned Art — Kaidan](#)

[Aug 13, 2022](#)

I'm personally in a desperate need of serotonin and looking at this piece of artwork of Kaidan i commissioned back in June gives me just that!

I thought I'd give you early access and share it with you all before it's posted on Tumblr.

[— a little update.](#)

[Sep 1, 2022](#)

Hi, hello! You may have noticed that I've been very quiet on here and on the forums, so here's an update for all of that.

I said in a previous progress update that my grandmother was extremely ill and in hospital, and last week she, unfortunately, passed away. Even before that, I was having a hard time and this added to it has made things very difficult in my life.

Chapter nine is still at the same point that it was, a little over halfway done but university will start again next month, so that's going to give me less time to write and currently I can't find myself concentrating on things all that well.

I'm hoping that things will get much easier and I'll find joy in things again, including being on here. Here's to happier times. I'll have an **A** drabble ready to post up here too.

Hope you're all doing well.

[Peace Offering --> A Dempsey](#)

[Sep 6, 2022](#)

Maybe it's a clash of personalities or the obvious difference between us... they're supernatural and I'm not. But it's easier to go for the former, A's personality isn't easy to grasp. A's rude, insensitive, stubborn – and maybe a million other negative adjectives under the sun.

So, of course, A's personality change was surprising. Not drastically. I'm still accustomed to their sarcastic quips and quick eye rolls, though A's kinder, caring and ultimately, that's what caused the disagreement between us.

I let out a sigh before my eyes subconsciously dart around the library, the floor I'm on is practically empty, other than a few students dotted around looking for particular books from the shelves. I re-read a passage from the textbook that's in front of me, though I can't help but let my mind drift off to something my mum mentioned earlier.

"Your experience in the supernatural world has only scratched the surface, there's a certainty that you will encounter much more dangerous situations," is what she said to me not long ago. The sound of the chair beside me scraping against the floor draws me away from that thought, and as I look up, I see that

A is sitting in the seat. They run a hand through over dark hair, their lips are pursed as they let out a sigh.

"I come with a peace offering," they say as they slide over a hot contents cup towards me. "It's from the cafeteria, don't expect it to taste great, but it's your favourite."

"A peace offering?" I bring the cup towards me and take the lid off. "Only a peace offering?" I ask whilst tilting my head slightly.

A fake chuckle escapes A's lips as they lean further into their seat. "You want an apology instead?" They arch an eyebrow. "I don't do apologies."

A sneer curls onto my lips. "Such a shocker there," I mutter. "I'll be surprised if you even know the meaning of the word."

There's a silence between A and me, one I expect them to fill by getting up from their seat and walking off. But I'm proven wrong. They stay. "I didn't come to argue with you again either." They then suck in a breath. "So, I'll, for once, refrain from saying what's on my mind," they mutter.

"What do you want?"

I watch A's eyes soften at the question, the dark green colour in them shimmers under the dim light. They quickly wet their lips. "You can't be pissed at me because I'm against you being an experiment for supernaturals."

I sigh as I push the textbook away from me. "You've been involved in the supernatural world all your life," I mutter quietly. "You haven't got a—" I stop in my tracks and look down to the golden swirls over my forearm, "birthmark that you hardly know anything about." My eyes flicker back up to A. "If being tested by a few supernaturals gets me some of the answers I want, how can I say no?"

A frown curls over A's lips, I expect the softness in their eyes to quickly fade, but, if possible, it intensifies. "Because I'll ask you countless times to do exactly that," they mumble.

My lips part. "You will?"

A gives a curt nod. "Of course."

I shrug my shoulders. "I didn't think you cared."

A's eyes lock with my own, such an intense stare from them is enough to get my heart hammering. They blink a few times, open their mouth before shutting it again before they clear their throat. "Clearly you thought wrong, then." A then tears their gaze away from me before cracking one of their knuckles.

A shuffles in their chair before pushing away and getting up.

"Wait, where are you going?"

A scoffs. "I spent money on a shit drink for you and I don't fancy spending the day in a dusty library." They then smile. It's small, but genuine, one that reaches their hazel eyes. "If you want to see me later, you know where I am."

I tilt my head. "Do I?" I question, wondering whether it'll get A to turn around, whether they'll consider sitting back down and continuing the end of our conversation.

I'm proven wrong when they just continue walking on, but they do call out to me over their shoulder. "There's a reason you have my phone number. Use it." They give me one last glance with the hint of a smile on their lips.

[Update 20.](#)

[Sep 24, 2022](#)

Hello, hope you're all doing okay.

I'd first like to say a huge thank you to all of you for sticking by me. I'm going through the most difficult time in my life right now with the passing of my grandmother whom I was very close to. My family and I are going through the tough grieving process.

I haven't written anything for over a month due to this, and university starts next week, but I am hoping to get back into writing by working on Golden again and through drabbles.

I know I've been super flaky, but thank you for your understanding.

[Update 21.](#)

[Oct 3, 2022](#)

I'm finally writing again and it feels absolutely amazing!

I know I posted an update on Tumblr and on the forums first, but I wanted to give a vague one to the public and a much more detailed one here.

Over the past two days, I've written a few thousand words. I jumped right back into **A** and **B's** scenes. I finished off the first scene for both of them where you have the opportunity to meet a new character. The scenes between the two ROs are slightly different in terms of how it ends as there is a POV scene for one, and not for the other — but there's a load of romance... and slight **soft!A**

I'm onto the next scene for both of them, so 1/4 scenes is complete. I'm on scene 2/4 — we're really getting there! When these scenes are over then I think that's when the fun with the potential of fake dating begins. Not that the scenes I'm currently writing aren't fun, but when you hear fake dating, it gets you a bit excited!

Over the past few days, I've also seen reviews about Golden. They were... not so brilliant reviews, haha. But as an author reviews aren't actually meant for me unless they're posted to me directly. Even though the reviews were *bad* it's a bit more motivation to get this next update as good as it can be and I think it really will be!

It'll be ready soon! And thank you so much for your support. It's really meant so much to me.

I'll be posting sneak peeks and progress updates, so stay tuned.

Total word count exclud. code: — since last progress update

269,402 (+ 16.4k)

Snippet:

"After the shit we've been through so far, I'll take a few flowers as a positive."

[Update 22.](#)

[Oct 16, 2022](#)

I've been up since 5am, got over 40k words written in 14 days! I honestly thought I'd never be able to tell you that **I've finished writing chapter nine (you guys are the first to know)!** I went through a lot with it, and with the year I've had, clutching onto joyous moments is everything and this is one of those moments.

I promise this next update is going to be a good one! <3

And a fun tidbit for the demo update that'll be out soon: you can choose your ROs' gender!

Thank you so much for your support! I can finally show you sneak peeks, get you all excited for a new chapter that's an absolute monster of a word count — and when it's all beta-read, **all tiers on Patreon**

will get early access to the demo, so stay tuned!

[Chapter Nine!](#)

[Oct 20, 2022](#)

Hi, helloo, it's been a while. However, **chapter nine** of *Golden* will finally be yours to read in a few days' time. It's the biggest chapter yet, and the biggest update yet!

Patreon release:

Golden Tier: 21st October 2022 — 2pm* GMT

Silver Tier: 23rd October 2022 — 2pm* GMT

Bronze Tier: 25th October 2022 — 2pm* GMT

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Public release: **27th October 2022**— 2pm GMT

—

CHAPTER TIDBITS

- Have that conversation with your parents about that supernatural secret they kept from you.
- (Finally!!) find out about your birthmark... and why two ROs were so adamant on killing you (<- if you read between the lines).
- Learn more about the ROs individually: their powers, background, and any other interesting bits.
- Attend another party but make it rich, supernatural, and *extremely* boujee.
- Dress to the nines!
- And *uh* ... up for some fake dating?

—

This is the most difficult update I've had to write and release in terms of personal life and my mental health, so even though it's taken a *lot* longer than I would've liked, I hope you enjoy the update.

**Should be ready for 2pm, but my university lectures are always subject to change. I'll try my absolute hardest to get it out for the time set though.*

GOLDEN XVI

[Golden — Demo Update — Early Access;](#)

[Oct 21, 2022](#)

DISCLAIMER: Thanks so much for all of your support, and because of that, you get this early demo release! Please, *please*, don't share any content from the demo with anyone as it's been released to you early for a reason!

—

The demo update of *Golden* is officially out for (Golden Tier) Patrons to enjoy!

—

IN THIS CHAPTER

- Have that conversation with your parents about that supernatural secret they kept from you.
- (Finally!!) find out about your birthmark... and why two ROs were so adamant on killing you (<- if you read between the lines).

- Meet a new supernatural.
- Meet Cardon!
- Learn more about the ROs individually: their powers, background, and any other interesting bits.
- Attend an important gala.
- Be at the centre of a double homicide.
- Begin some fake dating!

CHANGES

- You can now choose the gender of the ROs!
- Tags on flirt choices.

WORD COUNT

- 308,652 (without coding), + 82.6k (biggest update yet!)
- 338,829 (with code), + 88.2k
- 78,737 (average playthrough word count), + 12.9k

For starters, sorry this is about ten minutes late, I am a university student! Also, I truly, *truly* hope you enjoy this update. It has been written during the worst year of my life so it means a lot to me.

Comment what you think about it, I'd love to know. Enjoy.

[Update — 23.](#)

[Nov 14, 2022](#)

It's been a bit of time since the release of chapter nine now and I'd like to think it was a success!

I've already started writing chapter ten, I know from the plans I have that it's going to be my favourite chapter to read and write and fingers crossed I can get it out within a good time frame (e.g., not almost a whole goddamn year!).

Thanks so much for the support you've been giving me, and I truly think chapter ten will be the best chapter I've written, so I can't wait for you to read that.

It will be a continuation of the fake-dating trope (or the friend route if you chose that), there's a whole load of angst, comfort, chatting with supernaturals, and a pretty big reveal about the MC which I'm dying

to write. You get to meet the infamous Zillah Arryn too, and of course she causes a lot of problems, and I think the found-family trope will really begin to shine in this chapter.

With university work piling up (I'm literally writing this update in between breaks of my classes at uni), most of the content on Patreon will be regular writing updates and sneak peeks.

Just know that I'm working and chipping away at getting loads of writing out for you.

[Ride → K de la Renta](#)

[Nov 16, 2022](#)

Realistically, K hadn't exactly offered to wait for you, but they hadn't drawn the short straw for the task either. They don't mind, truly.

Though, despite their confident facade, they can probably admit to themselves that just by looking at you they feel a little on edge. A whole load of emotions engulf them at once. Guilt, sadness, sorrow, empathy... those are all the feelings K can make out, but there are others there too. Positive ones. A dose of happiness, the type that tingles over your skin. The type that would get them smiling and force their dimples to pop out.

The former list of feelings; the reasons for those are obvious. K regularly has sleepless nights about the night at the detectives office, thankfully, for now, bad dreams haven't crept up. But when they remember the part they played in compelling you, that's what gives them that sinking feeling. A split second decision that changed everything in, not only your life, but theirs too.

It's a thought they shake from their head, quickly too because they've just slipped the last of their jewellery on and you should be arriving any minute now.

K goes through a whole load of cues in their head to keep them relaxed: 'be your normal self', 'remember why you're going to this shitty gala', 'make sure that—'

"You're not wearing denim," you blurt out as you enter the room.

Your comment pulls K from their thoughts, pulls them from their cues, and for a moment they're sure they're going to stay standing there with their mouth ajar as their eyes flicker over you. But they quickly regain their composure.

"I know, it's a miracle," K jokes, their hands going over their outfit, suddenly a little self-conscious — but they aren't going to let you know that.

The two of you have been in this close proximity before, not just during Detective Wyatt's untimely death, but also during the demon party in the South, during your times at university together. But, for K, this feels... different.

It could be because of the adventure you're about to go on, or the fact that you interrupted their train of thought. Or maybe it's because they're seeing you in a different light. One where the two of you are just merely vampire and human.

You mean something to them. They somewhat care for you, because in this crazy world, in the time you've known each other, you've been through more than most. And K's sure the two of you will go through a lot more.

But, to them, there wouldn't be anyone better to share this ride with.

[Tangled Web \[a short story\] — Happy Birthday, L Corrales](#)

[Nov 24, 2022](#)

Tangled Web [a short story] 2.1k words.

→ what starts off as a mission turns into something much more... oh, and there are cookies.

Happy (almost!) birthday, **L**! **L** is very much an interesting and complex character with a whole load of layers to uncover, here you'll get to see their sweet, worried, confident and selfless side. They just need a little bit of love every now and then.

I hope you enjoy this. Please tell me what you think.

—

L huffs. "This feels like a stake out."

"That's because this *is* a stake out," you murmur back, turning to **L** as your hand slips from the steering wheel.

Their lips purse together, a hand goes over their curls. They watch the rain droplets race each other on the car window before glancing back over at you.

"Is this a good time to mention that I find stake outs incredibly boring?" **L** drones when their eyes fixate to the large building complex in front of you.

You refrain from rolling your eyes. “Why? Did you think it’d be all guns, and tasers, and running for our lives?”

L goes serious for a moment. “We’re trying to take down the Order, we’re already doing the latter.” They’re right, you can’t deny it, and the fact that **L’s** admitted shows that this isn’t going to be an easy feat. “But I didn’t think we’d be hanging around a building all night waiting for...” **L** arches a brow. “What are we waiting for exactly?”

“Piper,” you answer.

“And we’ve been here how long?”

“A few hours.”

The sound of a seat belt unbuckling gets your attention. “Well, the stake out tactic clearly isn’t working.” **L** opens the car door after they say that.

“Wait! What are you doing?”

L slips out of the vehicle, places their hand on top of the car and crouches down a little to talk to you. “Being proactive,” they respond with ease.

You had known what you were getting with **L**, they’re confident, probably full of themselves, a bit of a nightmare at times — this being one of those nightmares — but them being proactive can also be seen as reckless. But it could be exactly what you need.

“We can’t just storm in there.”

L doesn’t even stop themselves rolling their eyes, they glance to the building before their eyes fall on you. “We’re the ones that found the Order’s second headquarters, and I’ll be damned if we have to spend another minute watching out for the people that are blackmailing us. I might as well just go in there and see what they’ve got on us, or what they’ve got to hide.”

They don’t bother closing the passenger door, they just leave and stride towards the back entrance. You groan, unbuckle your belt and open your own door.

“**L**, I’m not going in there just to save your ass.”

You hear them chuckle at that. They twist on their heels with ease and give you a nonchalant shrug. “I’m wounded, surely I’ll be the one saving you. I bet you’re glad I’m not your initiate anymore, huh?”

It’s not like **L’s** initiation was ever going to last long, a week tops just to show them the ropes. **L’s** an exceptional asset, there’s no denying that... but you also can’t leave them to wander in ‘enemy’ territory on their own — and considering they haven’t looked back once, you know that they have no thought than to head into a metaphorical burning building.

You leave the car and lock it behind you before jogging up to the entrance **L** went through. The building is far from being the headquarters you and the others first visited, this one is less grand, so much more industrial and silent, a little dimly lit too so when a flashlight immediately shines in your direction, you know there's an issue.

Being skilled is one of the best attributes you have, but even so, you know you aren't able to move your feet quickly enough to get out of the guard's path. You're sure he's going to spot you, and you're sure that you'll either have to fight your way out or charm him into letting you go — neither will be easy.

As you try to plan your next move as the guard's footsteps approach, you feel a hand grab yours and pull you in. You barely let out a gasp, and you're ready to protect yourself until your eyes connect with **L's**. Warmth and relief washes over you. Their hand stays over yours whilst their free one puts a finger to their lips to tell you to stay quiet.

You do.

The two of you are stuck in a tight, out of sight corner, listening for the guard's footsteps to quieten before you proceed on.

All there is to look at is **L**. The most you can do is hold your breath, let your eyes flit over their features as you take in each one. The dust of freckles scattered over their face that they usually cover with make-up, if the situation you were in was any different, you'd probably question them on that insecurity. Their light brown eyes lock with yours, and knowing **L**, they'd usually come out with a fun remark — but the look on their face is as serious as ever.

Their eyes close for a brief moment as the guard's footsteps get louder. They brace themselves for your hiding spot to be revealed, and **L** knows that if it was, they'd take the blame in an instant — but then the footsteps start to quieten. The guard is gone.

L opens their eyes, lets out a breath, and you watch as their gaze softens when they look at you. "Told you I'd be saving you," they whisper teasingly.

•

You eventually find an office, and you know it's the right one considering the plaque has Piper's name written on it. You and **L** step in, you flick on the light switch and turn to them. "I guess we'll see what we find." **L** nods and approaches Piper's desk first, you opt for the laptop on the side. You groan a little because of course it's password protected, Piper's not stupid enough to leave electronics hanging around with no protection.

You look around at the rest of the side table: the pen holder, a leather jacket on the hook above it, a picture of what looks like a young Piper and an older woman — from your first meeting with her, you'd think she didn't have a heart, but from that picture alone, you could be swayed in a different direction.

"Hey," **L** mutters out, "come look at this."

You twist around and saunter over. “You find something?”

You notice that **L** has a stack of files in their hand, they place them on the desk and slide one over to you first. You lean your head down and see that it has your brother’s name written on the front. With pursed lips, you brush your index finger over it before glancing back up.

“What do you think is in it?” you ask, almost ready to flip the front cover.

“I’m not sure,” **L** answers, “but don’t open it here, it might trigger an alarm, an alert, anything. It’s better we take it with us.”

You give a nod and glance down at the other file that’s on the table. It reads **L Corrales**.

“Are you going to take yours too?”

L sniffs, drums their fingers on the file and shakes their head. There’s a small frown on their lips, as though they are deep in their own thoughts. “She’ll know we’ve been here if more than one is missing. Take your brother’s.”

It’s a selfless act from **L**. More than selfless. So much so that you almost reach out to them and ask them what’s wrong because the look on their face is far from their usual carefree attitude.

“It could be important, **L**.” You swallow hard glancing between them and the file. “Detrimental, even.”

L opens the drawer and drops their file back in there. They clear their throat. “I’ve buried my past a lot, the good parts, the bad ones, the really fucked up shit that I never want to remember. It’s all there, but buried.” They slide the draw closed. “I don’t tell people that. And I don’t know if I’m saying this because we’re friends, or we’re close, or because I trust you.”

L sucks in a breath before their ramble continues. “Or whether all of that is bullshit and I mean nothing to you, and it’s just because we’re deep in this situation. But whatever Piper thinks she has on me, she would’ve gone through a whole heap to get it. For now, I can live without knowing what she wants to blackmail me with.” They point to the file in my hand. “That’s your family, and family’s important.” The last of their words come out in a whisper, and they mask the pain in their voice with a soft smile. You’re almost unsure of what to say.

“That’s— I…” you begin, the words stuck in your throat.

L shakes their head. “It’s fine. Truly.” The witty remark, the sarcastic one, the confident one — it still hasn’t come from them. “We should get out of here.”

The two of you go towards the door, leave the office and close the door behind you.

“You two! Stop there!” a guard screams from across the corridor.

Your grip on the file tightens that bit more as you turn to **L**. “Run.”

•

You're back at your apartment building, and to be specific, you're at **L's** place. They're in the kitchen, you're leaning on the kitchen island whilst they open the oven. "I've always been a fan of baked midnight snacks, well, early morning ones now considering the time."

They transfer the fresh cookies onto a plate, it's done with such grace that you realise tonight, you've discovered a whole other side of **L**. They place the plate of cookies in front of you.

"When they cool, I'll be offended if you don't try one," they say.

You snort. "I can't come to someone's house and offend them." Silence engulfs the two of you, the same way it did on the car ride home. **L** didn't say a word, and you were too concentrated on getting out of there and making sure no one was following you. But you can feel something between you and **L**, something unsaid, something lingering in the air.

"**L**," you murmur.

They swallow hard. "We don't have to talk about what I said."

"I feel like we should." *We're friends, or we're close, or because I trust you. Or whether all of that is bullshit and I mean nothing to you.* "You don't mean nothing to me."

They scoff a little. "Anndd you don't have to tell me that because you're pitying me right now."

"I'm not," you whisper. "You're—"

"I can't do this tonight," **L** interjects, "I can't think about the fact that Piper has that heavy file on me, I can't think about the past, I can't think about letting people down." They sigh. "And I can't... wonder about how you feel about me, or how I feel about you because I don't want to put you in a bad headspace, or ruin whatever small thing we've got."

You swiftly move to stand across from them. "You're not ruining anything."

L instinctively goes to reach out for your hand, their fingers brush yours. "We've been through a lot. When we've eaten cookies, and slept, and all the adrenaline wears off we'll... I don't know, talk properly about whatever topic you want."

"About us," you whisper.

L smiles at that, one that dances over their lips and makes their face sparkle, makes their freckles look like sweet constellations. "Us." They take a step back, as though they're stopping themselves from indulging. "I mean it. I'm not going to kiss you and do something one of us might regret later on."

"You'd regret kissing me?" you question with an arched brow.

L picks up one of the cookies and pops a piece in their mouth. "I'd regret kissing you if I knew it wasn't going to *lead to an us*." They slide the plate of cookies nearer to you before slipping past you to exit the kitchen. "So, like I said, sleep on it. There's no pressure, or anything. I promise."

L leaves after that. All you can do is sigh, pick up a cookie and take a bite of the delicious treat.

All in the span of a few hours you've gotten another piece of information about your brother. And after all of that, you almost sorted out the tangled web of feelings between you and L. *Almost*.

[Next RO Drabble](#)

[Nov 30, 2022](#)

Which POV ro drabble would you like to read next? It'll be the scene in the LIS lounge before the MC arrives for the gala.

A Dempsey

B Holden

P Martens

21 votes total

Before Dusk Sets In: Short Specials

by celestialdusks

Show Stats

Restart

Menu

Popout

Start Stepping

BEFORE

DUSK SETS

In

Short Specials

I'm forever grateful for the little interactive fiction community I've managed to make whilst writing stories. I never expected people to like my work, or connect with those who have such similar interests to me — *and this year especially* — I've found immense comfort in that when I needed it most.

The only way I can thank you for your support is by writing some short specials for your gang member and their bunch of misfits; the ros. I hope you enjoy these.

Happy Holidays! <3

Next

[Update — 24.](#)

[Dec 2, 2022](#)

Hello, I hope you're all doing well.

I have a bit of a surprise announcement. I've been planning this for literally months!

So, with university assignments and exams fast approaching, December is an extremely busy month so even though I wanted to release chapter 10 of *Golden* before the year is out — that won't be possible.

However, for months I've been planning a series of short stories for both *Golden* and *Before Dusk Sets In*. So, overall, nine stories, one for each RO that's in third person. These short stories will be interactive, all made with ChoiceScript so you can make choices for your main characters like you usually do.

Each story will be unique, as they'll be released around Christmas time, they may have a few holiday themes in there but not heavily about the holiday season so hopefully, it'll be enjoyable.

You guys are the first to know about this, and as usual, those subscribed to my Patreon will get early access to these. I hope you're as excited as I am.

The image above is a sneak peek of the *BDSI* short stories screen.

Before Dusk Sets In: Short Specials

by celestialdusks

Show Stats Restart Menu Popout Start Stepping

Five misfits. Five ros.

Choose a story.

☒ True Blue. **[Shiloh Quince]**

☐ Plot Twists. **[R Zayed]**

☐ Underground Company. **[L Corrales]**

☐ Little Comforts. **[C DeLuca]**

☐ Second Chances. **[T Heroux]**

Next

[Sneak Peeks: SS, #1](#)

[Dec 5, 2022](#)

Title sneak peeks for the short specials I'll be posting later on in the month. BDSI version.

'I have the strength of a thousand Gods and Goddesses, yet my feelings for you were enough to make me falter. I suppose congratulations are in order, for doing what no one has ever done before.'

[Sneak Peek; SS, #2](#)

[Dec 20, 2022](#)

A sneak peek of the opening quote of a certain someone's story.



[Golden — Short Specials](#)

[Dec 24, 2022](#)

Ahh, it's finally here and available to read! As my Patrons, you were the first to know that I was preparing these short stories for the ros, and now you have access to them!

Four short stories (approx. 2k words each), for four supernaturals:

- Vulnerabilities — A Dempsey
- Fireworks — B Holden
- Façade — K de la Renta
- Imperfections — P Martens

I spent soo much time on these so I really hope you enjoy them. You can customise your MC, choose your own pronouns and choose the genders of the ros. Please let me know what you think.

Thanks for your support this year. Enjoy!

Link is [here!](#)

[Next ro drabble #2](#)

[Jan 3, 2023](#)

It's going to be a series of drabble writing for the next few Patreon posts, and I'm excited to share them with you.

Who should the first drabble be about?

A Dempsey

B Holden

K de la Renta

P Martens

27 votes total

[Jan 6, 2023](#)

Hello, and happy new year! I hope you all had a lovely holiday season and the start of 2023 has been magical for you (<- P's speciality!), and if not, I'm positive the year is going to get much better for you.

So, just over a week ago I released *Golden's* short specials publicly and people seemed to like them which was lovely. When there's another *Golden* milestone, whether that be followers, ros' birthdays, or whenever I get a burst of inspiration — I'll happily release another collection of stories — if that's something you'd like, let me know.

I got back into writing the main story again, and this morning I hit over the 11k mark on chapter ten. There's a lot of supernatural lore in it, and a bit of a big reveal for the MC which I'm intrigued to know how readers will react to it.

There's one more mystery/lore scene that I need to write: that's with a whole new set of side characters, and maybe you should be suspicious of them... or not? Who knows?

Those on the *Golden* tier would have seen the poll I posted for drabbles recently, **K** is pretty much winning that poll so they'll be the first character I'll write the new collection of drabbles for.

For those of you that have watched Wednesday on Netflix (I promise there'll be no spoilers here!), there's a scene with the quote: "***Don't do that, discount my feelings***".* — so I thought it'd be a fun (& angsty) quote to base this series of drabbles off of, for example, the MC or ro admits their feelings to the other, and it's a bit of a whirlwind of trying to keep someone they like at a distance.

So, yeah, I'll get to writing that up and I'm pretty excited to post it and know what you think.

—

Snippet:

"I'm just sharing what I know. Tahara was onto something, something good, something concrete until her life was taken."

[Caution → K de la Renta](#)

[Jan 10, 2023](#)

"I like you."

It's been months since the two of you cracked the murder mystery that was hanging over your heads, even longer since you and **K** actually met for the first time. When you spend that much time with someone, platonic feelings can develop into something more.

The statement you've just thrown into the air shouldn't surprise **K**, yet it sort of does. Even worse, gets their heart racing, their mouth ajar as you sit across one another on the LIS rooftop.

K avoids your gaze, keeps their fixated on the sky that's changing from a light blue to a darker one. "I'm sure you'll get over it."

You hum as you lace your fingers together. What is it that you expected? For this to be easy, to take a leap into something with **K** and it be plain sailing?

"Don't do that," you whisper.

It's a whisper that isn't quiet enough to mask the disappointment in your words, even worse when **K** managed to hear everything loud and clear.

"Do what?"

"Discount my feelings," you answer, in a tone that shouldn't have sounded as harsh as it did, but here you are having an emotional conversation with a vampire.

K throws you a sympathetic look this time. If you're to think back to the development of your friendship with them, it involved a whole load of twists and turns, both relating to the supernatural world and mere clashes in personality.

But maybe it's the latter that worries the two of you. A vampire so confident and charismatic and flirtatious could have fallen into this hole of... something being romantic.

"You're lucky I'm discounting them," they blurt out. "I'm not partner material."

Your lips tighten into a thin line. "Putting yourself down already," you say with a scoff. "Not the way I thought this conversation would go."

K moves from their seat, stands, and takes a spot near to the railings. Time up here usually gives them peace and tranquillity, right now they're feeling far from that.

"What are you expecting me to say?" they ask.

Maybe it isn't the best decision, **K** is absolutely sure it isn't the best decision, but you join their side. Lean against the cool metal, and look from the sky to the skyline of the city.

"Something along the lines of, 'hey, I like you too, let's see where this goes'," you murmur back.

There is truth to your tone, maybe a bit of determination too. But, for **K**, taking one leap will lead to several more.

Admitting they like you is one demon conquered. The two of you going on a date is the next leap, a heart to heart conversation as difficult as this one is next.

... and then comes the hugs, and the kisses, because **K** has definitely imagined what it's like to experience those moments with you. At this point, they wouldn't want to experience them with anyone else.

But they're all leaps **K's** too afraid to take, especially when developing romantic feelings means breaking a promise to themselves.

Call it cowardly, or cautious, but there are some things vampires aren't made out for.

K and relationships is one of them.

"You can keep trying to push me away."

That hurts **K** a bit because that's exactly what they're doing, isn't it? Pushing away the one person that gives them the ability to completely fall... but also worry whether there's some kind of safety net to catch them at the bottom.

"Because you're going to keep persisting?" they ask.

You blink rapidly and take a step back. "No, that sounds *a little* like harassment," you half-joke as you turn to them. It manages to draw a chuckle out of **K**, so small victories.

"I mean that I wouldn't have said that I like you just on a whim."

The leaps: the hugs, the kisses, feeling completely free and open with one of their most favourite people in the world.

Surely demons and nightmares can stay at bay just so **K** can indulge in this and feel completely, 100%, happy.

Maybe some day that will happen.

That day won't be today.

But **K** will let themselves dream. Let caution turn into pleasure and if you're there, waiting on the other side, they'll know you're the one.

But they're sure of that already, aren't they?

[Update — 26.](#)

[Jan 22, 2023](#)

There isn't much of a writing update for a few reasons. For starters, I've had the flu for the past few days and it has not been fun, it totally wiped me out and I'm only just recovering. It's also my final year of my undergraduate degree so assignments have been piling up and my dissertation is due in March so the clock is ticking!

Onto writing stuff, I've had a bit of a writer's block for the past few weeks. It's frustrating because I know the stuff after the final scene I need to write up will be really good. There's a platonic scene with the ro you didn't go to the gala with, there's a big revelation at some point (depending on the time you picked a particular choice), and of course you meet the absolute disgrace that is Zillah Arryn! So, in other words, I need to get over this hurdle and get to the fun stuff!

For Patreon, I'm going to continue the drabble series. A is up next, however, it won't be related to the 'don't discount my feelings' drabble, it will be a drabble of their point of view from the short specials I posted for New Year's.

If you read A's one you would've seen that the mc helped them out with a few injuries. I got an ask on Tumblr asking how A got the injuries, and A wasn't lying, they did get them whilst sparring because they were distracted and thinking about the mc—so I'm going to give you an insight into a distracted A—which will be painful for them and a whole lot of fun for me and you.

That's it for now, and here's to more writing <3

[Distraction → A Dempsey](#)

[Jan 27, 2023](#)

A only merely misses the punch Zeren throws their way.

The two of them have been at it for hours: striking, dodging, circling each other, and A's used to all of that, but now something feels... different.

Zeren flicks the wisps of dark hair out of her face. "Is it just me?" *Strike*. "Or is Athena's most prized descendant getting sloppy?"

They don't even bother rolling their eyes. **A** knows Zeren's tactics by now: get under her opponent's skin and, ultimately, win. "Please. I wouldn't know sloppy if it slapped me in the face." **A** steps sideways and gets a jab into Zeren's side. *That's a point for them*. "Which you have failed to do, may I add."

Zeren bounces on her toes. "Nah, something's off, Dempsey."

There's an attack, and another, another. **A's** perception is lacking, because the blows that are coming their way have them flat-footed and scrambling. A frustrated groan escapes them, and before they can even realise it, there's a punch that connects with the side of their head.

Broken skin.

Zeren's been the first to draw blood. **A** can feel a small bead of it trickling down their temple. And they're pissed. Not at Zeren, she's one of their closest friends and this is what they do.

A's pissed at themselves. If the Gods could see them now: a lost fight and them on their backside after a spar, it'd be more than an embarrassment. It'd be a disappointment. *They would be a disappointment*.

Zeren doesn't bother sticking out a hand to help **A** up, she actually squats down and takes a seat next to them.

"Do you want me to clean that cut for you?" she asks sympathetically.

"Nope."

"**A**..." Their name comes off Zeren's tongue with slight slight amusement, but also concern. "Are you okay?"

Their brows furrow. "I don't know. Am I?"

"You weren't lying when you said that I've never landed a slap on you," Zeren muses, "yet today you—"

"What?" **A** shoots back in a sharp tone. "Today you got to change that because I've been distracted?"

Zeren's head tilts to the side, she eyes **A** for a brief moment and pauses. "Elaborate," she counters.

A turns and snaps their head towards her. "What?"

"Dempsey. Distracted," Zeren lists. "I want to know why."

That's the problem. **A** doesn't really *know* why. They have an inkling, dare they say it, a feeling of what it could be. But that something is a *someone*. Someone who entered their life many months ago, and despite the challenges they've all faced, they haven't left.

A knows what it's like to be thrust into a world that doesn't feel like their own. To have to meet people, form some kind of friendships, but for them, that's all it's ever been. There's no breaking down of walls, not many have been brave (or stupid) enough to even get to know **A** beyond a certain point.

Granted, people being kept at a distant is much better for them. No emotional bonds to create, and for them, if there's no emotional connection, no romantic feelings can begin to bubble.

So, when Athena's most prized descendant walks into the training rooms distracted, with *you* on their mind, it's a bigger deal than most.

"It's them, isn't it?" Zeren asks, the smirk practically audible in her voice, **A** doesn't even have to look at her.

"Stop."

Zeren laughs and crosses her legs as she leans back. "New year, same shit, huh?" she asks rhetorically. "Would you look at that, **A** Dempsey does know how to feel."

This one-sided conversation isn't going to be one that **A** listens to. They quickly get to their feet and begin to stride across the room. Before they can take another step forwards, Zeren reaches over and gently grabs their wrist.

"Hey."

"Zeren. I just—"

"Hey, seriously," she says again, tugging on **A's** arm to get their attention. They suck on a breath, debate whether to rip themselves out of Zeren's clutches and go home, or at least hear her out so they can at least leave on good terms. **A** goes with the latter.

A, with a clenched jaw, turns around. "Got something to say?"

Zeren Uzo, the chaotic, teasing, spar-loving part vampire, is standing in front of **A** looking soft. "You're my best friend. I'm not going to watch you beat yourself up, or let you ruin something with someone you can't stop thinking about because *you* feel like you don't deserve it."

Are tears something that ever prick **A's** eyes? Yes, they're half-human, just as weak as one, their Godly family would say—and now, they're blinking back the stinging feeling behind their eyes.

"Don't be a martyr this time, **A**," Zeren murmurs.

A does pull out of Zeren's grasp now. "Are you done?"

“No.” There are many things that Zeren Uzo hates, and one is walking away from her when she is most certainly not finished. “If someone has been on your mind *that* much, then you know that they don’t mean anything. Bonds, and links, and connections—look me in the eye and tell me you don’t feel any of that when you think of them?”

If you’re talking about Greek mythology, then you know the story of Medusa. Look her in the eye and you’ll turn to stone, that’s what **A** thinks will happen if they look Zeren in the eyes and bare all their naked truths.

“We don’t have to talk about this, Zeren,” **A** chokes out. “Even more importantly, *I* don’t want to talk about this at all.” They take another step forwards.

“Okay, fine,” Zeren mutters. “But I meant what I said. You deserve to feel good things without needing to put up a fight. You deserve to be happy. I know that mustering up and talking about feelings aren’t your thing, but I’m here, if you ever want to unload.”

A blinks. Then they nod and lean down to pick up their bag.

If feelings were **A’s** thing, they’d tell Zeren that they’re grateful for them. That the feelings bubbling within them when they think about you is mixed in with fear, and self-doubt, and struggle and guilt.

Words you’ll never hear. Words Zeren will never hear, either.

They’ll be written down in the pages of **A’s** journal.

But, if they were to daydream... to send you a text when they got home... maybe they could finally make sense of you being their pleasurable and irritating distraction.





[Commissioned Art — Phoenix](#)

[Feb 1, 2023](#)

I commissioned some Phoenix artwork a few days ago, and I thought what better to commission than an image from chapter 9's fancy gala! So here's your early access of it!

I really love it so let me know what you think. And as a bit extra, here's the commissioned art of Phoenix and Kaidan together.

[Next RO Drabble](#)

[Feb 22, 2023](#)

For the 'don't discount my feelings' drabble series, who would you like written next?

A Dempsey

56%

B Holden

25%

P Martens

19%

Poll ended Feb 26, 2023 · 16 votes total

[Update — 27.](#)

[Mar 4, 2023](#)

Hello! I feel like the majority of my updates will be on here now. I'm sorry for the silence on here and Tumblr, it's really getting to crunch time with my degree so all my focus has been on the multiple assessments I have due in the next two months — and it's *a lot*.

So, thanks so much to those who have stuck with me.

Patreon writing stuff: those on the Gold(en) tier, **A** won the vote for the next drabble of the 'don't discount my feelings' series, so after that's all done and written, I'll be posting that up (expect angst!).

Next month, I believe is the anniversary month of my side wip being out: [Before Dusk Sets In](#) (if you haven't read it before, I shall link it in this post and I'll link its [Tumblr](#)). I have a series of interactive short specials to post to celebrate its anniversary. Initially, this was going to be done for Christmas, but I postponed it to ensure the *Golden* version would be done in time. Now April is approaching, I think it'll be five good stories to post that lets you have a new insight into the ros during their crushing stage.

For actual *Golden* in-game writing, I've managed to add a few hundred words so even though the process right now is incredibly slow, I am getting there. And after I've finished writing this particular scene, I can get into the platonic soulmate scene which is exciting.

I'm really bogged down with uni work, but after April, it'll be full steam ahead on the writing front and I can't wait to show you.

[Names & Pages --> A Dempsey](#)

[Mar 9, 2023](#)

"I like you."

Absolutely *the* most terrible start. A year ago, it would've been a miracle for **A** to let you through the door to their apartment. Granted, this time you were actually invited, but the words that have left your lips are ones that have been playing around in your mind for months.

It's an understatement to say you and **A** got off to a bad start. But after all that there was chaos, the two of you beginning to understand each other, and for you, at least, there was some type of emotional connection.

And now you've blurted it out.

The two of you are standing in **A's** kitchen opposite one another. They lean against the kitchen island and arch a brow in your direction.

They pause. "You've been acting weird."

"I..." you begin, your lips twisting, bearing the expression of confusion. "What?"

A bounces from one foot to the next and opens their mouth again. "You've been acting weird for days." They then nod towards you. "Is that why? Because of what you said?"

You didn't expect to get this much out of **A**, not nearly this much. Although, that means they've noticed something different about you, at least, their observant nature counts for something.

"I suppose."

A's eyes flit over you for a brief moment before they look towards the kitchen's exit. "I'm going to pretend you didn't say it," they murmur. "We'll forget it happened."

That. That is definitely what you expected from **A**.

Once the slight shock wears off, you watch as **A** goes towards their living room, and you follow.

“I didn’t tell you that so you could ignore it,” you say.

A scoffs as they wander over to their bookshelf. “Believe me, ignoring it is the best thing we can do here.”

Anger engulfs you. Then embarrassment. Sadness begins to creep in, and if the notions about love and Greek mythology are all true, then maybe you should’ve seen this coming — yet you had hoped for a better outcome.

“Don’t do that,” you murmur after a steady breath. “Don’t discount my feelings.”

A’s breath hitches in their throat as their fingers wrap around a random book. One they have no interest in reading right now, but they need something to occupy their mind... something that isn’t you. **A** isn’t the one to have the emotional conversations, not about anyone else’s emotions, and definitely not about their own.

This is new territory for them. Completely unguarded territory that warps fear into them. A demi-god/dess, afraid of emotions — one of the things that makes supernaturals and humans equal.

A glances over their shoulder before fully turning to you. “If this is a conversation you want to have—”

“I’d want a much better response than the one you just gave me,” you retort.

That’s when **A** thinks about the situation. Seriously thinks about it. They know they’re different from the others, emotions don’t come easy, romantic feelings are even harder to come by. But... if **A** was being honest with themselves, emotional bonds with *you* haven’t been hard to come by.

Sure, you’ve gotten on **A**’s nerves at times. Tested their patience, and their personality but, at this moment in time, if **A** had to choose a person to trust with their life — there’s no doubt that you’d come to mind.

Maybe that’s the problem. **A**’s been dressing up their loyalty and (sort of) friendship to you as just that and nothing more.

And, possibly, it is something more.

“I don’t...” **A** flicks the pages of the book in their hands as they try to muster up the right words. “I’m the last person anyone wants as a partner.”

“I beg to differ,” you whisper back.

You’re not making this easy for them.

A grits their teeth. "We wouldn't work."

You take a step towards them. "Because we haven't tried."

"And we wouldn't last as a couple."

"Probably because you wouldn't let it." That's another step towards them.

They're looking you in the eyes now, and you stare right back. Beneath all the mixtures of hazel hues, you're hoping to find a glimmer of emotion, one that screams *I like you too* but then **A** blinks.

"You deserve someone better," **A** mutters, and now they're the one taking a step back.

Your mouth opens to respond... but honestly, it's not the reply you were expecting to get.

"Are you forgetting that for a solid month I had the idea of killing you?"

Ah, supernatural issues.

"Is that what it is? Is that what's stopping you having feelings for me?" you question. You watch **A** have an internal battle with themselves for a moment before their head shakes.

"I'm being practical. You and I wouldn't be practical."

You swallow hard, ready to give up on fighting a losing battle until you suck in a breath.

"There's one thing you haven't told me yet," you say. "Whether you feel anything for me at all."

A couldn't possibly tell you that. They couldn't tell anyone that. Imagine, Athena's most prized descendant falling for someone who's human, someone who's mortal... someone so spectacular that **A** failed to see it for so long.

They couldn't tell you.

But in the pages of the journal in their hand, they've written about it vaguely. Barely realising that this is what falling for someone is.

Now they have a name for it.

And once again, *your* name is the one in **A's** thoughts, and the one scrawled over their precious journal pages.

[Next RO Drabble](#)

[Mar 17, 2023](#)

Last drabble of the 'don't discount my feelings' series. Clearly you guys were fans of the angst from A and K... but who says B and P don't have angst? ;)

So, whose would you like written next?

B Holden

55%

P Martens

45%

Poll ended Mar 21, 2023 · 11 votes total

[Update — 28.](#)

[Mar 22, 2023](#)

All progress is good progress (and I mean this for both Golden and my dissertation!)

Anyway, I'm 99.9% sure you're not interested in my dissertation, so *Golden* stuff—I managed to get another few hundred words written. There are three choices in total equalling three scenes, and this scene has two branches to it. Depending on what you choose, you can meet a whole group of new people... or be introverted and do the total opposite.

After this scene (& one more where a previous character will make an appearance), that'll be the end of the plot scenes with the mc on their own. I think it's nice that the mc gets to roam around the supernatural environment on their own, chat to people, and get a feel for the world... and find out some secrets and mysteries on the way... a rather big one in particular. Afterwards, well, you're back with your date for the gala and experience quite a bit of angst.

I can't for certain say when a new update will be posted, as much as I'd love to spend all my time on it, there's a month left of university so every second has gone to that.

But after April :) I will be trying my best to churn out as much quality writing as possible. I have so much planned for this series and the ros, so I can't wait to explore it all.

Thanks once again for your support.

Word count: 321.2k

—

Snippet: “Don’t lose your heart to a supernatural, eh.”

[Update — 29.](#)

[Apr 3, 2023](#)

The dissertation is done and handed in! After three more assignments, I can fully delve into *Golden's* fictional world!

I've written another few hundred words. I've finally started the scene that's been playing on my mind, I'm glad it's finally started because it's been difficult to get going. However, the first choice options of that have been written up. I'm onto the second choice options, though I've realised that I've given myself a bit of work to do as I added in both a fake-dating route (romance) and the friend route—so I have to write 8 different scenarios for one choice which can get a bit repetitive, but I'm hoping it's fun to read. Especially as the choice is quite new to the game, it's an [*in denial*] choice to romance in game. I was thinking that if the ros can be in denial to the mc and any feelings, the mc should be able to act the same way at times—so fingers crossed that comes off well.

Additionally, I literally just had a cute idea for a **P** and mc drabble, it's not part of the 'Don't discount my feelings' series, it's just one I randomly came up with after seeing a reel. It involves art, unsaid feelings, and a slightly flustered **P**... so if you're interested in reading a drabble like that, let me know.

Lastly, thanks again for your support. I often find it difficult and feel like I'm not giving enough on here, as much as I try to.

Word count: 322k (+ 900)

Snippet:

"Besides, who knows, maybe that's the whole point — you need a change sometimes. Look at Cillian, lost his heart to a supernatural, and now he's engaged."

[Update — 30.](#)

[Apr 13, 2023](#)

Progress is progress and I've made a whole lot of it!

It's been so amazing and fun to get back into writing, like I've genuinely loved getting back into it and I finally finished off that scene I mentioned last week. The friendship scenes are done, and I'm super excited to share them with you guys. You're able to develop your friendships with the ros, and you get to do that one on one in a supernatural setting.

Each scene for each ro ended up being over 2k words, and there are a few branches to read through so I think the replayability works really well. Next, it's ro pov scenes! They're my favourite to write. I love delving into the ros' mind and their reaction to the fake dating (or friend route), and... you get to see their conversation with Zillah Arryn (*cough* tragic backstories here we go *cough*).

I think, so far, this has been my favourite chapter to write. I usually say this about every new chapter I write, but I truly do like this one and I hope it's going to be an enjoyable read for you all.

I'm probably about halfway through, or just over that so we're in a good position to get an update out extremely soon!

Snippet:

A fake chortle escapes the vampire. "Because there's no better pair than Zillah Arryn and a good-ass secret," K mutters sarcastically.

Word count: 339.5k (+17.4k — pat on the back for writing 17 thousand words in 10 days!)

[Update — 31.](#)

[Apr 28, 2023](#)

A bit of a two-in-one update. One, *I'm done with university!* I did three all-nighters in a row to get my assignments done, and now it's all over for the year — so, my summer sort of officially starts today.

It's been a very difficult academic year, but knowing I still had this story gave me a lot of comfort, so thank you for supporting me still on here when I know I haven't been the most active.

Now uni is over and done with, I'm immersed in the *Golden* universe fully. I'm onto the ros' pov of their conversation with Zillah, and the tragic backstories are coming out! I've finished off K's already, and I'm over halfway through B's. I can't wait for you guys to read these scenes, I think some of the ros' reactions will be surprising, but I'm also excited to put the ros in a... *vulnerable* position. You know, the mc's been through a lot in eight/nine chapters, so time for the tables to turn.

I also think this chapter is going to show a bit of platonic soulmates/found-family, or I'm hoping it will.

I really am enjoying writing this chapter, even when self-doubt about my writing and this story has often crept up, especially recently, so I'm trying to keep thinking about the fun you can have with writing.

I can't give a definite date for the update, but I'd love for it to be in May, so that's what I'm going to push for.

Snippet:

"Say what you like." Zillah moves to stand directly in front of [redacted]. She lifts up a manicured finger and points to their chest. "I know I've hurt you."

[Update — 32.](#)

[May 11, 2023](#)

I keep getting conscious that I'm not posting enough on here and I apologise for that. The academic burnout is only just lifting, and additionally, this whole time I've been chipping away at chapter 10.

I can tell you that my biggest worry for the chapter is that I've revealed too much about the ros too early, however, the first book of *Golden* may end up being a little less than 20 chapters, and it's only a trilogy — and a lot is going to happen, alongside the fact that I'm always coming up with ideas so I think it'll be fine.

I'm definitely past the halfway point of writing this chapter now. Since the last update I gave, the tragic backstory scenes are all done and written out for each ro, they all ended up being about 2k words each. I'm pretty excited to see readers' reactions to each of those scenes, especially as you as the reader get

to see the ros' pov before the mc (let me know if ro pov scenes are things you enjoy, I know for some it's not all that likeable).

Secondly, I'm on the ro x mc individual scenes — K's is done, I'm on A's now, and then it'll just be B and P left to write up before the mc goes in to see Zillah themselves which will be... an interesting experience.

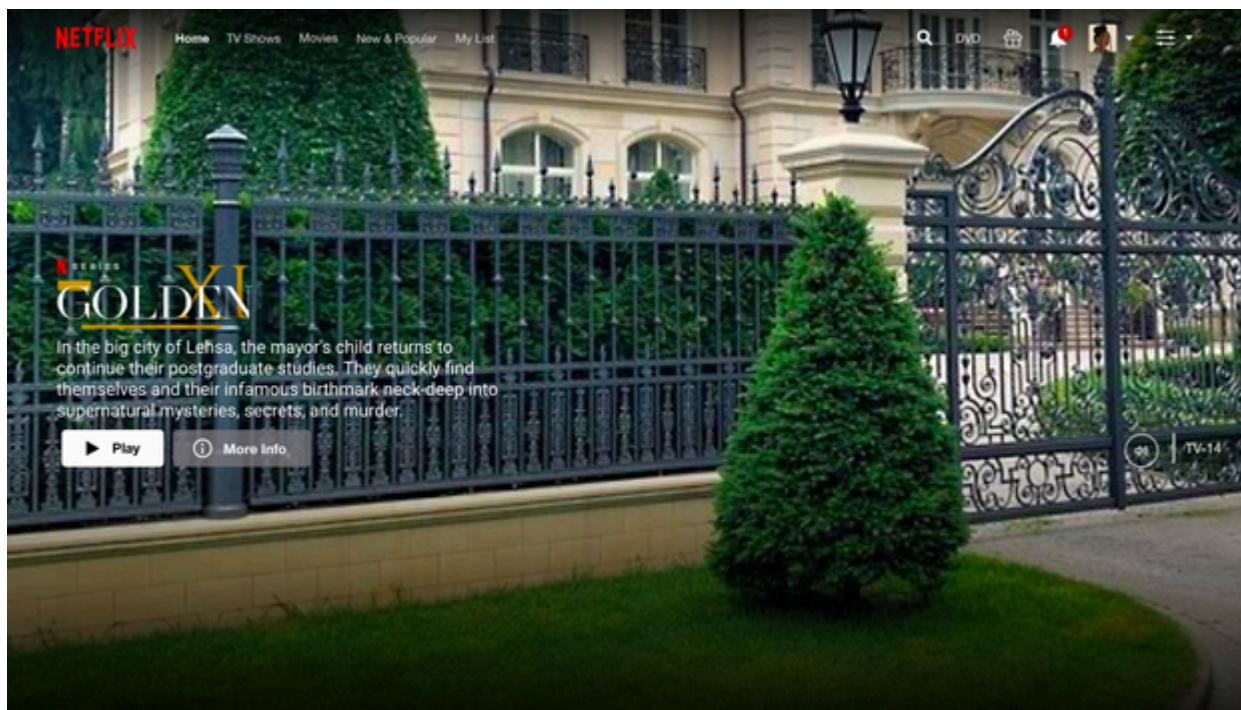
There's a lot going on in this chapter, a lot of information to gain, mysteries to follow, a big reveal and then Zillah Arryn as a character as a whole is huge in itself — so I really hope this ends up being an angsty and enjoyable chapter when it's out.

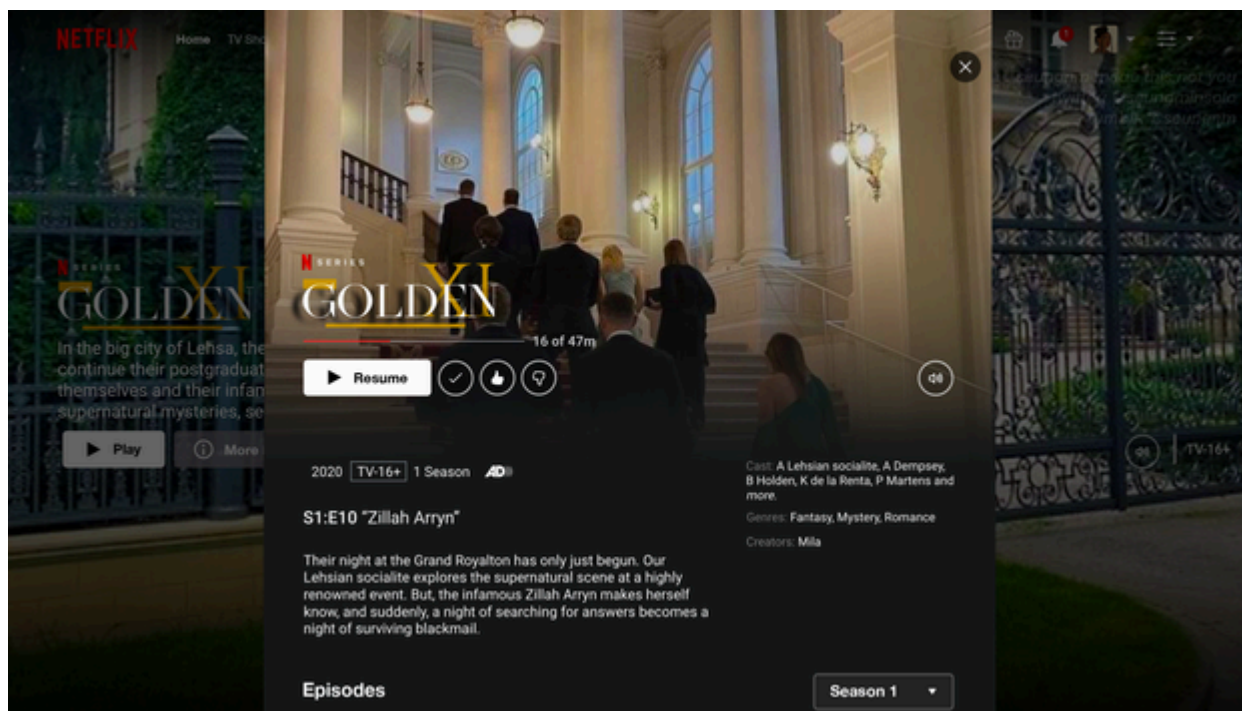
Still no confirmed release date, but I'm really hoping for and pushing for a May release! The remainder of updates will only be on here until the chapter is actually done and sent off to beta readers, so hopefully these are a nice delve into my writing process.

Snippet:

"How did that happen? The blood?"

Total word count: 356.9k (+ 13.9k — almost 14k in two weeks!)





[Golden Edits](#)

[May 13, 2023](#)

Soo, I spent all day (embarrassingly!) making this Netflix style edit for Golden using a psd template I found.

It's specifically for chapter ten, so there's a little bit of a sneak peek in there too.

I hope you like the edits, and let me know if you'd like these kind of edits for future chapters too.

[Update — 33.](#)

[May 24, 2023](#)

Bad news first is that I don't think we'll get chapter 10 released for May. The fact that university is over sort of overwhelms me a bit now, the fact that I can spend so much time writing and then... just don't because of writer's block, maybe. It could be fatigue... I have no clue.

Good news is that a June release is like 90% going to happen! Just because I couldn't get the chapter out for May doesn't mean there hasn't been significant progress. I didn't think this chapter would be over 40k words, let alone over 50k words, so it's a lot bigger than I expected.

I'm on the last individual ro x mc scene and that's B's scene, so as soon as that's done, which I'm hoping will at least be by the end of this week, I get to write up the Zillah Arryn reveal scenes and see how the mc does when talking to her. That whole scene is planned out and just ready to be written up. When I plan out scenes like this, they usually work, the only thing that happens is that I might add in an extra choice that I think the reader would appreciate to ensure they can flesh out their mc's personality.

For example, this happened with the ro x mc scenes where I realised there wasn't much of a *rude* option for the mc to fire back at the ros, so I included that in and I'm hoping it'll be a nice edition.

We're well over halfway into this chapter being fully written, even more so now that I've scrapped a certain scene towards the end, but it doesn't get rid of any plot or dialogue so that's all fine.

Here's to a good writing week (well, what's left of the week!).

Word count:

363.2k (+ 6.3k)

Snippet:

"Have you been crying?"

[Muse \[a short story\] — Happy Birthday Phoebe/Phoenix](#)

[May 27, 2023](#)

Muse [a short story]

→ the beginning of a relationship with P: their emotions, insecurities, and sprinkles of love in between.

Happy birthday to my favourite magical being! As usual, here's a drabble that I hope you'll enjoy! Let me know your thoughts.

You're sure that if you could delve into **P's** mind, it would look exactly like their apartment. Open space, sunlight streaming in at all angles, scented candles flickering alongside flowers perfectly placed in vases. The puppy and kitten they have sleep peacefully in the corner of their living room, and if you were to ask **P** what they want the rest of their days to look like, what brings them peace and happiness in their life — it would be moments like this, right here.

The comfort of their apartment, their pets, and *you*.

Though, the latter is what sparks worry within **P**. Your relationship with the magical being is somewhat new, a few months in at most, and the addition of a person they have come to adore is something else entirely.

Whilst a somewhat difficult topic of conversation in the past, relationships are something that **P** would commend themselves on. But the past came with failures, the same failures that left **P** with heartbreak and questioning the elements of the concept of love. What it is, what it truly feels like, whether it's something they'll be able to experience with you.

The latter is what they're hoping for, and maybe they're leaning towards it already without realising. After all, you spent the night at **P's** place and there were no complaints from either of you.

"I'm taking you out," you utter, clutching a mug of the hot drink **P** made you.

The blonde arches an eyebrow. They're standing in the kitchen directly opposite you, a few feet away with their own mug clutched between their hands, and you see them in an element you haven't before.

P doesn't have to be your significant other for you to know that their regular appearance is crisp and clean, all wrinkles in their attire ironed out properly, their hair fresh and neatly styled, and a few bits of thin jewellery scattered around their fingers and wrists.

Now, you're witnessing something slightly different, and you can tell it's because you're more than a mere friend to them. **P** hasn't too long come out of the shower, they're bare-faced, half-dressed, and have a few droplets of water running down their hair.

It's utterly simple, nothing to write home about... but you begin to notice that it's a sight that you'd regularly love to see. The person who is the embodiment of the calm before, during, and after a storm.

"Oh?" **P** questions, the corner of their mouth quirking upwards as they take a sip of their drink. "You are?"

You nod. "Hm, a date."

"A date," **P** repeats, as though they're testing the words as they let a smile break out onto their lips. It's something you can't help but beam at as a date is a concept that wasn't uttered by either of you for so long. It was something you and **P** danced around for various reasons: it wasn't the right time to date, the circumstances in the supernatural and human world would make a relationship too difficult, the two of you weren't one hundred percent sure the other felt the same.

"So, if you're willing to accept..." you murmur.

P tilts their head. "I suppose you're worth emptying my diary for."

You let out a humorous scoff. "Ah, thank you for giving me the time of day," you say, continuing the joke as you take a few steps towards **P**. "I'm incredibly lucky." Your final step takes you directly in front of them, less than a few inches apart.

Your hand slowly clutches **P's** mug, you take it out of their hands and place it on the counter. It's a small, maybe meaningless gesture, but **P** watches your every move intently until your eyes are flitting over their features.

A silence washes over you both, and instead, **P's** sure they are the one with the luck of a four leaf clover. You watch as their pupils dilate, and if even possible, the blue of their eyes intensifies a tad bit more.

"Where, exactly?" they ask, their melodic voice breaking through the silence. "Where are we going?"

You smile. "Don't be impatient."

"I'd say 'eager' is more the word."

"Really?" you ask.

"Of course," **P** mumbles. "I..." The rest of the words they were going to say get stuck in their throat, begging and scratching at their vocal chords to be said, but **P** swallows them — but you notice.

You take one of **P's** hands in yours. Your fingers slowly and gently intertwine before **P** brushes their thumb over one of your knuckles. "What were you going to say?" you question in a whisper.

P shakes their head slightly, as though they're simply trying to enjoy this moment without having to let worries creep into their mind. "Nothing important."

"Everything you say is important," you reply, which only gets **P's** heartbeat racing that much faster. If your hand was over their chest, you'd feel it thumping. If you had the power to delve into their mind you'd see that **P's** in a constant battle with themselves.

Their *heart over head*, emotive look on life has burned them before, and they're praying that this isn't one of those times where their emotions will get the better of them and ruin their relationship with you. **P** has a strategy: don't let their feelings get the better of them, no matter how quickly they feel they're falling for you.

Granted, it's a strategy **P's** finding hard to stick to. Especially when you stayed the night and shared a bed with them, even more so when they can think of nothing more than leaning in and kissing you now.

"I do need to ask you one question though," you mention, pulling **P** out of their thoughts about you and forcing them to concentrate on the words coming out of your mouth instead of kissing it.

"And what's that?" the magical being mutters.

"Would you rather we go to a restaurant or—" You tilt your head to the side as you interrupt your sentence abruptly, your eyes land on something behind **P** that you're pretty sure is a canvas. What surprises you is the sketch that's on it. "**P**, is that me?"

P's right eyebrow, the one with the two styled slits, raises in confusion until they follow your eyeline. Your gaze most definitely did land on a canvas, and the beginning of **P's** pencil sketch is most definitely you — well, it's you, their three friends, and an assortment of flowers dotted around. It's the same kind art **P** wouldn't really mind sharing... but this particular piece of work is one they'd rather keep to themselves.

Which causes **P's** answer to tumble out of them. "Noo."

A light smirk curls over your lips as you take a step back and move to exit the kitchen. "I beg to differ," you say as you go to take a closer look. But, **P's** between you and the canvas in a flash, blocking you from gaining confirmation.

They clear their throat lightly. "It's just a few random drawings." It's a lie, you and **P** both know that, and they're pretty much kicking themselves because of it. But, the best way emotions don't come spilling out of them through words is by getting them down in the form of art.

And, as you're someone who makes **P** feel so deeply, of course there's always been a high chance you'd end up in their thoughts and sketches.

It's the first time you've seen **P** nervous and flustered. It's something that you're finding pretty adorable, that they've run their fingers through their now dirty blonde hair so many times that it looks disheveled, and they want nothing more than to steer you away from the living room.

"Restaurant," **P** blurts out. "We can go to a restaurant."

"Don't change the subject. You haven't shown me your art yet."

"Hm, that's because it's not finished yet."

Your eyes flit over them. "So I can see it when it's finished?"

A chuckle escapes **P**. "Absolutely not."

They're not sure whether it's so your mind will be occupied on something else, or whether they can't bear to let another moment slip by without it, but after the words tumble out of their mouth, **P** gently places a finger under your chin and captures your lips with their own.

You savour each touch and taste as the two of you continue kissing. **P's** lips are soft and a little chapped, they taste of honey, and hot tea, and strawberries. And you indulge in the sweet sensation so much that your fingertips delicately run up and down the exposed bits of skin on their torso, your touch being the key to draw a satisfied sigh out of **P**.

You pull away for a moment. Your eyes are still shut, you lean in again and your lips brush against **P's**. You can feel their lips part, and you know they're waiting for your cue to continue what you just finished.

But you decide to tease them instead.

"You and I both know that's a sketch of me, **P**," you say against their mouth before you take a step back.

They refrain from rolling their eyes before reaching over to a nearby chair and slipping on a mint green sweater. **P** then shrugs their shoulders. "Maybe," they give in.

You slip your hand in theirs and pull them towards the front door. "You can tell me all about how I'm your muse on the way to our date."

P almost laughs at that statement, because, especially after today, they're sure they could talk about you for an eternity.

[Update — 34.](#)

[Jun 4, 2023](#)

I've finally finished the ro x mc individual scenes! Honestly, these should have been finished like two weeks ago, every day I would wake up and say, *'okay, today we're going to finish off those scenes'* and to my disappointment, it never happened — until today!

I checked how many words all the scenes and the choices were, and it's over 14k words, so maybe I can be a little easier on myself knowing there are quite a lot of words — and I'm really hoping that helps with replayability.

I was saying that I never expected this chapter to be over 40k or 50k words, well, chapter 10 is now a few hundred words being close to 60k words which sort of blows my mind because... yeah, I didn't think it would ever, ever happen! But, again, I'm hoping that helps with writing quality and you as readers being able to immerse yourself into the world.

The chapter is about 75% done right now, and I'm about to go into the next scene where the mc speaks to Zillah and can see whether this infamous woman is as infamous as everyone says. It's not done, but I'm already super nervous about this chapter eventually being out into the world, it's probably because it's been so long since an update (which I apologise for!), but it's also a chapter I'm excited about because I feel like it's the first step where the mc enters the supernatural world properly.

I hope this is the beginning of a good writing week, and there's more good news to give you in the upcoming days. We're really getting to a finished chapter now, promiseeee.

Word count:

368,234 (+ 5k)

Snippet:

"Yet she claims we're still in debt to her."

[Update — 35.](#)

[Jun 21, 2023](#)

Chapter 10 is getting there! Three more scenes left and this chapter is done. I expect it to be very close to 70k words. I'm still crossing my fingers for it to be released in June too.

It's been a weird time because whilst I was at university, I prayed for times like this where I could just sit down and write without worrying about uni deadlines. Now I've got it, my motivation to write has dropped quite a bit. It may be fatigue and just because I've personally gone through a lot since the year started, but hey-ho, no matter what this chapter is getting finished.

I'm at the stage where the mc is having their individual chat with Zillah, and after I finish writing up this choice set that is a *huge* spoiler, the mc gets to take on Zillah's mind games which I think will be interesting. When the chapter gets released, I'm excited to see what choices readers would have chosen in regards to that.

Overall, I'm happy with how the chapter is going, apart from maybe one or two insecurities about it, but happy for the most part. It's just about getting it done and sent off to beta readers.

Despite it being at a slower pace than I wanted, I am jogging towards the finishing line!

Word count:

373,888k (+ 5.6k)

Snippet:

"So, what? You store parts of people's minds in those vials and keep them like trophies?"

[Update. — 36.](#)

[Jun 27, 2023](#)

It's DONE!!

I promised you countless times: when motivation was lacking, when I was knee-deep in university work, when I had the flu etc etc. that I'd promise to get chapter 10 done and written up and I wasn't going to break that promise...

Because, now, after so long — it's done!

I have mixed feelings about this chapter because there's so much going on, and I want to balance between plot and characters to be just right, but I think I've managed to get it up to scratch. Well, I hope I have! Fingers crossed!

There are a few changes to the demo overall too — you can choose your own pronouns, there's the option to wear glasses, alongside some other edits and additional choices that I made in earlier chapters. Oh, and there are new graphics for those that play with a black background.

Soo, yeah. A few changes, a whole lot of words for a chapter that I thought would only be 40k words (it's over 70k words), and lots of drama, blackmail, manipulation, fake-dating continuation... yup, a lot.

I'm going to play-test, send the story off to beta-readers, and then I'll go from there.

Thank you soo much for your support, it means the world.

Word count:

382,964k (+ 9.1k)

Snippet:

K's eyes roll. "Look, I have a few choice words for Zillah Arryn and none of them are fucking nice."



[Golden — Demo Update — Early Access](#)

[Jul 1, 2023](#)

DISCLAIMER: Thanks so much for all of your support, and because of that, you get this early demo release! Please, *please*, don't share any content from the demo with anyone as it's been released to you early for a reason!

Are you ready for it? Chapter 10 of *Golden* is available for you guys on the Golden tier!

Use the password **InTelchosenchats** to access the demo.

IN THIS CHAPTER

- Make yourself known in the supernatural community
- Find out about parts of the tragic backstories that weigh heavily on the ros' shoulders.
- "Is it real?" <- the all-important question regarding your fake date
- See angst, provide comfort
- *Magic & a vampire clan leader*
- Converse with Zillah Arryn (she's a *real* piece of work, good luck)
- Receive a crucial clue
- Realise that you *may* really be a member of this '*dysfunctional*' group
- And, uh, *you didn't really think you were special, did you?*

WORD COUNT

- 384,771 (without coding) + **76.1k** <- chunkyy chapter
- 95,428 (average playthrough word count) + **16.7k**

There are a few changes: hot new graphics for a black background, you can choose your own pronouns, stats have a new look, and you can wear glasses and/or contact lenses alongside other minor editorial stuff. If there are any problems with your saves then please restart the game as I assume previous saves will be broken.

It's been a long time since the last update. This is the most nervous I've been about an update for a while, so I really hope you enjoy this one. And, alongside all of that, let me know your thoughts on the chapter.

[Update 37.](#)

[Jul 16, 2023](#)

Hope you're doing well. Chapter 10 has been out for just over a week now so I think I can breathe a little.

I, of course, am hoping that chapter 11 won't take as long to write. I have the chapter planned out in my head, so I'm hoping I can transfer that onto a screen with some ease.

Other than the drabbles I'll be posting on Patreon (includ. **B's** birthday drabble on July 29... when I come up with a good idea for it), I have some other things to mention.

Soo, first is that there'll be a follower giveaway on Tumblr. I went over the 4,000 mark which is super crazy. Numbers don't mean everything, but the fact that people have wanted to follow my blog and at least see the progress of my game at one point or another is great.

I want to add 3 prizes to the giveaway, I just need to decide what they'll end up being.

Second of all, for full transparency, I've been looking into making *Golden* a Twine game. Realistically, I could've done this switch about two years ago when many IF authors were doing the same. But I was honestly worried about the coding (which I still am, but I've already learned a few things!) and the possibility of losing readers. However, Twine offers so much more as an IF writer and *Golden* will totally be my own with no need to publish with a company; and only get a measly 25% of royalties made when I've put in almost 100% of the work when it comes to writing.

I'll make a full post on Tumblr about the switch to Twine when I get further along with my learning, and when I've actually ported some chapters into Twine — but I just wanted you all to be the first to know.

[Nightmares — K de la Renta](#)

[Jul 27, 2023](#)

My wrists are tied together tightly. Even though I can't see them, I'm sure there is a deep red tinge over them. It's cold. Wet. Dark. I can't even tell how long I've been here. My joints ache, my muscles too — but that's exactly what he wants from me. From us.

But this 'survival of the fittest' game isn't something I'm cut out for.

If I admit I'm scared then it becomes true...

You feel yourself stir awake.

K has always had a particular nighttime routine when it comes to sleeping next to you. They can't close their eyes until you are fully asleep. You've asked them multiple times as to why, and their response never changes — “because I don't need sleep as much as you do”.

They won't admit to you that it makes them feel safer. **K** won't tell you the steady sound of your breathing and heartbeat calms them.

But when you glance over at them, they're anything but calm. Their eyes are closed, there's a twisted grimace on their features, and **K** can't help but grip the bed sheets tightly.

"**K**," you murmur whilst rubbing the sleep out of your eyes.

If I admit I'm scared then I won't survive this.

But what am I surviving for if I'm not human? Well, I don't think I am. I feel different... my mouth and gums hurt... this body isn't my own...

It feels supernatural.

And I feel far from strong.

Every single memory of being trapped in here comes to the surface. Every. Single. One. Down to each minute detail.

It scorches my brain. Burns my eyes. I can't even cry because that feels useless.

Despite the others around me I feel more alone than ever.

You're half awake, but alert. **K's** hand subconsciously pats around beside you. They're searching for you. Searching for something to hold and cling on to. You're that for them, at times like this, now more than ever.

"You're having a nightmare," you whisper. "**K**, love. Wake up," you utter in a soothing tone.

Or maybe I was alone from the beginning. That this is all some kind of destiny that's been part of my path.

Survive the torture but live alone. Or die from the torture whilst mentally being alone.

All whilst...

"**K**! Wake up now!"

The vampire's eyes snap open. They suck in a deep breath and quickly sit upright. Cold sweat coats their forehead, so much so that **K's** curls stick to it. They groan, glance down, and quickly find that their hand is in yours. **K** gives it a squeeze until they realise the situation that you're both in.

"Oh, shit," they murmur. "Shit! Sorry, I..." **K** trails off whilst wiping a hand over their face, the heel of their hand rubbing into their eyes. "Sorry."

A sympathetic look shimmers in your eyes as you sit up too. "You don't have to apologise. Ever," you mutter softly.

After a steadying breath, **K** pulls their hand away. “I do when I’m waking you up in the middle of the night.” They scoff. “Fucking nightmares...”

Your lips purse together. “You went nights without one,” you utter, trying to add some positivity. But all **K** does is scoff.

“Not enough nights without one,” they counter before ripping the duvet off their legs. **K** ends up leaving your bedroom without a word, and with vampire speed they’re quickly down the stairs.

If the circumstances were different, you’d make a joke about their supernatural abilities. But instead, you follow their path and find them pacing in the kitchen. **K** rhythmically steps, and counts out each one like it’s a coping mechanism. You almost don’t want to interrupt but they turn to you as soon as you walk into the room.

“You were sleeping well before,” **K** says to you softly, their voice falters in the slightest bit — in a way that indicates they’d be happy to be swept into a hug. “You can go back to bed, I’ll be there in a minute.”

You shake your head the slightest bit. “I want you to be okay.”

“I am.”

You arch an eyebrow as you edge closer towards them. “That’s a lie.”

“I just—” **K** suddenly stops their pacing as the rest of their words fail to come out. Only for now. “I thought I was done with having nightmares. Done with repaying the same thing over and over again. I mean, all this traumatic shit happened over a century ago.”

“It’s the reason you’re a vampire. The reason you fled your home,” you remind them. “It’s not just something to get over.”

“But I *want* to get over it.” **K**’s hands are shaking now. You reach out and hold them. For several moments yours shake along with them.

You bring them a little closer. “And one day you might. Or one day it’ll get a little easier to manage. Just because that isn’t tonight doesn’t mean that it won’t happen at all.” **K**’s eyes roll. “I mean it,” you tell them.

“And I wish I could believe you.”

“You are not your trauma, **K** de la Renta. You never have been. And I’ll be by your side to remind you of that every time.”

[Aug 9, 2023](#)

It's officially over a month since Golden got its update, and I've delved into the world of another IF side project. For those of you who are sports fan, football/soccer fans specifically, I'm writing an IF where the main character is a professional footballer. Even if you're not interested in sport/football, I hope you'll give it a read. The tumblr for this IF is [@beyondthegame](#) — check it out.

I know this isn't specifically a Golden update, however, working on this football IF has been great because it's taught me so, so much about Twine. The coding, the UI, stats, making it mobile friendly etc. So when it comes to porting Golden into Twine, I'll be able to do so a little easier. Additionally, Golden's going to go through a bit of a rewrite; not majorly in terms of the plot changing, but the earlier chapters I wrote as a teenager.

By doing this, I'm sure the story will be better and it gives backstory to the mc and their relationships with the other characters like their parents and Jordan. The ideas for the rewrites are in a word document ready for me to tackle.

Tomorrow, I'll be posting what the UI for the football IF looks like (it is mobile friendly too!) and then you'll also have an idea of what the Golden UI will look like in the not-so-distant future.

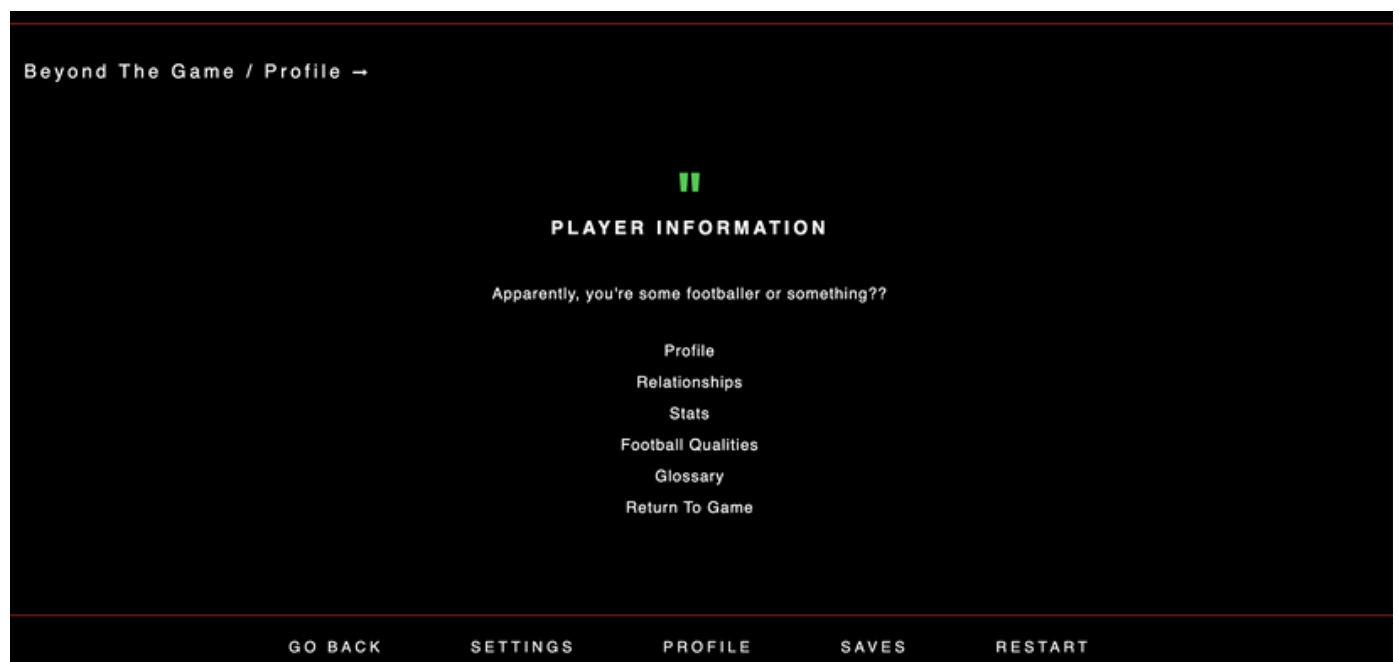
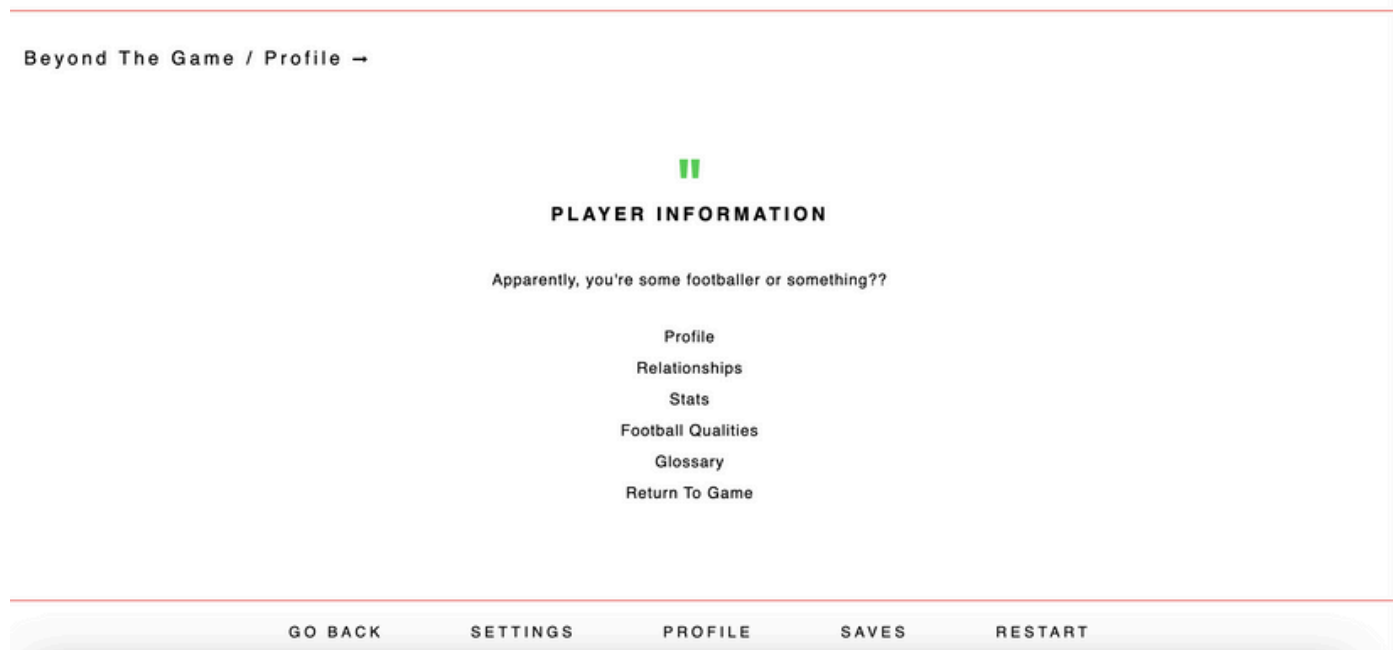
Thanks for your support.

BEYOND
THE
GAME

[Aug 10, 2023](#)

Here are a few pages of the game in Twine too! It will be mobile friendly, comes with various fonts and also in dark mode as shown below.

I expect the Golden Twine game to be similar, just with a different colour scheme.





RELATIONSHIPS

Milan St. Clair.

You haven't met this character yet.

L Santos.

You haven't met this character yet.

Cypress de Vera.



Footballer Qualities

Player Qualities.

Physicality



Passing



Shooting



[Update — 39.](#)

[Aug 21, 2023](#)

Beyond The Game update: With the UI done, I've finally gotten into writing. It's interesting writing a slice of life/sport game. It's super duper different from a fantasy game, of course it's a lot less world-building etc. but fun all the same.

The writing bit has been fun so far. The Twine interface is a lot more different than ChoiceScript and even though I've done a lot of the hard work with Twine coding and a UI, I still sometimes find writing in Twine slightly intimidating — just looking at a load of passages and a new interface that's a lot more interactive than ChoiceScript.

Either way, the writing has started and from what I've written so far the mc has already met the first character which is the best friend: Milan St. Clair. I've finished the prologue, that was super duper short, and the rest of the writing will be in chapter one. I think the demo release will end up being just the prologue and chapter one, but I think that it will be quite a big demo release in terms of word count because I want the mc to meet all five ros.

Side note: apparently Dashingdon, the website where many ChoiceScript demos, such as *Golden*, are on is going to stop getting updated. So in the near future there's a chance that Dashingdon won't be used at all anymore. So it's either authors will need to find another hosting website for ChoiceScript games or make a move to software like Twine.

I've mentioned the move to Twine for *Golden* before, but this pretty much solidifies it in a way if that's what's going to happen to Dashingdon. After *Beyond The Game*'s release, I'll be fully trying to start porting all ten chapters to Twine and upload to itch.io.

For Patreon content, I'll be posting a few drabbles for all of the ros. I might even start a series of drabbles around a specific topic, so if there's a specific scenario of drabbles you'd like to see then let me know.

Thanks for your support.

—

Beyond The Game —

Word Count: 3.3k

[Drabble Vote](#)

[Aug 27, 2023](#)

For the upcoming drabbles, I wanted to do a vote to see what you would prefer to see.

Golden drabbles

58%

Beyond The Game drabbles

0%

Both — e.g., there's a Golden drabble one day & a BTG one the next

42%

Poll ended Aug 29, 2023 · 19 votes total

[Nostalgia — P Martens](#)

[Aug 30, 2023](#)

There's flour in their blonde hair, smears of chocolate over their hands. **P's** sure that there's even some smeared on their cheek.

Art is their usual go to. Pencils, acrylic paints, a fresh sketch pad to put their ideas onto a canvas — but now they're trying something else — baking. **P** would tell you that they're not entirely sure how or why baking came into their thoughts, but in the back of their mind they know it brings them that bit closer to home.

They had texted you earlier: firstly in the group chat, and again personally. The latter had them debating whether they should, but **P** typed out the message and pressed send before they could even think. Thankfully, you messaged back quickly and you were happy enough to meet them at their apartment.

When you arrive **P's** absolutely sure they're doing this baking thing to keep them busy, but doing so with you only makes it more enjoyable.

"Stop!" you exclaim with a laugh as **P** approaches, a spoon in their hand as it drips cake batter over the counter. "You're going to get it on me."

"That's the point, obviously," **P** says coolly with a broad grin, all before the next few moments happen in a quick motion.

As you jokingly walk backwards, **P** edges closer, their hand gently wraps around your wrist and pulls you forward. In that moment, though it's such a cliché saying, it feels like time stops. **P's** touch is comforting, it's light, electric even — but that could be the magic flowing through them.

P's lips part ever so slightly, and even though you're standing under LED lights in their kitchen, you notice they easily illuminate the blue colour of their eyes. How can you not notice them? They're one of the first things you notice about **P** — especially when they're staring at you in such an adoring way.

Their eyes bore into your own and you feel yourself lost in a slight trance until you feel something a little cold fall over your hand. You break the stare and glance to the side to see cake batter falling onto them.

"You succeeded," you whisper with a breathless chuckle.

"Hm?" **P** asks, completely oblivious.

"You got batter on me."

P's eyes widen a little. "Oh, sorry." They quickly pull the spoon away and drop it into the bowl. It isn't often that you see **P** flustered, and you're not sure if that's exactly what you're seeing now by the way they smoothly slink away, but it's extremely close.

"Don't be," you utter before bringing your hand up to your mouth. "It tastes good."

P gives you a soft smile. "Small victories, then."

—

With the cake in the oven, the two of you move to sit in **P**'s living room. It's as you remember it, the same way you saw it when you visited the first time after the gala and the Grand Royalton. 'The embodiment of a Pinterest board,' A mentioned. The only difference now is that **P**'s cat, **C**iro, is happily strutting around.

"Where's **S**tella?" you ask casually as **C**iro comes near you. He stops at your feet, tilts his head, reaches out a paw to touch you... but decides against it and walks away.

P chuckles as their cat walks past. "Stella is with one of my neighbours. She loves people," they say. "Ciro on the other hand..."

The corner of your lips curl upwards. "Is introverted like his owner."

P playfully rolls their eyes. "Not *that* introverted." They pause for a moment. "I'm with you, aren't I?"

You can tell by their words that they are said in a tone that's slightly hopeful. The hope that you'll want to visit again, the hope that you enjoy their company as much as they enjoy yours.

"Very true," you answer, "and it's not terrible being around you. Especially when you're trying to get chocolate all over me."

That brings a laugh out of the two of you, and you realise the two sounds are harmonious together. Maybe a little too perfect, if that could ever be an issue.

"I haven't baked anything in years," **P** muses.

"Yeah? How come?"

They shake their head lightly. **P's** features morph into an expression that's almost pained. You're ready to tell them that they don't have to share anything at all until they do.

"It reminds me of my childhood, is all," **P** answers.

This is the part when you shouldn't pry, but you can't help yourself — especially after *that* gala. "Good memories?"

P takes a moment and then nods. "The ones that involve baking cakes and pastries and whatnot, yes." They lean back in their seat. "I don't know. I'm probably just feeling somewhat nostalgic after the gala."

How could they not? That night was hard on everyone. Them, you. A whole night of questions, trying to solve supernatural mysteries whilst clearing your names of one of the worst crimes possible.

"Nostalgia is a good thing," you murmur, "especially now. Keep and create all the good memories that you can," you say softly.

You're both staring at each other again. And you'd be lying if you said that your gaze hadn't darted down to **P's** lips once or twice.

"And this moment," **P** murmurs, their eyes still on you, "is it a good one?"

It is. It would be better if you kissed me, you're tempted to say but you settle for a nod.

"All my moments with you are good ones," you answer, not realising the two of you have been moving closer to one another.

There's so many things to think about.

You're certain **P's** going to kiss you.

The oven timer is going off.

Your phone is vibrating in your pocket and you're certain it's the group chat.

And **Ciro** suddenly seems to think he likes humans now because he's gliding towards you.

The first of those comes true... sort of. **P** wets their lips quickly, tilts their head and leans to the side. Their lips hover over your cheek before they're pressing a light peck to it.

For something so feather-light and brief, it felt glorious. A sensation you wouldn't mind feeling more than once... yet you groan.

P pulls away and they instantly raise an eyebrow. Not in confusion, but in slight panic and curiosity that they've done something wrong.

"I wanted you to kiss me... properly," you admit.

It pulls a grin out of **P**, a broad one that you'd happily snap a picture of and look at at least once a day. They rest their hands on your thighs, and as you wanted, they lean forward. Their lips brush over your own, and you're sure that what you want is going to happen until...

"I promise I'll kiss you properly after we eat cake," they mumble against your lips, "and after I take you on a real date."

[Update — 40.](#)

[Sep 4, 2023](#)

We're officially in September, so I suppose mindset sort of turns to work mode for the pure fact that university starts again this month for me. I feel like the summer has gone by so quickly but slowly at the same time.

Although I say work mode, I took a few days off of writing because I was feeling a bit tired and just burnt out overall. Today, I got back into it and chipped away at Beyond The Game's first chapter again, and it reminds me that writing with Twine is a whole new experience and hopefully it'll continue to be a fun one. I also managed to get extra software installed on my laptop (Visual Studio Code + Tweego for anyone interested) to ensure that Twine doesn't lag when I'm writing, and the interface reminds me of Choicescript so it's a little more motivating to get me into writing. Installing the software was beyond difficult and took 3 days in itself, so I think that's what helped cause my burnout.

Additionally, I posted P's drabble a few days ago and I hope that was fun to read. And then I was trying to think what I could do for a drabble series on here, and I came up with the idea for the ros' pov after the Grand Royalton gala. You get to obviously see their pov in chapter 10 with Zillah, but the aftermath of it you don't — so I imagine that when I write those they'll be filled with angst, mystery, and them thinking about their night with the mc... so fingers crossed they'll be good stuff to read as I can't wait to write them and share them with you.

In terms of IF updates, I'm hoping to get Beyond The Game out...soon. That would be great, and then either writing Golden's 11th chapter and uploading on Dashingdon, and then switch to Twine after that or just switch to Twine altogether with rewrites I have in mind — I'm not entirely sure yet, but you'll be the first to know.

Look out for the drabbles in the upcoming days, and hopefully when this new football story is out, it'll be a fun read even if you're not into sport.

Beyond The Game :

Word Count: 10.5k

My brows knit together and I go to turn around to see what the fuss is about until Tamara sends me an uneasy warning.

"You really should wait until they change the channel," she tells me, the look on her face similar to Milan's.

"Why?" I question.

Hvaen grimaces. "Because there's a certain footballer shit-talking you on national TV."

"What?!" I exclaim and when I turn around I find that Haven's right.

[Beyond The Game: Sneak Peek — 1.](#)

[Sep 10, 2023](#)

I've been chipping away at writing this new story, about 14k words in so here's a sneak peek of... the drama that could occur with your rival **N Tallon**.

[Update — 41.](#)

[Sep 16, 2023](#)

Writing is going somewhat well. I mean, the new Twine demo I'm writing is over 16k words now but I'm always conscious that I'm not writing quickly enough, or just enough words in general—but it's coming along so that's a positive.

It's been nice navigating a new mc with new characters and a new plot. I've also realised how much slice of life is different from a supernatural and fantasy plot. An interesting kind of different, like I'm a lot more nervous about writing and releasing slice of life for some reason. But I love the concept of the game as a whole and hopefully you all will too when I get the demo out.

I've written the first two flirt scenes with the rival!ro and I'm onto the best friend!RO's first flirt scenes. I think my plan is to get at least 40k written—I'm always someone who wants a good amount written before releasing a demo so there's enough for readers to sink their teeth into.

I'll be posting more Beyond the Game sneak peeks, however, I haven't forgotten about my Golden ro children <3. I plan to release one more soft/fluffy-ish K drabble either tomorrow or on Monday, based on a like from one of my favourite books and a drabble I wrote on tumblr a while back. It's based on 'Heads, I kiss you. Tails, you kiss me, and either way it means something'.

After that I'll get to the ro point of view after the gala scene in chapter ten. I have A's planned out in my head, and after the ros went through such a traumatic time, hopefully it'll be cool to delve into their minds and see what their thoughts are...and how much they have the mc on their mind.

Thanks once again for your support <3

[Heads or Tails? — K de la Renta](#)

[Sep 20, 2023](#)

Maybe it's a hot or cold demeanour.

K de la Renta isn't the easiest person, vampire, to figure out.

Their aesthetic, body language and overall personality would scream 'unapproachable'. But it's been months, almost a year since you've known them now, and unapproachable isn't what you'd describe them as. **K's** sensitive, empathetic, if you're to dig past the surface then you're sure you'd encounter a bit of pain and trauma too.

But that's the thing.

K won't let you dig any further. They're keeping you at an arm's length. At a distance. At a flirtatious-filled distance with no intent to even consider closing the gap.

"It's almost 2am," they murmur to you when they open their apartment door to see you standing outside it.

You tilt your head. "You called, so..." Your words trail off and you slip past them into their apartment and let out a sigh.

"I texted," **K** says back.

"Same difference."

K's home feels similar to a furnace, it'd make sense considering how much they hate the cold. It has you unzipping your jacket and slipping it from your torso.

They slip a hand into their pocket and take a seat on the sofa. **K's** eyes subtly flit from you to the seat across from them, and it's clear what they're saying. Or maybe it's only clear to you, the way the two of you have the ability to read each other from the slightest of actions.

You oblige. You take the seat, stretch out your legs, and find that they're close to brushing **K's** before you pull them away.

Their jaw clenched ever so slightly. "Should I have not texted?" **K** asks after what feels like a long minute.

You chew the inside of your cheek because maybe this is the problem. If **K** calls, you'd come. But you know that if it was vice versa, they would do the same in a heartbeat. That's a **K** you can completely adore, one that doesn't have you in two minds about what the two of you could be.

"I just don't know why you did," you answer candidly.

K shuffles a little, pulling a thread from the hem of their top. "I thought that would be obvious."

You raise a brow. "Not possible. I'm not a mind reader." The tone of your voice is sharp, filled with more venom than you intended and to your disbelief, **K** smirks at it.

It's a sarcastic smirk, one that's masking a few profanities and other unspoken words.

They lean forward, drum their fingers rhythmically on the table and then glance up at you.

"If coming here was such an issue for you, you didn't have to." You expect **K's** words to match the harshness of yours, but they don't. They're soft, tender, almost begging you to leave but hoping you'll stay.

A sigh escapes you. "It...isn't an issue," you murmur.

"Okay," **K** utters. "Then why do you seem so pissed off?" Your eyes study **K** for a moment. The way their brows are upturned, the way their eyes are a shade lighter.

"I don't know what this is," you say.

K ponders. "This?" they question, confusion dripping from their tongue.

You suck in a breath and point between the two of you. "*This*, **K**."

The realisation hits them after that. **K** stays leaning forward, they swallow hard, part their lips as though they have something to say...but the words don't come instantly. You roll your eyes a little. The vampire who usually has so much to say happens to be speechless.

"We keep doing this, spending our time with each other," you continue, "and I don't even know how you feel. Yet, you know exactly how I do."

Your name falls from **K's** mouth lightly. In a soft way that seems it's preparing you for rejection, but it's not what you're about to get.

"I don't..." **K** begins before thinking better of it. "I didn't call anyone else. You're the only one I wanted to see."

There aren't many things **K de la Renta** will admit to themselves, but saying that is a big step in itself.

"I wanted you here because I like your company," they add.

You blink rapidly. You'd be lying if you thought you were going to hear that. But what does it change? You're still left wondering if **K** would accept anyone else's company in a different scenario, whether this is only for a moment or whether this could be something long term.

"I feel like I'm putting my heart on the line when it comes to you," you utter back. "I *want* whatever we could be and I *want* you no matter what, but—"

K knows how easy it would be for some to admit what they're feeling. When people have their crush in front of them giving them a confession, the words you say are, '*I adore you too. Let's go on a date and give this a go.*'

But, **K's** brain, and heart in a sense, are wired differently. They have to protect themselves, avoid letting people in. There's damage within them that they can't share...but for you it could be worth it.

It has to be.

K swallows hard and looks over their coffee table. The regular stuff is on there: a glass (one that had blood in it but they washed it out quickly when they heard your heartbeat outside the door). There's the TV remote, a book P recommended they read, **K's** phone, and a coin.

A fucking coin.

K quickly grabs it between their fingers. They spin it twice in their palm and look up to you.

"Heads or tails?" they ask.

"What?"

Their lips purse. "Heads or tails?" **K** asks again.

Your brows furrow and you stand. “That’s what you want to do after I told you—“

You’re interrupted when **K** stands up and wraps their hand around your wrist. It’s a gentle touch, one that’s a mixture of warmth and chill, one you’d crave to have more of.

“Heads, I kiss you,” **K** blurts out with honesty shining in their eyes. “Heads, I kiss you,” they reiterate. “Tails, you kiss me.” The coin is suddenly cold in their hand. “And whichever it lands on, the kiss will mean something. It’ll mean something.”

It’s the last of their words that stand out to you. It’s what you’ve been wanting from **K**. To mean something to them, to *actually* mean something to them.

You nod your head to their statement.

K’s arches a brow. “Is that a yes to this coin flip and what happens after? I need to hear you say it.”

“Yes,” you answer. **K’s** eyes stay on you for a split second longer to be sure they aren’t hearing things, and then they turn back to the coin.

They throw it into the air. It flips once, twice, a third time—as if in slow motion, and then, with ease, **K** holds out a hand for it to fall into.

It’s a win-win situation. There isn’t any need for either of you to hope you get one result over the other.

But when **K** opens their hand, you find yourself pleased with the side of the coin you can see.

“Heads,” you murmur.

K silently slips the coin into their pocket, and in a swift but steady motion, their free hand cups your cheek.

“You’ve always meant something to me.”

[Update — 42.](#)

[Sep 24, 2023](#)

It’s weird! I’m still not used to working with Twine and because I still find it intimidating my motivation to write is so much more different. I do still write though, and with Beyond The Game, I’m getting to the climax (if you will!) of chapter one.

I know that people who aren't interested in football may read this, and some people may even completely ignore this story because it's sport related. But I'm trying to keep the writing fun and light-hearted, alongside the choices that are being offered. For example, with mc customisation there are transgender options and this will add to flavour of text in game. Additionally, I've added a glossary of football terms that readers can go through. I realised how much I added to the glossary so it needs a bit of tinkering, but I'll get that done closer to the release.

There have been a lot of characters for the mc to interact with. I mentioned in the intro post on Tumblr that the mc can have opportunities to hook up with certain side characters away from their main romance, and there are a few side characters that I can see readers liking.

I feel like writing has been slow, maybe a bit of a slog due to me trying to motivate myself to tackle a coding mammoth like Twine, but it really is coming along. You can see the slice of life aspect in game, and there are so many choices to pick from—alongside the formatting of the Twine UI itself. I've added coding so text message *actually look like* text messages, and newspaper articles look like articles you'd read in the real world too.

With the best!ro and rival!ro introduced already, I'm close to moving onto the next two. I'd say I'm a 1/4 of the way through this demo getting written. I wanted a late September release, but I start university again in literally less than a day so I'm expecting an October release—but that's still super soon!

Additionally, I posted **K's** drabble a couple of days ago. I think I'll be moving onto the gala pov's for the ros now so you can see their reactions to everything. And I'll also post Beyond The Game sneak peeks, even a few of the flirty choice options so you know what to expect.

Thanks for your support!

Beyond The Game

Word Count: 18.7k (+ 8.3k)

II
THE DAILY SPORT
II

BREAKING NEWS

Inter City Football Club complete the signing of Name Surname.

By Viv Jamison

The famous football club, Inter City, announce their new arrival of the summer.

By Viv Jamison

The famous football club, Inter City, announce their new arrival of the summer.

Talented footballer, Name Surname joins the London club with promise, expectation, and maybe a little bit of pressure.

The Inter City fans will hope signing Surname will help end their three year trophy drought and put them back on their pedestal.

Especially as the club's rivals, A.C. United, will look to replicate the same successful season they had last year.

Whilst head coach and manager, Javier Acevedo, is determined to not look too far into the future before the season starts—he wasn't afraid to reveal that signing Name Surname was the club's main priority.

[Beyond The Game: Sneak Peek — 2.](#)

[Sep 30, 2023](#)

I mentioned this on the Tumblr progress update, but the formatting of these newspaper articles are probably my favourite things to look at and read when I playtest *Beyond The Game*.

Of course Name and Surname will be changed to your player's name.

[Storm — A Dempsey](#)

[Oct 1, 2023](#)

“Do you think P will forgive you?” you ask as you and **A** leave the magical being’s apartment complex.

The demi-god/dess arches a brow beside you. The two of you are alone now, bracing yourself for the cold air as the automatic doors slide open from the building and introduce you to the early morning chill.

“Forgive me for what?” they ask.

The corner of your lips turn upwards. “For calling their home the ‘embodiment of a Pinterest board’, if I recall correctly,” you reply, and for a rare moment tonight, you manage to pull a smile out of them.

A stuffs their hands into the pockets of their trench coat. The cold nips at their ears, it tingles in their bones and makes itself known, yet...they seem to find your presence surprisingly comforting. The calm in a storm, almost.

Their eyes roll. “P will get over it,” **A** murmurs, their hazel eyes falling to the ground for a brief moment. “I’ll even throw in an apology.”

“I’m sure P will think the night has ended well if you do that.”

You were hoping for another smile, maybe even the hint of a chuckle this time. But the mention of tonight and reference to its negativities is enough to send **A’s** mind spiralling. They have difficulty erasing Zillah Arryn’s words from their head, they’ve debated since leaving the Grand Royalton which of her statements rattled them the hardest.

The implication that **A** both entered and will live on in this world for eternity alone. That their friends, the ones nearest and dearest to them, will leave when they’ve finally had enough of their conflicted personality. Or maybe it wasn’t the words that hit **A** the most at all, instead it could’ve been the droplets of blood Zillah decided to draw and spill from them. Drop by drop. A deeper scar to add to the collection **A** already has.

“Are you okay?” you ask, glancing over at them.

The question startles **A**, not visibly, but enough for them to snap their gaze in your direction. They don’t nod. They don’t immediately shoot down the question and walk away, so the latter must be a bonus.

It’s a question that the five of you have been asking one another for weeks now, almost a month. However, every time you know the answer is a no. How can someone be okay with investigating murders? But, so far, no one has caved in to say it’s all too much. No one has said they want all of this to stop, that they want out. Sure, there’s been a cry to go back to the normal lives you all once had, but the five of you know that you’re too far gone—this is a new normal, for now at least.

And **A Dempsey**. The sarcastic, headstrong, loyal, protective **A Dempsey**—they can’t be the one to cave in first. Out of all of you they can’t cave in at all. They’ll overthink the past few weeks, lose hours of

sleep over it, journal it all in the English and Greek language with the hopes to find the all important clue to get you all out of this mess. But they can't admit that it's getting to them.

That this investigation makes their mind race at one hundred miles per hour. That Zillah Arryn's weak, but clever manipulation did a number on them. That you, of all people, are becoming the kind of sanctuary that they've been craving.

"Do you think I'd tell you if I wasn't okay?" **A** throws back.

You shake your head. "No, it's exactly why I asked." You don't reiterate the question. **A** doesn't want to share a thing, you wouldn't expect anything different—but you can still hope for it.

A sniffs. Their gaze shifts upwards and glances towards the raindrops that are beginning the patter against the concrete. Thankfully, the two of you are standing under shelter so you won't get wet. Thankfully **A** has a good relationship with the rain.

Another dose of tranquility.

"You have other things to worry about," they mutter. "Many other things. So much so that your attention being on me isn't one of them."

It's not the answer you wanted because it isn't a straight one. But it's better than getting brushed aside as you probably would've done two weeks ago when having a conversation with **A**. But that doesn't mean it isn't frustrating.

Your jaw clenches as you focus on the rain. It's not anger bubbling within you, more annoyance than anything else; and it seems that the weather has picked up on it. The rain begins to fall much heavier.

"I'm trying to help you," you say over the loud raindrops.

A snorts. "I don't *need* your help, and I didn't ask for it."

"Well, of course you didn't ask." You take a step closer towards them. "Realistically, when are *you*," you continue, your eyes scanning them from head to toe, "ever going to ask for help?"

The sarcasm is evident in **A's** eyes. The way they shimmer in a way that indicates they're ready to be by themselves and revel in their own company. The same look and shimmer that has the ability to push people away.

"Maybe you shouldn't complain and just take it as a blessing," they counter.

You're the one rolling your eyes now. "I'm doing all of this because I have to. Because my name, our names, are attached to a double homicide. I'm not out here spending my time with you because I *have* to."

A is one of the best people at finding the hidden messages behind words. They can decipher such in literature, so hearing your words means something to them.

I'm not out here spending my time with you because I have to...

"Don't tell me you're out here with me in the cold and rain on your own accord?" **A** asks, a hint of venom dripping from their tongue. Venom that isn't directed at you, but directed at their feelings for you that can't possibly be swallowed and forgotten about. "Feel free to leave."

Your lips purse together. "Is that what you want? Truly?"

No, is what **A** wants to say. Here, right now, they could prove Zillah Arryn wrong. **A** could prove to the evil, manipulative half-Fae that they can do it—they can keep people close. They can do so without hurting them, they can do so without hurting themselves. That **A** can do it without letting their past trauma get in the way.

No guards up. No highly built walls to protect themselves.

Just you, and them, and the rain...

*The calm in a storm, **A** thinks. Or even someone to walk through storms with, if you'll have them.*

"No," they answer candidly, their voice the softest you've heard it, "but I can't promise I'm the most brilliant person to be around at the moment."

It doesn't quite bring a smile out of you, but this is progress. And progress with **A Dempsey** deserves a million pats on the back.

"Okay," you say. "I'll be the judge of that, though."

[Update — 43.](#)

[Oct 5, 2023](#)

Writing is...well, happening! For the first time ever I wrote on a weekday before university. I woke up at like 6:30am and found that I had almost an hour until I need to get up and get ready, so I wrote.

It was quite fun and relaxing, like there was no pressure to write anything. But, then I actually had to get up and start the day so that was a bummer but waking up early to write may be a new routine I get in to.

The mc in Beyond The Game has a agent, so I'm writing the last scene between the two of them before the mc is off to go and meet their football manager and teammates. I know that this is specifically and has been advertised as a football story/IF, but it's slice of life too, and I think it's going to be nice to see how readers navigate their main character and make real life decisions when it comes to the mc's career and fame. I think my favourite thing about writing slice of life it just how real everything is, and I hope I'm capturing that.

You've seen that I posted A's post-gala pov drabble! I hope it was a fun read, I'll be onto B, K, or P next when it comes to writing those scenes.

As a bit extra too, I'm always trying to show my support for you guys supporting me. I never thought people would be interested in my writing, let alone be there for me on a platform like this.

I've seen one or two people say that I don't upload enough, so I'm going to try and implement that I post 12 posts (at least!) a month. Including this, I've already done three so I'm going to try and make this Patreon fun and easy to enjoy.

If Milan on the receiving end of an interview like that they would react the opposite to me, maybe even crack a joke in the process.

But, I suppose our friendship has allowed us to bounce off and be there for each other when there are differences between us. Like now.

Milan reaches over to me and places a gentle hand on my forearm. "You are twice the person *and* footballer Nevada will ever be."

-
- » I chuckle. "What? Like that's hard?"
 - » I place my hand on top of theirs and give it a squeeze.♥
 - » I glance at their hand, aware of the goosebumps on my skin.♥
 - » "Okay, less of this soppy stuff. Please."
 - » "Thank you for saying that."

[Beyond The Game: Sneak Peek — 3.](#)

[Oct 11, 2023](#)

The first flirt choices w/ your best friend, Milan St. Clair, from the new IF—alongside some others to begin fleshing out your mc's personality.

I also forgot to mention in the last update, but the demo is now at 20.7k! I'd like to think we're at least at the halfway mark now in terms of the first part of the demo being fully written, so that's exciting!

They pause, watch as the journalists and reporters in the room hang onto their every word. "Even though I highly doubt it could happen, if Surname wants to match my success I tell him to go ahead and try. I'll happily be there to watch him fail."

They say it all in such a blasé tone: with confidence and poise. And then they look directly at the camera. As if they know I'm watching.

- > "The fact that Nevada is easy on the eyes is the only thing that made that interview bearable." ♥
- > I purse my lips together and think logically. "They do have a point," I say. Nevada played very well last year.
- > With a grimace I find myself continuing to stare at Nevada, as if they're right here with me. ♥
- > "The one thing Nevada seems to forget is that they didn't actually win player of the year."
- > I want to forget about the interview entirely so I get up and leave the room.

[Beyond The Game: Sneak Peek — 4.](#)

[Oct 16, 2023](#)

The first options (amongst other choices) for our rival ro N Tallon.

Because, of course, you compliment your rival's looks after they trash talk you :)

[Update — 44.](#)

[Oct 19, 2023](#)

I'm still chipping away at this new demo. I've added on a few hundred words since my last progress update on here. It's fair to say that I'm disappointed that I haven't been writing faster because I genuinely have everything for this story planned out in my head, but getting it down on paper (a laptop, really) is proving to be a struggle.

It's after midnight as I write this and I have university in a couple of hours, so I think that's now an added factor that sometimes adds to my stress/worry of not getting things written up quickly enough. I think there's also still the instant worry of whether *Beyond The Game* is a story that people really want to read, writer's block, battling Twine, additionally alongside the fact that other IF authors are great at regularly churning out content.

That all seems very depressing to start an update with, but I think it's good to be candid about this kind of stuff—it just shows that not everything is smooth sailing.

But, from more writing purposes: the mc is in the position of meeting new characters. The first scenes have been with Milan (best friend ro) and N Tallon (rival ro) who they know already, so these first interactions with other cast members will be new and a chance to show their personality—so I'm hoping to add a lot of choices in these bits.

I think the story, so far, has had a lot more slice of life than football, so I'm up to the point where we're slowly creeping into the football factor. I think everything has been relatively easy to understand in terms of if you're someone who picked up this story and didn't know a thing about football, you'd still be able to read it—which is exactly what I want!

After writing up one more scene, the customisation for the mc starts to come in: so far, they've been able to choose their name and their nickname if they have one. We'll be getting into skin colour, height, hairstyles, and personal football stuff like the name and number that appears on the back of your shirt.

As an update, know that I'm still tackling this demo. Additionally, I'm hoping to get another Golden ro drabble posted for you too w/ BTG sneak peeks. With the weekend approaching and a couple of days off next week, I'm hoping that it'll be a good time for writing and a lot less of me feeling anxious about writing. Soo, fingers crossed!

WORD COUNT:

22.0k (+ 830)

[Update — 45.](#)

[Oct 25, 2023](#)

18+ update!!

—

Please accept my apology for not having this update out yesterday! I had some blood tests yesterday and they wiped me out, I was soo tired. But anywayyy...

Even after my small blip of being annoyed with the pace of my writing, on Saturday I was able to get quite a bit written! I also had a few ideas (that I forgot to write down, but I think I remember the gist of them) for what the middle portion and end part of the chapter will be. Even though Beyond The Game is about a main character who plays football, I also want to write a slice of life story, and by adding in the ideas that I've got; e.g., choices on whether the mc wants to attend a party, hook-up with someone, give them choices regarding their career etc. helps that slice of life element...and adds drama to keep the story interesting.

With fantasy it's easy for me to create stuff magically and then it appear to be fun, with this it's a lot harder, but I'm hoping I can pull it off. In terms of those new ideas, I think my biggest worry will be the 'hook-up' one, purely because I've never written smut before so I'd probably find it uncomfortable so the detailing might be brief—but I'll explain more on that when I get to writing that part.

My plans for the rest of the week are to get B's pov drabble out tomorrow and then continue working on chapter one of Beyond The Game. Hopefully when the week ends I can get to 30k or more!

WORD COUNT:

25k (+ 3k)

[Anchor — B Holden.](#)

[Oct 26, 2023](#)

There's something about **B** that's oddly comforting. Not odd because it's them, but odd because there shouldn't be anything comforting about tonight. Nothing at all. Why? Because Zillah Arryn had her way with you, with all five of you.

She had a game plan and lured you into her trap with ease. Like giving a child sweets, or setting a cat to capture a mouse. Zillah did it with near perfection. The one thing she probably could've wished for tonight was that she saw more of a painful reaction from **B**. The werewolf stood their ground, better than most, better than a lot of people who have entered Ms. Arryn's lair.

"Did you drive?" you question, **B** next to you with their hands slipped into their pockets. It's another bit of small talk the two of you can make without it feeling awkward.

They nod. "I did," **B** answers. "But, I think I'll take a walk before heading back home." Their eyes go from the street they plan to go down before falling on you again. "You can join me, if you want to, that is," they utter in a soft tone.

The invitation feels like a warm welcome, one that can engulf you in a hug without their arms needing to wrap around you at all. It's easy to nod. Almost too easy. But you're happy to when a small smile breaks out on their lips.

"I'd like that."

—

The two of you are walking side by side, during late night, under stars that seem to be shining for you both. Merely looking at the two of you—both looking exquisite in formal wear—anyone would think you're on a real date. The thought swirls in your mind for a brief moment, so much so that you glance over at **B**. Only to find they're already looking at you.

You can't help but grin. "What?"

B hums, turning back to check where the two of you are walking. "Nothing. Just..."

"Just?"

They pause. "I wanted to know how you're doing."

Your brows knit together, and it's frustrating because the memories of the night you've had come rushing back. From the beginning of the night where **B** agreed to be your date, to getting the note from Zillah and having a postcode revealed to you.

You clear your throat. Now, you know the effect strong emotions can have on the werewolf. But what you're feeling doesn't come with an off switch, you almost feel like taking a step back and keeping **B** at an arm's length.

"It doesn't..." **B** begins, swallowing hard. "What I mean is that you can honest. You know I'm an empath, but it's fine."

The cold begins to nip at your arms, enough for you to cross them. "You're sensing negativity or sadness from me?"

B thinks for a moment, their lips pursed. "I...sense that you've had a hard night, and I *want* you to be okay."

"You do?"

The question takes **B** by surprise, as if they've just been hit by whiplash. A chuckle escapes them, but it's a fake one, almost like they're offended you even asked. "Of course." They kick a pebble in their path that goes a considerable few feet ahead of you. "It's not such a surprising thing that I care about you, is it?"

Surprising? Probably not. You, **B**, and the others were thrown together in an extremely precarious situation. One far from normal. One you couldn't even come up in your wildest dreams—but here you are—standing beside a werewolf.

But you'd be lying if you said that with **B** there's...more. The two of you probably can't put your finger on it right now, it could be the adrenaline making itself known to you. Or, just you trying to figure out what these feelings mean. Why **B** feels like such solace to you, and why you hope they'd consider you the same.

“No,” you eventually answer. “I’m okay,” you say. “You know, all things considering.”

B accepts the answer. “For now, I’ll take that,” they murmur, their accent a little more prominent than before. The two of you end up coming towards a small cafe, the only place that seems to be open on this small strip.

They immediately step to the side, reaching a hand out and curling it around the handle. “I take it you didn’t eat or drink anything at the Grand Royalton,” **B** says. “We could get something.” Their eyes flit over you from head to toe, quickly, almost something you’ll miss if it wasn’t directed at you. “I do feel like I owe you.”

You arch a brow. “Owe me?”

The corner of **B**’s lips turn upwards a little. “When we worked on Jordan’s jewellers together, you mentioned us getting a hot drink at a cafe some time. I assume that *this* is that time.”

You and **B** are the only two in the cafe other than the owner. You’re sitting at a table with two cups in front of you. The heat from the cups warms your hands as you wrap them around it, steam wafts upwards, and it’s another one of those moments where you feel as though you can relax.

“You didn’t tell me if you’re doing alright,” you utter, pulling the cup towards you. “I know that seeing Zillah one on one couldn’t be good for you.”

For once, you see **B** stiffen up. You almost regret asking. The purple from **B**’s outfit shines under the cafe lights—bright, vibrant and positive—matching **B** perfectly. “She’s a piece of work, to say the least.” They pause. “But, yeah. I’m good. I’m okay.” They stop before forcing their mouth open again. “With you. I’m okay with you.”

“I like that,” you blurt out. “That you feel like that with me. I want you to feel like that.”

B takes a long sip of their drink, their gaze sticking to you, unwavering before they set their cup down. “Do you want me to be honest?” they ask.

You don’t know where this is leading, you don’t know what direction at all. “Yes,” you say without hesitation.

B rests their hands on the table, their gold rings glinting under the fairy lights. Their hands and fingers daring to reach over and take your own, but they keep them to themselves.

“When I was in that room with Zillah, feeling trapped and a little lost,” they say, their voice faltering. “I thought of you. And that thought was enough to latch onto whilst I was there. You did that for me.”

You almost don't know what to say. It's a compliment and a half. But, this is different. **B's** description of you is something else entirely. The two of you have been through, are going through, more than most—and yet you were the anchor they craved. The one they needed. The one they hung onto and found the shore. In a sweet cafe with pretty lights, delicious drinks, and someone to feel like home.

[Update — 46.](#)

[Oct 31, 2023](#)

Life is not...life-ing happily for me at the moment. I'm on the verge of getting a cold and it just isn't fun. Writing however, that's been going! Still chipping away at this new demo.

So, with two out of five of the ros in Beyond The Game, the mc already knows them. The other three they'll end up meeting. I have been a bit conscious about the mc being introduced to so many people in chapter one (those three ros and many side characters), just so meeting new people doesn't seem so repetitive—alongside having enough choices in those moments.

I've written up the scenes where the mc meets Javier Acevedo, E's dad and also the mc's football manager...I don't really like the scene, haha. I think it'll need editing, I can't even pinpoint what I don't like about it, I just don't—but I could be overthinking. At least it's written up and I can move on. After literally writing up two more choice sets I'll get to the point where E Acevedo is introduced, so more flirting for the mc if that's what they want. As E's a singer too, this will be the point where I write in game some (*terrible, I'm sorry!*) lyrics from them depending on your choices—I find this exciting, being able to so different aspects of the demo that *just* football.

I originally thought that this chapter/demo release would be 40k words, but I think it's going to be a lot more than that which I'm hoping is a good thing—with the hopes that I'm able to pull off a good demo. Additionally, I have all my fingers and toes crossed that this demo will be out in November. I've already created the itch.io page for it (it's just privatised), so it's literally just waiting for me to upload the demo. Having that itch page create made me even more excited for this release. I think it looks super pretty too and it's definitely one of the reasons why writers enjoy that customisation aspect of Twine/itch.io.

Other Patreon stuff: I apologise for not getting to my goal of 12 posts for the month. Although, I've been figuring out a schedule for November to hit that goal so I'll always keep trying to put out quality content on here.

My plans are to still work on the demo, but also I'll be releasing the next gala POV this week from Golden. I've gone in alphabetical order so far, so I'll continue—K's drabble will be next! Alongside that, I'll, of course, release some sneak peeks of the demo too.

Thanks for your continued support.

WORD COUNT:

29.3k (+ 4.3k)

[Chaos — K de la Renta](#)

[Nov 2, 2023](#)

If there was ever a time **K de la Renta** needed a crutch, it's right now. They weren't like P, a magical being with magic to calm their soul. Cigarettes were never going to do the trick for **K**, and alcohol would be an even worse consumption.

No crutch. Not one.

Just a mind of circling thoughts. The same thoughts they have every day. Another battle to contend with, a battle between them and their trauma—and today, **K** is sure they're going to lose.

"Zillah fucking Arryn," **K** mutters, their head hanging back, their breath looking like smoke as they speak.

They're home now, **K** could easily scream, let out everything they had been holding in. It's not like they even needed to hide their emotions, their friends would happily tell them to not keep such negative feelings bottled up—but that's not **K's** style.

It's not necessarily about staying strong all the time, but them merely trying to prove to themselves that they're okay. That this past trauma hasn't continued to follow them around like the devil that stays perched on your shoulder—that's what **K** needs—the latter.

They loosen one of the buttons of their outfit. If the circumstances were different, a gala at the Grand Royalton with their friends probably wouldn't have been the worst thing...and a fake date with you, that was...

The sound of **K's** doorbell pulls them out of their thoughts. They silently step over to the door, their muscles stiffen slightly, all until there's a wave of familiarity over them. *You*.

Smiling during a night like this isn't something **K** feels like they can genuinely muster up, but the mere idea of you does have the corners of their lips tugging upwards. They reach out a hand and pull the door open to find you standing outside it.

Your name tumbles out of their mouth first, no playful nickname. “What are you doing here?”

You pause and bounce from foot to foot. “I wanted to check on you.”

Such a nice gesture shouldn’t have **K’s** stomach in knots. It shouldn’t have **K** easily stepping aside and inviting you in, yet they do. You’re entering the vampire’s home, and suddenly **K’s** feeling self-conscious. You’re in their safe haven, their sanctuary, yet they can’t help but wonder whether it’s to your liking.

They avoid your statement at first, because that’s so much easier. Being hospitable, for you of all people, is something they’d much rather do. You’re standing in **K’s** kitchen, the two of you leaning on the kitchen island waiting for the kettle to boil.

“I didn’t think I’d see you here,” **K** murmurs, their fingers clasped together. This is the crutch they need. “You do know our date was fake, don’t you?”

Your eyes narrow but the playful tone in their voice is evident. You’re suddenly transported back to the time where you were told that **K** wouldn’t usually agree to something like a fake date, that they were less than confident about it, but went with the idea anyway.

“You could’ve fooled me,” you utter back, turning towards them fully. “Clearly you’re good at acting.”

K’s topaz eyes scan over you, study you. They practically feel as though there are parts of your features that are etched in their brain already, all permanent and filed under an imaginary folder with your name on it.

“Maybe I just find you tolerable,” **K** mutters back, a full smile on their lips now as the kettle clicks off.

You smirk. “You know, you can just say you like me.”

This shouldn’t be so fun, it shouldn’t be so easy either. This isn’t territory **K** crosses at all, especially such territory in their home when their bedroom is mere steps away. For something as fleeting as a one night stand, such words wouldn’t have been uttered. Only action would’ve been taken by them and whoever they’d brought home.

But, that isn’t even something they considered when it came to you. That could be due to many things, the main one being is that one night stands have never truly been a habit for **K**—they happen once in a blue moon. All alongside the fact that they never see your company as *just* fleeting because they truly hope you’ll stick around.

“Okay, I adore you,” **K** says back. “Is that better?”

They can’t take back the words, but do they even want to? They’re intrigued to see your reaction, to see whether this is something you’ll downplay, to see whether you’ll see through their distraction tactic, take the bait, and avoid discussing the thing that’s really on their mind.

Unfortunately for **K**, it's the latter.

Here's the thing about murder, here's the thing about secrets—they have a way of pulling a group closer together—enough where you start to bond and notice the little things.

Your expression turns serious and **K** instantly sighs at it. “You still haven’t said whether you’re okay.”

“Of course not. None of us are.” They blink. “*I know* you’re not fine. I know you won’t sleep tonight. I know that Zillah won and fucked us over. No two ways about it.” **K’s** voice is strong and accusing when they say that, maybe a little too much because you both feel the tension in the air thicken. “I appreciate you checking.”

“I want us to be fine,” you blurt out. “You and me, and...if things were different then—”

“We wouldn’t be in this mess,” **K** finishes, as if that’s what you were about to say.

“No, we wouldn’t have met,” you correct.

What has **K** added to your life? Stress. Chaos. Fear of the unknown, even. Realistically, you should hate them, many humans would—yet the two of you attract to each other like a moth to a flame.

“Is that something you’d want?” you ask them.

Fuck no. That’s the simple answer without any complications attached. But **K** knows themselves in and out. The immortality, the trauma, all the things that Zillah dug up in their mind and brought to the surface once more.

Adding someone else, adding you into a battling world like that is unfair. It’s almost cruel. Many will say that you have to take someone as they are, the dark parts of them included, but **K** continues to do all they can to keep that side of them hidden. There are truths they can’t bear to share.

“You’d be fine without me, rich kid.” A candid statement **K** thinks is true too.

You instantly shake your head and take a step closer towards them. “You need to understand. Even though we’re wrapped up in all this chaos, I’m glad that I’m with you.”

You don’t know it, you probably never will, but that’s a statement that will last **K** an eternity. One they’ll go back to and smile at every time.

[Drabble Vote](#)

[Nov 6, 2023](#)

Currently drafting up P's pov drabble from the gala night, and then I'll be moving onto another set of drabbles—so what would you like?

Relationship Stage Drabbles

Crushing Stage Drabbles

17 votes total

[Whispers — P Martens](#)

[Nov 9, 2023](#)

The others have left. It's just you and **P** in their '*embodiment of a Pinterest board*' home. If the circumstances were different tonight, this actually would've been nice. The two of you, coming from a classy event at the Grand Royalton, being together in a space where you can both be completely comfortable.

Only, tonight has proven to be anything but comfortable. And you both know it.

A yawn wants to escape **P's** lips, but it's almost as if their mind has completely shut off from thinking about fatigue. It's spiralling in thousands of ways, in ways that can't simply be slowed down by the magic that runs through their veins. **P** knows because they've tried to do so at least twice since leaving the event.

They sniffle and wipe a cool hand over their face. **P** rises from their seat and flashes you the best smile they can muster up. It's fake, extremely so, but it's intriguing how it can still look beautiful and put you at ease.

"Would you like to come with me?" **P** asks, only to see the confusion in your eyes. "To get my pets, I mean. Stella and Ciro, I left them with my neighbour."

"Ah," I manage to mutter.

"But, I can always drop you off home if that's what you'd prefer," **P** adds.

After tonight, it should be what I prefer. To go home, sink into bed and sleep off the fear, the disappointment, the way the supernatural world has me in its clutches. Yet...I can only feel myself wanting the opposite, for one reason or another.

For one reason. **P Martens**.

"I don't mind coming with you."

I know I'm not imagining it, I do see **P's** smile switch from a forced one to a genuine one. Their shoulders relax as they pick up their keys and nod towards the door.

—

"Are they supernatural too?" you ask, glancing towards **P** in the dark as you both continue on down the sidewalk. "Your neighbour."

P shakes their head with ease. "No, she's human." They blink, and even until the starlit sky, you can see the deep colour of their blue eyes. "She's like you."

You arch a brow, realising that **P's** gaze hasn't left you. "How so?" you question.

"She knows about the supernatural world, knows about what I am, what the others are too," they explain. "She knows about you too."

I almost snort. "Who doesn't in this city?"

P quickly shakes their head, just before they wrap their coat tighter around their torso. "Not like that, not because of your father's job," they say at first. "I mean, *like that*, but because I..." Their words trail off.

There aren't many times you've seen **P** flustered or tongue-tied. In fact, you're sure it's the first time. The way they let the wind take to their blonde hair, let it easily hide their soft, yet pointed facial features. They're nervous.

"I've told her about you," **P** says in a slightly stronger voice.

Your ears perk up at those words. There's immediate interest considering, now you think about it, you've mentioned **P** to Jordan in your spare time. Half the time you don't even realise you're talking about the magical being, something will remind you of them and a comment will slip out.

"Oh? Good things?" you ask, a teasing tone on the tip of your tongue.

P's eyes playfully narrow, suggesting that they caught the change in your voice. "Good things that I'm suddenly regretting."

You snort. "You can't take back what you've said now."

"I know, such a shame," **P** replies, continuing the joke as their gaze lingers on you for an extra moment.

There's a silence that engulfs the two of you as you reach the door **P** needs. Before they even knock you can hear Stella's barks, they're so loud that **P** almost winces. As soon as the door a golden retriever

puppy comes bustling out of the house, immediately jumping towards **P**. In true introvert like fashion, **Ciro** strolls out of the house as if he's on a runway. He affectionately taps **P's** ankle with his paw before merely glancing over at you.

"I appreciate you keeping them for a few hours," the magical being tells their neighbour, just in time for **Stella** to break out into a sprint, and suddenly **P's** occupied with their hyperactive at 3am in the morning. You can't help but let a chuckle escape you as you watch **P** frantically jogs after their dog down the street.

"It's nice to finally put the name to a face, in the flesh, I mean," **P's** neighbour says. She's an elderly woman, you're almost surprised at the fact she's still awake, but you offer her a smile anyway.

"Nice to meet you," you utter with a nod.

The woman's eyes flit over to **P** who has finally caught up with **Stella**. Across the row of houses there's a small grassy patch, one where **P** and **Stella** happily play. It's amusing to watch, a sweet moment, really. Far from the tears **P Martens** cried during their interrogation with **Zillah Arryn**—a healthy escape from what the night provided.

You both know that when this little moment is over, all the memories of the Grand Royalton will come flooding back with no hesitation. It'll arrive in your brains in the worst way possible and haunt your nightmares, but this right here, this is an element of peace.

"You do know that they're fond of you, don't you?" the woman says.

"Who?" It's the instant response you can think of, even though you know who she's talking about.

She smiles. "The blonde darling over there." You follow her eyeline to see **Stella** reaching upwards to lick **P's** hand. "They've mentioned, more than once, that meeting you was a blessing."

That makes your heart flutter a little...a lot. Even more so when **P's** blue eyes lock to yours. Of course, they're a supernatural with enhanced hearing.

"That's what they said?" you ask, your eyes staying on **P** for an extra moment.

"Amongst many other things." You turn back to her as those words are said. "I'd like to think the two of you will end up being an item one day. Sooner rather than later. I'll be rooting for you."

You'd be lying if you said that wasn't something you were hoping for too.

[Nov 12, 2023](#)

Another update where I tell you that I'm chipping away at the *Beyond The Game* demo, because that's exactly what's happening. I wrote another 1k words today, which I feel like isn't that much, but it all counts!

Three out of four of the ros have been introduced officially now! E Acevedo has been introduced and they've been a joy to write. Not that I don't love and adore the other ros, but writing a character who's a confident, famous singer is great because E literally writes themselves. I'll just have an idea for a scene that E is in, and when it comes to dialogue, E just flows onto the page easily. It's definitely because they have a carefree, 'don't give a fuck' persona. It makes me excited for later on in the demo where I get to peel back those confident layers and just show them as...vulnerable. But, for now, they confident, a little arrogant, full of smirks and smiles and yeahh, I hope you end up loving E.

Additionally, because of E's occupation as a singer/songwriter, I've literally had to write lyrics to songs. It's genuinely crazy because I love listening to music personally, but needing to write a few lyrics for E's songs was interesting to say the least. I wrote like two lines for five songs and the songs have meanings too. Soo, even though the mc of this demo is a footballer, there are so many slice of life elements in game that adds to the entertainment. The next (two) scene(s) I have to write are based on the mc in a photoshoot style setting, so after that, we'll be at meeting the next ro in game which is the lovely, bisexual L!

I'm still pushing and pushing and pushing for a November release! My original thought was that the demo would be 50k, but I think we'll end up going over that amount. I would love it if I did because 'woo, more words and content' but also because we're close to the 40k word mark and we're still (sort of) under halfway through the demo.

With Patreon, I'm on track with releasing content regularly. I hope you've noticed and it makes subscribing to me and my little writing journey worth it.

All of the pov Gala drabbles for the Golden ros have been released. I hope you enjoyed reading them. You may have seen the poll that I put up, and that poll was asking what you'd like to see in drabbles next and it definitely looks like I'll be writing relationship drabbles next which should be fun. Like, soft A, vulnerable K, warm B, and P being romantic — what's there not to love?

Thanks for your support!

WORD COUNT:

35.1k (+ 5.4k)

My eyes fall back to the photos. The use of minimal colour is immaculate, the way Pax played to Everest's strengths, and I'm suddenly wondering how my own photos will look when they're taken.

As I look away, Everest's eyes fall to me. The hints of a smug smile are on their lips. "You're admiring, I take it?"

"Something like that," I answer.

They smoothly take a step so they're beside me. "You can call me gorgeous to my face, if you prefer."

-
- > "If it's a compliment that you want from me, you don't have to fish for it." ♥ *[Bold]*
 - > "Are you *ever* humble?"
 - > "I thought we established that it's Pax who made you look good."
 - > Flush. "I feel like that's a compliment you get a lot." ♥ *[Shy]*

[Beyond The Game — Sneak Peek 5.](#)

[Nov 17, 2023](#)

I said that E's confident and I *really* meant it :) — alongside their first set of flirt options.

[Update — 48.](#)

[Nov 22, 2023](#)

It's November. Meaning feeling cold and loads university exam stress which is exactly what I've got. I've been ill for the past few days, to the point where one day I couldn't function: no studying or writing...so not great. I think a recovery is on the horizon though.

If I had another phrase to say I'm chipping away at the demo, I'd use it. Soo, yes, I really am. A lot *lot* slower than I would like, but it's getting there slowly. I've finished writing up E's flirt scenes, and I've said so often that they've been a delight to write so I'm glad the first set of them are done. I just started the mc's first press conference, and this is where the reader can really add to the mc's customisation and personality.

When creating the mc, I gave them quite a blank slate so I'm hoping with the choices I implement, readers are able to create their mc exactly how they want them to be for appearance and personality. I've adding in skin tone and height so far, and obviously various personality styles with the choices. I still

plan to add hairstyles, tattoos, piercings, and also have a specific question in the press conference based on whether the mc is a cis man or not—so that should be cool because I love when customisation choices mean something.

In terms of Patreon, because I was super ill I hadn't been able to start the relationship drabbles for the Golden ros, but my plan is to get at least one of them out before the end of the week so I hope you accept my apologies for that.

In terms of Beyond The Game's release, I was pushing for November but...yeah, there's still a lot to write and not a lot of time left in the month so it may end up being December. I hate delaying, but the only way I could get it out in December is if I completely burn myself out, don't revise for my exams and stay up at stupid o'clock just to write and give myself stress asdfghjkl. This game is a *lot* bigger than I imagined it would be, I told myself it'd be between 40 and 50k and we're not near the end, so expect so much more.

I managed to get a lot written on the demo today, and I'm at a stage now where writing is enjoyable and introducing characters into a famous fictional world is enjoyable, and I really cherish that feel. So, know writing is happening and it's on it's way. Golden ros, there's writing coming for them too—I promised cute relationships and that's exactly what you're going to get.

Thanks for your support!

WORD COUNT:

40k (+ 4.9k)

[Touch — A Dempsey](#)

[Nov 26, 2023](#)

A Dempsey has a particular habit. A morning routine they've never really been able to shake off. They wake up rather early, make coffee, read the last entry of their journal and then go about their day. Now, now they're in a relationship, that morning routine **A** promised themselves they'd never change has been altered slightly.

They've altered it happily though. If you were to ever ask **A** whether the life of a relationship would ever be for them. **A's** brows would furrow, on certain days they'd ignore the question altogether; if they like you enough their answer would just be a point blank 'no'. And, it makes them laugh sometimes when they think about that, when **A's** eyes open and they lean over to kiss your cheek whilst you're asleep.

The feeling of thrill that shoots through their fingertips whenever their touch-starved skin makes contact with your own. That's what **A** unknowingly craved, something they never expected to receive, but now they've got it...

"You're up early," **A** murmurs, a small frown on their lips as they remember how cold the bed felt when they awoke, you vacating it.

You offer them a small smile. "Good morning to you too," you say as you nod to the other side of the counter. "I made you coffee."

A wanders over to you first, they throw a gentle arm around your shoulders before pressing a kiss to your temple. It's long and soft, one that non-verbally says "*I hate waking up to find that you're not next to me*".

They pull their coffee cup towards them and take a sip. The flavour dances over their tongue, almost tasting better than any coffee they've made or ever tasted—but **A** probably thinks that because you're the one who has made it.

"It's good," **A** says simply. They take the seat across from you.

You give them a small grin. "So complimentary, Dempsey."

They roll their eyes playfully, and it's funny how there's such a contrast between how you and **A** were before to how you are now. They can do this with you, the lazy mornings where you can say close to nothing and the love radiates off of you both.

"We're staying home today, right?" they question after a moment, their hot beverage warming their hands, almost tempted to go and hold yours.

"Feeling introverted?" you ask teasingly.

A snorts. "I'm always introverted." They wait a moment. "But, if you mean today specifically, then sure."

You watch as **A** rests a hand on the table, they drum their fingers against it, almost in an impatient and anxious way. As though they're waiting on you to take it, and you do. You slide your hand across the table and lace your fingers with theirs.

And there's the thrill. The electricity. The pleasure of a simple touch that keeps them centred and sane.

You don't have to say anything and neither does **A**. It's an unspoken language between you, the handhold across the table—the '*I need to feel you*' and a response of '*of course, I'm here*'.

"I'll play you at chess," you murmur. "And I'll win."

There's a tiny glint in **A's** eyes, the competitive one that shines whenever a challenge is thrown their way. "Don't kid yourself," **A** utters back.

A does win. Twice, to be exact. They won easily, after all, of course they would. Chess is a game **A** was born to play, one they've mastered time and time again. **A** knew they'd beat you, they even longed out the game that tad bit so the two of you could play a little longer.

How the two of you are in the position you're in now? Well, that's a tale.

It started with **A's** competitive streak the, "You shouldn't have been so confident before, I told you not to kid yourself."

To which your response was, "Don't be annoying, Dempsey. You're just a whole load of talk now."

Which turned to your breaths in each other's face, sweet smiles that have the opportunity to turn devilish, all before you're tilting your head and capturing **A's** lips with your own. They close their eyes, as though to savour the touch and taste, but it's something **A** never gets used to. The feeling of kisses, the act in itself, the mere action being enough to make them feel like they're flying.

And that's what the two of you end up doing.

Them placing their hands on your hips and pulling you closer. You pushing them onto the sofa. Your limbs tangling with theirs, **A's** lips crashing onto yours in a confident and feverish way, and they'd be lying if they said they didn't enjoy the tiny sounds that erupt from the base of your throat when their lips scatter over you.

The two of you have somewhat calmed down now, though the dizzy feeling in your minds is evident. It's there, almost intoxicatingly so—that you're the only thing **A** could possibly need as a drug and they'd be happy for a lifetime. They'd be happy for eternity.

"I love you," **A** murmurs, it's said in a soft tone, their fingertips running up and down your arm.

The three words don't startle you. The first time **A** said them, they did. Now, it just ignites excitement and adoration within you. They don't say it often, that's a given, so you know what this moment between the two of you is. It's one where they're feeling particularly affection, dare you even say 'clingy'. When the demigod(dess) can feel their love for you bursting at the seams and can't contain it.

"Is that so?"

A refrains from rolling their eyes, just once. "I promised you a love confession in the morning, didn't I?"

"That you did," you respond, a small smile on your lips.

"Before I broke the news of the biggest step in your career to date," Viv gloats, casting her eyes on the others in the room, "a certain striker, Navarro Tallon, publicly made his opinion about you very well known."

I can see where this is going. It's a comment, a statement, an eventual question I should have been expecting.

"Now you're here, do you have a response to what he said?"

- » "No comment."
- » "Look, if Tallon wants a rivalry, I'll happily give him one. On a football pitch, not via a press conference."
- » "I'd tell Tallon to let go of his grudge he's holding and concentrate on someone who isn't me."
- » Scoff. "It's like you *want* me to tell the world that Tallon's a petty, talentless human being. *Oh, wait...* I just did."
- » "I have a lot of choice words for Tallon. None that you're going to hear me say publicly though."
- » "Really, I have nothing to say." [Friendly]

[Beyond The Game: Sneak Peek — 5.](#)

[Dec 1, 2023](#)

What do you do when your rival talks shit about you in a press conference?

Either do the same or take the high road :)

[Update — 49.](#)

[Dec 3, 2023](#)

More talk about me chipping away at the Beyond The Game demo, but with the extra added bonus that I think we've officially hit the halfway mark. All the ros have been introduced (either to the mc or via dialogue) and side characters have been introduced too. I'm getting to the fun parts of the demo now, the bits where the mc's personality shines a lot, where there are customisation options for the reader to choose from etc. and that really excites me.

It's nice knowing in my head that I've made it past the 50% mark because usually the second half of something is easier to get through than the first. I'm hoping that I just ends up having a full on creative surge so I'm able to get this demo out soon...like I didn't promise and think I'd get it out months ago (so sorry!)

I'm also getting to the football parts of the demo too, the mc deciding which position they play in. The next scene I'll be writing is their first training scene, and whilst it's, of course, a football story; there's so much slice-of-life in there so I don't want people who don't like sport to be put off by the obvious sport element.

I finished the mc's press conference scene yesterday and there's a specific scene I enjoyed writing, it's one specifically for female, non-binary or transgender mcs; one that sort of tackles the lack of representation in sport. Whilst the mention discrimination won't be a major focus in game because I want fiction to be a fun escapism, it does add a bit of realism to it too.

For the rest of Patreon content, then the **A** drabble did well! I wasn't expecting so many people to like it so I'm super happy with that. I'll get to writing the next ro relationship drabble, and when the other three are done I'll hold another vote for the topic for the next drabble series.

Thanks for your support again.

WORD COUNT:

46.2k (+6.0k)

[Near or Far — P Martens](#)

[Dec 9, 2023](#)

“Come with me,” **P** whispers.

A soft smile curls over your lips. “You know I can’t.”

It’s early morning, the duvet is over your heads. It’s (usually) moments like these you live for. The ones when the two of you are somewhat half-awake, when the words tumble from your mouths with such ease.

“I want you to.”

P’s arm wraps around your waist, they instantly pull you closer and you begin to realise that for the next two weeks you won’t have *this*.

They’re taking a trip to the Netherlands, to visit their family they haven’t seen in over a year. They’re going to a small town, the small magical town that they find themselves missing every few months. **P** misses their dad mostly.

You bring your hand up to **P's** face, brushing away a stray eyelash that's on their cheek. You're almost tempted to tell them to make a wish until your thumb rests on their face.

"Are you all packed up already?"

"Hm," **P** hums with a nod.

You know the answer already, **P's** insanely organised. Their mind was already deciding what to pack as soon as they bought their plane ticket. They planned the times they would try calling you when they landed.

"We still have a few hours before you need to leave," you mumble.

P's eyes glimmer a little. Their fingertips dance over your skin, it's a feather-light, intoxicating, you want their hand on the small of your back for eternity.

"There's a *lot* we can do in a few hours." The suggestive tone in **P's** voice is evident. Their gaze says it all, the way their eyes scan over you, the adoration for you shines and it's enough to pull you in.

Enough to crash your lips theirs.

Enough for **P** to let out a soft moan and roll on top of you.

Enough for them to murmur, "I adore you."

—

A few hours has turned into one—the same way pecks turned to passionate kisses, the way breathy moans grew louder when hands roamed over exposed skin.

Despite time ticking away, **P** still made breakfast; they still murmured their warning of, "if something supernatural happens, feel free to call me, love." And, like always, you give them the same reassuring smile and tell them not to worry.

Their suitcases are by the door, **P's** slipping a watch on their wrist, and now being without them seems a bit more real.

"I might actually miss you, **P**," you tease, pulling a smile out of them as they glance from their watch to you.

"Might?" they question, taking a step forward towards you. "Only might, darling?"

Their arms circle around your waist, and that feeling of a warm and safe embrace is back. You know how they make you feel, and whilst **P's** extremely open with their emotions, there's some they keep to themselves. The ones that rattle their insides by merely looking at you, the same emotions that make **P** want to reach out and hold your hand until their palms get sweaty.

The feelings that brew the love confessions on the tip of their tongue. **P's** internal battle of whether they're being too affectionate, too clingy, *too much*—but every time you're there to meet them halfway. To match their love and desire. To let them know how what the two of you have is okay to claim and adore.

A chuckle escapes you as your arms go around **P** too. "A lot," you answer. "I'll miss you a lot. And now I'm wondering whether I'd fit in your suitcase so I can come with you."

P's hands cup your cheeks. Their eyes study your features as if it's going to be the last time they'll see you again; even though they're going to FaceTime you as soon as they land and get settled.

"You won't even miss me, I'll be annoying you every day I'm there."

You blink. "One of these days you're going to get it, **P**."

"Get what?" they question.

"That I'm so madly in love with you that you could never annoy me with your presence."

The corners of their mouth twitched upwards. "That isn't entirely true. Yesterday weren't you frustrated when I—"

Your eyes roll. "Don't ruin it."

Admittedly, this is one of your favourite things about them. Their humour that many don't get to see, the parts of their personality that **P** keeps hidden away until someone gains enough of them to peel back some layers.

Their warm hands stay on your cheeks and **P** will do anything not to let go. "I left you something in our room," they blurt out.

"Oh? And what's that?"

You're almost certain that they won't tell you, but **P** has a way of being unpredictable. "A sketch. A drawing. I've been working on it for days."

Your grin widens. "Is it one of those drawings that move?"

P nods. "Of course."

You know what it is, a kind of statement from **P** where they're saying "I'll be with you even when I'm not here"; the same way they put x's on the end of their texts. A mark to let you know their love for you will never fade.

No matter whether you're near or far.

[Dec 17, 2023](#)

“Is that mine?”

The question is asked in a playful tone. One that's light, one that has resembles the look of a teasing arched brow. And you notice that's the exact expression you get when your eyes land on **B**.

Their dark brown eyes briefly rest on the gold band on your finger before their gaze locks to your features. There's a small smile on their lips, due to knowing the answer to their question, but **B's** desperate to hear your response—for more reasons than one—the fact they love the sound of your voice is a huge one.

Your right hand goes to your left. Your thumb and index finger twist the band smoothly. “Definitely not,” you say, giving **B** a smile that matches their own.

“Oh?” they question, taking a step towards you. “That’s interesting because I’m certain I have a ring that looks *exactly* like the one you have on now.”

You shrug your shoulders. “Maybe we both have good taste in jewellery.”

B's eyes flit over you for a moment, in a way that could be deciphered in two ways. Suggestive or adoring. It's the latter. In moments like this, playful moments like this that have the ability to put the werewolf at ease, it's always their adoration for you that shines through.

For someone so good with emotions, for someone that can read the room by the mere sniff of the air, **B** knowing their feelings for you was reciprocated long ago was a time when they had a hard time trusting their instincts. For the pure fact that you and them could not determined by **B's** mental abilities.

“Not *just* jewellery,” **B** says back, the tone of their voice as smooth as silk, flirtatious, and candid. “You seem okay too. When you're not stealing my items.”

B's fingers wrap around your own before they're intertwining them. It's an odd kind of warmth: supernatural, on the cusp of being human, something they've always fully craved since turning, but warm all the same. Warm, familiar, the feeling of home—all neatly put together with a bit of gold.

“Plus, my initial is engraved on the surface of that,” **B** murmurs with a laugh, keeping their hand in your own.

You glance down and realise they're right. When you were in your bedroom, you picked up one of **B's** rings that was on the nightstand. They have many jewellery items: rings, bracelets, earrings, nose rings and studs; all in a bright colour that's opposite to anything silver.

It's one of the pleasant reminders of being a werewolf; avoid silver at all costs but deck yourself out in gold whenever you feel like it. That also extends to you. **B's** ended up buying bits of jewellery with the hopes that you'll 'steal' them, with the hopes that you'll claim them as your own and enjoy a bit of them on you.

"Fine," you concede, as if it's a secret you can't keep much longer. "It's a nice ring."

"Hm," **B** hums. "Indeed it is." They slip their free hand into their pocket and pull a ring out that's almost identical. "So much so that I got another."

B holds it in their palm. You peer down at it to see the slight difference, that the engraved initial is your own. The initial of your first name, engraved cursively in the centre of the ring.

The corner of your mouth twitches upwards. "You wear my initial around when you go out?" you ask.

It's **B's** turn to shrug. They do so in such a fashion that they lean on the kitchen island. "I don't think that's a question I should answer," they utter teasingly. "I mean, do I need to stroke your ego anymore?"

Your eyes instantly roll, and after a moment you're pulling your hand back and returning it to your side. "I was expecting a sweet and loving answer."

B snorts. "And instead you've been disappointed?"

You frown a little. As easy as it is to keep up this playful banter, you tilt your head to one side and exude a soft look that you're sure is meant for **B** and them alone. "You could never disappoint me, darling."

The simple words send a thrill up **B's** spine. If their emotional abilities were able to work on you, they'd one hundred percent know that you're telling the truth. But, they don't need supernatural powers to tell them such.

You can read **B** like a book, and vice versa. You know the changes that occur within them when a full moon is on its way, they know the reaction that's going to erupt out of you when your brow creases in a certain way. It's the subtle, simple, yet vivid little things like those between you that ensure **B** that you're someone to cherish.

"I go around with it everywhere," **B** blurts out. "The ring with your initial on it, I mean." Their voice goes quiet. "It feels like having you around with me."

You're leaning on the kitchen island next. Leaning over and upwards, allowing your lips to capture **B's** plump ones. It's not a peck; it's longer and more meaningful than that. It's soft, a kiss full of unspoken words that you're sure will be uttered before the day ends.

The 'I love you's'. The three words that are happily in your vocabulary without needed to think about it.

The thought that you're with them and they're with you. All from a bit of jewellery. The same bits of gold that hold story after story for **B**—even better when you are their favourite story to tell.

If anyone was to ask about the ring that sports your name, **B** would happily talk about your love story. The way it developed, the way it came to be as it is now, and how they regularly hope and pray your future together will be just as beautiful.

[Poll — 7.](#)

[Dec 27, 2023](#)

For the Gold(en) tier after K's drabble gets released. What would you like to see next? (Unless stated otherwise like in the last option, these are for the Golden ROs)

Detailed relationship facts about the ROs

0%

A drabble series (relationship stage)

64%

A drabble series (crushing stage)

27%

A short story about the ROs and mc together after the Golden series

9%

Drabbles from Beyond The Game ROs

0%

Poll ended Dec 29, 2023 · 11 votes total

[Comfortable — K de la Renta](#)

[Dec 29, 2023](#)

If someone were to describe **K** de la Renta, someone only seeing them with the naked eyes, they'd probably say that the vampire's aloof, over-confident, and exhibits the negative traits of an introvert.

You, you'd probably think the same if you hadn't become closer. The two of you have moved past the days of **K's** derogatory nickname for you, the slight, annoying roll of their eyes whenever the two of you got into an argument. Far past it.

Now, you'd describe **K** as sensitive, kind—someone whose layers you've enjoyed peeling back. One by one. First it was their attire, realising that their wardrobe wasn't just full of black and burgundy; all before you got down to the deeper stuff. The talk of their life before they became a vampire, their family, dreams, ambitions, fears...traumas. The deep conversations that didn't come with awkward silences, but the kind that gently persuades you to reveal a little more about yourself.

"Do you think we'd be together if I were human?" **K** casually asks you.

K's head is in your lap, your fingers are running through their curls; and over the past few months you've realised it's one of their favourite gestures.

"Or if I were a vampire?" you question back with the same nonchalance.

Your eyes glance towards the clock, it reads 2:05am. Clearly it's one of those nights where neither of you can sleep, but at least it's something you can experience together. And, thankfully for **K**, they're experiencing the night nightmare free.

They turn around so they're looking directly at you. **K** pauses for a moment, their eyes quickly scan your face. They have their favourite features of yours, of course, they do. It's hard not to when they've study each individual one with such care. They make a mental note of how, even under dim light, you look beautiful.

"That's not a request for me to turn you into a vampire, is it?" they throw back softly.

Your fingers stay tangled in their hair. "Not a request," you utter honestly, "just another thought. A life of eternity. *With you.*"

K would be lying if they hadn't thought about the latter. The two of you together, *forever*. It intrigues them, scares them, makes them wonder what a future like that would look like between you...but that's a conversation for another night.

"But, if I were human..." **K** trails off, their hands innocently and subconsciously running up and down your thighs. "And we met under normal circumstances."

You ponder and let the corners of your lips turn upwards. “You’re not the *most* approachable person in the world.”

You watch as **K’s** eyes roll. They rest their chin on your stomach. “That is...” They sigh. “Somewhat true. But what if I was nice, and approached and used my wit and irresistible charm on you.” They’re smiling now, one that matches your own and it’s almost as though you’re sharing it with one another. “Then what?”

“*Maybe* I’d be interested,” you tease.

“Maybe?” **K** asks, resting their weight on their elbows and they rise up. They begin leaning forward and hovering over you.

“Maybe,” you answer back with a chuckle.

Your hands aren’t in their hair anymore. Your hands have found their way to **K’s** cheeks; they’re cupping them, and before you know it, your thumb is delicately running over the bridge of their nose.

No awkward silences. Just comfortable ones. The ones that make the two of you thankful that you found one another in this life.

K leans their head down, only an inch or two. Their eyes are ready to flutter close, but there’s an all important question on the tip of their tongue.

“Can I?” they mutter, practically whisper, when your nose brushes against theirs. “Can I kiss you?”

You don’t verbally answer that question. You just bring **K’s** face closer to yours and close the gap. A sweet kiss, a delicate and gentle one. You remember first kissing **K**, when they tasted of rebellion, defiance, as though they’re someone who’s rough around the edges. Now, there are still hints of that over their plump lips. Though, it’s mixed in with cinnamon, vanilla, hints of something fiery that has the ability to pull you in for more, again and again.

K’s the one to pull away first. They glance upwards towards the clock and watch as it ticks towards three o’clock in the morning. “You should really try and get some sleep. I don’t want to keep you up any longer.”

A yawn hasn’t escaped you yet, but **K’s** always had this sixth sense when it comes to you. Not only knowing when the speed of your heartbeat changes, or when they’ve touched you in just the right way to make goosebumps appear on your skin. A sense that informs them of the little things: your likes and dislikes, when you’re overworking...when your bed is gently calling your name.

“Will you come with me?” you ask.

K nods without hesitation. They’ll crawl into bed with you, but they won’t fall asleep. Not unless you do first. “Of course.” You expect to move off of you after a moment, but they still look at you with topaz that

shimmer. “After you admit that you’d be one hundred percent interested in me even if I were human,” they say playfully.

A teasing groan falls from your lips as you continue to look at them. “I thought *maybe* was enough of an answer for you.”

“Absolutely fucking not,” **K** laughs.

“Okay.” Your arms drop to **K**’s shoulders. “Believe it or not, supernatural, human, whatever. I’d like to think the two of us would’ve found each other in every single world and lifetime.”

K blinks. They’ve thought it before, many times, but hearing those words fall from you practically confirms their constant thoughts.

That if **K** de la Renta had been searching for the love of their life, they could happily stop searching—all because they found you.

[A Dempsey — Distraction](#)

[Jan 3, 2024](#)

“Dempsey.”

A raises a brow as you walk in. They don’t even need to look at you to know it’s you whose said their name. **A** could say it’s down to their supernatural senses, and it wouldn’t exactly be a lie, but it’d be insulting to only give credit to their abilities.

There’s something about the demigod(dess) when they fall in love. When they feel the padlock around their heart happily loosen, when one of **A**’s guards is slowly lowered, and they let you waltz in.

They let you find their way around their heart; find out what makes them tick, the particular moment **A** fell in love with you. It’s a specific moment, one **A** hasn’t muttered out loud, but if you looked in the pages of their last journal—you’d find it.

“Hm?” **A** mutters, somewhat distracted, but their attention quickly shifts to you when you go deeper into the room. “What are you hiding behind your back?”

Your eyes suddenly roll. It’s not exactly that you were hiding something, but there is a bad behind you that is a gift for **A** somewhat.

"Aren't you always observant," you utter back. You move to take a seat beside them, watch as they drop the pen in their fingers onto the coffee table.

"When it comes to you, yes," **A** says back with ease.

Months ago that response would've startled the both of you. It would've been something **A** overthought a million times over, for someone who's so used to swallowing and digesting their emotions without an outward reaction—words like that are far from regular.

But, a simple human like yourself was enough to change that.

A smile curls over your lips, you rest your hand on **A's** knee for a moment and whilst you knew they were stressed from the way they sounded on the phone, their tense muscles beneath your palm confirm it.

You pull a container out of the bag you're holding, and then take out two forks. "I stopped by at that bakery you like." You pass a fork to **A**. "New York style cheesecake."

A isn't usually one for beaming smiles. Sarcastic grins, a lopsided smile that people question whether it's genuine, but with you; right now—a light smile is what you get. And, for now, it's good enough for you.

You wait a moment. Decide not to push any further until you open the container to reveal a beautiful slice of cheesecake. One that's neatly decorated with fresh strawberries and a lovely syrup.

When it comes to cheesecake, **A** never needs an invitation. It reminds them of the good times in their lives, the celebratory times; the feelings of a home they've never really come to terms with parting with. They stick their fork into the slice, open their mouth and let the flavour dance over their tongue.

Immortality is certain for them. But if there's a chance **A** would ever see heaven, cheesecake would be present.

"You sounded stressed out on the phone," you say, letting your thoughts take a voice of their own.

A blinks. They shake their head a little before going in for another mouthful. "It doesn't mean you had to do this though. I'm not complaining but still."

What no one tells you is that when you fall for someone who's used to digesting the way they feel, it means asking or accepting comfort and help can be tricky.

You shrug your shoulders. "I wanted to."

Their brows furrow. Why? Because **A** is one of the people in this world who's expected to be strong, one who should have no fear, one who should act on logic and nothing more than just that.

This new territory, with you, for **A** is confusing. Heartfelt, endearing, everything they could've possibly dreamed of—but still difficult to wrap their head around.

The asking. The wanting. The longing.

A drops their fork to the side before glancing at you. "I'm just saying, it wasn't essential."

Your eyes lock to their hazel ones. On a day like today, green is a little more visible than the mixed in brown colour. Truthfully, it's a gaze you could swim in, sink into almost.

"Are you enjoying it?" you question, a slight sternness in your voice. "The company and the cheesecake, I mean."

A's eyes flit over you. "It's no secret that I enjoy your company," they say in a strong tone. "Or cheesecake."

"Then do exactly that," you throw back quickly. "Enjoy it."

The cheesecake is almost forgotten. It definitely is when **A's** gaze doesn't leave you. Even more so when they gradually lean forward, in such a slow action that you genuinely wonder what they're going to do.

A lifts a hand up to your face. It rests on your cheek, and before you know it, their forehead is against yours. Their muscles have relaxed slightly, you can feel it, you mentally pat yourself on the back for it.

In a past life, **A** would tell themselves to stop being so weak. To stop looking for affection that they don't deserve.

But times have changed and a lot happens between them. Like the fact that such an intimate act is enough for **A** to feel like their problem has halved.

Your arms go over their shoulders, and subconsciously, **A's** are around your middle.

"It seems like you forget, Dempsey," you murmur, closing your eyes softly and breathing them in.

"Forget what?"

"That I'll come when you call," you utter. "And I know you'd do the same for me."

*In a fucking heartbeat, **A** thinks to themselves.*

[Jan 13, 2024](#)

Hello! I hope 2024 has been treating you all super well so far. Just a little general update for practically everything that's going on.

My presence on Tumblr has been soo minimal recently. University started back up for me on the 2nd January, and I'm working in a hospital full-time for work experience, so the majority of my energy is going into that. So...fun (not!).

Writing—with drabbles, my plan is to hopefully get them written up during weekends and then I'll have content to post during the week; that's what I'm crossing my fingers for. Beyond The Game stuff—that ended up coming to a halt when exams started, and I haven't picked it up again, though I am debating whether to release the 46k words of the demo I've already written, or continue writing until I feel like the first chapter is done (I'll probably release a poll about this).

And, Golden, my first IF child—I think about the story all the time. I'm still thinking of moving it to Twine now I know how to use that software, but that's obviously over 100k words of content to move over. So, maybe releasing another chapter and then moving to Twine would be a good option. The next chapter is practically drafted out in my head, so it's all just down to writing it up.

I know it's probably not the update anyone on here would've wanted, Lord knows I'd love to say that there's so much written and so much content to release in the span of a few days, but I'm just finding my feet with navigating university and extra pressures again.

Howevrrrr, we're less than three weeks into 2024 so far, so there's still so much of the year left and I'm trying my best to plan out a decent writing plan to get back in the groove of being creative considering I've missed it so much.

A's drabble was the last one I posted, so I hope that was entertaining. That was another relationship series one, so maybe after I'll go to the crush stage again, or even romance drabbles that are from the ros' point of view. Ahh. So many ideas.

But, rest assured, things writing will definitely be a regular thing again soon. Thank you for your support!

[Beyond The Game](#)

[Jan 18, 2024](#)

Just a poll to see which people would rather me do in terms of the demo release.

Release the 46k I've written so far (only 3/5 ROs have been introduced with flirt options)

0%

Release the full chapter with all the ROs introduced (word count will be a whole load more too)

100%

Poll ended Jan 21, 2024 · 10 votes total

[P — Losing](#)

[Jan 23, 2024](#)

Briefly, **P** was adamant that magical beings and the concept of nightmares was a common combination. The way a nightmare plays out like a sequence, the way they're able to piece together each scene and remember its contents for days on end.

They're not a regular occurrence for the blonde-haired individual. They never have been. That's why **P's** always startled when they do occur. A bead of sweat will form as their forehead wrinkles, their brunette brows will furrow, and suddenly, the magic in their veins will do its best to protect them.

But, protecting yourself from your own imagination comes with its own challenges.

Tonight is no different. Well, the only difference being that **P's** jolted awake and a wave of calm has filled them, all due to the sight of you beside them.

"I suppose it's a good thing that I don't sleep talk," **P** jokes as their gaze stays glued on you. It's a tactic they can use; keeping their focus on the very person they adore. The very person they can look at and call home.

You arch a brow at **P's** instant attempt to camouflage something that's bothering them. As if the tiredness in their eyes isn't evident, as if they haven't been frantically clutching the sheets with the hope that their hand will find yours quickly enough so you can physically pull them out of their dream.

But, it's what they want. So, you play along...for now. "If you did sleep talk," you begin, your voice sounding slightly groggy as you turn to your side, "what language do you think it'd be in?"

"Dutch, definitely." **P** thinks again. "Or maybe French. A mixture of the two."

"Hm," you hum. "At least I know what to listen out for."

The mere question was supposed to give **P** a little more ease, but you debate whether it's working when **P**'s teeth are gnawing on their bottom lip; when their fingers are flexed beside them looking for something to cling onto.

You slip out of the bed and swing your legs over. Your eyes glance to the clock on the nightstand, hoping that **P** doesn't do the same so immense guilt doesn't fill them when they notice it's three o'clock in the morning. They'll think they've woken you up.

"I'll make you tea, shall I?"

—

Though it's a question asked, it was definitely a statement. All shown by the way you ambled down the stairs despite **P**'s protests; along the lines of, *"you have work in a couple of hours, go back to bed, love"* and *"it's fine, I can make my own hot drink"*.

The fridge is open for the milk. It's the only light illuminating both you and **P**. You're standing by the kitchen island, opposite one another, no other words uttered. Just questioning gazes, adoration and a boiling kettle rocking back and forth.

"I have a request," you murmur quietly, as though the sound of your voice will be enough to wake up the neighbours.

P arches a brow, clearly confused, but their answer is always positively the same. "Anything for you."

You take a step forward. Then another, all before you're holding out a hand. "Dance with me?"

It's not hesitation, just them taking in the scene around them. One **P** has wished for a million times before. To be in the kitchen with the love of their life, in pyjamas without a care in the world about how you look; with the opportunity to dance under refrigerator lighting.

P takes your hand and pulls you into them, answering your question with ease. There's an unsaid rule about a slow dance; not that your hands are placed on either your partner's hips or shoulders, but the fact that with the right person it's comfortably easy.

Whilst barefoot, **P**'s tall frame begins to lead the dance. Two steps forwards, two steps sideways, and the same back. And then you lead. And then you swap and change to the rhythm of your own music that you both seem to telepathically hear and understand.

Soon **P**'s hugging you whilst the two of you smoothly sway and enjoy each other's embrace. A minute passes, and then another, and you almost forget why you suggested this in the first place.

"In the nightmare, I lost my magic," **P** mumbles, their blended European accent much thicker than usual.

That's the reason the two of you are in this position. A nightmare. "Hm?" you question, still holding onto them. "Is that what scared you when you woke up?"

P blinks. "Partly, but not just that..." They swallow hard before continuing, and blink back any tears that have threatened to come to the surface. "It wasn't just the magic I lost. I lost the others, my family... *you*."

An introverted heart with extroverted tendencies is a fair description of **P** Martens. They'd happily spend their time alone, but time alone with the right people can be such a valuable thing too.

You come to a smooth halt and place your hands on **P's** shoulders. "I'm here," you utter. "Safe, sound, in need of a hot beverage," you joke, it being enough to pull a smile out of **P**, "but here all the same. You won't lose me, **P**."

If it was enough, the two of you wouldn't be in such a position. **P** wouldn't be embarrassing convincing themselves that their nightmare was *just* a nightmare. You can see the cogs turning in their brain, fiercely trying to calm them down until you bring their hands to your face.

P's slender fingers rest on your cheeks. The pad of their thumb traces your bottom lip, enough for you to press a small kiss to it. "I mean it," you whisper. "I'm yours and you're mine."

The words are like a code. One the two of you understand. One **P** can smile at and decipher with their eyes closed, even when a nightmare comes to attack them.

"And if we're for each other, how can we ever be lost?" **P** mutters back rhetorically with a smile.

[Update — 51.](#)

[Feb 6, 2024](#)

February is a much quieter month for me considering my first hospital internship has come to an end. And with all the Patreon posts I have planned, I'm certain I'll be more active on here and my presence will be felt.

I'm getting back into Beyond The Game writing this week. By the end of the week I'm hoping to officially get back into the swing of things and have stuff written up. There's going to be a lot of branching in the story as a whole, but for the whole of the first chapter too which is why it's taken way longer than I originally anticipated. Plus, for those that got to take the poll, I know you'd much rather have to chapter in it's entirety than me release the 46k I have so far—so I'm going to honour that.

My Golden plans still remain to be Patreon exclusive (other than anything I may post on Tumblr from my asks etc.) and with Valentine's Day coming up, I'll be writing drabbles based on that. There's been a lot of relationship content drabbles, so I'm going by to try and out a good spin on what I write. I'm also going to write some for the Beyond The Game characters, just so you're able to see what they're like as romances characters, and maybe it'll help readers like the concept of them and the story more.

My promise is that I'm going to be way more active than I was last month, and there'll definitely be 'something' released in the near future. Thanks so much for your support and patience <3

[Poll — 8.](#)

[Feb 10, 2024](#)

I have a plan for a drabble series and I was curious about your answers.

Who's your Golden mc's best friend out of the group?

A Dempsey

B Holden

K de la Renta

P Martens

14 votes total

[Surprises — A Dempsey](#)

[Feb 13, 2024](#)

"Oh, hello."

There's a small smile on the witch/warlock's face when they mutter those words. The kind of knowing smile that you can read on P now; one that makes the corners of their mouth twitch into an expression that's almost a smirk.

It indicates one thing. ‘*Things with you and A are serious if you’re at their apartment and opening the door.*’

You raise a brow before leaning on the doorframe. “Stop looking at me like that,” you mutter with a sigh, already bracing yourself for the teasing words that are about to fall from P.

“Like what?”

“Like *that*.” The accusatory words only make P’s smile widen. “Besides, **A** isn’t even here. They went out to run some errands.”

The European brushes a strand of hair away from their face before adjusting the bag in their hand. “Supernatural errands?”

A sense of delight rushes through you at that question, because, for what feels like the first time in a while, there aren’t any nasty supernatural surprises on your doorstep. No unknown facts, no bargains and bets to be made, no worry that you’re at the centre of any untold story.

For once, there normality. So much so that you can admit the person you like is *only* running errands.

“No,” you answer happily. “Our dear demigod(dess) is out to get coffee.”

“Because we, of course, know they can’t survive without that.”

You nod. “Exactly.” You pull the door open a little more to open up the space. “**A** also wouldn’t want you standing out here on their doorstep. Come in.”

As P walks in, they notice that there isn’t much of a difference to **A’s** place. Everything is orderly as always. Their bookshelves are arranged the way they like them, their journals lay on the coffee table with two pens beside them. There’s a plant in the corner of the room that has recently been watered. It’s all got the **A Dempsey** touch about it.

Though, there are the subtle differences that shine through. The bits that are your own touches; ones intentionally and unintentionally made. The small things that let you know someone else has been in **A’s** space, but the same touches that let you know someone **A adores** has been in their space.

“Even though there isn’t coffee, will tea do?” you question, playing the role of a host.

P nods. “I’d like that.” They follow you to the kitchen with ease; rest their hip on the bar stool as you catch some water for the kettle. “Did you come to visit **A**?” they ask after a long moment.

It’s a time you question whether a supernatural can sniff out a lie in an instant. Then, your thoughts change to whether your best friend can pick up on a lie if you told one. The same way **A** floated into your life unannounced, P did the same. Whilst there were similarities, the differences were obvious. The

way you and the magical being clicked, the way friendship grew by the day. The way you're happy to have them by your side.

"I stayed the night," you concede whilst dropping a tea bag into a clean mug. "It wasn't my plan to, but I came yesterday and ended up falling asleep."

A genuine smile curls over P's lips. "And how comfortable is **A's** sofa to sleep on?"

Milk, water and a teaspoon of honey are added to the mug next before your shoulders shrug. "I wouldn't know," you answer. "**A** insisted on me sleeping in their bed whilst they took the sofa. I felt bad, but I was too tired to argue about it."

A playful gasp falls from P. "**A's** generosity is making its way to the surface. Such joy."

"Stop," you laugh. Stirring the tea comes next, the tea bag is removed before the mug is slid in P's direction. Your mouth twists before you say your next words. "I don't know. I was a little surprised by it too."

"Which part?" P questions. "That **A** let you stay the night? That they let you fall asleep in their bed? Or at the fact that **A** really likes you?"

You blink. "All of the above," you blurt out.

As P takes a sip of their beverage, the front door open. The jangle of keys are heard next, and at the sight of brunette waves, your stomach does a delicate pirouette. "I hope the two of you are having a brilliant time in my home," **A** murmurs loudly enough, no malice to their tone.

P glances over their shoulder. "Oh, we are. Believe me."

A enters the kitchen and their hazel eyes flit from P to you. There's a softness in them, a warmth that you can't quite place, but it's the same look when they insisted you stay the night. The same look they had in their eyes when they invited you to their apartment for the very first time. It's a look you'll always remember. One you'll cherish.

"Yeah, it sounds like you are," **A** utters back. There's a shopping bag in their hand that they rest on the counter. Before pulling out their much needed coffee, they pull out a brown paper bag. You recognise it. It's from a well known bakery not far by, and for the moment, without any uttered words, **A** slides the bag in your direction effortlessly.

Their eyes do all the talking. The gaze in them practically says, *'I was running errands and I thought of you. I bought your favourite pastries. Go on, take a look.'*

And you do. And their talkative gaze was absolutely right. Your favourite pastries and neatly folded napkins with it. It's something else you can add on the list of surprises, courtesy of **A Dempsey**.

"I wasn't planning on staying, anyway," P murmurs, glancing down at their mug to see they've managed to sip just over half of it. They reach over and pull a book out of their bag. "I just came to return this after you let me borrow it."

A takes the book from their grasp and flicks the pages quickly. "Enjoy it?"

P's blue eyes sparkle a little. "Indeed. I like when love stories unravel before my eyes."

Suave. But, for once, P Martens lacks subtlety.

It's something **A** picks up on. Easily. Especially with the way the sound of a groan erupts in their throat. "I'm kicking you out now, P."

P snorts. "Happily." Their eyes fall on you. "Thanks for the drink. I'll see you both later."

—

In this moment, with you and **A** alone once more, you can't decipher them. Whether they're suddenly regretting letting you in their home, whether you've been reading all of this wrong from the get-go.

"I got the right ones?" **A** blurts out, pulling you from your thoughts.

"What?"

They blink. "From the bakery..."

"Oh," you utter. "Yes, you did. Thank you." Your voice faltered ever so slightly, something not many would pick up on. But you're standing in front of a supernatural, for one; a demigod(dess) that almost knows you inside out. So **A** noticed.

They scoff a little. "I'm full of surprises today, aren't I?"

A supernatural with extraordinary hearing.

That should've been your first tell. That the opening of the front door was only an indicator of **A's** presence, they must've picked up on the energy within their own home.

"All of the above, I remember you saying when it came to an exhaustive list," **A** pushes. "You would've had to have a word with the Gods if I had kissed you. That would've probably been enough to send you in a frenzy."

Your eyes widen at the suggestion. At the fact **A's** even teased you in the first place. It's out of character, out of their comfort zone.

But, then again, isn't falling for anyone outside of **A's** comfort zone?

[Feb 26, 2024](#)

Soo, other than chipping away at the BTG demo again. I originally had this idea this morning so I'd have something to actually release. I've opened up Choicescript again, and my plan is to write up some interactive drabbles. So, drabbles for each ro, but you're able to make choices like an IF.

I did this a while back for and people seemed to enjoy them, and I think it'd be fun being about to have that interactive element with a drabble. Here's the [link](#) to the one I did before. They'll be from the ros' point of view, and as the reader, you'll be able to choose your mc's name, pronouns, and the ros' genders—and then there'll be four stories for you to read!

Whether they'll be the crushing stage or relationship stage, I'm not sure yet, but I'm excited to write again and get choice elements involved...and also get the ros feeling/accepting the emotions they're feeling :)

Thanks once again for your support, I can't wait to release these stories for you. I'll keep you updated.

“Thousands.”

A laugh escapes you as you register the word that's fallen from B's mouth. “Hundreds, B.”

The werewolf rolls their eyes. “Sure, but if I say that **K's** thousands of years old then it pisses them off even more.”

“And we want that because...?”

A light smile curls over B's mouth. “I might as well live up to fantasy and annoy vampires, no?”

[Mar 2, 2024](#)

Sneak peek of the next drabble in the best friend series.

Feat. A K drabble w/ B as the best friend.

[This — K de la Renta](#)

[Mar 5, 2024](#)

“Thousands.”

A laugh escapes you as you register the word that’s fallen from B’s mouth. “Hundreds, B.”

The werewolf rolls their eyes. “Sure, but if I say that **K**’s thousands of years old then it pisses them off even more.”

“And we want that because...?”

A light smile curls over B’s mouth. “I might as well live up to fantasy and annoy vampires, no?”

“I suppose so.”

There’s a pause between the two of you. You’re sitting across from each other, at a small corner cafe, one that’s scenic and quiet. The kind of place that opens its doors for when a moment with your best friend is needed, for when it’s absolutely necessary to feel a dosage of platonic love and normalcy.

“Although, now you and **K** are together, I suppose that’s officially your job now.”

You’re sure B knows of the butterflies that erupt in your stomach at the mention of the vampire, even more so at the reminder of a relationship with them. Your facial expression gives it away, the same way B has the gleaming glint in their eyes, indicating their own happiness at the two of you.

You bring your drink closer towards you. “If you ask them, they’d definitely tell you I’m annoying.”

B shakes their head at your joke. You’re expecting the slightest of chuckles to fall from them, the briefest of smiles. But it doesn’t come, instead there’s a serious expression on their face. One that has them forgetting the sandwich and hot drink they ordered, the same meal sitting in front of them.

“You don’t actually think **K** would say that, do you?”

You blink, all before you shrug your shoulders. “They probably would but—“

They shake their head harshly. “If anyone asked, the first thing that would come from **K’s** mouth is how much they adore you,” B says with no hesitation, candour to their words. “Granted, admitting to feelings isn’t their strong point but...you, you mean more to **K** than anyone.”

It’s not the description you were going for. Not an answer you, at all, expected—but it’s an answer that fills you up inside. One that’s felt by the butterflies in your stomach, and the rush of heat that rushes over your skin whenever a certain vampire is close by. And, probably what engulfs you most is that one of your true friends is able to gather all of that.

It’s B, of all people though. The person who understands emotions and feelings more than anyone, some who can point them out without a second thought. But, what you and **K** have for each other must be obvious enough.

Your mouth opens to respond, to say something, all until you hear the sound of heavy boots. You watch as B’s dark brown eyes flit away from you and land on a figure behind you.

“Have I mentioned that I fucking hate the cold weather?” a voice asks, one that’s all too familiar. The touch is something comforting too when the lightest touch of their hand rests against your shoulder.

“Speak of the devil,” B says playfully at **K’s** presence.

You look up to see **K** standing next to your table. Their topaz eyes fall to you, and in that brief moment, a softness enters their eyes. A small look that’s asking you a thousand questions; ‘are you okay?’ ‘how’s your day been?’ ‘have you missed me because I sure have missed you?’

The vampire brings a hand towards your face, their thumb rests on your cheek, and as the cliché states, it’s practically like you’re the only two people around.

Much to B’s realisation.

“It’s probably not your beverage of choice,” B murmurs as they get up from their seat, “but feel free to have my drink.”

Your brows furrow. “You’re leaving?”

They shrug lightly. “There’s still shopping for me to do in the city centre anyway.” They nod towards **K**. “Plus, I’d think the eight thousand year old vampire would need a seat.”

A laugh escapes you, much to **K’s** dismay as a hint of their fangs are on display and shown in B’s direction. “You’re an ass,” the Puerto Rican murmurs, annoyed.

B reaches down for their bag. “That’s not the kindest thing to say to someone who’s been keeping your partner company for the past few hours.”

B was right. A hot drink is definitely not **K's** beverage of choice. One time it might've been. A long, long time ago when they were human, but alas, their life is different now. But not for the worst necessarily, not when they've met you.

"You're in a knitted jumper," you point out, your fingers reaching over to fiddle with **K's** sleeve.

The corner of their mouth twitches upwards. It's an attire that many don't see them in, when their main wardrobe is surrounded of black, red and burgundy, beneath all that; there's practically a whole other world. Less denim. Less diamond earrings. A much softer and less 'rough around the edges' world.

"I am," they mumble with their wrist on show now, their light brown skin getting a ray of sunlight. **K** desperately hopes your fingers will brush against it, and when their wish is granted, comfort suddenly takes over.

"Hm, I like it."

"Yeah?" **K** asks teasingly, leaning forward slightly. "No other compliments for me?"

Your eyes roll playfully. "No, not if you fish for them like that."

You lean forward too, elbows on the table and your eyes staring into topaz ones with pupils that dilate at the sight of you.

K's fingers rest under your chin. Not touching it, just hovering there as if to ask whether it's okay to touch you. There's a knowing look between the both of you, one where words don't need to be uttered but a single feeling is shared. Telepathic, almost.

You lower your head a little and make the connection with their hand. A simple action that answered **K's** internal question. With your head resting against their hand, your eyes glance between the deep dimples in their cheeks.

"You have a nice smile, I suppose," you utter, only forcing **K** to smile wider, in a way that's shyer than either of you would've expected.

K's thumb creeps up to trace the outline of your bottom lip. A feather light touch that remains a little after it's happened. "Charming."

You pout. "Others would say thank you."

K arches a brow. "*Others* would've kissed you by now."

"You can do that too," you say quickly, all too quickly, enough for **K** to chuckle and lean forward that bit more.

Their forehead rests against yours, and you expect them to close the gap between your mouths. Embrace you is a kiss that's soft, passionate, something you've craved the entire day—all of the above. But, their eyes close for a brief moment.

"Thank you," they murmur quietly, practically whispering the words.

Your hands cup their cheeks, and despite the cold temperature of them, **K** doesn't wince. "For what?"

"Just...I don't know. *This*."

It's a broad reference, and you begin to think whether it's being with them at this café, or for complimenting their sweater and smile, or...

"Just, thank you for you. I'm shit, really shit at expressing it all, but I mean it," **K** finishes.

And whilst you were the one expecting to receive something to resemble true love's kiss. You're the one giving it to **K** instead.

There's blood dripping down their arm, a nasty gash that won't stop oozing the red liquid. "How did you do this again?" you question,

The corners of **K**'s mouth twitch upwards, but the smile isn't genuine. The two of you have known each other long enough for you to spot the differences between their authentic emotions. It's even more obvious when the two of you have built such a strong friendship.

K thinks for a beat. "Ask no questions and I'll tell no lies."

[Sneak Peek — Drabble Edition](#)

[Mar 17, 2024](#)

Sneak peek of what will be **P**'s romantic drabble, but **K**'s the best friend.

[Romantic/Platonic — P Martens](#)

[Apr 8, 2024](#)

It's almost 5 o'clock in the morning. The ticking clock confirms it, your slight tiredness confirms it, and what's even weirder than you being up at this time is the fact that K's at your place at this time.

There's blood dripping down their arm, a nasty gash that won't stop oozing the red liquid. "How did you do this again?" you question, a cloth in your hand ready to be of aid as they lean against the side table.

The corners of K's mouth twitch upwards, but the smile isn't genuine. The two of you have known each other long enough for you to spot the differences between their authentic emotions. It's even more obvious when the two of you have built such a strong friendship.

K thinks for a beat. "Ask no questions and I'll tell no lies."

Your mouth twists. You're silent for a beat and gesture to the wound. A moment passes before K extends it and lets you examine it.

"How about you try answering again," you mumble as you press the cloth to their skin.

There are certain similarities between humans and supernaturals in this case. In many cases, actually; but this one being that stemming a bleed is always a good shout.

K's eyes narrow, and maybe it's to cover a wince or just so they can aim their annoyance at you. "How about *you* get that magical partner of yours to fix me up," they jibe back.

It's **P** they're talking about. Not only is it obvious, but the way your stomach twirls at the sound of their name in circumstances like this shows the effect they have on you.

"That's the only reason you're here?" you ask, instantly causing K's brows to un-furrow, as though they can sense disappointment in your voice.

They hum. "You know it isn't," K murmurs in a soft voice as though they carefully thought out their words. "I just don't like taking you away from your lover, that's all."

The cloth seems to do its job at soaking up the blood, but the gash that's left; that isn't your job to deal with. Instead, it's the job of the witch/warlock who's tiptoeing down your stairs. **P** emerges from around the corner, eyes slightly widened, an arched brow and a question on their lips that you know will be left unanswered.

Their blue eyes rest of you first, then K, then the cloth that you've moved to the side. After running a hand over their slightly dishevelled hair, **P** opens their mouth.

“Do I get a story about how this happened before I start healing you?” **P** asks, standing by your side and placing a warm hand on your shoulder.

There are five known love languages, and yet with a partner like **P**, you get to regularly experience each one. Their slender fingers curl around your shoulder as they give it a gentle squeeze, a gesture that speaks less than a thousand words, but important ones all the same. Them letting you know they’re always here for you.

“No, let’s just skip to the healing part,” K says with a roll of their eyes, a nonchalant tone to their voice. Yet, you’re sure there’s a hint of pain in it too.

You glance up at **P**, to the point where it feels like the two of you are having a conversation only the two of you can decipher. A conversation where you tell one another that you’re worried about K, that something serious must have happened.

“I can leave you to it, if you like,” you murmur, getting up to vacate the seat you’re in. “I’ll make you both a hot drink.”

You expect a protest to leave K’s lips, even one along the lines of ‘if it’s not blood, then why would I be interested?’ but the sharp quip doesn’t come.

“Thank you, love,” **P** mutters, leaning upwards and placing a quick kiss on your cheek before they take the seat you were in.

K watches you go around the corner and leave, pushing their outstretched arm towards **P**. A few moments pass, the first being **P** picking which spell will best work on the injury. The second moment being whether they have the energy to complete the spell. The third moment for—

“Sorry for waking the two of you,” K chokes out.

P blinks. They shake their head a little. “I’d rather you come to us than not. You’re my partner’s best friend, *my* best friend. An apology isn’t necessary.”

There’s silence, and then the sound of a kettle boiling. Despite the tiredness in their eyes, in their palms and fingers, **P** reaches out and takes K’s arm. They examine the damage first: the gash, the redness forming, the slight swelling, and the fact that K’s vampire instincts would probably be telling them that a drink of blood would be great now.

“I went to your apartment first, actually,” K blurts out.

P’s eyes shimmer in a deeper shade of blue, the spell they’ve been muttering in their head ready to shoot from their fingertips. “You did?”

K nods, trying not to flinch as **P**’s thumbs glide over their injury. The spell falls from their tongue, a tangle of words and warm light from their fingers doing its job as K’s wound begins to stitch up.

“Yeah. I just knew that they’d worry,” K says in reference to you. “I knew that you’d worry as well, but they’re finally building this life with you. I don’t want to put supernatural problems on their head.”

P doesn’t say it, but at least now they know K’s injury is supernatural related. “I didn’t know you felt like such a protector.” There isn’t any malice in the words, slight truth, yes. But mostly playfulness.

K’s lips purse. “Just because you’re the one kissing them everyday. I’m just saying, what the two of you have is good, right?”

P nods, even smiles despite the situation because ‘good’ isn’t even the word they’d use to describe what you have together. Instead, they’d use a phrase describing you as light in darkness, or freshly bloomed flowers in a field. Or as a specific sound, when their pencil meets the canvas when they start a new sketch. You’re not a simple entity to the witch/warlock.

You’re much more.

[Update — 53.](#)

[Apr 18, 2024](#)

Hi, hi, hello!

My most immediate plan for the week is to get A’s birthday drabble done, dusted and posted! Their birthday is April 20th and I’ve had their drabble idea in my head for a while, a hint is that it’s going to be based off of Hozier’s most recent song ‘Too Sweet’—so I can’t wait to share that.

My plan for the rest of the month is to finally get back into writing things other than just drabbles. I think about the characters I’ve created all the time, but with university and working multiple 12.5 hour shifts at the hospital a week, it becomes extremely difficult to have the energy to write. I think the drabbles help in terms of practicing writing, but I do want to get back into using Tweego/Twine/ChoiceScript to ensure I remember how to use each bit of software correctly.

A very short update, but I’ll be posting before the week ends and I’m hoping I’ll be able to give you more book progress by next week too!

[A — Scenarios](#)

[Apr 21, 2024](#)

I think I'll take my whiskey neat

My coffee black and my bed at three

If you give **A** the choice between an alcoholic drink and coffee, they'll choose the latter every time. They'll choose the quiet, aesthetic café with sunlight streaming in. The beams bouncing off their face and causing their skin to glisten; they'll sip the hot beverage and remember the story of Icarus.

A kind of day where it's just them and their own thoughts, a warm coffee in hand and maybe a time where they'll go the extra mile and treat themselves. A demigod(dess) with an onus to do something enjoyable for themselves for once, no worries about a duty to uphold, or the need to put on a brave and stern face for anyone.

Those are the moments where **A** wins. Where they say a cheers to the world and take their small victories.

—

Whiskey wouldn't be their drink of choice at all. Though, comparing **A** to the beverage wouldn't go amiss. The tingling, burning sensation you get from the drink isn't too dissimilar to **A's** personality. The harshness of when you first meet them, the rude persona that doesn't seem to leave quickly. You have to go beneath many layers to find what **A** is like deep down. And like the liquor, at the end, you feel a spark; a hint of delight that you decided to indulge in the first place.

—

The thing is, you've survived that version of **A**. The version where they're the first sip of whiskey, you've gotten to the part where it's the two of you going to cafes on beautiful dates. To the part where you stay over at their apartment and take in their aesthetic. The mixture of neutral colours and sage green, the large plant in the corner that they never forget to water. The journals neatly stacked on their shelf and the threaded bracelet they make sure to wear, on special occasions especially.

But, with that comes the elements of themselves they haven't had to share with someone. The latest of nights and the earliest of mornings with a person by their side. It's all new territory; taking into account an extra being, having someone beside you in bed, the tired bickering that comes before a peaceful sleep.

"I'll take the left side," you murmur, pulling back the duvet.

To which **A** shakes their head. "No, I've already claimed the left."

And alongside all that, there's the overthinking when **A's** mind doesn't stop its constant racing. The thoughts they try to keep at bay, but when darkness and night is upon them they come to the surface.

Their thoughts spiral, ones about their immortality and what that means for the two of you, spanning to the supernatural and human side of their family—the constant rift between them and whether such animosity will ever be solved.

A won't deny that they put a lot of things on their head, but they can only pray to the Gods and hope that there's something that takes that pain away when their mind wanders.

Yet, when they glance at you, seeing that you are in fact in a peaceful sleep beside them. The pain lessens significantly.

You're too sweet for me

You're too sweet for me

[Update — 54.](#)

[May 6, 2024](#)

A new month and a new drabble on the way! I enjoyed writing the last A drabble that was based off of a song, so I think this is a series that I'll continue. Feel free to add songs in the comments that remind you of/relate to your favourite RO, and I'll write drabbles based of the lyrics for the crushing stage, romance stage, angst etc.

Additionally, I actually managed to continue a little of Beyond The Game. Granted, I only added a sentence but I did manage to fix some Twine coding difficulties that were in the game so it was nice getting that out of the way. It's personally been hard to get back into writing considering how difficult life has been for me recently, but I have to remember that this is a hobby I enjoy and want to stick to.

I hit over 5k followers on Tumblr which is very wild, so thank you so much for that! So, I'll try to get those interactive drabbles written up and posted. I'll have to decide whether I'll be using Twine or ChoiceScript for that—but maybe the latter because I already have a foundation from the previous interactive drabbles.

K's drabble is to be posted before the end of the week. There might be a poll or two, too. And more and more and more writing. I promiseeee.

I'm not one for relationships
It's over-rated

You don't specifically know how the conversation came about with **K** the first time around. Maybe it was around the time you began to realise that your feelings for them were steering past the platonic phase. Or maybe it was when one of the others mentioned teasingly mentioned that **K** and romance weren't the most compatible.

"You think they're overrated, then?" you asked one day, when **K** was sitting across from you. Their focus was on hoping their denim jacket would keep them warm.

[Sneak Peek — Drabble Edition](#)

[May 13, 2024](#)

Keeping the song theme drabbles going with a sneak peek of **K**'s.

[Therapy — K de la Renta](#)

[May 26, 2024](#)

I'm not one for relationships

It's over-rated

•

You don't specifically know how the conversation came about with **K** the first time around. Maybe it was around the time you began to realise that your feelings for them were steering past the platonic phase. Or maybe it was when one of the others mentioned teasingly mentioned that **K** and romance weren't the most compatible.

“You think they’re overrated, then?” you ask, when **K** is sitting across from you. Their focus on hoping their denim jacket will keep them warm.

K arches a brow and looks up from their sleeve. “You might...no, actually,” they say in a matter-of-fact tone, “you will need to elaborate, rich kid.”

Your eyes quickly roll. “Relationships.”

K pauses. What was an arched brow became two furrowed ones. Tension suddenly filled the air, their topaz eyes locked with yours for a brief moment whilst they thought of their answer. Whilst thinking, there seemed to be a disconnect between their mouth and their brain.

Their mind had been on you, how this conversation came about, why you’d be interested in this topic of conversation with **K** of all supernaturals. And, then, the quick flutter of heat that erupted over their arms—heat that had nothing to do with the rays of sun that started to shine on the two of you.

They took a moment to have a think. “No.”

You blink. “No?”

K’s mouth twists at your question. As though it’s such a surprise that the vampire doesn’t actually find romance revolting, that maybe they do like to imagine themselves embracing the art form—but that wouldn’t be something to admit. Especially not right now.

“You don’t seem to like that answer,” they murmur.

Your lips thin out. “No, it’s a good answer,” you respond. “Just...”

“Not what you were expecting,” **K** finishes for you.

And could they really blame you? Their whole facade and personality practically begs you to push them away, to only keep them at an arm’s length. You’ve been lucky enough to get a little closer, to peel back a layer and see the sensitive side that the vampire hides so well. But, you wonder whether that’s something you’ll get to unleash often.

—

‘Cause you were in my head when

I thought I lost my mind

But we do this every time

•

There have been many times when **K** has thought they've lost their mind. Usually it comes during the late hours of night, when sleep decides not to claim them, and they're laying awake with thought after thought. A dose of trauma that hits...and hits...and hits...

So, now, they know they haven't lost their mind. There isn't the feeling of sweaty palms, no need to grit their teeth, no need to clutch at their bedsheets and hope they don't fall into a slumber and encounter a nightmare.

This is different.

A situation where, instead, their mind is plagued with thoughts of you. It began calmly, in a way where **K** needn't be alarmed. The same way you'd think of a friend when you haven't heard from them or seen them in a while. All until it ended up fast-forwarding, to when **K's** trauma would appear and the mere thought of you would help keep the negativity at bay.

Even more so when it was the middle of the night and of all people, you're the one **K** calls.

"Are you okay?" you say down the line, almost trying to mask the tired tone of your voice, but you're beginning to question whether that's ever a possibility when there's a vampire on the end of the phone.

You and **K** have done this before.

Where you tell the other that they can call whenever they need to. No matter what time.

It's not often **K** does so, but the offer is there. And it actually warms your heart that they take you up on it.

"Are you?" **K** questions back with ease. They're in their apartment, in the living room, pacing. A jumper over their torso, eyes fixated on the clock that read 3:05am. "You should be asleep."

You scoff. "Maybe I have new supernatural powers that means sleep isn't a necessity for me."

A light chuckle falls from **K's** lips as they enter their bedroom. "Maybe," they hum softly.

It's funny how this is calming to them. The simplicity of not being near you, but being only a phone call away.

You pause for a moment, stifling a yawn. "You never answered my question."

K's takes a seat on their bed and leans back. They know exactly how they're feeling. Emotional intelligence is their forte, maybe not to the extent of their werewolf best friend, but **K** *knows* feelings.

So...platonic, right? That's what they're trying to clutch to. To make whatever this thing is much less awkward for their soul.

But if that were true, then there wouldn't be such an ache in their chest when you're not near. There wouldn't be the desperation to have the tiniest piece of you in their life somehow.

"Yeah," **K** murmurs after clearing their throat. "Yeah, I'm fine." They stay silent for a long moment, to the point where you think that the call has ended. But then you hear them swallow hard. "I just wanted to hear your voice."

Your heart skips a beat at that statement.

Because maybe, finally, arm's length is too far of a distance for **K** to keep you.

[Update — 55.](#)

[Jun 9, 2024](#)

A new month and hopefully a lot of writing for me to get done over the next week when I submit my uni assignment before I'm back working at the hospital for the next six weeks.

I'm wanting to release a four interactive short stories in the *Golden* universe. I'll release a vote for whether they'll be in the crush or romance era. A bit like drabbles, but just interactive, and so there's actually some content to give to you because I do feel guilty that university and my life in general has been so hectic that I haven't been able to give full story updates.

Beyond The Game is still going! We're chipping chipping away. I'd love to release it now as it is, but the 46k I have written is more of a foundation and all the characters haven't been introduced yet. But, to get some stuff released this year and this month, I'm thinking I'll have to dig deep and indulge in some late night creative energy.

The writing is coming, I can promise you that. I'm even going to try and create a good timetable so I can fit writing into my life much better.

Thanks once again for all your support. See you soon.

[Interactive Short Stories](#)

[Jun 15, 2024](#)

As I begin to write the Golden interactive short stories, which stage would you like to read about the ros in?

Crushing Stage

50%

Relationship Stage

50%

Poll ended Jun 17, 2024 · 14 votes total

He quickly lets his eyes roam over Mackenzie. There's a compliment there. On the tip of his tongue, ready to jump out and make this interaction even better.

But, Asher turns and begins to stroll away. Hands in his trench coat pockets and no look behind him.

"I am someone who enjoys their own company, but do join me," Asher tells Mackenzie specifically.

[A's Short Special — Sneak Peek](#)

[Jun 23, 2024](#)

Note: in the interactive special, you can choose the name of your mc, their pronouns and the gender of the ros.

For this sneak peek, I just randomised.

[Update - 56.](#)

[Jul 5, 2024](#)

I made a promise that content would be out soon, and I can confirm it even more! A's short special is done, B's is halfway through. I'd love to get this done in a week or two, and then there will finally be Golden content to release—even though they are side stories. I feel like people will like reading them.

I've also had a bit of a thought of how I want my writing timetable to look like: I'm definitely going with getting these short stories out first, finishing Beyond The Game's demo, and then going back to Golden and maybe doing a rewrite and porting to Twine. The rewrite would literally be as it says, to rewrite and make the story's earlier chapters better.

Nineteen year old me had some cringey/not very good writing, so I'd love to improve that, and in that I'd be giving the mc more of a story and more choices for you as readers.

I know it's over halfway through the year, but it feels nice that content is finally making its way out into the world in a matter of days.

Thanks so much for your support. It never goes unnoticed. We really are getting there!!

[Update — 57.](#)

[Jul 23, 2024](#)

Don't think I've forgotten about these short stories dropping! We really are getting there, B's is completely finished. At my work experience, I started writing up K's. I'll be posting a sneak peek of B's before the week ends, and I'd love to get them out in the next couple of days.

I've started Golden (Twine Version). Just getting a title page for it set-up, and trying to choose fonts and start porting some of the stats into the new system. I think creating a nice, colourful UI for the game will be fun even though Twine can be a very tricky system to use.

My last day of work is tomorrow until I have a few days off, it's my birthday at the weekend (I have an eye infection, so I'm hoping that clears up). But, most importantly for all of you, with these few days off with rest—writing will get done and you can dive back into the Golden universe.

A writing and personal update (no one actually asked for, haha) but content is on the horizon.

[Update — 58.](#)

[Aug 13, 2024](#)

I have one more short story left to write, and that's P's, so the horizon to getting that content out is super near. I'll be continuing to write drabbles too, so I'll release a poll for votes on the kind of drabbles you'd like to read.

It's a super duper short update, but my summer holidays have started and I'm on holiday with a friend for a week (and I haven't got my laptop with me), but rest assured that the content is coming.

Thanks so much for your support x

[Update — 59.](#)

[Aug 25, 2024](#)

I'm happy to say that I expect P's short special piece to be done by tomorrow, and I expect all four of the short stories to go up tomorrow too. I don't have a specific time for release, but as Patreon subscribers, you'll obviously get them before they are publicly released. It's about 3k words for each story, and now I've done these stories in the crushing stage, I expect that the next four I write will be in the relationship stage—especially as these four stories are leaning towards that .

It's a short update. But a substantial one because there's finally content to give you. I know that I'm not the most active on here, and I would most certainly like to be, but my university degree and the fatigue and burnout cause me to not write as much as I'd like to. I'm trying to pace and sort myself as best as I can with that, so hopefully this set of content can also act as an apology to you.

Thanks for your support.



[Golden — Short Specials](#)

[Aug 26, 2024](#)

And there we have it! Available to read. The short specials are here. I've called this collection of stories 'the comfort series' as I believe that's what the ro and mc are to each other: comfort.

Four short stories (approx. 2k words each), for four supernaturals:

- An Accepted Invitation — A Dempsey
- Fine Line — B Holden
- Safety Net — K de la Renta
- Trains Passing By — P Martens

You can customise your MC, choose your own pronouns and choose the genders of the ros. Please let me know what you think.

Thanks for your support as always.

Link is [here](#)!

[Update — 60.](#)

[Sep 4, 2024](#)

The short specials have been out for a few days now, and I really hope you guys found them enjoyable. Releasing them really made me miss writing, so I'm back to writing the main stories now. I picked up *Beyond The Game* again (for those that want a recap, the Twine football IF I had an idea for and started working on), and that's been so fun. It's been going rather well.

When I last updated about it, I think I mentioned that I was writing the scene where the mc has a press conference. Since then, that scene is finished, the mc is currently meeting their teammates, and we're going into their first training match—so I get to write some football scenes which'll be interesting.

My imposter syndrome and biggest worries have made me think that what I'm writing isn't good/interesting enough, but I'm trying to ignore those nagging thoughts and just write. The transgender options have been added in too, and I'd like to enhance those options through flavour of text. The same way I'd like to with mc's that are people of colour.

For the remainder of this week, BTG is going to be my main focus, with the hopes that this demo can finally get released. Do expect to see some sneak peeks of it too. There's so much branching in this story which I think the reader will like, it's also 18+ so I'll be able to write and tackle things in writing that I haven't done before which will be a fun challenge.

WORD COUNT

50.8k

[Drabbles](#)

[Sep 13, 2024](#)

Which kind of drabbles do you find more enjoyable?

The linear ones that I write and post on here for each RO.

The interactive ones like the short specials.

16 votes total

[Interactive Drabble](#)

[Sep 17, 2024](#)

I promise this is the last poll for a bit, I just want to give you guys the best content I can and the content you want to see.

What kind of stories would you like to see next?

Crushing Stage

Relationship Stage

Something Else (comment below)

21 votes total

[Update — 61.](#)

[Sep 24, 2024](#)

The fun thing about having multiple wips that are different genres is that I get loads of fun ideas and all the storytelling goes amazingly well in my head. The bad thing is that I keep swapping and changing which story I work on.

A bit of a lengthy update that says a lot, but not a lot at the same time. I delved back into the Golden universe! However, the first thing I've started is opening up a Google Doc document for a rewrite.

Why am I rewriting it? Well, you already know I'm doing the move to Twine. For a few reasons, so I have total ownership of my stories, it makes it free for all of you guys to read, and a whole load more customisation options (that are an absolute pain in the ass to code).

It's been a while since I've had the thought of a Golden rewrite in my head. A nineteen year old me discovered interactive fiction during COVID, she then proceeded to release a story and it's taken off from there. Though, there's a lot I wanted to change: just *general* writing from the early chapters, plot changes, the way characters have been introduced etc. Realistically, I wanted to change the cringey and not-great writing from 2020.

The changes (which can be subject to change): I'm getting rid of the university idea (though you can still choose careers that are related to those degrees from the options that'll be given) (e.g., *if you liked the nursing student option, then your MC can work as a nurse*). I'm thinking that the MC will already know about the supernatural world to some extent — there'll still be a lot of suspense and mystery and things

to unravel. And, in this rewrite, my thought is that the MC and the gang will be working at a multi-agency organisation — called *The Everbrook* — where the aim is to bridge the gap between humans and supernaturals. To make the world run smoothly, so to speak.

In my rendition of this rewrite, the MC will have been working there for about a year, the ROs would've been there a bit longer so the MC will *know of them* (sort of).

This seems like a load of word vomit, but I feel like these changes will improve the story. I'm hoping that it'll make MC less of a spare part in the story, allowing them to have more autonomy in the supernatural universe, especially with their enhanced skillset.

The ROs are the exact same! No changes to that. The genre is the same. MC is still as they are, a Lehsian socialite with a pretty (yet peculiar) birthmark. The parents will have less of a role, but they'll still be mentioned here and there.

I've done the customisation in terms of the UI layout for Twine already, and it should be mobile friendly too. With that done, I can start writing and would ideally like to start as early as tomorrow. A lot of what I've written in the ChoiceScript version can still be used, but also getting back into writing a story from scratch is something I'm looking forward to.

It's the first that I've mentioned any of these plans of a rewrite in so much depth, and it's a little nerve-wracking to say the least. The whole thought of a rewrite of something I've put so much effort into is scary, but I'm hoping it'll be for the better—and I'd love to get your initial thoughts of what you think so far.

—

In terms of Patreon content, the interactive drabbles won the poll so I'm going to get started on those in the next few days. I think K's will be first because I have an idea that smoothly moves on from their story in the short specials, and the ball will get rolling from there.

—

Thank you so much for your support. When more of this rewrite has actually taken place, I'll announce this on my Tumblr. I just have to remember that this story is a work in progress and change doesn't have to be a negative thing :)

Sharp, straight lines. Large glass windows. Professional and artistic; the latter even more so at nighttime. Although, it looks just as good during sunrise too.

A building housing the bridge between the human and supernatural world has to have a good vibe about it.

I've made it past the main entrance; let the biometrics system scan my fingerprint, watched the automated doors slide open before stepping into the lift.

It's routine now; me glancing into the large mirror before pressing my knuckle against the button to take me to my department's floor.

-
- First floor — *Everbrook Hospital*. [Sets profession as nurse].
 - Second floor — *Behavioural Health*. [Sets profession as therapist].
 - Third floor — *Law Department*. [Sets profession as lawyer].
 - Fourth floor — *Media Department*. [Sets profession as journalist].

[Golden \(Revamped Version\): Sneak Peek — 1.](#)

[Sep 29, 2024](#)

The first look at the Golden rewrite includ. the career options.

Everbrook Hospital: Emergency Department.

To call the environment of a hospital more familiar than my own home would be concerning to most. Being a nurse though, it's standard.

This morning is no different to any other when I step onto the emergency department's floor. For the first few moments, it looks like organised chaos. The smell of disinfectant, people rushing around in various directions, the odd profanity and, in contrast, words of gratitude. The only lack of similarity comes from the patients I see. Not one is ever the same.

The large, open plan area has me walking towards the nurses' station first. From what's left to see of the counter, it's covered in handwritten tasks and patient notes. I have a quick skim over them to bring myself up to speed with the new admissions and what needs to be done.

Before going to grab a folder, I take my identification card out of my uniform pocket and slip it into the card slot behind the counter.

The satisfying sound of *bleep* is heard when it recognises my card, and above me on the electronic board, my name flashes next to unassigned patients.

[Golden \(Revamped Version\): Sneak Peek — 2.](#)

[Oct 10, 2024](#)

An insight into the environment for the nurse MCs, and the light mode version of this game.

I'd also love to know thoughts on the writing so far.

[Update — 62.](#)

[Oct 26, 2024](#)

The rewrite has been working! It's going well, and I'm already feeling a lot better about this story than I did months ago, and I think that's such an important thing for myself as a writer. In terms of what I've written, I'm still on introductory scenes, but they're important for the MC as it's showing their role in their career and in a supernatural/human organisation. I'm finding it fun to write because, like I keep saying, the MC having that autonomy in the supernatural world. And each job role gives you a different insight into the career, how it's important to the supernatural and human world, and the MC's importance.

I've beginning adding in stats in too. Relationship stats with the ros: friendship and romance. I'm most excited about the fact that depending on the friendship percentage/points, you'll get a written definition of what your friendship is like with that ro. The idea came from when I read *When Twilight Strikes*, and I really loved the reader being able to have an extra insight to what the percentage/pointers actually means. *Like, does this character think we're friends or not?* so that's in there.

In terms of Patreon content, I know it's been flakey. Uni has started back up again; I have exams, a dissertation, and my 12.5 hour shifts start again next week. My plan is to timetable myself to see if I can write every day or at least every other day or 4 times a week. I just *need* to get a routine and stick to it because I know that I want this rewrite to be out before the year ends.

I don't think I'll be able to get out the interactive content drabbles like the short stories. Being able to write linear stories is much easier, and it gives me a lot more time to focus on main game content—so whilst I know it's not really what readers want to hear, getting extra drabbles (even without the interactive features) still seems like a good idea. And I know other IF authors are able to roll out a load of content, and I wish I could be like that... but being a full time nursing student is a sucker when it comes to it.

There are also chapter titles in this rewrite too, so I'll be posting a sneak peek of those either tomorrow or in the upcoming days. Additionally, I'll get back on my drabble writing and other kinds of rewrite sneak peeks. Overall, I feel really happy with the direction this is going in: both writing wise and with my Patreon plan.

WORD COUNT

4.2k (+ 2k)

CHAPTER XI ONE

A SHOUT, A CRY

NEXT

[Chapter Heading & Title](#)

[Oct 28, 2024](#)

[Want — A Dempsey](#)

[Nov 7, 2024](#)

You're beginning to think that **A** has an eye for hidden gems. First the flower show and now the dimly lit café they've taken you to. Some would say it's an acquired taste, you would call it quaint. The café's decor somewhat reminds you of the flower show you were at previously, with it twinkling fairy lights, perfectly architected wooden beams, and it's signature ivy detailing. As the door opens, the bell above it pleasantly chimes.

The two of you tuck into a booth in the corner, one that's away from prying eyes but also the chilly wind that floats in whenever the door opens. "How did you find this place?" you ask, beginning settle into your cushioned seat.

A's hazel eyes glance around for a moment. Their fingertips glide up their chest to fiddle and unbutton their trench coat. "I found it randomly," they reply, "after a night shift at the Everbrook."

The human/supernatural organisation the two of you work for. It'd be a lie if you both said stress wasn't somewhat in your job specification; yet working for such a company that happens to be the bridge between the human and supernatural world—it's a privilege.

"It was around half past seven in the morning," **A** begins, their coat on the back of the chair now, "and I needed somewhere to unwind that wasn't at home." The way their brows crease show that the memory they're recalling is a somewhat difficult one. "It was a bad night. *Really* bad."

Your lips purse together. On one hand, you'd love to pry and find out more. On the other, getting this far with **A** feels like an accomplishment. Them talking to you without instantly wanting to turn away, them being near you, spending time with one another, especially in a capacity like this.

The former hand of cards end up winning.

"What happened?"

A places their hands on the table. They jab a callous on their hand, their brows furrow that bit more. Their forehead creases, it's almost as though the feeling of that night is bubbling up again. If it was anyone else, **A** would've changed the subject by now, or even had let the silence wear out until it became uncomfortable. But, considering it's you...they'll divulge.

"I was out with Zeren," **A** begins. You give a small nod, you know Zeren. Apart from the others, she's the closest person to **A**. The one they'd practically call their best friend, if they'd ever let themselves admit such a thing. "We were assigned a particular case."

You give a nod. **A's** job at the Everbrook is as a hunter; to bring in criminals, rogue supernaturals, those who are somewhat society's biggest threats. They do that with Zeren as their partner.

"A difficult case?" you question.

There aren't many things **A** uses as a crutch, something to hold onto to keep them from swaying into an unwanted emotion. Not alcohol or cigarettes...maybe complete avoidance and sarcasm, at a push; but nothing concrete. It's now that **A** would like that crutch.

Their hazel eyes meet yours, and there's once again, the genuine wonder as to whether this is something to share. Zeren of all people kept the events of that night to herself, more so that people at the Everbrook wouldn't gossip, but for her own sanity too.

"It was a murder case," **A** says after a long pause. "The job's simple: you find him, bring him in, let the law department deal with the legalities." They lean back in their seat. "It didn't go like that."

The expression on **A's** face is no longer one of solemn, but anger suddenly flashes in their eyes, entangled with a look of regret. "Zeren got hurt on my watch. A murderer slipped away." Their fists clench. "I know every hunt won't be perfection, but Zeren's life was almost taken and I almost had to live with that."

A isn't necessarily the person you offer comfort to, you know that—or at least not in a situation like this. You can't tell them that Zeren is probably still alive thanks to them, or that the murderer that slipped through their fingers will be caught the next time around.

It's not the way to get through to them.

But, there's a certain dessert that will.

"You still like cheesecake, right?" you ask randomly.

Their brow arches. "I do. So?"

The corner of your mouth turns upwards. "Let's share some. My treat."

—

There are two things that are the way to **A's** heart. Coffee and cheesecake. So you insist on getting them both, much to their dismay. Your hot drinks and two forks are placed in front of you, alongside a slice of cheesecake.

You indulge in the dessert first, non-verbally inviting **A** to do the same. It takes a long moment before they speak again. It's after a sip of coffee, two, as if it's liquid luck to give them the courage to ask their question.

"Why are you being so nice to me?"

You almost laugh. It's classic **A** Dempsey to think that niceties come with a price, to be something not 'just' done, but also with a hoop to jump through.

"You were nice first," you throw back. "Last time I checked, you're the one who asked me out."

There's something of a smile that **A** presents you as they twist their fork between their fingers. "I did," they say before frowning slightly. "I might've killed the mood a bit but..."

You shake your head vigorously. "You didn't," you say quickly. "You were being open and honest." You blink. "I think I've always wanted that from you," you add softly.

The last of your words make **A** lose their appetite, somewhat. Something a sweet treat can't bring back. Honest is a word you could use to describe **A**, and maybe they're a little *too* honest at times. Open...that isn't something in their vocabulary. It's as rare, some would say as rare as pig flying, but, then again—they're not people who are in **A's** inner circle.

You are.

"And this date was something you wanted too?" they question, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

You can sense **A's** feeling, and you're quickly wracking your brain for a way to make them feel at ease. Coffee and cheesecake was the only thing in your locker. That opened up a portion of **A**, but if you're wanting to go deeper, a new tactic is needed. You're almost worried that you're out of cards and out of tricks.

But, if this is about vulnerability and being open, maybe setting a portion of your heart on the line is what's needed today.

You nod. "For a while I've wanted it," you admit.

"Since when?"

You cock your head to the side, almost wondering whether **A's** taking advantage. It's not like them to throw back to back questions in someone's direction. They lace their fingers together.

"I only ask because I've been thinking about it for a while too," they say rapidly, dispelling your negative thoughts. Their eyes then soften, the warm brown taking over the green for a split second.

"Since when?" you throw back, hoping that *you* will get the answer you're craving.

A brings their cup to their hands, letting it warm them. "Since..." they begin, trailing off, deep in their thoughts, "there wasn't immediate sarcasm on the tip of my tongue when you spoke to me. Or, when your name slowly began appearing in my journal entries."

They avoid your gaze. "I don't know," **A** continues. "Truthfully, it crept up on me. And I've never been good with...emotions."

You watch them in awe, a smile spreading across your mouth. "Believe it or not, I think you're doing a great job right now."

A doesn't agree. They're the same person that was raised to believe that putting your heart on the line is a show of weakness. Cowardice. Some of the worse things **A** could ever be...yet, they don't feel like that at this moment. Sure, they feel exposed, but there isn't too much negativity paired with that.

"Don't let it get to your head or anything," **A** declares, a scoff escaping their mouth soon after. "The Gods would hate it if you developed an ego."

You chuckle. "I'd like to think they'd let me off this time."

—

After leaving the café, there isn't really a destination in mind for you and **A** to go to. But, before long, you realise you're both walking back to your apartment. The silence between you is somewhat comforting—well, you'd call it that. No words spoken, but the Lehsian traffic keeps things sounding lively.

Yet, all **A** can do is overthink. Overthink how this date went, overthink as to whether they've overshared, or whether this date was a good idea at all. For what seems like their whole life, there's the feeling that they're unlovable, that people with either get frustrated, or bored, or pissed at being kept at an arm's length—and leave them.

Leave for **A** to be alone in a world they've tried so hard to navigate, in a way that's like moving pieces on a chessboard.

But, maybe there are people that can't be pushed away. The more you push, the more they'll dig. Like a detective with a lead on a case. They'll dig until they've hit a treasure chest, until they've found the jackpot. Until **A's** guards are down enough and you're fully able to reap the reward.

The others did it. Zeren did it. And, if we're going in chronological order, you've been next to do it. Or, you're at least on the cusp of breaking down the demi-god/dess's walls.

"This is me," you say, interrupting **A's** thoughts as you both find yourselves outside your gate.

They stand opposite you, less than a few feet apart and look up to your window. They'll practically be fine with looking at anything other than your eyes. **A** leans forward and unhooks your gate for you, gently pushing it open.

They give a curt nod. "Thanks for this afternoon," they utter. "For the company and etcetera."

"*Etcetera?*" You cringe. "Really?"

A rolls their eyes before groaning. "Which part of 'I don't do emotions' did you not understand?"

You take a step forward. "And which part of 'you're doing fine' did *you* not understand?" you shoot back, brow raised in a challenging manner, ready for this (playful) argument to fully breakout in the middle of your street.

A sighs. "I appreciate the vote of confidence.

Confidence. There isn't going to be anything to stop **A** overthinking these few hours with you, so they may as well do what they're thinking.

A leans forward, even if it is tentatively, tilts their head and places a soft kiss on your cheek. Your eyes flutter closed at the action. **A** lingers beside you, their head next to yours, their warm breath hitting your cheek and there's the immediate feeling of them wanting to rest their head on your shoulder.

But they pull back. They go to straighten up, that is until your hands find their way to their jacket. It's a gentle grip, enough to keep them in place, enough for you to turn your head. A move forward and your nose would be brushing their. A move further than that...

A's lips part instantly. There's a question on the tip of their tongue, the same question that's in their expression. They're hoping you'll make the first move, hoping that you'll will them forward.

But that'd be easy. *Too easy.*

They whisper your name. All before edging closer and letting their forehead rest against yours. "Tell me what you want," **A** says quietly, so quietly that you almost miss it.

"Do what you want."

It's not like a movie, where a person loses all control and takes. It's careful, and calculated, and strategic. Yet, somewhat fast all the same. The back of **A's** hand travels up the small of your back before settling on your neck. Their fingers curl around it, matching the grip you have against their jacket.

It's a swift motion. A steady motion. Pulling you forwards, and for once, not pushing you away. **A's** eyes close at the last moment before their lips meet yours. You'd imagined kissing **A**, admittedly, you've done so more than once. Wondering what it'd feel like, when the moment would happen.

This has answered your questions.

A's lips are soft, yet a little cracked. A perfect description of them, yet it's not the element you focus on. You focus on the placement of their other arm, it snaking its way around your waist and drawing you closer. Leaving no space between you.

You focus on the light tap of your teeth colliding, yet it doesn't ruin this moment between you. It only reminds the two of you of how much you've wanted this, the way that this kiss becomes feverish. Yet, control is something **A** prides themselves on in many a situation, and it's the same they'll do now.

There's the thought of pulling back for a fleeting moment, not for air, but to assess the situation. Yet, **A** goes for something completely different. The edge of their tongue slides across your bottom lip, and you respond to the invite with ease.

Your fingers have delved into the waves of their hair, you sigh against their mouth, thinking that this is exactly where you want to be. **A's** the first to pull away, to your dismay, their eyes are hooded, and despite having the opportunity to do so, they don't immediately put distance between you both.

"I should let you go," they whisper, arm slowly dropping from around your waist.

You stiffen slightly, **A** doesn't need supernatural powers and instinct to feel that. They instantly shake their head. "I don't mean it like that," **A** says quickly. "I wouldn't have kissed you if I meant it like that."

"Ah."

"I just mean that I know you're at the Everbrook early tomorrow. I don't want to waste more of your day." As **A** takes a step back, their hand on your neck moves to rest on your cheek.

You lean into it, slowly turning your head to place a light kiss on their calloused palm. "It wasn't a waste."

A imagines that this is what it feels like to be intoxicated. To feel a kind of high that overwhelms and calms you all at once. "Okay," they mutter, willing themselves to let untangle from you, but they can't seem to.

You continue to stare at one another; thinking of the moment that's just gone between you, and when you'll both get to do it again.

"I'll see you tomorrow?" **A** asks.

You nod. "You will."

They lean back in, pressing a kiss to your other cheek, letting their lips linger. And, from that moment on, you know they're the only person you'll be thinking of for the rest of the night.

Golden / Chapter One →

My eyes narrow. "Are you saying I'm a soft touch?"

Wren nods. "This morning you are." She then smiles. "It makes a good nurse though," she says kindly, as though to soften any offence the blow might give.

"At least there's that," I murmur.

I pull the file from Wren's hands flick over the cover, letting my eyes skim over its contents. Werewolf Bite. That's the condition the last patient came in with. It's one of the most common injuries patients come in with, and it's relatively easy to treat; so why it's been assigned to the best doctor in this hospital has me curious.

"Surname." My name is said with a tinge of urgency, mixed in with an element of calmness. There's only one person around here with such an ability. Dr Haru Tanaka. I look up at him to see him pointing towards a nearby bed space. "Are you caught up with the patient?"

I hold a hand and sway it side to side, my gaze still on the file's contents. "Almost."

Tanaka gives a curt nod as I glance upwards, the urgency of his voice matching the quickness of his footsteps. "Good enough, I need your assistance. Now."

[Golden \(Revamped Version\): Sneak Peek — 3.](#)

[Dec 8, 2024](#)

Case sneak peek for nurse MCs.

Lovely werewolf bites.

[A bit of an update...](#)

[Dec 25, 2024](#)

Hello, and Merry Christmas! A huge happy holidays to everyone, and I hope you've had and you're having a lovely time celebrating, whatever that may look like to you.

This update is definitely more of an apology than anything else, for my lack of activity on here and on Tumblr. It's no secret that I'm a university student trying to juggle university studies, 12.5 hour block shifts, and just personal life in general. Unfortunately, I haven't been able to post as much as I'd like to and write as much I want to (and I really, really want to!!).

I'm still working hard on the Golden rewrite, but I know I've evidently fallen short of providing regular content and updates. Because of this, I've decided to pause the January payments for my Patreon supporters (I'll be pausing on December 31st). Additionally, I will be making any subscriber content in January available for free, as a thank you for your patience and understanding. I truly appreciate your support during this busy and challenging time in my life.

I promise I'm not abandoning the story or my work. I'm excited about the future updates and can't wait to share them with you when the time is right.

Thank you again for sticking with me <3

[Happy New Year.](#)

[Dec 31, 2024](#)

Happy New Year! I posted this on Tumblr, but I felt it was right to do it here too. So, happy 2025 to all of you. From a personal standpoint when it comes to writing, it definitely didn't go how I wanted it to in 2024. There are other personal things I'm proud of from that year, but I can admit that writing was a let down.

Yet, I appreciate all the support I've received from you all: subscribing with content, leaving nice comments, compliments, feedback, and just enjoying any writing I did put out into the universe—it meant so much to me. Golden is four years old now, and I intend to make 2025 the best Golden can possibly be. I hope that's it's a story you'll stick with and enjoy losing yourself in.

Funnily enough too, 31st December 2024 actually ended up being one of my best writing days. I wrote over a thousand words so...start as I'd love to go on.

Happy 2025, I'm wishing you all the absolute best.

[New Golden RO! — Update.](#)

[January 3](#)

New year, a new RO! I'm mostly revealing this because I'm super duper excited and can't shut up.

Background of this decision is that a human RO was always supposed to be introduced in book two, a bit to balance out the MC in a group of supernaturals. Though including this new RO would still do that, I feel like it'll be nice for the MC to have both a human on this adventure with them and someone who's their best friend (at *The Everbrook*, at least).

The MC will have known them for three years, and due to their similarities in lifestyle (both being rich and well-known due to their family, and working for the same organisation), they became good friends. If you're to romance them, there's are additional options to have told them in the past that you had a crush on them (which they politely rejected), or you can currently have a crush on them.

Without further ado, I introduce you to **Ireland Monroe**.

Name: Ireland Monroe

Role at *The Everbrook*: Criminal Investigator and mentor of *The Legacy Program*

Trope: Friends to lovers.

Gender: Female, male or non-binary

Physical Description: Warm brown skin and light brown eyes. Small beauty mark below right eye, has a septum piercing. Wears fashionable, tailored, designer clothing with an assortment of jewellery. Always has a blazer on hand.

Female Ireland has loose curls, shoulder length Afro; black with brown highlights. **Male** Ireland has short, faded, curly hair dyed auburn-brown. **Non-binary** Ireland has dyed auburn-brown hair, styled in neatly braided cornrows.

Height: 5'9

Species: Human

Distinctive Features: They wear a thin, gold ring septum.

Race: Mixed race

Ethnicity: Half British, one quarter Barbadian, one quarter American

Birthday: September 22nd

Zodiac Sign: Virgo

MBTI Type: INTJ-T

Random facts about Ireland:

- Got the name 'Ireland' because their parents are celebrities and celebs are usually known for interesting name choices.
- They were born and grew up in Nashville, Tennessee.
- Has an iced latte obsession.
- Monroe isn't their real surname.
- Their mother's a model, their father's a famous CEO. So, like the MC, they're rich and well known.
- Ireland's a *huge* perfectionist.
- Still has Nashville in their heart, so don't be surprised if cowboy boots and a hat make an appearance every so often.
- They got into criminal investigating because of their father...and some shady business. Also, because of a love for psychology and anatomy. They understand the movement of the human body exceptionally well.
- Does not get along with **K de la Renta** (the found family trope will be epic)
- Finds love and relationships difficult...

[Update — 63.](#)

[February 22](#)

Very sincere apologies for my radio silence. I'm getting to the difficult part of university where everything's getting on top of me: my dissertation is due in less than three months, I've had exams, and my 12.5 hour shifts start in less than two weeks. So, forgive me.

Writing has still happened though! I began with the nursing mc route scene, and that's near enough done. Hints are that the mc has a difficult supernatural patient that they have to deal with (I'll release a sneak peek of the scene in the coming days). I think it's quite nice to see the mc in their element and also have their stamp and importance in the supernatural world. After, I get to start the scene with all the crying, panic, blood, screams for help... the things a good mystery involves.

With one career route almost done, I'll start on the next one. Maybe the lawyer route because I have an idea that I'm rather eager to write up. Alongside the obvious academics and know-how of the legal world

to be a lawyer, there's a lot of skill and trust to do a job like that, so writing the mc into that will be fun. Especially with the client they've been asked to represent (I'll give more on this soon too).

My plan is to finish off the nursing scene in the next few days, and the climatic scene there that gets the whole story going. Afterwards, I'll start the lawyer scene. Now I've written up one, I'm hoping writing the rest will come much easier. Additionally, I have the scene planned where the first RO will be introduced — hint, hint, it'll be P first.

Patreon updates are that sneak peeks will be revealed, alongside some drabbles as well.

WORD COUNT

12.8k (+ 8k)