It's Not Over Yet

by Passionpire88

Summary

When Ben dumps Mal at a party, her life kind of goes to shit. Did she stay good just for him? Evie loves Doug very much but...He cheated on her with Jane. Mal/Lonnie fuck buddies arrangement but Malvie is endgame. Alcohol abuse tw.
Mal stood on top of the cliffs of Auradon. Princess Melody, the daughter of Queen Ariel and King Eric was holding a beach party to celebrate the end of summer. An ocean breeze brushed Mal’s new bangs in front of her striking green eyes which caused a huff of annoyance.

Mal wasn’t sure about this lighter shade of purple and the bangs. Lonnie hadn’t really let her say no plus the whole makeover whatever had been free. Ben liked it. His handsome face had lit up the moment she had walked into his spacious palace bedroom. His kisses had been vigorous that night but it hadn’t gone any further because Ben was way too good at his job. His phone was starting to become Mal’s arch nemesis. Had she not been so reformed she would have introduced it to a metal baseball bat.

Ben was king of Auradon. She didn’t need him reminding her whenever she wanted him to stay the night in the apartment complex he had designed for the VKs. But he did. Far too often. She wondered if this was how love was supposed to feel. Like a chore. Another thing on her boyfriend’s list. At least he didn’t have a pretty secretary answering his phone and telling her he was in a meeting and had to reschedule.

Mal heard footsteps behind her. Ben. A smile crept up on her face. Tonight had been perfect. The end to a summer of him pulling away from her. Time with their friends and with each other.

“Enjoying the view?” Mal drawled without turning around. Mal stood only in her purple bikini. Her ripped black shorts and green tank top were tucked in her bag which sat on a beach chair somewhere close by.

Ben blushed and smiled sheepishly. “A little.”

She giggled as she felt his bare chest against her nearly bare back, his muscled arms wrapping around her. She turned around and touched his cheek. “Just a little?” Her tone caused his blush to deepen and then she kissed him. “He’s distant. I feel it. What am I doing wrong? Is it me? Did he meet someone else? Have I been unsupportive?”

“Mal...It’s getting late.” Ben murmured, his warm breath tickling her pale skin.

“Yeah. And?” Her hand was on the waistband of his swimsuit. Her green eyes flickered. “Please. Don’t leave. Everything was so good tonight. Don’t spoil it. I love you. I love you so much it scares me.”

“And I have to get up early tomorrow.”

“So do I. First day of junior year, remember?” “About that…”

Mal’s eyes narrowed. “What the literal fuck. Are you kidding me?!” Whatever Ben was about to say
was going to burn everything they had built together. “What?”

Ben moved away from her. “I...I don’t think I can-”

“No. Don’t fucking say it, Ben. Is it someone else? Is it...is it me?” Mal wanted to throw up all the delicious seafood she had eaten at how cliché she sounded.

“No. I can’t do this because I love you. You need someone who can be there for you more than I can. I’ve been such a bad boyfriend. I...Mal I’m a 17 year old King. I don’t know how to do both.” He was crying. Of course he was. He was Ben. He was so good. Too good. That’s why she loved him. Ben took her hands in his. “This doesn’t have to last forever…”

The look in her eyes broke his heart. “Go. Leave.” Was that her voice? Mal wasn’t sure.

“But I drove you here.” He knew what she had meant and that just hurt more.

“I’ll catch a ride with Evie. Don’t worry about it.” Evie was a terrible driver but it didn’t matter. Nothing mattered. He looked so lost as he walked away. She didn’t even have to glance at him to know. “You’re 17. You have your whole life ahead of you. He’s just one boy. You are the daughter of Maleficent. You have the blood of dragons in your veins. A teenage king should not have shattered your heart. You don't need him to be good. You chose to be good. For you. Not for him. You are not bad. You are not bad.”

“Mal?” Lonnie. Lonnie was safe. The brunette walked over to her. “Evie and I were looking for you. She said you like high places so I came here.”

“I...Lonnie?” Mal blinked as if she was waking up.

“Yeah?” The brown eyes met green. “Are you okay? What happened?”

“Lonnie...He chose the crown over me.” She was trembling. Mal felt sick. She swallowed heavily. Vomit would have just been the cherry on top of everything that sucked.

The daughter of Mulan embraced her friend and rubbed her back soothingly. “What do you need? What can I do?”

“I don't know.”
“Okay. Do you want me to take you home?”

“Can I stay with you?” Lonnie’s parents weren’t royalty and Mal was still sure that’s why they weren’t prejudiced against her and Evie. Mulan knew all about being an underdog.

“Sure. Let me just text my mom. Why don't you go grab your stuff and I'll be here when you get back, okay?”

Mal nodded. “Thanks.”

Lonnie kissed the shorter girl’s cheek. “I'll see you in a minute.” Mal grabbed her stuff and began to get dressed, hoping, praying that Ben wouldn’t find her.

“Mal…”

She became tense and her hands clenched into fists. “No.”

“Let me take you home. I'm worried about you.”

Her heart was breaking into little pieces of sharp glass. “Please go away.” Her back was a stiff and brittle board that had been beaten by the ocean and lost all moisture from being in the sun too long. He was crying. He was trying so hard not to for her. Gods why did he have to be so good? It made her sick.

“M?” Evie. Thank the gods for Evie.

“Mal...what's wrong?” “I...Nothing. I'll see you at school, Ben.” She didn't look at either of them as she grabbed her bag and ran.
Hey guys! Wow! I didn't expect this to get so popular so quickly. I'm sorry for the wait. I want these chapters to be perfect and I'm experiencing technical difficulties at home which hopefully will be fixed soon. Anyway, I hope you enjoy!

She opened the door to find him kissing Jane. His shirt was unbuttoned. Jane looked at him with devotion in her eyes. It was too much. Evie wanted to vomit. The blue haired girl's hands and legs trembled. Was it rage? Maybe. But she was crying. He finally looked up from gazing at his innocent little whore and saw her. “Evie…”

Jane turned ghostly white. Evie was nearly aroused at the amount of delicious fear she saw. Doug was choking. Why was he choking? Evie saw her hand trembling as a rush of rage made Doug gasp for breath even more. He fell against the wall and she ran. How she wished Mal was here. Mal knew how magic worked. Mal knew how Evie herself worked. She kept running. Thank the gods her bag was on her shoulders. She knew Doug had been distant. She had hoped it was normal. That the bad lies he had told her for the past month were true.

Evie had polished off another dark, sickly sweet cocktail. This was her fifth. A boy who was definitely two years older at least was eyeing her up. She smiled at him. He would be perfect. Mal and Lonnie had called her countless times. She didn’t care. The boy’s lips tasted like overpriced beer and burgers. But he was warm and whispered how beautiful she was. Excellent.

“Do you want coffee?”

Evie's eyes snapped open. “What time is it?”

“9.”

“Fuck. Fucking fuck.” What was his name? Had she even asked him his name? She couldn't remember. Everything hurt. Especially her head.

“Are you okay?”

“I…” Large but warm hands cupped her cheeks. His blue eyes met her mahogany brown. He wiped a tear away. She hadn't even known she had been crying again. “I'm late for school.”

“Oh. Do you want a ride?”

“No. But thank you.”

“You don't look so good, Evie.”

Why did he have to know her name and care so much? It wasn't fair. “I…I don't even remember your name. I'm so sorry.”
“Tavin Boar. Prince Tavin Boar.” His freckles stood out more when he smiled.

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard of you.”

“Most haven’t. My father used to look after a magic pig. So we’re a fairly forgettable kingdom.” A lock of red hair fell into his eyes and his grin was shy.

“What?”

“Don’t worry about it. So how late are you?”

“Beyond late.”

“I’m giving you a ride.”

“Did you go to Auradon Prep?” Immediate worry colored his expression.

“How old are you?”

“17.”

“Oh.”

“Sorry.”

“No, no. This is my fault.”

“Because you’re older?”

“Yes.” At least he was honest.

“I can walk there if you drop me off close by. That way no one will see you.”

“You don’t want anyone to see me.”

“No. It’s nothing to do with you.”

“I know.” She hoped he didn’t call her. But her phone number was in the pocket of his jeans. She had kissed him and it felt nice. No fireworks...just nice. Evie was happy to note that it seemed to be that way mutually.

******

Evie found Mal smoking under the bleachers. “Where were you last night?”

Evie shrugged. “Out. Why are you smoking?”

Mal blew a bit of smoke out but was careful to make sure it wasn’t in Evie’s direction. “Stress.”

“You and Ben broke up didn’t you?”

Mal’s green eyes flashed. “Yeah. And I’m guessing you didn’t go home last night. Oh and your breath smells like I could set it on fire with my hand.”

There was a glare. “Oh wow...look at you never needing a lighter.”

“Lonnie called you too.”
“I know. I was busy.”

“With who?”

“You don't know him.”

“Of course I don't.”

“What's that supposed to mean?” Evie’s hand twitched again as if itching to perform magic again. Mal was quiet. She had finished her cigarette so she turned to leave until Evie grabbed her jacket. “I asked you a question Mal.” The mahogany eyes blazed in anger as their noses nearly touched. Mal’s body ached at the contact of the harsh metal.

“Fuck off, E. I don't know what the hell happened to you last night but now I really don't care.” Mal threw Evie off of her with a snarl and walked away.

When Mal asked to stay another night with her, Lonnie knew something was very wrong. She had noticed Evie avoiding them which had made her nervous, and when Mal had come back from her smoke break (Lonnie was already concerned with that) she had been moving differently as if in pain. Not limping but her arms seemed to be sore or something. She had touched Mal’s shoulder and heard a faint hiss. “Can you tell me what's wrong?” Her voice was gentle.

“I...I don't know where to start.” That was said in a humorless laugh.

“Is there any way I can help you right now?” The question hung in the air until a pair of lips seemed to devour her own. “Mal…” Wide eyes. Guilty look tinged with mild arousal.

“I'm sorry. I shouldn't have…”

Lonnie felt her face flush. “I...I don't mind.”

Eyebrow cocked. A hint of a smirk. “Hmm…Is there anything you would object to?”

“Not much.” What was she doing? This was probably unhealthy. But she had never been kissed before. And Mal had always made her body tingle in ways no boy had. There was another kiss. A gentler one. A question. “Yes. I...I want.”

Mal laughed. A husky, sexy sound. Lonnie was in her stupidly childish neon blue bedroom with band posters and cheesy motivational quotes all over the walls and a girl wanted to… “Tell me what you want.” Lonnie wasn't sure what to say so she kissed Mal. “Me? You want me?” Mal’s voice was soft. Almost vulnerable.

“Yes.”

A smile that hurt her because it made her feel so good. A hand brushed her bangs away. “I don't know if I ever told you this, Lonnie...but you're beautiful.”

“So are you, Mal.” A nip to her neck. The same hand that had brushed her hair away was now on her thigh and going under her skirt. “Mmmmal…” An amused chuckle.

“So you're okay?”

“Really okay.” It was a mumble. But Lonnie could feel this burning itch that she only handled alone. She ached as Mal got closer and closer. “Please. Please Mal…”
“Lonnie...You haven't. Are you sure?”

“I would be more mad if you didn't.” A smile and a nod occurred before Lonnie felt bliss.

Chapter End Notes

Yes...Tavin is the son of Taren and Princess Eilonwy.
Hey y'all! Here's your update a day early! I based Evie's magic (Yes she's a magic user!) mildly on the logic of Once Upon Time's magic lore (What little there is.) Thank you guys so much for the powerful response to my work it means a lot to me. <3

Two weeks. It had been two weeks since Lonnie had first hooked up with Mal and now she was addicted. In the back of her mind she knew it was wrong. That Mal was upset and Evie hadn’t spoken to either of them in weeks and smelled like alcohol more often than not. The perfume wasn’t fooling anyone. But Lonnie couldn’t help how she felt when Mal touched her. It made her feel like a puzzle piece falling into place. “Love?” That was her mother. Mulan must have made her daughter breakfast.

“Coming!” Lonnie walked out of her room and made her way into their beautiful kitchen.

It had been a long time since Mulan had lead an army but she was still fit. The warrior’s black hair was streaked with a few grey strands but it did nothing to diminish her beauty. Today it was up and in a slight disarray. “I made your favorite, xiǎo lóng” She ruffled Lonnie’s already messy hair before returning to the clean up she had started.

“Thanks, Mama.”

“Is Mal dropping by today?” asked Mulan while putting soap into the frying pan.

“Um...No, Mama. She’s busy.” Her mother raised an eyebrow when Lonnie’s face flushed.

“What is going on between you two? Are you dating?”

“Dating? No. We’re not dating.” She squirmed in her seat. Lonnie told her mother everything normally.

“It’s not good to lie, xiǎo lóng…”

“I’m not lying, Mama. We haven’t discussed it yet.”

“Promise me you will.” Mulan dried her hands before cupping her daughter’s cheeks. Their eyes locked. “I know how you feel about Mal, xiǎo lóng. I don’t want your heart to be broken by being blind.”

“I will, Mama. I promise.” Mulan kissed her forehead before nodding. “Good. Your father and I have a meeting with the king. I wanted to see you and make you something. He’s already there.” She smiled at the thought of Shang and how he still hadn’t changed his “by the book” mentality.

“Thank you, Mama. I’ll see you later.”
“I love you, Lonnie. Be good.” Mulan put fixed her hair in the mirror before grabbing her messenger bag.

“I love you too, Mama and I will.” Lonnie let out a deep sigh before taking a bite of breakfast. Congee was her favorite thing after all the fancy food she ate during the week at Auradon Prep. Most of her classmates were wealthier and had servants. While the Li family had a well to do home, it wasn’t a palace and everyone did their share of housework. But today, the rice porridge tasted bitter instead of wonderfully sweet. The guilt from keeping such a secret from her parents was draining Lonnie quickly.

Carlos was tired of this and he slammed down his binder to wake her up. “Evie, this has to stop!”

“Wha-Carlos? What’s going on?”

“This.” He growled before taking her flask from her bag and dumping out all the liquor onto the grass.

Her eyes flashed and the anger rose to a forest fire. Evie’s hand twitched and then he was choking.

“Evie! Evie stop!” He gasped.

It was happening again. What she had almost done to Doug and Mal. “I-I don't-”

“Carlos!” Jay was there with Jordan at his side. He exchanged a glance with the genie and she walked over to Evie.

“Relax your grip.” Jordan’s hands were on hers. “And then put your arm down slowly.”

Carlos fell from the wall coughing. He didn't even look at his blue haired friend. “Thanks Jordan.” Jay helped the shorter boy to his feet.

“Carlos I'm-”

“Don't. You've done enough.” His normally kind eyes burned her.
“C’mon buddy. You should probably rest.” Murmured Jay.

“Probably.”

“Jordan?” Jay’s expression seemed to become an almost loving gaze.

“I'll stay with her. Don't worry.”

“Thanks.”

“It's nothing.”

Jay’s smile wasn't a smirk it was genuine as he left. Evie folded her arms. “What's going on?”

“You have magic. I thought that much was obvious. Doug tipped me off. He’s with Jane now, right? Did he cheat on you?”

“Maybe.” Her shoulders tensed up.

“Well you're too good for him anyway. He's always been a bit of a skeez.”

“Uh...thanks?”

Jordan sat down at the picnic table. “Sit. Let's talk about magic.”

“...Kay.” Evie cautiously sat across from the young genie.

“Was Doug when this started happening?”
“Yes, I've never...well I've never been that angry before. I thought magic was always like Mal’s or The Fairy Godmother’s. Or yours...”

“All magic is different depending on who you are. You're the Evil Queen’s daughter. I think your magic runs on intense negative emotions.”

Evie sighed. “So...is there any way I can learn to control it?”

“Probably. I just don't know much about dark magic. I'll see what I can do.” Jordan placed her hand over Evie’s. “I'm sorry things have been rough lately.”

“I-Why are you helping me?”

“Hello! Auradon!”

“Ah-huh...Are you and Jay dating?”

“I wouldn't call it dating just yet. But there’s something. Don't worry about it. Do you want my help or not?”

“I do.” A stab of guilt hit her. *Because you aren't Mal.*

Jordan smirked. “Cool. Then let's start tomorrow.” She got up and began to walk away.

“Jordan?”

“Yeah?”

“Jay really likes chocolate. Fastest way to his heart is his stomach.”

“Thanks for the tip. But I think I'm doing just fine on my own.” And so, Jordan disappeared in a puff
of purple smoke.

Chapter End Notes

xiǎo lóng means "little dragon" in Chinese. And Congee is a traditional Chinese breakfast. Kinda wanted actual culture instead of Disney's stupidity...I have no idea when the next update will be but I'll do my best to be faster! Who is excited for the new movie?!! I am! Also I might include Uma...who knows? ;)

Dreadfully sorry for the wait! I'm so humbled by how well this work has been received. Thank you all so much for your comments, kudos and hits. A writer is nothing without readers. Anyway...Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

M-M-MALLLLLLL-F-AH!” Lonnie shut her eyes as her body curled with nothing but pleasure into Mal’s fingers. Back arched, hair an absolute disaster and completely breathless, Lonnie was having the time of her life. When it was over, she collapsed onto her bed and felt the fatigue that came with these little blissful snapshots. “Thanks for coming over.” Finally, she had caught her breath.

“Sure. Evie and I haven't been hanging out anymore so I appreciated the call.”

Lonnie sat up. “You two are still fighting?”

“More like ignoring and avoiding. Don't worry about it.” Mal moved into her friend’s space, kissing her softly. “I like this...just the two of us. Don't you?”

“Mmmm...More than anything.” She hummed.

The purple haired girl chuckled before wrapping her legs around Lonnie’s waist. “Do you want to touch me?” The purr was soft but the words held weight.

“I-...”

Mal pressed her forehead against Lonnie’s. “It's okay. We don't have to.”

“No I-I’m just nervous.”

“Don't be. Would you like me to help you?”
Oh yeah, she was blushing now. “Um...Ok.”

Mal’s elegant hand took Lonnie's and squeezed it gently. “Relax. You won't hurt me. I trust you. You trust me don't you?”


*****

“That was great, Evie. Do it again.”

Evie’s perfect eyebrows furrowed in concentration as she flicked her wrist the same way she had the last five times. The rock split in half and then came back together again in a matter of minutes instead of moving around, just breaking or catching fire like it had when she had gotten frustrated yesterday. “Jordan?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you have plans tonight?” She blurted.

The genie smirked devilishly. “I do. Jay and I have a date tonight. Sorry.”

“Oh. That’s actually...that's great.”

“Are you and Huffy the purple dragon still icy?”

“Like Arendelle.” Sighed Evie. “Maybe...maybe we weren't meant to be friends.”

“Highly unlikely. I hope that was just a stupid sober thought.”

"I haven't had a drink since Carlos took my flask, Mom. But thanks for checking in.”
“Easy there. Didn't mean to bruise your apple, Evie. I just think you’re wrong.”

Evie sat down on a stone bench. “She doesn't answer me. She sees my messages but doesn’t reply. I called to apologize for the other day but she didn't pick up.”

“Well have you thought of confronting her in person? Ya know..at school? Or...aren't you guys roommates?”

“She's never home anymore. And at school she spends all her time with Lonnie.”

Jordan cocked her head. “Lonnie? I haven't seen her around much either. She hasn't shown up for dance club since-”

“The party?”

“Mel’s party?”

“Yeah. That's when Mal and Ben-Oh. Oh. My. Lucifer. So that's what’s going on.”

“What is?”

Evie shook her head. “Don't worry about it. I have to go. I'll see you later, Jordan.”

“O...Kay?”

“I'll explain later.” And so, Evie ran off to find Mal.

Mal was alone by the stone bridge that was right outside of the property limits of Auradon Prep. It was her favorite place to think. She had discovered it towards the end of last year when walking in the woods with Ben. Ben...She missed him. Lonnie was nice, but they were friends. Mal couldn’t tell the poor girl that all they were doing was to numb her pain. It was selfish. And frankly, much crueler than anything she had ever heard of her mother doing. Emotional manipulation was the worst of all evils in Mal’s opinion. It had won her several awards of recognition at Dragon Hall back on the Isle.
Before Evie had stolen her title. Before they had become best friends.

“M?”

“Evie...I was just-Hi.”

“Mal I'm sorry that I was-”

“Me too. I should have-”

“No, no it's not-”

“But I was such a-”

Evie wrapped her in a hug and they laughed. “So…”

Mal smiled shyly. “Are we okay?”

“Yeah. I think so.”

Evie’s nose nearly bumped into the other girl's. “Oh...I'm…” she cleared her throat.

“It's fine.” Why was she blushing?

After they separated Evie let a moment pass before: “So are you and Lonnie dating?”

“No.”

She cocked an eyebrow. “You need to talk to her.”
“I know...I just…”

“Don't. You can't do this to her.”

“You're sober.”

“I am.”

“Anything else happen?”

“I have magic.”

Mal smiled proudly at her friend. “Really?”

“Yeah, Jordan has been helping me.”

“Good. I'm sorry I missed that.”

“It's okay. I missed you.”

Mal smiled and Evie felt her heart skip a beat. “I missed you too.”

Their hands found each other as they watched the water. “So...Lonnie. Have you two just been…”

“Yup.”

“This really isn't right.”
“You don't need to lecture me. I know.” Her reply was curt but her hand didn't stray from Evie’s.

“You know she's never-”

Mal growled from deep in her throat. “Enough. Trust me. I know how much of a shitty person I am, E. Lonnie is in love with me.”

“Oh. That's terrible.”

“Mhmm.”

“So what are we going to do?”

“Evie, it's my mess…”

“It doesn't have to be.”

Mal looked at her. “You really don't-”

“You're right, but I'm your best friend. Let me help.”

Mal felt a grin flicker onto her face. “Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

So, if the movie wants us to believe Mal and Evie are best friends, then they need to talk like best friends. So the dialogue in the last scene means a lot to me. Because it feels very real. I will be reading "Rise of The Isle of the Lost" for research and do my best to include Uma in this tale. Have a wonderful day! <3
Hi guys! Tech problems are fun aren't they? Trying to upload from my phone...let's see how it goes! Sorry this chapter is shorter than the rest. I will do my best to post more after the movie.

There's really nothing that made Mal more nervous than dancing. She wasn't sure why but...it just made her become a scared little girl and it was a well kept secret on the Isle of the Lost until she had thrown that party to mess with Evie. But here she was...dancing.

Lonnie was dance. Her older brother was working towards a dream of becoming a big hip hop star through music. But Lonnie was more interested in how to move to the music her brother made than writing lyrics and sick beats. “Mal? You still with me?”

“Yeah. Sorry. I'm still-”

“Nervous?”

She nodded, hating how embarrassing this was for her. How she nearly felt at Lonnie's mercy for ridicule if Lonnie was anyone but who she was. “I'm not too terrible am I?”

“No! Not at all!” The brown eyes gleamed and Lonnie giggled. “For someone who hates this you're very...um...fluid.”

“Thanks…”

“You're welcome. Why don't we try that move again?”

Mal nodded. Step left, step back and t-Oh!

She had been so focused on her feet she hadn't been paying attention to Lonnie's at all. So Mal and Lonnie were now a tangle of limbs on the floor. “Um...Sorry about that.”

Lonnie was bright red in the face and her eyes were wide. “It's...fine.” She was leaning in.

Mal was panicking, this had to end. She couldn't do this to her friend. It wasn't fair. It wasn't right. “I can't.”

“Oh. Is it me? Does my breath smell? I knew I shouldn't have had-”

“No. It's just...This isn't fair.”

“What's not?”

“I...I like you. We're friends. Good friends...but…”

“But?”

Oh please stop looking at me like that. Mal took a deep breath. “But that's all it is for me. I'm sorry I
hurt you. I should have never kissed you in the first place.”

Lonnie got up and looked at her, really looked at her. “You...you used me?”

“Yeah.” Mal shouldn't be crying too. She had no right. But she was.

The daughter of Mulan trembled. “I...I...I don't know-I was hoping for-But-Is there someone else?”

“No. I just...I was sad and you-”

“I was there. I was convenient.”

“You were.”

And then, a powerful fist struck her nose. “Don't come back.”

Mal nodded as the blood stained her shirt. She walked out of the dance room, ignoring the stares she got from the other students. Until…

“Mal? What happened?”

Dammit. “I'm fine, Ben.”

“Like hell you are.” He said.

“You know that word?”

He shrugged, trying to be more casual than he felt. “The dwarves tend to be colorful with their words during meetings.” Why could he still make her smile?

“I need to go.”

“Wait!”

“Ben, can we not do this here and now?”

“I just want to-”

“I don't need you to rescue me.”

“I wasn't-You're hurt.”

“This is nothing.” Her shoulder shoved him out of the way as the blood from her nose dripped onto Auradon Prep’s perfect floors near his shoes.

Evie, didn't say anything. She just pointed to the laundry hamper in their dorm and walked out to get Mal some ice since her nose was purple. When she came back, Mal had dressed herself in a robe.

“Let me take care of everything...stay still.” Evie whispered.

Mal nodded, and winced when such an action caused her pain. Evie cleaned off the blood and inspected the stains on Mal’s shirt. “You never let anyone hurt you like this...Why did you let her do this?”

“Because I deserved it.”

“Mal…” Evie sat next to her on the bed now, the shirt was back in the hamper.
“I did, Evie. I'm no better than I was when I got here.” Evie lifted up the pale pointed chin to gaze into those emerald green eyes.

“That is not true. Even when I knew you on the Isle...you didn't deserve this.”

“Stop it.”

“Stop what?”

“STOP ACTING LIKE I'M BETTER THAN I AM!” Mal snarled.

Evie’s eyes narrowed. “Don't you dare blow up at me.” Instead of escalating further...Mal burst into tears and clung to her. “It's okay...it's all okay. I'm here...”

“I can't be evil...I can't be good...I'm nothing.”

“Mal…” Evie stroked her hair, the touch sending comforting shivers down the young dragon’s spine. “To me...you are everything.”

“I...I am?”

Evie’s face was a bit pink at her confession but she nodded. “Yes.”

“Thanks.”

“You're welcome.”
Holy crap I'm almost at 1,000 wtf!! Thank you all so much for your kind, kind words and just all the support! I'm super stoked for the movie so the next chapter will be posted a little while after. Have a fantastic day!

Embarrassed by her confession last night, Evie was battling with herself. Mal was in a bad place. Mal was not ready for anything. Evie had always felt this way. She had tried to shove it down. Doug had been a welcome distraction...But he must have figured it out. She had constantly blown him off whenever Mal needed her for anything. That why he had...Oh. She couldn’t hope that Mal would-It wasn’t right. Ever since she had seen those sinful green eyes...She had tried to fight it. And then they had become best friends, saved Auradon together...It just wasn’t fair.

“Are you listening to me?” asked Jordan.


“Where were you?”

“I-Can we not talk about it?”

“Okay. So as I was saying about your technique, you need to try to...do less of a flourish and try to be more fluid.”

“F-Fluid?”

“Yes. Magic is like a dance. Time. Practice. Focus. And eventually instinct.”

Evie nodded. Raising her hand and putting she did her best to copy Jordan’s motions.

“You’re not focusing.”

“I’m trying!” Evie snapped and then a flare of glittering apple red magic threw Jordan backward. “Jordan! I-I’m so sorry…”

The genie staggered to her feet. “Until you figure out how to control your temper...We’re done.”

“I-No...We just-Jordan c’mon!” Evie was grateful for the practical boots she wore today as she ran after Jordan. “I have a lot on my mind today. I shouldn’t have...lost control.”

“Three strikes kid...Clear your head. Then rub the damn lamp. Until then” And in a flash of her purple magic, Jordan disappeared.

“Dammit!” Evie had actually just stamped her foot. How stupidly cliche was she being right now? It was embarrassing but she was frustrated.

“I'm sorry...did you and Audrey switch bodies?” Mal was there with a cocked brow and a bemused smirk.
Face flushing and stomach fluttering, Evie wanted the ground to swallow her up because Mal was the last person she wanted to see her acting like she was five.(ideally no one was supposed to see that but…) “Did you actually go to class today?”

“I have been since Lonnie and I…” Mal cleared her throat. “Started hanging out regularly.”

“I guess I wasn't paying attention.”

“It's fine.”

“Doesn't feel like it.”

A gentle hand took hers and squeezed it lightly. “I promise it's no big deal. Stuff was going down for you too.”

“M?”

“Hm?”

“I...I always-I...Jordan is gonna stop giving me magic lessons.”

“What?”

“I lost my temper and she said until I learned better control she was done.”

Mal snorted and rolled her eyes. “Really? That doesn't make any sense. Mostly because the reason you lack control is because of your emotions. Do you want me to...um-I mean I don't have to if you want to wait for Jordan but—”

“I would love for you to teach me.”

“Oh. Well okay then. Let's uh...yeah.” Was she staring at Evie's lips? No. Maybe. Probably not.

“M?”

“Hm? Oh. Sorry, E. I was…” She cleared her throat and ignored Evie's smug expression. “Distracted.”

Evie licked her lips and twirled a stray lock of hair. “By what?”

“Nevermind. Not important.”

“Mhm. Sure. So...shall we begin?”

“I would love that.”

To say the magic lessons heightened feelings between the two girls would be a vast understatement. A bond of trust and some rising, unresolved sexual tension builded from that day.

Occasionally, Jordan watched them with an amused smirk and the guilt she felt about ending her lessons with Evie faded.

Lonnie, however...grew jealous and reserved. She kept to her swordplay and wasn't dancing at all anymore. Anger bubbled under a thin surface.

And then, on the morning of November 1st...Everything changed. Evie cleared her throat. “Mal...I-
“um…we should-um…”

Mal nodded. “Get dressed?”

“Yes.” Evie was staring at those pale pink lips though, remembering their softness.

“Right…”

“Mhmm…” And then Evie kissed her again, feeling Mal’s hands tangle into the blue hair and hearing herself moan into the other girl’s mouth. “School...we have-Mmmmm…”

“I know…”

“Clothes...school…”

“Yup…” Mal’s hands were on her hips until there was a knock on the door.


“Just a moment, ma’am!” Chirped Evie.

“Alright...Try to be on time, tomorrow, dear. Promise?”

“Of course. We had a long night of...studying.”

“Oh! Good for you, Evie! See you soon!” The sound of footsteps faded and Evie looked at Mal.

“That was way too close.”

“Ya think?” Mused the purple haired teenager.

“I know.”

“Well...I'm not exactly…”

“Sorry? I'm not sure I am either.” Evie said with a smirk.

Mal blushed. “Is this really happening?”

“I-I mean….if you want to.”

“I do.” The emerald green flames became soft and warm.

“So...are we-uh-”

“Dating?”

“You want to date?”

“Kinda?”

“Oh. Well-Sure.”

“Sure? Wow...okay. That's um…” Mal was cut off by Evie’s kiss.

“Get dressed…” She whispered and Mal shivered.
“I love your voice…”

Evie smiled shyly. “Stop it. We can talk about this later.”

*****

Uma watched them from the ledge across their dorms. Did Mal have no taste?! First a hapless prince who became king (At least he had power!) a lovestruck warrior and now… the bitch who wronged her the same way Maleficent was by simpering Sleeping Beauty?! Uma had hoped… hoped that all the rumors were wrong. That Mal had turned good. That the Isle had been duped. It appeared all the social climbing she had done, all the scheming so Mal could once again rule by her side was for nothing. (Well... more like she had been Mal’s... well much more than a blithering lackey! They had... it didn’t matter.) Evie would pay. Auradon would tremble and beg for mercy on its knees.
Ashes To Gold

Chapter Summary

Bits and pieces of the sequel are referenced. Because the new movie is amazing.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I updated as soon as I could! School will be starting for me next month and I'll do my best but updates might be less frequent. I'll do my best. I hope you enjoy my interpretation of Uma. She's super fun to write.

_Uma couldn't stop kissing her. It wasn't a want. It was a need. “I wish you didn't have to leave…” she sighed._

_“When Mom and I break the barrier….you and I will rule Auradon side by side.” Mal growled in her ear, smirking at the sound of Uma’s release._

_“MAAaaLlll! For the love of evil, baby I'm gonna miss that most of all.” The daughter of Ursula murmured against the dragon’s lips._

_“I know. Me too. But I'll come back. For you.” She touched the other girl’s cheek with a gentleness no one else saw._

_Uma kissed Mal and bit the dragon’s lip until it nearly burst. “Promise me.” She snarled._

_“It's a deal, honey.” The emerald eyes glowed in that dangerously sexy way._

_“And Evie?”_
Mal shrugged. “Evie is my ally. Nothing more.”

* Present Day*

Uma awakened in the cabin of her ship, feeling that stupid ache, that craving for Mal’s touch. Ever since Mal’s betrayal...not even her shacking up with Ben but falling for that little blue bitch-Mal’s last night on the Isle had haunted her. It was more maddening than any dreadful concoction that Wonderland could dream up. Fortunately...she had Harry Hook and Gil. Sure, they weren't Mal. But Harry was handsome enough and Gil had decent stamina for a teenage boy.

“Captain?” Harry knocked on her door, devilish grin in place already.

“Come in…” She knew his grin would be wider at her tone.

“You require my services?” He wiggled his dark eyebrows and she had to smirk.

“It appears that I do. Is Gil still sleeping?”

“Aye...but I'm wide awake, my lady.” Purred Harry, climbing into bed and moving her braids aside to kiss her neck.

“My lady, huh?” Uma closed her eyes and tilted her head for him.

“Would you prefer something else?” His hook was on her bedside table and his hands were already pawing at her turquoise nightgown.

“I like it, actually.”

“I'll keep that in mind…” He kissed her and Uma smiled. She owned him. What a good, attentive slave. Gil lasted longer but Harry was starting to become her favorite.

“What's my name?” She growled as she moved her hips into his. Naked and breathless, Harry shuddered under her control, worshipping her.
“U-U-Ummmm!” He yelped.

****

“Lonnie what's the matter with you?” Asked Jay. He had disarmed her for the second time during practice.

“Guess I've just been off my game today.” She huffed.

“Do you want to talk about it? Because Chad is getting too smug.” Jay looked at his captain worriedly.

“I...I can't. I'm not ready.” Lonnie whispered. “And it won't be here.” She subtly gestured towards Chad.

“Okay. But we will talk.” Jay had the determined look in his eyes that meant Lonnie wasn't getting out of this which was sweet but also made her more tired.

“Okay everyone! That's a wrap! Hit the showers!”

Chad walked up to her and the daughter of Mulan wanted to scream. “So...I've noticed you've been a little sub par lately Cap.” He said with that stupid grin. God...how did so many girls like him? He was disgusting. Always had been. His mom was super nice though, Cinderella ran the PTA and her sugar cookies were to die for.

“Yeah...what's your point, Charming?”

“Well...maybe it's too much pressure for a g-” And then she snapped. Lonnie was on top of the infuriating joke of a prince and her punches made him whimper and cry.

“Fairy Godmother!” Jay was going to defend her. Of course he was.

“Not now, Jay.” Dammit.

After Chad had simpered enough to annoy the headmistress...Lonnie sat across from Fairy Godmother who was worried. “Lonnie...this is so unlike you. What's going on? I understand that Chad is a…” she cleared her throat, always a diplomat. “Trying young man but I've never seen you have such a violent outburst. Are things okay at home?”

“Yeah.” She wasn't lying about that. Her parents had been her biggest comfort lately. Especially her mom. Lonnie really loved her mom.

“What did...what did Mr. Charming say then?”

“He was implying that me being R.O. A.R. captain was too much for me to handle because I'm a girl.”

“Oh...well normally I know you tend to have a lovely quick witted response like either of your parents. Or your brother. You're not usually a very violent person.”

“I...I've had a tough couple of months, Ma'am.”

“Is there anything I can do? Would you like some cookies?” There was a sparkly blue tin of oatmeal raisin but she wasn't hungry.

“No thank you. I...time will heal things. I'm sorry for losing my temper.”

“It's alright. Chad wasn't hurt too badly and I will certainly be calling his parents about his questionable values that he upholds.” The headmistress smiled at Lonnie gently, taking her hand and giving it a light squeeze. “Come here anytime you need to talk, okay? You're a good kid, Lonnie. I'm sorry you're having such a hard time.”

“Thanks. I appreciate you not punishing me.”
“Well...Since you were provoked we can let this one go. But I don't want there to be a next time.”
The headmistress waggled a finger at Lonnie as she spoke.

“There won't be.”

“Wonderful! You may go, dear. Take it easy.”

“Thanks, Fairy Godmother.” And so Lonnie left the office.

Of course Jay was waiting for her. “Hi.”

“Hey.”

“Jay, I really don't feel like talking, okay?”

“Okay. I just...I'm worried about you.”

“I know. And I appreciate that. But I need time.”

His brown eyes studied her intensely. “Don't push me away.”

She took his hand. “I'm not. I really need space to process. I'll let you know when I'm ready.”

He nodded, finally satisfied. “Should I go?”

“I mean we have class together...and I wouldn't mind some company.” His smile was worth it when he didn't let go of her hand as they continued walking side by side.
Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long! School is happening and I'm working on a collab that's enormous. And don't worry...Carlos will appear. You'll get your tiny gay boy and Rotten Four scenes.

“LIAR!” Uma swung her sword and sliced Mal’s cheek open. The young sea witch kicked the dragon in the chest, knocking her over. “You told me that Evie was just an ally...nothing more.” She snarled. “Did you really think I wouldn't find out?”

“I really don't give a flying fuck that you did.” Mal huffed as she staggered to her feet. “You and I were finished the moment I left home.”

“Captain...shall I-” Harry grinned as he stroked Evie’s throat with his hook.

“Down boy...let me do the maiming this time.”

Harry smirked and nodded. “As you wish.”

“Oh my god...he's still in love with you? Unbelievable.” Mal scoffed.

“Shut up!” Uma’s fist came towards Mal’s face but of course...the villain turned hero stood her ground and had the fist in her own shaking hand.

“Temper, temper...let her go. Stop this. Why can't you-”

“I will never forgive you. I-You and I belonged together. You're a fool, Mal.”

She rolled her eyes. “That's not what I was asking, Shrimpy. You don't know me anymore.” Mal let go of the other girl's hand.
Uma was shaking with anger. “Don't.”

“Don't what? It's the truth.”

“Mal…” The pirate fell to her knees, broken. “Mal, please.” The sword clattered to the deck.

“No. We're done. Leave. Go home, Uma.”

“Uma…” Harry held out his hand.

“Don't touch me, idiot.” She growled.

Hurt was prominent in his eyes when he put his hand in his pocket.

Mal untied Evie and took her hand. “Harry is in love with you. Maybe you should give a shit about that, Uma.”

The pirate didn't answer so Mal and Evie disappeared in a puff of neon green smoke. “No…” Tears were in Uma’s eyes. “No.”

“Goodbye! Whoa...where do you think they went?” Gil asked with his hand still waving at nothing.

With a wordless roar. Uma slapped Gil across the face, sending him to the deck on his back, completely caught off guard.

“Uma...stop.” Harry stood between them.

“Pick up my sword, Harry. We have work to do. If I can’t have her...then I'll drown everything she loves.”
He sighed and nodded. “Yes Captain.” He helped Gil to his feet as he watched Uma stomp over to her cabin and slam the door.

*****

“Did they hurt you?” Mal’s touch was gentle.

“No. Not really…Just a few scrapes.” Evie was trembling at her girlfriend’s touch.

“How did she-”

“She said you were in trouble.”

“I...Evie-” The young dragon was cut off by a pair of lips.

“Now we know that Auradon is in danger. So I don’t care. Let’s go find Ben.”

Mal melted when she saw the determination in Evie’s eyes. “I love you.”

“I love you too. C’mon.” Hand in hand...the young women felt unstoppable.

****

She circled him with a smirk and her blade in hand. In moments, Lonnie disarmed him and his back slammed onto the mat.

“How do you-I feel like I’ll never beat you.” Jay said with an incredulous expression.

“That’s a definite possibility.” She said while holding out her hand. “You need to know your opponent’s weaknesses. And-” A light blush crept into her cheeks. “Yours is girls. It’s easy to distract you.”

Jay raised a brow. “Oh really?” There was that stupid smirk that-did absolutely nothing. “Spar with
me. No swords. Just you and me.”

“You’re gonna lose, Jay.” She replied with an eager grin.

“Humor me.”

The sword was tossed before he rushed at her. Jay was a street fighter and Lonnie had been instructed since she was seven by both her parents. It was a strange dance of footwork and limbs. And then there was a locking of eyes. Jay smirked at her and she was on her back. So their lips met.

“Lonnie I-” The wind was knocked out of him and she held out her hand.

“Don’t doubt me.” A wink and a smirk made him rise into her arms. The kiss that followed made them both breathless. “I have class. I have to go.” Shyness was blatant in Lonnie.

“I’ll see you later.”

“I hope so…”
My dearest readers,
I would like to apologize that this chapter is short and took forever. This semester has been incredibly difficult and is one of my last before I get my associates. I was sapped of creativity and I hope you all can forgive me. Christmas is coming and I will do my best to get chapters written faster. Have a wonderful day!
Harley <3

“I’m tired of being screwed over.” Jordan growled as she held the sword to Harry’s throat.

“Slow down there, lil genie…” Uma said with a smile. “Maybe we can help you.”

Jordan released her hold on Harry and he fell onto the deck with a groan. “Finally. Someone is speaking my language.”

“I’ll continue speaking it if you promise to play nice with my things. Good help is hard to come by, sweetie.” Growled Uma as she walked over to Harry to help him up. “Be a good boy and let the women talk.” She kissed him and smiled sweetly.

He nodded and walked away while rubbing his sore shoulder. Jordan was far stronger than she looked.

“Is this about Jay putting his hands all over Lonnie? Because I’m all for helping a woman scorned. I’ve been there. Drink?” Uma had pretty much been drinking when she had learned what alcohol was and remem-No.

“No, no. Have all the rum you want I guess. I really could care less about Jay.” Jordan looked at her nails. “He’s honestly Aladdin 2.0 but nobody has the heart to tell him. Anyway...I’m here because despite growing up in Auradon...I hate the life I’m living. Ben and his stupid parents don’t give a flying fuck about anyone who doesn’t have a title or bling. So...wanna take over Auradon with me?”

Uma raised a brow in surprise and drained her mug of the rum in a matter of moments. “You have my attention. But I’m not signing anything just yet. What’s the catch?”
“No catch. I’m honestly tired of being good and it hasn’t gotten me anywhere. Besides...King Beast prevented my dad and I from using magic for years. A genie is magic. So why would you take that away? Some people have magic, some don’t. Auradon is so touchy about that and I’m sick of it.”

“Well what do I get in exchange for my services?”

“I’ll let you live.”

Uma laughed long and loud. “Lookie here boys...we got ourselves a killer from Auradon!” Her crew joined in without hesitation. The notion was just ridiculous.

And then, Jordan drew her sword and slit a laughing pirate’s throat, blood flowing out from where her hand tried to cover the cut.

“Harry!” Uma was smiling.

“Yes?” He appeared by her side in seconds.

“Snap her neck and feed her to the sharks.”

“With pleasure, my love.” The crack was loud and followed by the thump of the young woman’s body hitting the deck. Harry picked her up with ease and threw her overboard. The splash was uncomfortable in the silence of the remaining crew members.

“So...how do you feel now that you’ve got blood on your hands, Genie?” Uma was waiting for the girl to break down and cry. Or just scream: ‘What have I done?!’ That would also be sufficient.

“Nothing.”

Uma grinned. “Then welcome. Harry? Find our new crew member some proper clothes. The harem pants gotta go.”
“As you wish, Captain.”

*****

“Is Evie alright?” Ben asked.

“Mal is taking care of her.” Said Carlos, wincing a little at having to mention Mal’s name in front of her ex-boyfriend.

“Do you know Uma?”

“I do. Everyone does. Her and Mal were-inseparable at one point.”

Ben gritted his teeth before taking a breath. “Right.”

“I’m sorry…”

“It’s fine. Don’t worry about it. I’m being completely ridiculous.”

“It’s okay to be angry. You’re only human.”

“I’m a king. That means I have to control my temper more than my-“

“Father did?”

Ben found himself blushing. “Yes.”

“You’re allowed to be angry, Ben. What matters is how you handle it.” Carlos put a hand on the king’s shoulder.

“I’m under so much pressure. And I couldn’t handle being with Mal. And she-I loved her.” He felt
so small.

“It’s going to be okay. We’ll figure it out.”

“Why...why do we work?” Ben asked softly.

“Maybe because it's a secret.” Carlos said with a shy smile before kissing the taller boy.

“I don’t really like secrets...but I like you.” Ben murmured into the soft white hair.
Secrets Can Be Fun

Chapter Notes

I’m back bitches! This chapter took forever to finish and I’m so sorry. I’m leaving the States in a matter of days and I just got my associates degree, so it’s been a wild couple of weeks. Enjoy and I’ll update way sooner!!

“I love you..” Harry whispered. “I’m sorry it’s not enough…”

Uma silenced him with a kiss. “Don’t…”

Harry nodded. “As you command, my lady.” His accented voice was a caress against her dark skin, unwanted goosebumps following.

“Something must be done about Mal. She must…” Uma let out a moan.

“Should I…”

“I didn’t say you could stop.” She growled.

Harry smiled and continued nibbling his captain’s ear, a hand sliding in between her thighs. “Yes ma'am.”

“Hmmmm...m'am. I like that.” She mused, leaning into him, her nails digging into the muscled thigh behind her teasingly and smirking when he melted into her touch. “You’re a pirate, Harry. Take what you want.”

He immediately dragged her further into his embrace, she felt his cock resting against her back as he began rubbing her clit while biting her neck, practically growling while doing so.
“H-Harryyyyy...Mmmm…” Uma moaned, eyes practically rolling to the back of her head.

“Yes ma’am?” His breath was hot like the rest of him.

“Take. What. You-Ohhhh...Waaaaannnttt…” There was a small wet spot underneath her as she kept leaning into him.

“Yes ma’am.” He shoved her down onto the bed, rubbing her into the sheets before sliding into her, a wicked expression on his face elicited by her moans as he picked up the pace, fucking into her from behind.

Uma came before he did...She was always a queen to him. Harry was all too happy to offer whatever she needed. He loved her. He would never say such things. The Isle of the Lost was no place for such a word as “Love”. Villains didn’t love. They destroyed those who did.

****Ben’s Palace Bedroom****

Carlos would never tire of looking at the king. Ben was the epitome of gorgeous and literal golden boy. The body, the eyes, the hair...but Ben was so much more than his looks. Ben was kind, patient...humble. And...romantic. Thoughtful. On their first official date...Ben had bought him a fidget cube since apparently the king had always noticed how Carlos had fiddled with his hands during class when he wasn’t furiously scribbling notes.

“Carlos?” Ben was playing with his hair and biting his own lip while looking at his boyfriend.

“Sorry...I…”

“What are you thinking about?” Ben asked, eyes roaming over the smaller boy who blushed brightly.

“Does it really matter when you want to kiss me?” Carlos kissed the king softly, smiling when they pulled away.

“I...I didn’t...uh…” Ben’s eyes fell to the sheets.
“When you make that face. It’s your ‘I wanna kiss you’ face. It’s really obvious.”

“Oh…” Ben chuckled nervously.

“Did Mal ever know that we…”

“No. I...I said it was work.”

“We should have told her, Ben.”

“Carlos...it’s over. I love you.” Ben stopped. His eyes widened. “I’m...I...I…” Another kiss. Carlos didn’t know he contained that kind of passion.

“I love you too.” The former villain said softly.

“We shouldn’t keep sneaking around. I want to tell the world how I feel about you. I want to hold your hand at school. I want to take you places. I want to dance with you at all the balls instead of with some girl I barely know that my parents pick for me.”

“Ben…”

“I mean it. I’m the king. I shouldn’t have to hide who I am from my people. I don’t want to. Being dishonest...it’s not me. And it’s not the mark of a good ruler.”

“Ben, it’ll hurt people we love. Can we just...wait a little longer?”

A sigh. Carlos was always right. Rational. Always thinking. That’s what Ben loved about him. How smart and funny he was. The way Carlos’s mind worked is how the king had found himself falling so very fast. “Alright.”
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!