

## Prompts of my Original work

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# **Prompts of my Original work**

by [Underhell\\_creator\\_and\\_yaoi\\_lover](#)

## Summary

This is just the first page of any of my stories. Nothing to impressive, but I felt like sharing.

# Forbidden Realms of Tral'don Guil

Within dungeons deep, far over the mountains of cold,

There a stone shall rest upon a throne of the Dark One of old.

Within caverns old, far over the planes of death,

Lifeless beings shall one day join their Lost Master and rise as the sun shall forever set.

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Rachele was a wizard of the Methanike Tower. She stood as the only female in the tower and the only one with the ability to master the vast majority of spells within the span of a couple of minutes to a day, and she was very proud of it. Being the only female, the others often teased her and would not allow her to wander around without an escort. They would claim she should focus her studies on being a witch rather than a wizard, but she would tell them to sod off and that she had every right to study what she wanted.

She often wore all pinkish-purple just to tease the other wizards who wore more traditional colors such as dark blue and black. Her outfit that she always wore, even when traveling, consisted of a turtleneck dress with transparent sleeves that hung loosely at her sides, a basic surcoat, fingerless gloves, and ankle boots. Her hair was waist length and often found in a braid that wrapped around her head before loosely hanging over her right shoulder. Her staff was made of dark oak wood. At the top of her staff, the wood thinned and wrapped itself around a deep red stone.

Rachele would often be found in her study, and that is where she was now. Her eyes were focused on a flame that twirled around her open palm. She was focused on making the flame take the form of a memory. Nothing extreme, just a basic memory of her walking down the corridors. Just as she was about to complete the spell, the flame already starting to take form, there was a crash at her window, shaking the glass. The fire reacted to her moment of lack of concentration and spread across her hand, ready to burn her sleeves and gloves.

“Shit.” Rachele hissed, dousing the flame with a simple water spell. Steam rose from her hand as the flame went out. She inspected her clothing, finding no burn marks. She sighed in relief. Of course the fire wouldn’t actually burn her or her clothing. It was an illusion spell. Thank the gods no one was in the room with her. If anyone had seen what had happened, she would be hearing the story for months, years even.

She jumped again as something pecked against her window. Spinning around while summoning her staff to her, Rachele saw a raven sitting on her windowsill outside. It appeared to have a note in its beak. Curious, she walked over and pulled the window open before extending her arm for the raven to hop on. The bird dropped the note in her other hand after putting her staff down. Using a spell, she unrolled the note. It read:

‘Wizard Rachele, you are asked to join the summoning of a council in Calenthel. It concerns the Jewel of Life. If you are able, you are to report there immediately. The raven will take

you when you are ready. Simply tell him when.

-Erest, advisor of Lord Losdir.'

The wizard sighed and rolled her eyes. Advisors. They could be so demanding at times, even in their notes. She glanced over the note again to ensure she read everything correctly. Despite the pushy tone, she was intrigued. If this council was indeed about the Jewel of Life, it would be worth investigating. The jewel was an artifact lost to time. If a council was being formed, it was either found or rumored to be found. This, she could not pass up.

Rachel quickly cast a spell and tidied her study before grabbing her staff again. She led the raven back to the window. It stared at her intently. "I am ready." she announced.

The raven flew outside and swelled in size until it was the size of her study at least. He looked over at her and extended its wing. Despite the new size, the raven still barely within jumping distance. She leaned out the window and glanced down. It was a relatively long way down. She would not survive if she jumped and missed the raven. She frowned, leaning back inside.

"Can't we just go down stairs and do this on the ground?" she asked as she felt uneasy. There was no way she would willingly jump out of the window.

The raven looked at her. She could almost hear it saying to trust him. Rachele looked into his eyes, and he stared back into hers. From her studies, ravens were in theory generally good creatures, seen as omens for good times; however, she had heard of tales where someone would come across an evil one. She begged to the makers that she was making the right decision by trusting this raven. Lifting her surcoat, Rachel climbed onto the windowsill, careful not to slip or drop her staff. Before she could jump, her study door opened. A fellow wizard entered with the Chief Wizard. They stared at her in shock and she at them. What were they doing in her study? The raven cawed, growing impatient. She turned, standing as straight as she possibly could in a small window.

# Soulless Being

## Chapter Summary

Due to a clerical error, you never got a soul. One day the reaper came to collect. Instead, he gave you a scythe. "Another like me then your soul is out there and you'll need this to get it."

## Chapter Notes

Fair warning! This story contains murder, kidnapping, child murder, and dark elements. You have been warned.

Ryley was not a normal kid. Their parents could tell that seconds after meeting them for the first time. There was nothing physically wrong with them. In fact, they couldn't be healthier. They were so healthy that the doctors felt comfortable sending them and their parents home the day after they were born. So, health wasn't the problem. Ryley's parents weren't entirely sure what felt off about their baby. They seemed normal, crying when they were hungry or wanted attention and babbling in gibberish to be cute. They weren't the only ones who were disturbed by Ryley's aura of strangeness. Children would start crying when being around them even if they were asleep.

It wasn't until Ryley started to get older that their parents started to notice what was wrong. While the other children in the neighborhood got along with each other and seemed to be happy, Ryley seemed to have adapted a cold personality. They treated the other children and even adults with a sinister attitude. But it was the most noticeable when Ryley was seven. One of the neighborhood girls was offered a ride home by someone claiming to be a friend of her parents. At first, she turned the person down but changed her mind as Ryley said pointed out that it was starting to get dark and that the monsters were going to start coming out soon. The girl was found dead in the woods that were behind the local park. Her parents and the police at first suspected Ryley, but he told them exactly what had happened, remembering the person and his car.

The man was caught and confessed to some cruel things. When asked about how he kidnapped the girl, he said that Ryley's words scared her into listening to him. The police couldn't press charges since it wasn't Ryley's fault that the girl got in the car, but they heavily advised that they were evaluated by a psychiatrist. Ryley's parents agreed and were forced to move to another part of the city as the girl's parents blamed Ryley and their weirdness for their daughter's death, saying that he bullied her into walking to her death. As Ryley and their

parents were putting their things into a truck that they had rented, the small child turned to the girls' parents.

They looked them dead in the eyes and said, "Did you know that seventy-four percent of abducted children who are ultimately found dead were killed within the first three hours of being abducted? Sally was one of them. You should have taught her better."

Sally's parents stared at them in horror as they went and hopped into the backseat of their mom's car. The mother broke down crying while the father shouted curses at Ryley, saying they were a freak and that they probably had something to do with his daughters death. Ryley's parents said nothing as they drove away, but they both silently agreed that the psychiatrist could sort out what was wrong with their only child.

Ryley's life never got easier after that. Their parents took them to a psychiatrist. When their appointment was done, the psychiatrist nervously told them that Ryley was showing signs of being a sociopath. There were chances this could be a serious case. They were going to need to be placed on medication. While there was nothing they could do for them until Ryley was older and the disorder showed itself more.

Ryley's parents tried to keep their child safe from the world, but they couldn't stop them.

# Lost Friends and Memories

## Prologue

Alex stormed inside. Today had been a terrible day at school. The kids at school were jerks and had made fun of him again. He slammed the front door behind him. He could hear his mother talking on the phone. It sounded business related. Alex went to the kitchen to see her talking away. His mother smiled at him. He quickly signed, asking if he could be left alone until dinner.

She nodded and signed that dinner was in two hours.

Alex smiled at her weakly and went to his room. The boy threw his backpack onto the floor, and he grabbed the headgear his sister would be using but claimed that she liked the older one better. 'It has special memories attached to it' she would sign. Alex thought she was weird for it, but he didn't question it as it got him the newest gear.

Uploading his game, Alex quickly started setting everything up so that he would be comfortable while playing online. He had just gotten an account on the newest open world RPG. It was called 'Forbidden Realms' if he remembered correctly. Unless it was 'Lost Realms'...oh well, it ended with Realms, that he knew for certain. According to his sister, the game was boring, but what would she know? She was busy with her own 'special' game with her buddies. What was so special about some stupid game that your computer-programmer friend made anyway? Alex's game was much more interesting. He had already successfully made friends with important NPC's. At least, he thinks they're NPC's. If not, those are some killer good players. Though, he would try to find out how to get his game offline. As much as he liked playing with other people, he wanted to play alone sometimes.

There was a laugh from the other room. Looks like his sister was home and on the phone with her weird friends. It sounded like they were making plans for their newest adventure. Alex rolled his eyes and quickly worked on finishing up before laying on the bed. He tugged the headgear on and switched it on. With a single deep breath to calm his nerves, Alex closed his eyes and began the game. It had been so long since he had played, so he hoped that he remembered how to do this.

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Klissa awoke to the sunlight hitting her face lightly. She rolled away from her window, pulling her blanket over her head. It was too early in the morning. She wanted to sleep more. After a moment of trying to fall back asleep, she sighed and sat up. Klissa listened to the noises around her and found none. She frowned. Why was it so quiet? The house hadn't been quiet since **they** had come to stay with them. Did they leave again? Klissa quickly climbed out of bed and switched into her every day outfit. She hurried down stairs barefoot to find Kila reading the weekly newspaper. The older woman looked as though she had been crying all night.

Kila looked up as Klissa entered the room. She smiled, though it was clearly forced. “Good morning, sis. Did you have a decent sleep?” she asked, wiping her eyes on her sleeve.

Klissa shrugged slightly. “I guess. When did they take off?”

Kila folded the newspaper and stretched. “Who? The Zend Warriors? They left some time last night in a hurry. Min was feeling a bit better, so they took off.”

“Why didn’t you go with them? You usually do.” Klissa asked, tapping the air twice. The scene before her blurred for a split second.

“I would have, but Zend insisted I had ‘responsibilities’ here. Can’t disobey his orders now, can I?” she demanded. Klissa knew that Kila was rather enraged. She would have to re-review her notes later to see what Kila’s latest standing with Zend was like when she last saw them together. Klissa was brought from her thoughts as Kila yawned. “I’m gonna hit the sacks. Be good, dear sister.”

Klissa said nothing as Kila headed upstairs. She tapped the air twice again, watching her sister blur for a split second before coming back into focus. Kila was acting stranger than normal. The young girl frowned and looked at the paper that had been left on the table. How convenient. It must be something important. She picked it up and quickly scanned it. It was written in a different language for some reason. Klissa groaned and tapped the page twice, switching the language on the paper to English.

Klissa’s heart sank as she read the title on the paper. ‘Zend Warriors: Pronounced Dead After Fighting An Unknown Level Dark-One’. This wasn’t a good sign at all. She quickly started reading the article. It didn’t go into great details, but it basically stated that they had gotten into a fight with a Dark-one who’s level remained a mystery to everyone and were more than likely killed in the process. Their bodies were never found, but the area where the fight took place was destroyed and the ground was soaked in blood. Ninety-five percent of the blood was proven to have belonged to the Zend Warriors. The other five percent belonged to the unknown Dark-one.



# Blessing Disguised as a Curse

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: A prince accidentally wrongs a witch and is cured so that no woman will ever love him. Fortunately, the prince is gay and is overjoyed from the news. When the witch realizes her spell backfired, she is furious and sends her henchman to handle the prince. The henchman, also mad about the backfire, goes to confront the prince but is a touch calmer. The prince was handsome, mouth watering even. And it wasn't because of a spell.

Prince Andrew, or Andy as he insisted his friends called him, was an adventurous lad, always sneaking out to the woods surrounding the castle. There wasn't a single night throughout his whole life where the king wasn't woken in the middle of the night to the guards pounding on his door, saying his son was once again missing. The prince would always be found sneaking back into his room hours later covered in mud with either an animal he had caught or some plants that would be later given to the royal physician. No matter what the king did or how the guards watched the lad, he would always manage to slip out. The guards had tried once to literally watch the prince while he slept, but it weirded out Andy. So, he closed the curtains on his bed. Not even fifteen minutes later, the guards pulled the curtain aside to find the prince was gone.

No matter how often Andy's father, King Viron, would yell at his son to stop sneaking out, the prince would still do it. By the time Andy reached fourteen years of age, King Viron gave up and told the guards to stop telling him if his son vanished. If Andy didn't reappear in at least a couple of hours, then he was to be alerted. Thankfully for the king, Andy always returned at least three hours after it was discovered he was gone; so King Viron was able to start getting a full night's sleep.

Andy was grateful to not come home around two in the morning and not get a lecture. The guards even started asking him about what he was up to. He, of course, simply said that he was exploring the woods and looking for new plants for the physician. Andy swore to himself that he would never tell anyone who didn't already know the real reason why he snuck out every night once he reached his teen years.

From a very young age, Andy knew that girls were not his cup of tea. They were nice to talk to, but he wasn't attracted to them like other boys were. It was very clear to the prince that he would never fancy a woman like his father would eventually want him to. In fact, the prince was dreading the day that his father would pick someone to be his future wife. It made him feel sick. So, every night once he turned fourteen, Andy would sneak off into the woods and actually dress as a simple tavern girl before slipping off into town and working at a local bar.

The woman who owned the bar knew she had the prince working for her and was slightly uncomfortable with the idea at first, once threatening to call for the guards when she realized who he was; but when Andy told her about his lack of feelings towards girls, she understood that this might be his only way to be himself around the men he was attracted to and let him.

It was on one of these nights that Andy's world turned upside down.

For Andy, the night was normal. Men and women were gathered inside for a very simple meal and drinks, lots of drinks. He wore a simple commoners dress that concealed the padding he used to make himself seem like a young woman. Rachele, the tavern owner, was behind the counter dealing with customers while he delivered drinks and food as they were requested. Andy wasn't paid for his work as usual. Rachele's silence about who he truly was outside of the tavern was enough. In the Tavern, he was Adriana, Rachel's daughter with a curse that prevented her from being in the sunlight and was born a mute.

Andy was making his way around to a table in the back corner where the palace guards sat after their shifts. He smiled brightly with a slight swing in his hips. Adjusting the tray so that it was in one hand, he greeted them. 'Hello, boys. Here is your round.' he signed with one hand before lightly dumping the mugs without spilling them onto the table.

The guards cheered as they grabbed at the filled mugs. One grinned up at him. "Adriana, you my dear are a goddess in disguise. Pity you can't serve at the palace with your condition. You'd made a fine addition to the staff. I'm sure you could get even the king to do your bidding." he said, tossing Andy a gold coin. "That should keep you and your mother happy for the next couple of days. Business is gonna get slow this winter I hear."

Andy signed a thank you while blowing the guard a flirtatious kiss. He made his way back to Rachele. He passed her the coin on the tray as she handed him another full one. Rachele looked at the coin and rolled her eyes. "Having you working here these past three years has made life so much easier for me. You bring all the boys here. Most only show up when they know you're here, Adriana." she said, leaning over slightly and added in hushed tones, "your makeup needs an update. It's making you look too young. I'll see if I can get some tomorrow morning."

"I can ask some of the maids what they would recommend for my skintone. What we have now seems to be working just fine for now." Andy whispered back. 'Where to?'

# Book one: Ring of the Demon Soul

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

### Prologue

“Comthlum sceann, sheat su fleack. Thlem sep um se sem pe teck. Hwim so tanmea sealol se ethweel shim enmel tenn ou hwoslian tlep set.” Zollorus chanted softly, reading out of the Book of the Damned. “comthlum sceann, sheat su fleack...”

My eyes were focused on the coffin Zollorus was chanting over. It was the resting place of our master. It was faintly glowing from the chanting. I knew that the chant was starting to work and felt a grin start to form. Turning to Lilith, I began to vibrate. “It’s working! It’s working!” I whispered in excitement.

Lilith shot me a glare and gestured for me to be quiet as she clearly was sensing the magic to work as well. Zubaiy, moving so that he was standing next to Lilith, went to speak; but Lilith snapped her fingers in his face to silence him. Zollorus stumbled over a few words at the sudden noise, but he quickly recovered. She sighed and glared at us. I saw her tail lash out at both Zubaiy and me. We both managed to duck out of the way. Though, it was clear this was just a warning strike. This ritual was very important to her.

“Hwim so tanmea sealol se ethweel shim enmel tenn ou hwoslian tlep set...Hwim so enmel tenn!” Zollorus roared, magic soaring around us at full speed.

I let out a yelp of shock and pain as the magic knocked me to the ground and onto my ass. Welp, I was gonna have bruises on top of other bruises I already had there. Without warning, the magic ceased and the tomb stopped glowing.

I look at the tomb in confusion before turning to Zollorus. “Did it work?” I asked him.

“I...I’m not sure, Kiyis.” he said, looking from the coffin to the book. “It says that the affects are supposed to be instant.”

No sooner than Zollorus had said this, we were all suddenly knocked back and into the walls of tomb, cracks forming behind us from the impact. “Ow...” was the first thing to leave my mouth, and I wasn’t the only one. I believe Zollorus and Zubaiy also shared my pain.

Lilith seemed fine as she pushed herself form the wall and made her way over to the Book of the Damned. As she lifted it, the book crumbled to dust and faded from sight. I gulped. “That...wasn’t supposed to happen, right?” Zubaiy asked, nervously.

“As a matter of fact, yes. Yes it was. The book can only be used once every one thousand years you likjqxdx usw diduq pole ryuas! This ritual take a full year to complete! We wasted a year because you zisz ip ntiyxz refused to listen to me!” Lilith roared at us.

“Excuse me?” I cried. Was she honestly blaming us for this?

Zollorus growled and stormed up to Lilith before I or Zubaiy could stop him. “Listen here you, kus ntiyx. We are not responsible for your mess up. You probably translated the book wrong.” he snapped back at her.

My mouth dropped. Did he just...he did. “You are so dead, Zollorus.” I whispered. “I’ll set up purple flowers for your funeral.”

Lilith stared at Zollorus before her temper seemed to get the better of her, but no one could trully blame her. “Kus ntiyx? Kus ntiyx!” she practically screamed at him. “How dare you, you...”

## Chapter End Notes

Comthlum sceann, sheat su fleack. Thlem sep um se sem pe teck. Hwim so tanmea sealol se ethweel shim enmel tenn ou hwoslian tlep set. comthlum sceann, sheat su fleack...=Ancient spirits, hear at cry. Bring old one who can not die. Let the dark soul who died here live again and appear once more. Ancien spirits, hear at cry...

Hwim so tanmea sealol se ethweel shim enmel tenn ou hwoslian tlep set...Hwim so enmel tenn!=Let the dark soul who died here live again and appear once more. Let the live again!

(These are the imporant one's)

## **Horror (A collection of afterdark stories)**

# Mary

The day had been rather long for fifteen year old Mary.

First off, her alarm never went off, thus causing her to sleep late and miss the school bus which resulted in her getting the lecture of a lifetime from her dad as he drove her to school on his way to work. Then, while at school, her physics teacher decided to yell at her because she accidentally left her review sheet at home and needed a new one. Like, come on! She didn't do it on purpose! Sadly, things didn't get any better from there.

Swim practice after school was held later than usual as some idiotic kid couldn't act properly and kept messing around. As a result, everyone had to do an extra fifty laps of crawl stroke, causing Mary to miss her daily study group. Then, she was told she had three overdue books from the local library when she was positive she had turned them in the day before. As a result, she now was going to need to pay the library up to two hundred dollars to pay for those books as they were old and rather hard to come by unless she could locate the books and return them. Where on God's green earth was she going to come up with two hundred dollars? She wasn't working and neither of her parents were going to pay that fine, especially since it wasn't their fault the stupid library lost three important books.

Then, to make matters worse, she had dozed off in the library while studying and woke up after closing because the idiotic employees assumed she had already left and didn't bother to check to see if she was gone. It was after dark and the busses had already stopped for the day. Not that Mary had any money to begin with. She was a Highschooler for crying out loud! So, cab's were out of the question. She didn't have a cellphone, so calling her parents and asking for a ride wasn't going to be able to happen. Her only option was to run home and maybe beat the storm that was brewing.

Thankfully, Mary managed to run across the city she lived in before it started to pour buckets of rain, but she still got wet before she could get inside the apartment building. She hurried to the two bedroom apartment she and her dad's lived in. They used to have a cat, but it died a few years ago from unknown causes. Mary pushed her wet hair out of her face. As she shut the door behind her, the fifteen year old noticed that only her room's light was on, like usual.

"Dad, Father. I finally made it home. Sorry I missed dinner. I fell asleep at the library and no one woke me up before closing." she called, noticing dinner was still at her place on the table. Grill cheese sandwiches. Must have been a bad day for Dad.

She waited for a response of some kind as she tugged her wet shoes and socks off. None came.

"Dad?" she called again.

Still no response.

Mary frowned. Surely her parents were home. She headed over to the master bedroom and peeked inside. Two figures were in the bed, more than likely sleeping. She sighed and headed back into the kitchen. Snatching her dinner, she put it in the fridge. She wasn't in the mood to eat. Mary headed to her room, mumbling an unheard goodnight. She would just apologize to them properly in the morning. She was too tired for this.

\* \* \*  
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Mary was up and ready to start her day before 8AM. She needed to speak with the library's manager to settle the issue with the library books. She frowned as she noticed how silent it was in the apartment. Normally dad or father would be making noise by now. Surely one of them had work today.

Mary headed over to their door and knocked. "Dad? Father? Are either of you getting up?" she called inside.

No response.

She folded her arms. "Look, I'm sorry I didn't come home until late. Don't give me the silent treatment over this!"

Still nothing. This wasn't right. Surely they weren't actually giving her the silent treatment because of one bad day. She reached over to switch the hallway light on when she noticed some red patches on the floor. Curious, she reached down and wiped it with her hand. Did she track in something last night and not realize it? The patches felt dry and like nothing was there. What was this? It certainly wasn't dirt. She flipped the light on and froze. It looked like blood stains.

# Dragonborns

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: A boy finds an old dragon scale in a chest while exploring a cave. Once he touches it, it attaches to his hand; and he can't take it off. He goes to the local wizard who deduces that it is cursed and bound to him. He is now slowly turning into a dragonborn as he travels far across the world to find the cure.

Morxan internally groaned as he wandered into his home, adjusting the pack on his back. He tried to remain as silent as possible to not wake the little ones and husband. He was unsuccessful. As Morxan walked into the dark kitchen, a fire was instantly started in the fireplace. "And where have you been?" a male voice asked.

Morxan gulped and turned to see a human standing with his arms crossed. "Hello, Max. Shouldn't you be asleep right now? Or did Aurora go down easily today? She can be quite a troublesome child at bedtime." he said, trying to remain calm.

"Aurora went down no more than ten minutes ago. Don't change the subject. Where have you been?" Max demanded.

"Come on. You know exactly where I've been. You saw me sign the quest papers." Morxan replied, looking for a clean cup. He was a touch surprised to find one easily. "Gudrig did the dishes? They're never this clean unless he does them."

Max rolled his eyes. "Yes, Gudrig did the dishes. He insisted since Matthew and Robert were fighting each other again, but seriously. Stop changing the subject. I'm being very serious and would like an explanation. Your companions arrived a few days ago and you were nowhere to be seen. So I will ask for the last time and if you don't give me an answer, gods above, you will regret it." he snapped, grabbing his staff that was resting up against the wall.

"Ok. Ok. I'll tell you! Geez, put the staff down before you burn the house down. Again." Morxan cried instantly trying to calm the wizard down. "I was in the next village over. I had some things I needed to take care of."

"What things?" the wizard practically yelled, pointing the staff at the Dragonborn.

"Presents, ok? I promised the little ones that I would bring gifts back and I saw some things that they'd like. They just took a bit of extra time. Please calm down."

"Presents!" six voices cried causing Max to groan and lower his staff. The human and Dragonborn turned to see an Orc, Elf, two humans, a golem carrying a Merfolk, and a tiefling standing in the doorway of the kitchen. All of them, with the exception of the Golem, were in nightwear. All six of them were wide awake and eager.



Morxan smiled and opened his arms. "Where's my hugs?" he asked only to be tackled with hugs seconds later from everyone but the merfolk. He reached over and scooped the merfolk into his arms before giving her a kiss. "Now, what are you little ones doing up? It is most definitely past your bedtime and I don't recall you having permission to be up."

"We heard dad shouting and came to see what was going on." the humans said in perfect sync.

"What did you get us, daddy?" the merfolk asked arms wrapping around Morxan's neck as Max walked over.

Morxan raised an eyebrow at Max who sighed. The wizard realized his error of yelling a tad bit too late. The dragonborn turned to the kids and gave them a stern look. "Well, I recall promising six children presents but only if they were good. If I walk to your room will I find those six kids in their beds?"

The elfling, orc, humans, and tiefling all dashed to their shared room in an attempt to get there before their daddy could. The merfolk looked sad as Morxan carried her there, the golem behind them. Max noticed this. "What's wrong, Riveria?"

"I won't be in bed before daddy gets to the room." she said, starting to tear up.

Max smiled and took her from Morxan. "But how will that be possible if daddy has to pause by his room while I secretly sneak you to your bed?" he asked as he sped walked towards the kids room.

Morxan knew what Max was doing and took this opportunity to slip into the master bedroom. He dropped his gear on the bed and changed into more comfortable clothing. As he pulled off his gloves, Morxan looked at the deep red scale on his hand. The scale didn't fit in with the rest of his scales which were a sky blue. Around it were scars. The scars were old but still as noticeable as if they were fresh. A set of arms wrapped around his waist.

"I can try to heal the scars, you know." Max said, tracing the scars. "I've been perfecting my potions and the scar potion is almost to perfection."

# **Last Demon Survivors**

## **Prologue**

There was a time when I thought that demons and humans could possibly have forever interacted in peace. But, now? It seems that there is no end to human stupidity or even demon stupidity for that matter.

There was once a time a long time ago when humans, demons, and angelic creatures alike lived in harmony. No one cared about race or ethnicity. We were all equal. But the time of peace came to a close as some demons and humans had opened their damned mouths and expressed their opinions of who was better. The words evolved into arguments which then evolved into fighting. Not wishing to participate in the violence, Angelic creatures were forced to retreat back into the heavens for their own safety. Demons who wanted no part of the fighting went into hiding. They tried to take their human friends with them, but every human decided to fight rather than stay out of the unavoidable approaching war.

Just when all those who were not involved thought things couldn't get any worse, a war broke out between the demons and the humans. Even to this day, demons still shudder to think of what happened that very day.

The day was not sunny. The clouds were overcast and were threatening to cry upon us. Two armies stood at either end of a large and spacious field. Each glaring in hatred at the other. The demons stood, armed with nothing more than their demonic forms and weapons. The humans stood with every known weapon and form of armor, even though the demons were only one third the size of the human army. However, everyone knew that demons did not need numbers to win a fight.

I stood towards the center of the army with my entire pack. Our newest additions did not wish to be left out as this was their war too. Our fur was risen from the tension from standing there and bloodlust we could smell around us. I was ready and eager to fight, to prove that I was indeed ready to be the alpha of my pack. I believed humans to be beneath us demons and was ready to prove this to the rest of the world.

I could feel my mate move so that she was standing to my left rather than behind me. I could not help but step towards her. I knew she was perfectly capable of taking care of herself as she was one of my strongest warriors; however, I was not going to let anything happen to my precious mate. She was carrying our first child by blood rather than by bite. If anything happened to her that I somehow couldn't prevent, I would never forgive myself. I would have preferred to keep her off the field and back home, but if there was any member that I could not leave out of this war even if my life depended on it, it was her. Sensing my discomfort and possibly fear, my mate took my hand in hers and gave it a squeeze. I smiled at her before turning my attention back to the army ahead of us.

Why wasn't this war starting already? All of us wanted a fight and were growing impatient. My pack was growing restless. They were shifting in place, moving our weight from one foot

to the next. They weren't the only ones. I could smell tension from all around me. My mate and I were the only ones able to hold still. I tried to ignore my pack. I could feel the humans staring at us. Each army was simply waiting for the other to make the first move. We probably would stand there forever if we had the stamina and patience to do so. Demons and humans could both be very stubborn creatures.

Seeing as we weren't going to be moving for a while, I was about to turn and glare at my pack to stop moving when I heard it. The ring of an arrow released from its bow echoed across the field. I barely had time to react as the arrow embedded itself into the eye a member of my pack. He let out a howl before collapsing onto the ground. I stared in shock as my mate knelt down and tore the arrow out. She looked at the tip and growled. She showed it to me. Silver. I glared at the human army. How dare they?

I made my way to the front of the demon army. My pack and mate followed me. The army stepped aside. By the rules of Right of Combat, we had the authority to make the first move as my pack had been the first to have a loss. I let out a war-cry howl as we reached the front. On the signal, my pack and I lunged towards the human army. Our blood had been spilled. Now it was their turn. The humans barely reacted in time as we reached them. My mate and I went right for the man who had shot the arrow. He was in the back of the Archers line. The rest of the pack started to tear apart the humans in front of them.

## Take My Breath Away, You Bad Boys

I am a relatively quiet and kind fourteen year old. Most say I'm anything but quiet and kind, but they honestly don't try to get to know me very well. I stand out and am not fully liked for it. Unlike everyone else in my village, I wear a simple and loose sky blue sleeveless dress, skin tight dark blue shorts, cleanish wrappings, and black shoes and gloves. Everyone else wore kimonos that are all relatively the same color, browns and greens. Its not that bad that I like to wear something with a bit of color to it, but I think that's one of the last things on their mind. I am not very well liked in my home. I have to spend my time on the roof of my current home, a random abandoned building, because of it. And that's where I am now. I looked out over the pathetic excuse for a village. It was no better than the underworld. I would know. I had been there before.

According to my guardian, soon to be former guardian, I had been raised from the dead. My past life was a mystery to me. I was born over four thousand years ago. I had died at four in the middle of a war. Why I was brought back to the realm of the living is beyond me. Though, in full honesty, I couldn't care less about it. I'm alive now and that's all I care about right now. I glanced around the village, listening to the stillness and quiet around me. It honestly bothered me to no end. I looked up at the sky. There were no clouds, but I could feel an unsettling wind. Frowning, I headed back inside the building and started rounding on my things. I couldn't stay in one place for too long. My guardian was always looking for me, and I am determined to stay away from him. I want nothing to do with his plans for me, especially now that I've officially gotten away from him.

As I finish rounding up my things, I heard a shout come from outside. People were probably surrounding the building. Guardian's men had found my hiding spot. Oh, well. Time to move on. I quickly ran up the stairs and back out onto the roof. I never owned any personal items other than the clothes on my back. They would honestly slow me down, and it's just easier to not be attached to anything. I quickly made my way to the poorer side of the village. You could tell it was poorer by the makeshift homes. I couldn't walk on the roofs without falling inside. Not speaking to anyone as I walked by, I quickly went to a familiar home and lightly tapped on the sheet that made the door. No one paid any mind to me as I listened for an answer. When none came, I went inside.

A young child was inside, sitting at a table in the middle of the room. He didn't look any older than four. I tapped his shoulder to let him know I was there. He looked up and smiled at me. I smiled back. I signed, 'Where is your mother?' The boy pointed to a curtain. I nodded a thank you and walked over to said curtain. "Sayuri?" I called in softly.

"Enter." a female voice called back.

I entered.

A young girl maybe in her late teens was laying on a bed on the far side of the small room. She looked terrible, almost as if she had been in the underworld recently. She forced a smile as she saw me. "Hey, Kaori. To what do I owe this unexpected visit?"

“I’m here to say goodbye, Sayuri. I think it’s time I left this village and tried my luck elsewhere. Do you have anything you can spare?”

Sayuri sat up in bed with a struggle. I walked over and helped her. “Did they find the building you were staying in?” I nodded. “I should have guessed. They always seem to find you no matter where you hide, don’t they. When do you intend to leave?”

“The moment I can either sneak onto a train or buy a ticket to the Desert-villages. I hear it’s better there.”

“For those who don’t have criminal records at least. You should fit right in. But on a serious note, Kaori, I don’t think I can help you this time. Taxes were raised again and my boy is barely getting enough to eat. I’m sorry, but there might not be any money to spare.” Sayuri told me.

I smile and nodded my head. “It’s ok. I understand. I know how much your son means to you, my friend. Now sleep. You look tired.”

Sayuri lay back down and fell asleep. I heard the curtain being pulled aside. I looked over to see that her kid had came in. He walked over to me and held out two five-cent coins to me. That right there was enough to get a child’s ticket. He smiled. I smiled back at him and shook my head. I signed that I couldn’t take it. His mom needed it more than I did. He put the money in my hands anyway. I sighed and accepted it. I tucked Sayuri in and gave her son a hug. I stood and pulled a hood sewn onto my dress on to cover my face. I quickly left the home and headed to the train station.

The station wasn’t far from where Sayuri and her son lived, so I got there quickly. I bought a child’s ticket and took off the sticker indicating it was a child’s ticket. My train was leaving soon, so I had to run to catch it. Once I boarded, I found a crowded area I could blend into slightly. It wasn’t long before the train started moving and I was on my way to the Desert-villages.

I froze as I spotted my guardian in the crowded train car. I growled internally and quickly shifted more so I remained out of his line of sight. He must have either heard about me leaving or was here on business. Regardless, I did not intend on being seen by him. Thankfully the people around me didn’t think much as I moved around. It just looked like I was moving to a slightly less crowded spot near the doors.

# Demon Adoption

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: you are a demon and you've recently met a young girl with abusive parents. You pity her and decide to teach her what symbol to draw to summon you. You pick up a stick, grab her hand, and show her how its done. It's 3 am, and you have just been summoned to the girls house.

"Get the hell out of Hell and terrorize some mortals for Lucifers sake!" your current partner roared at you before kicking you out of your shared home.

Now, you were currently on Earth doing just that...well, you were trying to at least. The human you were currently possessing was a ten year old. No one takes kids at that age range seriously. You had managed to convince the mom of the child to take you to the local playground where you promptly gave her the slip and ran into the woods surrounding the park. After climbing into a tree, you were about to leave the kid and go possess some other person, maybe the mom, when you heard the soft whimpers of someone crying. Curious, you glanced around and spotted a girl sitting at the base of a nearby tree, crying into her knees.

Thinking that you could probably screw with her, you jump down and head over to her. You tell her hi and introduce yourself as Mary. You're ninety percent sure that the name of the child you were still possessing.

The girl looked up, surprised that anyone was this deep in the woods probably. You can see a bruise on her left cheek and neck. Though the one on her neck was mostly hidden by her turtleneck. The girl stared at you for a minute before replying "Hey...I'm Emily."

You could almost taste the uneasiness coming off of her. You ask her why she was crying and if she was lost.

Emily shook her head and mumbled something that sounded like she wished she was lost.

Something sounded off about her statement. You sit next to her. When you do, Emily slightly scoots away from you as if putting distance between the two of you. You ask her about the bruises.

She visibly flinches and pulls her knees to her chest. Well, pulls it up more. "I fell down."

You would know that statement anywhere. Your nonexistent heart breaks as you repeat what she said. Before you could sensor your language to that of a ten year old, you ask, "Did your mom and/or dad have anything to do with you fucking falling?"

Emily quickly started to deny your accusation, visibly panicking. Through her jumble of words, you see a distinct pattern and lightly take her hand. When you do, she freezes before curling up and repeating sorry over and over.

You continue to hold her hand for a moment before handing her a random stick. You tell her you're going to show her a way to get help without a phone. You then ask if she has access to a knife, pen, or even sharpie.

She looks at you confused, but she's not fighting you anymore and even nods. In full honesty, her confusion probably overruled any fear she was feeling moments earlier. You don't blame her. From everything that she's probably been through, you understand how she is. There are plenty of sinners in the pits of hell who turned into what they were primarily because of how they were treated growing up. Despite what humans seem to think, a lot of demons think that nurture often overrides nature.

You hold her hand very lightly and carefully draw a circle with a star inside of it. You tell her to remember this next part carefully and you show her how to spell your true demon name along the sides of the circle between it and the star. The symbol glows green and you feel a tug. If you hadn't been sitting there, you might have actually left the body you were in and go to it.

Emily looks at the symbol with shock before looking at you too. She asks what just happened.

"If I wasn't already sitting here, I would have been summoned over to you. Here, I'll show you." You get up and walk over to a tree just a little bit away. "Draw the symbol again, but I have to warn you. You'll see the real me."

Emily nods slowly and begins to draw the symbol. You don't think she believes that it will work but was probably curious. You turn your back and patiently wait for the tug. It wasn't even a moment later when you feel the tug and give into it. You are forced out of the little girl and are instantly sitting next to Emily. Emily screams and backs away from you.

You quickly try to calm her, but she is already running away. You sigh but choose to not follow her. You look at Mary who is now crying as she doesn't know where she is or how she got there. You decide to just head back to hell. You had terrorized some humans and were bored. Waving your hand, you open a portal to hell and walk through.

# Andivan

## Chapter Summary

Prompt: “Don’t \*ever\* try to get inside my head,” he snarled, slamming me against the wall. For several beats we stayed there, his grip crushing my wrists. Finally, his mismatched eyes softened. “It’s too dark for you.”

## Chapter Notes

WARNING! This chapter does have dark themes hinted at. It's vague enough that they are probably not noticeable, but if they are, please leave me a note in the comments and I will adjust the tags accordingly.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Life had never been easy for me. For a long time, I had been a slave to a bad man. I never learned his name. I didn’t bother. He wouldn’t ever let me call him by his name. I was only to call him master. Master was the leader of a group of knights that everyone else called the White Knights. They terrified me. Many were just as cruel as my master, threatening to do the things he did to me. Sometimes, they actually did the mean things; but I don’t want to talk about that.

I used to live in a much better place with my brother and sister. We were all very happy together. My sister was a magician of some kind. She was like a mother to me, trying to raise me to be the best person I could be. My brother was a warrior. He acted as a father to me, teaching me the duties of a man so that I may one day be the greatest father for my future family. I even called them my mater and ada. We lived in a small village with our own kind. We were all very happy.

Then the bad man came. My ada and mater with some friends went to stop him. I went with them as they said that they would need something from me to stop him. I have no memories of that day. But, my ada and mater disappeared. Their friends refused to speak to me of the day. I was brought back to my village only for it to be destroyed by men in white armor. They destroyed my home and took me away. I was sent to a camp where I was forced to learn the duties of a slave. It wasn’t until years later that I learned the identity of the men that had destroyed my home, but that is a tale for another time.

It was a normal day for me when my life took an unexpected turn. I was in the stables brushing one of my masters many horses when I heard my master approaching. The serving girls who were assisting me as I could not reach the top of the steeds on my own either



quickly hid or fled the stables through the back door as to not endure my masters wrath. My master was speaking to one of his many men. I couldn't understand what he was saying; but judging by the tone in his voice, he wasn't very happy. It took every ounce of courage to keep my body from shaking as my master and the man stormed into the barn.

My master seemed to be yelling something at him. I silently stopped brushing the steed I was working with. I knew that they would want their privacy even if I didn't understand common. My master stopped as he noticed me. I froze in place. Was I going to get in trouble for being here?

My master looked at me and rolled his eyes with a groan of frustration. The man he was with nodded his head at me as he spoke. When my master shook his head, the man seemed to argue with him until my master held up his hand. He snapped something at the man before storming out of the stables. The man watched my master leave before walking over to me.

He said something that I had to suppose was towards me; however, I think he understood that I didn't speak common or even understand it as he saw my confusion. The man studied me for a minute before speaking again. "Care tye quet common<sup>[1]</sup>?"

My eyes lit up. This man could speak High Elven. I shook my head. "Lala." I told him.

The man's frown deepened. Did he not understand what I had said? After a moment, he nodded his head. "Esse na?<sup>[2]</sup>"

I internally cringe at the man's grammar. The man spoke in slightly broken High Elven; but at least he could understand me, even if he couldn't really speak it. "Tye méré mime esse<sup>[3]</sup>?" I asked him cautiously. Could this be a trick? Did my master find someone who was multilingual just to torment me?

"Ni must esta tye qua<sup>[4]</sup>," the man replied, nodding his head. "Héru vamme anne- esse<sup>[5]</sup>."

I moved to answer but stopped. My master had entered the stables again. He walked past me to the steed that I had been grooming moments earlier. He was watching me. I could see a look of anger and hatred in his eyes. I bowed my head and looked at the ground. "Lala esse<sup>[6]</sup>..." I said quietly. I knew that I was going to be in trouble with my master tonight.

The man noticed my master's effect on me and gently put a hand on my shoulder. He lightly pulled me away from the stables. He called something back to my master which caused him to yell at the man in anger. The man simply chuckled as he led me inside the castle. Servants stepped out of the man's way as he led me down the hallways.

After a few moments of silence, the man spoke again. "Ni esta tye Andivan<sup>[7]</sup>," he said slowly as if he was choosing his words carefully. "Replime onlime ana i esse andivan, úqua tare<sup>[8]</sup>."

- [1] Do you speak common?
- [2] What is your name?
- [3] You want my name?
- [4] I must call you something.
- [5] Your master would not give me your name.
- [6] I have no name.
- [7] I shall call you Andivan
- [8] reply only to the name andivan, nothing more

# Chasing a Flame (Name may change later)

## Chapter Notes

Ok. This one has heavily implied child neglect. So this note is your warning.

When I woke up in the morning, I wished I hadn't. My body ached and hurt from laying on the floor and my heart ached from waking up from the most amazing dream of all times. I sat up and rubbed my face as a thought crossed my mind. What if it wasn't a dream. I pulled my shirt forward slightly by the collar and sighed. Nope, still have boobs. It was just a dream. With a mental groan, I pushed myself up to my feet and looked around my room.

The room was relatively dirty to say the least. Clothing that didn't fit in our stuffed closet or in our makeshift dresser (more like a bunch of boxes duct taped to each other to look like a dresser) lay on the floor, papers and homework were tossed around our makeshift desk (also more boxes duct taped together), and a few spots on the carpet that were probably bloodstains that I didn't get out in time. Damn. I thought I got them all out last time too. Now that might bug me all day.

I quickly reached for my usual clothes that I folded the night before (hoodie, binder, jeans, underwear, and socks). They were sitting next to my makeshift bed (a bunch of blankets folded on top of each other with a sheet on top to hold them together). I couldn't see what I was putting on, so I just begged that they were clean. As I got dressed, I heard a groan come from the twin size bed behind me. Though, I'd hardly call it a bed. It was just a mattress and a few yoga mats underneath to give it some height. Moving on. I looked over to see Allen sitting up as I tugged my hoodie on. He rubbed his eye carefully, trying to wake up. I quickly zipped up my jeans and went over to him.

"Morning, sweetheart." I said softly.

Allen yawned, still rubbing his eye. "Is momma in here?" I shook my head. "Morning, big brother."

I couldn't help but smile and resist the urge to pinch his cheeks. Maker, Allen was so adorable when he first wakes up. I give him a quick hug. He giggled slightly and hugged me back. "Did you sleep ok?" I asked him quietly. Allen nodded slowly. "Ok. Well, I'm going to go make some breakfast. Think you can wake up your brother in time?"

"Teacher is bringing donuts to my class today. John and I are going to eat those. We can save you one for afterschool if you want." Allen said.

I look at him surprised, but I can't help but smile. "I would like that." I told him. "You finish your homework last night? I didn't see it before I went to bed."

“I did it at school. My teacher checked it and gave me hundreds.”

I raised an eyebrow. “After how many tries?” I asked. Allen was never good with homework. I was the reason he was even passing some of his classes, not to brag. It didn’t matter a whole lot as it was elementary, but he needed to learn and understand the basics.

Allen looked down. “Five...” he said quietly. I could hear the shame in his voice. “Are you mad at me?”

“No. I’m not mad at you. Allen, you tried your best and, even if you didn’t get it right the first time, you still got it right in the end. Plus, you’re getting better. Last week it took you ten tries. I can tell you’re getting much better. Now, wake up you brother. The busses are going to be here in about half an hour. I want us to go before mom wake up. It’ll be safer that way.” I told him, standing up.

Allen frowned, more awake now. “Did momma get mad at you last night?” he asked.

I bit my inner lip, careful to keep my face neutral. Damn it all. I should have kept my mouth shut. Of course, my baby brother would notice if there was a quiver in my voice. And there must have been if he asked that. I kissed his forehead and shook my head. He was too smart for his own good when it came to our family. Without another word I headed out of the room and into the rest of our apartment. I mentally sighed as I slipped into our kitchen and the smell hit me.

It was filthy in the kitchen, not much different than my sibling and I’s room. The only difference is that the kitchen has dishes instead of clothing. There was filth and had what I begged was dirt in pretty much every corner. Fuzzy like mold was growing in the highest corners of the walls and all over the ceiling. I always had to pray to the gods that it wouldn’t kill us eventually. As I walked around looking for food, I mentally noted the sink was filled with dishes, and there were crusted pans that were buzzing slightly. I begged to the gods that there weren’t any bugs in those. I hated bugs. They always gross me out.

With a vocal sigh, I opened a random cupboard, looking for food. Even if the little ones were getting donuts, I can’t wait until after I pick them up. I need to eat something. Nothing was in any of the cupboards. I want to punch something. This is ridiculous. I just went and got food the other day. Where did it all...never mind, I know where it went. After a bit of searching, I found a browning banana on top of the fridge. Well, as gross as it would appear to everyone else, it will have to do for me.

# Gang Wars

The streets were silent. So silent it made me feel uneasy as I walked down them. I glanced at my watch. It was just past midnight. I adjusted my jacket, trying to cover myself more to not bring attention to me. I really wasn't supposed to be outside this late, my curfew being at nine-thirty unless I had permission and all. My parents told me if I wasn't at home by curfew, I was to spend the night at whatever place I was at or get an escort home by a responsible adult. I would be spending the night at my friend's place, but there was a party going on and things were getting...bad there. I didn't want to stick around and watch the cops get called. So, I chose to start walking home without realizing what time it was. By the time I did, it was already too late to turn back.

I could still hear the music ringing in my ears and almost see the bodies of teenagers rubbing up against each other. God, the image made me feel a bit sick. My friend tried to hook me up with some dude. He looked ok, but I had to make it clear I didn't want the same things he did. I ended up slapping the jerk across the face and threatened to call the cops on him if he ever touched me again. He stormed off and probably told his buddies I was a psycho because none of the other guys came near me after that. Though, my friend kept trying to get them to get with me. God, the curses of being the only one single out of all of your friends and wanting to keep it that way. Your friends will say that they are trying to help you by shoving the first attractive looking body near you in your face. Gross. I was not interested in anything that they pushed at me. Humans gross me out. Now monsters on the other hand...

I shake my head before I even let myself continue that train of thought. No, Amber, you do not like monsters. They are nonexistent creatures. Vampires, werewolves, skin-changers, lizard-folk. They don't exist. You are normal and like boys.

But then why do guys make you feel sick? If monsters existed, you would so...

Shut up me!

I sighed as my head stopped arguing with me and looked up at the sky. A small smile crossed my face as I could see the stars. It was nice that I could see them despite living in the middle of a city. Due to some weird occurrences with the power, it was more times than not dark enough at night for me to see them. It was beautiful and calmed me down slightly. I really should stay out more often. I wonder why I don't.

"Hi there, hot stuff." a voice said behind me.

My mouth went dry as I remembered precisely why I never stayed out late and why my curfew was at nine-thirty. Any time after ten was when the gangs started to make appearances, and it appears that I am in the middle of Gang Central, an area most known for fights related to gangs. I tried to walk faster to get away from the voice and his buddies, but it appears that I didn't react in time. A man slipped his arm around my shoulders, pulling me into his side slightly. I could smell the alcohol on him. It was intoxicating.

I fought down a shudder as I looked at the arm. A black serpent tattoo seemed to slide down his arm. I paled at the sight. I knew exactly what gang this man was a part of: The Black Snakes.

The Black Snakes are the second most dangerous gang within the entire city. Above them were the Outsiders. No one has ever actually seen the Outsiders and lived to tell the tale. Not even the police, which is probably why they remained as the city's number one most dangerous gang. They remained as rumors for many years, but they always somehow took credit for what they had done, whether it was a death or a fight. The Outsiders were rather prideful and took great pride in how safe their territory was. Everyone there, despite being terrified of the gang, was never hurt by them. Crime had been practically reduced to zero in the area outside of Gang activity. Even the police stopped bothering to keep an eye out for crime. No one and no gang, not even the Black Snakes who feared no one, would dare mess around with the Outsiders unless they had a death wish. One time, a member of some lesser gang decided to try and cause trouble. They found his body hanging upside down in the city park the next morning. He appeared to have fallen at least ten stories before being hung upside down. The word 'Outsider' had been spray painted onto the tree branch above him while an orange X had been painted onto his tucked in shirt.

I am grateful that I live in the Outsider territory, but I'm often away from home in enemy territory. It always made my parents, a set of reporters, uneasy. They often talked about leaving the City and moving somewhere much safer, but in full honesty, I don't think there's anywhere else in the whole world that could make me feel as safe as I do here. The Outsiders were protective and never hurt anyone by accident. If they did, the person would be found at the hospital with no memory of the incident. They kept their part of the city safe.

I swallowed and tried to walk away from the Black Snake, but his friends had surrounded me. "Awe, looks like she's a scared little mouse." one laughed, probably making that comment because I was so much shorter than the rest of them.

The one with his arm around my shoulders laughed loudly. "Oh, I can't count the number of things I could do to this bitch. Maybe we should take her back with us. Could be fun."

# Black Opal

It was a clear and quiet night. The stars shone brightly in the sky, reflecting in a simple pond's water a little ways outside of a small village. As the light hit the water, stones near the bottom of the pond reflected the light as if trying to mimic the stars above. The light wasn't strong enough to be seen from the village, but if anyone saw it, they would think it was beautiful. One particular light was different from the others around it. It was black. A figure formed from the stone. It took the shape of a young lady, no more than sixteen years of age.

They looked around at the other lights that were far more colorful. Curious, they ran their hand through the lights. A smile crossed their face as her dark body changed colors from the reflecting lights. The colors shined even brighter through their translucent body. It made them seem happy to be so colorful. They froze as a voice reached them.

The translucent child turned to see that a villager was walking over the direction of the pond. He looked rather tired. They could hear shouting coming from the home that he was walking away from. They sank into the water so that he could not see them. The child watched him curiously but shyly. They didn't know what to expect.

The villager stopped at the edge of the pond and sat down, staring at the shining stones beneath the surface. He simply sat there and did nothing. The child observed that he was older, much older. They could almost see the grey hairs starting to form. They slowly started to move closer to him. He suddenly shifted, causing them to move back. He rubbed his face, shoulders shaking. He seemed to be...crying.

They crept up slowly until they was in front of him before they revealed themselves to him. The villager looked startled to see them, but he didn't say anything. He just stared at them shocked. They tilted their head and gently brushed a tear off of his face. The child looked at him confused. They didn't understand why he was crying.

The villager smiled at them. "Hello, child. You want to know why I'm crying, I'm guessing." he said kindly.

They nodded, wiping away more tears as they fell.

"My wife passed away. My children aren't taking it very well. It's nothing. Don't worry about it."

The child frowned and looked up at the home where the villager had come from before looking back at him. They tilted their head in confusion. 'Why?' a voice asked in the villagers head. It sounded like two voices, a male and a female, speaking at the same time.

"My wife has been sick for a few years. The illness just took its toll. Our children blame me for being poor and not giving her the proper treatment or telling them at least. But my wife didn't want to be treated. She had already accepted that there wasn't much that could save her. I tried explaining that to our children, but they don't want to listen to reason right now. It'll be fine once they calm down." he said.

The child tilted their head. They were confused. The children knew that there was nothing he could do without disobeying the wishes of his wife.

The old man seemed to sense their confusion and sighed. He rubbed the top of their head. “Don’t let it bother you too much. I shouldn’t bother you with my troubles. Now, how did such a pretty young child like you get here? Where is your family?” he asked.

‘Have none.’ they said in his head.

He looked surprised. “Oh. I’m sorry.” He would have spoken more, but there was a shout from the house. “Oh, well it seems like I’m needed back at the house.”

The shout had startled the child. They ducked back and disappeared into the pond as clouds covered the stars above. They vanished as fast as they appeared. The old man turned back to tell them he was leaving but blinked in shock at the fact they were gone.

The old man headed home.

The child poked their head out of the water, tilting slightly as they watched him start walking home. They started to climb out of the pond and make their way over towards him, but something stopped them before they fully left the pond. The child frowned and tried to pull themselves out of the pond. The effort was futile. They looked back at the house to see one of the children had come outside. They could feel his intent and did not like it. The child tried harder and harder to free herself from the ponds hold on her. they looked over at the man.

‘Help.’ they screamed, begging that he could hear them.

The old man turned and frowned. “Young one? Where are you?” he asked, starting to make his way back to the pond.

The son standing outside seemed to grow frustrated. “Dad, there’s nothing out there. Get back in the house. We have to talk.” he yelled down.

“Stop it, Joshua. Did you not hear that scream for help?” he responded before reaching the pond.



# Damaged Doesn't Mean Broken

People say that what doesn't kill you only makes you stronger. While they aren't wrong, they aren't exactly right either. When we are young, getting hurt and sick was part of the job description. We were supposed to fall when taking our first steps. We were supposed to get sick and learn how to heal ourselves. We were supposed to have nightmares to enjoy our dreams. We were supposed to experience disappointment to enjoy our victories. We were supposed to have trials to understand peace.

But, **They** changed all of that when **They** arrived.

Ever since **They** came to **Our** world, **We** had to accommodate to **Their** rules instead of **Them** following **Our** laws and **Our** rules and accommodate for **Our** culture. Despite **Our**...no, despite the attempts of those in positions of power, **They** took **Our** temples, **Our** culture, and **Our** way of life and destroyed it all. **We**, the people, tried hard to keep **Our** ways alive while being forced to obey **Their** laws. This was short lived. As **We** became more and more desperate to follow the ways of **Our** ancestors, **They** doubled down and even tripled **Their** efforts. **We** eventually had to go underground. Now, **Our** culture has all but retreated into the shadows. Now only the adults could follow as **We** don't want **Them** to find out and fully destroy **Our** culture.

Years have passed since **They** had fully taken over **Our** home. I had grown up under the new system, but even I had to agree it was stupid and unfair to us. The following are some of the many laws they placed on us.

- Falling down is illegal
- Any form of breaking of the skin (scrapes, bruises, cuts, etc) is illegal
- Getting sick is illegal
- Feeling angry is illegal
- Feeling sad is illegal
- Feeling happy is illegal
- Feeling any feeling is illegal
- Having sexual intercourse is illegal
- Having fun is illegal

The laws are a bit of a joke. It was as though **They** didn't want us to enjoy the life presented to us by the *Gods*. No one except for **Them** were even slightly alright with these rules and methods to 'ensure' peace between **Us** and **Them**. There were several attempts over the years to overthrow **Them** and bring back the ways of the *Gods*. Every attempt was only met with the 'D' word, and everyone part of the attempts were 'K' word.

I chose to not associate with such people. My life was too important to me to throw away like that. I was content with the life I had led. Plus, 'D'-ing and meeting the *Gods* before I fulfilled my duty here in the land of the 'L'-ing didn't sit well with me. But that's a story for another time.

# Assassins and Heirs

## Chapter Notes

This story contains a bit of violence, so this is your only warning.

Fire tore through the village. Screams of pain and horror filled the air. Soldiers stormed through the city, cutting down the citizens without hesitation. Magic exploded in the air as they were killed. The Soldiers, clad in magic resistant armor, marched over the bodies of those they had slain. People rose up against them but were only killed. Their master stayed in the center of the city, sitting on his makeshift throne. He was enjoying the sight. These people had been a miserable race. He was satisfied to finally see them being put down. Of course, he would be 'merciful' and allow a few to live but not enough to quickly repopulate their kind. He let out a laugh as he watched a woman attempt to protect her three children only to be slain in front of them. Perhaps those children will do fine.

"Stop." he said, still laughing slightly. "Bring one of the children to the dungeon. Kill the rest."

The soldier said nothing but did as he was commanded. He gave two quick and relatively painless deaths. The last child he grabbed by the arm. He started to drag the child off to the dungeon when the king spoke again.

"Kill all that you see on your way. I believe we will have enough once that one is included." he stated.

Again, the soldier said nothing but did as the king commanded. The child's screams for his mother and siblings echoed through the streets as the soldier pulled him towards the castle. The soldier did his best to try and ignore the screams, but they broke his heart. It wasn't right that his king, who was still seen as a child by many, would do this to his loyalist subjects. It wasn't right that he had to do this to his own kind. He gritted his teeth before passing the child off to another soldier. He told him the king's orders before heading off to clear his head of the screams. He ducked into an empty alley and pulled his helmet off. The soldier looked at it before throwing it at a wall. The blood on it made him feel ill.

As he took deep breaths, the sounds of whimpers reached him. He looked around, drawing his sword. He thought he had been alone. His eyes fell upon a slain woman. The whimpers came from under her. The soldier cautiously walked over to her. Movement could be seen under her shawl. He raised it and felt the magic drain from his face. A new born baby lay there, the cord still attached. One of his fellow soldiers must have attacked her and thought they killed the baby. He picked up the newborn and pointed his sword, ready to kill the child. It would be better for it to die now rather than when it was older, he told himself. This was a merciful death.

The child opened its eyes, looking up at the soldier. It laughed, reaching for him as if thinking he was its father. The soldier's arm quivered before he put the sword down. May the gods forgive him for what he was about to do. This child had done nothing to hurt the king. He wrapped the babe in his mother's shawl before making his way down to the back gates of the city. The soldier took the back ways as to not draw attention to himself. When he arrived, he saw a man smuggling out a small family. The man froze at the sight of the soldier and fell to his knees.

He begged for the soldier's forgiveness and pleaded that he spared him. The family was frozen in terror. The soldier looked at the family. It was a father and two sons. They weren't originally from that plane based on their race. This plane did not contain oceans and seas or even rivers and lakes. Water was scarce. This was a family of Sea Kins. One of the sons stepped forward, pointing what looked to be a modified gun twice his size at the soldier. The father tried to pull his son back, but he stopped as the soldier stepped forward.

The soldier handed the babe to father. "I'll let you go but take this child with you. Do so, and I will look the other way." he said.

The father hesitated but took the babe anyway. He nodded and ushered his sons through the gates. The one who had pointed the gun at the soldier hesitated, glaring at the soldier before following his dad. The man helping the family escape began to thank the soldier for not killing him. The soldier simply drew his sword and cut the man down quickly. The man's magic exploded. Had the soldier not been wearing magic resistant armor, he would have been thrown back.

The soldier said nothing as he headed back to his master. The other soldiers were also returning. They were exchanging stories and bragging about how they had killed. The soldier put his helmet back on, shame filling him for what he had done that day. Not only had he betrayed his people, he had also betrayed his king, the one man he swore to never betray. He did not speak to his fellow soldiers, forever vowing to keep his actions of today a secret forever. The child was gone, taking to another plane. He would never have to deal with the child again.

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Shade and Reth were sitting at a table, calmly drinking their drinks. Reth had ale while Shade had weak wine. They were both silent and watching the tavern carefully. Their hands near their weapons, ready to draw them quickly if they needed. Shade noticed a cat like lady was lightly bouncing her staff. The noise of the tavern muffled the taps. He nudged Shade with his foot twice. The Sea Kin gave a very slight nod before standing. He slung his gun over his shoulder and began to make his way towards the tavern entrance, leaving Shade behind.

# Shadow Age Origins

## Chapter Notes

This one is a Choose Your Own Adventure

You wake up, and there is no sound. When you sit up and look around, there is nothing around you. The ground feels sturdy underneath you, but you cannot see it. When you look down, you see nothing at all, not even yourself. It is as though you are transparent. You return your gaze to what is around you. Well, the lack of what is around you as you still see nothing.

You feel yourself begin to panic. Every part of you wants to scream. You try to scream, but it does not look like you have a voice as no sounds come out. You attempt to curl into a ball, but you do not know if you're still on the ground or anything as you can't feel your own body.

As you panic, without warning, you hear a soft chuckle. You are not sure where the voice came from, so you search for the voice. But you cannot seem to find it and are not sure if you are sitting up or not.

The chuckling continues for a moment. "You creatures are such curious little things," a female like voice says softly from somewhere possibly above you.

You look in the direction of the voice to see what you think is a woman sitting as if she was on an edge. Her hair has fallen so that it was covering her eyes, a small smile on her face. You sense something...unusual about her, but you cannot place it. You can see her jump down and land softly in front of you. She seems to be taller than you.

"Greetings." she says, sweetly. "I'm glad to see that you're awake. Some never wake up."

You say nothing. Not that you really could even if you want to since you still appear to not have a voice.

"Nothing to say, dear?"

Again, you say nothing.

"Oh, you must be a shy one. Do not worry, dear. I won't hurt you." she tells you, seeming to walk around you. "Strange. It appears that your creators have abandoned you in this void. You do not even have a form yet. You are hardly more than a single thought. A dwarven idea just floating around, waiting to be brought to life."

What was she talking about? You are now very confused.

“No matter. If they will not help an innocent soul such as yourself, I will.” she announces before cursing in another language under her breath. You make out hatred in her voice as she spoke.

She kneels across from you. You stare at her, and she stares back at you. Who does this woman think she is? What if you do not want her help? Did you have no say at all? Not that you could speak anyway, but this woman does not seem to have the common courtesy to ask if you want help. She seems to be quite rude.

She seems to study you for a moment. “I don’t think communication will work if you’re nothing more than a thought.” she says quietly. The woman seems to think for a few moments before nodding her head and snapping her fingers. “There. That should fix part of the problem.”

You look at the woman confused. What was she talking about? She tilts her head and points at you. You look down in confusion.

When you look down, you can see yourself. Well, sort of. You can see your arms, legs, hands, and feet but nothing else. You oddly enough find this fascinating. You move your new limbs around, studying them before looking up at the woman as you adjust yourself so that you are standing. Though, it does not seem to make much of a difference. This woman is still much taller than you. In fact, it feels as though she got taller.

“Interesting.” she says softly. “It appears the gods never got passed your race. Oh well. It looks like I’ll have to fix that.”

You watch her snap her fingers, and a scroll appears in her hand. Quickly unrolling it, she begins to casually look over it. You decide to ignore her as you return to looking at yourself, wondering if this is really you. You pinch your arm. It feels a bit uncomfortable, so you decide to not do that again. You then proceed to reach down to touch your legs when the woman clears her throat and snaps her fingers slightly to get your attention.

You look up to see her glaring at you. “Pay attention, my dear.” she states. When you nod, she smiles and looks at her scroll. She seems to begin to talk to herself. “Let us see. Where should we start? Where should we start? Hmm. Well, since your race has already been determined, we shall begin with your gender. It seems that there are six genders.”

- Female: A strong woman, ready to take on the world and its struggles. Go to II
- Non-binary: A genderless being who stands against those who don’t respect you and your choice. Go to CCLIII
- Male: A strong man, eager to prove his place among his kind and the rest. Go to LXXXIV
- Genderfluid: A gender does not help as both fit, deciding to be happiest as both. Go to CLXXVIII

- Transgender Male to Female: A woman simply born in the wrong body, trying to be as she feels. Go to CCCXXXV
- Transgender Female to Male: A man simply born in the wrong body, trying to be as he feels. Go to CDXIV

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