The Spellman Chronicles

by frizz22

Summary

Collection of one-shots because I have too many head canons about this show. Chapter 1 is an index

Happy to take prompts.

Notes

Ratings for each chapter will vary, some will have trigger warnings, but I'll put that at the beginning of those particular chapters.
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Some chapters are logged under more than one category. Hope this helps!

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Zelda had surprised them all. When she’d gone off to Europe to finish her studies everyone had expected her to come back a curse breaker, a hex specialist or even a demon hunter. But instead, the intelligent, fierce and powerful Zelda Spellman had come home a midwife.

It was surely a noble calling, would always be in demand, and being one to usher a Child of the Night into the world was rewarding. The Dark Lord approved of such work. No two days were ever the same either, so it kept her on her toes and she had more leniency in spell and potion experimentation than someone in academia. Everyone wanted healthy babies, after all. Or so she would say when asked why she’d chosen a career path that many felt conflicted with her nature.

Some of her peers looked down on her for her choice. Thinking she’d peaked in school and was settling for a less difficult job. She let them believe that, they’d realize soon enough how difficult witch pregnancies were and they’d be begging for her help. Though this would really just be a small, added perk in the end.

Zelda had chosen to be a midwife for deeply personal reasons. Ones she was not likely to ever share. Some of the oldest coven members might recall how her mother died and attribute her decision to this. They wouldn’t be wrong, but neither were they entirely right.

Her mother had died in childbirth. Her parents had been trying for another child for years after Zelda had been born. Her mother had suffered numerous miscarriages over the years, and it had been heartbreaking to learn of each one. When Hilda had finally come along when Zelda was six, the entire family had been overjoyed. But there were complications. Ones the midwife didn’t notice until several hours later. Zelda’s mother hemorrhaged and bled to death.

Her father had never been the same.

He began to spend copious amounts of time with her older brothers, Edward and Thomas; they were his boys and heirs, after all. And Hilda…well, he’d doted on Hilda, to the extreme. He saw her as his last link to their mother, the child they’d tried so hard and so long to bring into the world. He couldn’t let his wife’s sacrifice of bringing this child into the world be for naught by mistreating the girl.

And where had that left her? Well, Zelda was left to her own devices. She’d always told herself it was because, even at six years old, she’d been quite the independent child—often taking care of herself even when her mother was alive. But as she got older and more and more people would smile and tell her she looked just like her mother, Zelda realized the truth.

She reminded her father too much of her late mother. Her brothers used to lovingly tease her about it, saying she was a miniature version of the woman—the red curls and curious green eyes. Zelda had loved the comparison, wishing for nothing more than to be like her mother when she grew up.

She’d loved the comparison until it became the reason her father couldn’t look at her. Until it meant he couldn’t stand her ‘chatter’ or her ‘moods’ as he called them. So, she’d adapted—trying to become a new version of herself that her father could love.

Zelda withdrew, learned to hold everything in, to display as little emotion as possible least is
displease her remaining parent. Edward and Thomas had tried to help initially, intervened and spoke to their father on her behalf…it had only made things worse. And then they were off at the Academy not long after and unable to do anything any way.

So, her adaptation continued. Zelda became neat as a pin, never a hair out of place. She threw herself into her studies, sure that if she was the brightest in her class that her father would finally turn an approving eye on her and acknowledge her for the first time in years.

When even that didn’t work, Zelda turned to the Church of Night. Edward was studying to become an acolyte, maybe even high priest one day—so the church must be good, must be loving if her older brother so wanted to be a part of it. And though her father no longer loved her, no matter how she tried, perhaps if she was devout enough the Dark Lord would love her instead.

Despite her decision to find love through the church and not her father, Zelda couldn’t help the envy that bubbled inside her towards Hilda at times. Envy at how freely her father gave love and affection to Hilda. Envy for how Hilda was able to express herself in anyway without admonishment. Envy for the light that seemed to surround her littler sister while she floundered to stay afloat in the darkness her siblings’ shadows had cast over her.

Zelda knew it wasn’t Hilda’s fault, she hadn’t asked for the circumstances around her birth, hasn’t asked for their father to love some of his children and neglect another. But rational thought didn’t always win out, and Zelda found herself imagining different ways to send Hilda to the Cain pit.

She’d feel guilty about it after the thoughts had passed, her sister was nothing but kind to her and here Zelda was plotting how to murder her over and over. A part of her was aware that all her anger was truly for her father, that she was displacing it onto sweet Hilda—but that part kept getting quieter each day that Zelda was shunned, her accomplishments ignored, and her feelings shoved aside so that Hilda could receive affection.

And, perhaps, she’d taken some of that repressed anger at her father out on Hilda when she arrived at the academy…. but harrowing had provided too perfect of an opportunity. Besides, Zelda had been harrowed when she arrived, it was tradition and she wasn’t going to risk the little acceptance she’d earned in her time at the academy by refusing to participate. Hilda, the wonderful person that she was, said nothing to their father—knowing that if she told him Zelda was harrowing her that there would be grim consequences.

It wasn’t until their father died, a few years later, that Zelda felt she could breathe. That she was free. She felt horrible about how she’d treated Hilda, but she’d done too much damage to try and repair it now with an apology. Wasn’t sure she deserved the chance to repair their relationship.

Instead she ran. Told her family she’d been accepted into a prestigious midwifery program in Europe and was leaving at the end of the week. She’d actually applied to the program years before and been accepted immediately, but she’d postponed going… knowing her father wouldn’t approve of his child—even the one he cared nothing for, becoming the very thing that had killed his wife.

But she knew it was what she had to do, it was her calling. She had to become a midwife, not only to safely see children into the world but also to prevent children from losing their mothers. To ensure that no child should experience what she did after her mother died. Her father’s abhorrence and later, the much worse experience, indifference.

Zelda knew she was intelligent, exceptionally so, and if she applied herself wholeheartedly, she knew she could make improvements in the field. She knew she could save families, not just the witches giving birth and the babies coming into the world, but the whole family. She could protect the children who might otherwise be pushed aside because it was too painful to look at them.
She could, and would, protect children from being unloved. As she boarded the train that would take her to the teleportation site for international travel, Zelda vowed that she would never lose a child or let a child be lost to a parent’s neglect.

Chapter End Notes

This was just some thoughts I had on Zelda being a midwife and on why she and Hilda are so drastically different. (I know siblings don't have to be the same, but they are very different and I think part of their childhood has to contribute to that.)
Pure, teeth rotting fluff, but I couldn't get the idea out of my head once it was there.

Normally she wouldn’t stoop to participate in such mortal activities. But her three year old niece was currently obsessed with lions. And Zelda just had to see what Sabrina’s reaction would be when seeing a real lion, and not just a cartoon one on television.

She had, somewhat reluctantly, invited Hilda to join, wanting the experience with Sabrina to herself, but she didn’t want to exclude Hilda from Sabrina’s life either. Thankfully, Hilda seemed to sense this and told Zelda that she was busy and could take Sabrina again later in the summer.

So, that was how she found herself in jean capris, a sleeveless blouse and tennis shoes, hair swept back into a rare, but elegant pony tail. While she normally didn’t dress in more modern clothing, preferring her dresses, Zelda had looked up the zoo online and determined that her normal attire wouldn’t do.

Even with that effort, the smell that hit her when she got out of the car almost had her climbing back inside and driving away. But just then an elephant trumpeted in the background and Sabrina squealed excitedly from the back seat and clapped her hands. Zelda smiled at the sound, that was why she’d come here.

Waving a hand as if to fan herself, Zelda cast a spell to weaken the scent. Sighing in relief, she unbuckled Sabrina from the backseat and helped her out of the car. “What are our rules for the day?” Zelda asked firmly, as she bent over to cast another silent spell to prevent either of them from getting sunburned.

“No running and stay with you.” Sabrina parroted, bouncing on her toes.

Zelda nodded and stood up, “very good. Ready?” She held out her hand and Sabrina seized it eagerly and all but dragged Zelda towards the gates.

They made their way through each exhibit, Zelda making sure to read the informational signs to Sabrina at each one, her sweet girl listening intently as she pressed her face against the glass of each enclosure no matter how easily visible the animal was.

Zelda chuckled at Sabrina’s antics until they reached the aquarium. She’d been just a mesmerized by the huge tanks filled with brightly colored fish, eels, sting rays and sharks as her niece. They spent far longer than needed in the tunnel where the tank surrounded you on three sides. Eventually, though, Sabrina recalled why they were there in the first place…to see lions.

Practically running, they made their way to the lion habitat. Surprisingly, there wasn’t really anyone else around—perhaps because the huge cats were lounging on the far side the enclosure and difficult to see. And maybe, maybe to erase the disappointed look on Sabrina’s face, Zelda cast a little spell to lure one of the lionesses over to the glass.

And maybe the lioness approached them and stopped right where Sabrina stood, hands pressed
against the glass in awe. Zelda smiled and discreetly took a picture of Sabrina face to face with the powerful predator. Sabrina turned to her, exhilarated.

“Zee! Look, look, look!”

Zelda crouched behind and wrapped one arm around Sabrina, placing her other hand against the glass by where the lioness was rubbing her head. “I do see, sweetheart.”

Sabrina beamed and moved her hand from the glass and placed it so that it was splayed on top of Zelda’s in perfect imitation. Zelda’s heart melted, and she wanted to freeze this moment forever. A sudden snap and a flash brought her back to reality and she barely restrained the spell that had leapt to her lips. Her head whipped around to identify the source—only to find a young woman with a polaroid camera in one hand, shaking the picture in the other.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to startle you” she smiled apologetically. “It was just too perfect a moment to pass up. Here.” She held out the small square to Zelda.

Curious, Zelda took the photo where she could just make out the developing picture. She immediately knew she’d treasure this small memento forever. “Thank you,” she murmured, smiling at the woman.

“Of course! Your daughter is adorable, by the way. Have a good day.” The woman waved and was walking away before Zelda could even think to correct her. The comment sent a warmth through her chest and Zelda found herself pressing a finger to her eye to prevent a tear from slipping down her cheek.

The lion had turned and stalked off, so Sabrina shifted just in time to see her aunt almost cry. “Aunt Zee? What wrong?” And her brow furrowed sweetly in concern.

“Nothing, sweet girl. I’m just really happy.” She smiled broadly at Sabrina and her niece’s face lit up in response and she surged forward to hug Zelda. Arms wrapping around her neck and face pushed into her collarbone.

“I is happy too.” She giggled. And Zelda scooped the girl up and spun around a few times, causing more peals of laughter.

When she came to a stop, Zelda propped Sabrina on her hip. “How about, we get some ice cream?”

Sabrina nodded eagerly and squirmed until Zelda shifted her so that Sabrina was clinging to her back—she’d recently developed an affinity for piggy back rides ever since Ambrose had introduced Sabrina to the concept. Zelda didn’t mind, she just hooked her arms under Sabrina’s legs and leaned forward a little to better balance the little girl on her back. Carefully tucking the picture into her pocket after casting a protection spell on it.

“To ice cream?” She turned her head slightly to catch a glimpse of Sabrina out of the corner of her eye.

“To ice CREAM!” Sabrina repeated with gusto and pointing forward. Zelda laughed and marched off, occasionally altering her gait to make Sabrina giggle.

As they shared an ice cream cone, laughing at the sticky mess it was making, Zelda thought that this was perhaps one of the best days she’d had in the past couple of decades.
Ambrose had left the television on the mortal news—he found it amusing what they got worked up over. Zelda hadn’t realized this until Sabrina came barreling into her workroom, demanding to know if Zelda could lift a car as well.

“What nonsense is this?” She asked, baffled, glancing up at her eight-year-old niece from where she’d been sitting and fiddling with a potion to ease morning sickness—she was close to perfecting a version that eliminated that particular unfortunate side effect of pregnancy entirely.

Sabrina twirled a bit, explaining as she did, “there’s a woman on the news who lifted a car off her baby. They said it was because she is a mom who loved her baby so much that seeing it in danger gave her super strength to lift the car and save her kid.”

Zelda restrained an eyeroll, she didn’t want to discourage Sabrina’s inquisitiveness, even if it was about silly mortal things. “I don’t see why I would ever need to lift a car, Sabrina.” She replied instead, dropping her gaze back to the potion.

“What if I was in trouble?” The girl persisted, coming closer and leaning her elbows on the table and propped her head in her hands.

The corners of Zelda’s lips tugged upwards, seeing an opportunity to tease her niece a bit. “You are certainly far too old to be getting stuck under a vehicle Sabrina, I don’t think it is something we need to concern ourselves with.” Zelda arched a brow at her.

Sabrina huffed in impatience, “I wouldn’t get stuck. It would be an accident, what if someone ran me over and I was under the car?”

“Well, in that case, I would certainly use magic to lift the thing.” Zelda waved her in as if in demonstration. “And then I would curse the imbecile who’d hurt you.”

“Auntie Zee!” The girl cried in exaggerated despair, though she was smiling too—she could tell what her aunt was doing. “What if you didn’t have your powers?”

Zelda lowered the potion and lifted her eyes to Sabrina once more. “And when would we ever be in a situation where I have no magic and you’ve been run over by a car and are stuck underneath?”

Sabrina giggled, “I don’t know, Auntie Zelda. But could you lift a car to save me?”

“Absolutely, if a mortal could accomplish such a feat, I see no reason why I shouldn’t be capable to doing the same.”

Her niece rounded the table and rested her chin on her aunt’s shoulder. “It’s not about being a mortal or a witch, Aunt Zelda.” She informed her, “it’s about whether, whether you love me enough to get super strength to save me. Or can only moms feel that? Would I be stuck forever?” Sabrina finished quietly, dropping her eyes to hide the unshed tears shining there.

Zelda froze, what had started as a silly conversation had suddenly taken a very serious turn. She carefully put down all her equipment and spun on her stool so that she faced Sabrina; taking her niece’s hands and drawing her closer so that she stood between her legs. “I would never let you be stuck forever.” She squeezed the girl’s hands reassuringly. “I love you enough to lift a hundred cars at the same time, even without magic. Mothers,” she paused to keep her voice from breaking, because while she certainly saw herself as Sabrina’s mother, this sweet girl didn’t. “Mothers aren’t
the only ones who can feel that.” Normally, Zelda wasn’t quite so verbally expressive about her emotions, but Sabrina had come to her for this, for reassurance. And she would be damned if her niece thought she wasn’t loved enough simply because she didn’t have a traditional family.

Sabrina surged forward and hugged Zelda hard, arms tight around her neck. “I love you lots too, Auntie Zee.” She whispered, cuddling closer to her aunt. “I could lift a car for you too.”

Zelda smiled and wrapped her arms around her niece and pressing a kiss into her hair. “I have no doubt you could, sweetheart.”
Thank you to Jess for the prompt! Hope this meets your expectations. If anyone else has ideas send them my way either in the comments or on tumblr (username is frizz22), I'll do what I can to write it :)

“Come on now, you can do it.” Zelda prompted gently, holding her hands out to Sabrina. Her niece stood only two feet away, swaying slightly and looking at Zelda skeptically.

Sabrina had been close to walking for a while now, but would ultimately decide to plop back down and crawl to her chosen destination each time. Zelda appreciated the girl’s reluctance to a degree, knowing the moment she started to walk that running would soon follow and then she and Hilda would no longer be able to keep up as easily. But she also knew how adventurous Sabrina was, and how much more of the world would be opened up to her if she just took those first few steps.

But so far, Sabrina had remained unmotivated to walk. So, of course, they'd made a bet of it. Whoever was able to get Sabrina to walk first got to control the record player for a month. It might seem a trivial thing, but the Spellman clan had wildly varying tastes in music and having reign over the record player was a highly coveted prize.

Ambrose had tried, without luck, to incentivize Sabrina with toys, shiny or glowing objects and even little spells that projected lights shaped like animals in the air. Hilda attempted, to no avail, to bribe the little girl with any and all kinds of food and promises of trips to the zoo.

Zelda, she was simply sitting on the floor in the parlor in jeans and one of Edward’s old t-shirts (spending all day with a toddler was messy and she wasn’t going to risk one of her dresses), legs spread so Sabrina could walk into her arms without impediment.

“Come on, sweet girl. I know you’re ready. There’s a whole world waiting, and it cannot wait to meet you. But you have to take a few steps first.”

Sabrina cocked her head at her and held out her hands as well, opening and closing them. “Zee!” She exclaimed, grinning, “up?”

“Yes, up, but you have to come to Auntie Zee first. Come one, I’ve got you. I won’t let you fall.” Zelda stretched her hands out a little further, almost touching Sabrina’s. Her niece furrowed her brow and moved to sit so she could crawl to her aunt. “Ah!” She raised a brow, making Sabrina pause half way down. “That’s not a step.”

Giggling, Sabrina stood back up. “Good girl, now take a step. There you go, pick up one foot.” Zelda smiled encouragingly as Sabrina stuck her tongue out and haltingly lifted a foot and placed it clumsily forward. “Yes! Yes, that’s my girl, you’ve got it!” Zelda beamed, wiggling her fingers to beckon Sabrina forward.

Sabrina grinned at the praise and lifted her other foot to take another stilted step. “Oh my girl, my brilliant ‘Brina, keep going, come on. Come to Auntie Zee.”
“Zee!” Sabrina repeated excitedly, taking another step, this one a little more confident. She took a fourth into Zelda’s arms before tripping and falling against her aunt.

“Sabrina, you did it! Oh, what a wonderful, smart girl you are.” Zelda scooped Sabrina into a hug and rocked side to side, smile widening when Sabrina returned the hug and placed a sloppy toddler kiss on her cheek. “You walked!” She pulled back from the hug to frame Sabrina’s face who was laughing and smiling. “You walked!” Zelda repeated overjoyed, picking Sabrina up and tipping onto her back to hold her niece up in the air above her. Sabrina broke out into a full bellied laugh and a high pitch shriek of excitement at the sudden movement.

“What is all the excitement?” Hilda asked, coming in from the kitchen and wiping her hands on a towel. Ambrose curiously poked his head into the room as well.

Zelda lowered Sabrina and sat back up, “want to show them?” She play whispered to Sabrina, tickling her lightly. Sabrina nodded eagerly. “Good girl,” Zelda bopped her on the nose before setting Sabrina down on the ground and scooting back a few feet. “Alright sweetheart, come to Auntie Zee.” She instructed, holding out her hands once more. Sabrina grinned and pushed herself up and took her stumbling steps to her aunt and squealed happily when Zelda swooped her back up and rained kisses on her head and neck.

“What!? Oh, my goodness! How wonderful, Zelds, you got her to walk!” Hilda enthused, crouching to tickle Sabrina’s cheek and neck causing her to twist delightedly to try and escape Hilda’s fingers. Ambrose threw his hands up in the air, grumbling “of course it was you.” But squatted to congratulate Sabrina as well. “How’d you get her to do it?” He asked as they all stood to move to the kitchen for dinner. Zelda slightly stooped to hold Sabrina’s hands as she walked with them.

“How’d you get her to walk? What did you use? Food and shiny objects didn’t do anything. What did you use? A potion?” He pressed, clearly unhappy about having lost the bet.

Zelda smiled tenderly at the little girl clasping her hands for balance, “nothing, just me.” Ambrose looked at her doubtfully, knowing none of them were above cheating if it meant winning a bet—especially one with the stakes so high.

But Hilda just smiled and patted her arm. “That’s lovely, Zelds. Now we just have to make sure we baby proof the house even more.”

Zelda nodded but didn’t say anything. Too full of love and happiness to care about the bet, about babypoofing the house. She’d been enough. Just her. She alone had been enough for her little niece—and in that moment, she didn’t need anything else.
Zelda woke with a gasp, and it took her a moment to realize why she’d woken up. That was when she realized Sabrina was standing next to her bed, looking at her, lower lip trembling.

“Sabrina? Sweetheart, what’s the matter?” She rasped, propping herself up on an elbow. Sabrina didn’t answer immediately, just climbed onto the bed, burrowed under the covers and curled against Zelda’s side. “Sabrina?” She prompted again softly.

“I had a bad dream,” came a muffled reply as small arms wrapped around Zelda’s waist.

Zelda shifted so that she was sitting more upright, leaning against the headboard. “Oh darling,” she murmured, tugging Sabrina closer to her and stroking the girl’s hair. “Do you want to talk about it?” Sabrina shook her head adamantly and sniffed, pressing herself more firmly against her aunt. “Okay, that’s okay,” Zelda soothed, kissing Sabrina’s head. “Do you want some warm milk? In your special mug?”

“Oh huh,” Sabrina mumbled, but clung harder to her when Zelda moved to get up. “Don’t leave,” she whimpered.

Zelda tried to gently disengage from her niece, “darling, I won’t be going far, just to the kitchen for your milk—”

“Nooo,” Sabrina moaned in protest, hooking a leg over Zelda to better hold onto her.

“Alright, alright, I won’t leave.” Zelda murmured, now slightly alarmed. Whatever the dream had been about had shaken her niece far more than previous nightmares had. Glancing over to Hilda, Zelda called out to try and wake her up. “Hilda,” she waited a moment and nothing. “Hilda!” She attempted again, Hilda merely let out a soft snore and rolled onto her side. Sighing, Zelda made a quick motion with one hand and Hilda’s pillow shot out from under her. Her sister’s head thumping onto the bed had Hilda jerking awake.

“Zelda! What in Satan’s—” but she fell silent at Zelda’s glare and pointed look at where Sabrina lay, huddled in her arms. “Oh, Sabrina, love, what’s the matter?” Hilda pushed out of bed and pulled her robe on.

“Bad dream,” Sabrina sniffled, snuggling closer to Zelda.

Hilda approached the bed and placed a gentle hand on Sabrina’s cheek. “Oh love, I’m so sorry. What can I do?”

“Can you go and make her some warm milk in her mug?” Zelda asked, shifting slightly to get more comfortable against the headboard. Hilda agreed, but raised a brow as if to ask why Zelda couldn’t have simply gone herself. “I’d have made it, except…” She glanced at Sabrina who was still tightly
wrapped around her and Hilda nodded in understanding.

“I’ll be right back, don’t you worry.” She reassured before bustling off.

Zelda waited a moment to ensure Hilda was out of earshot and then turned to Sabrina. “Did you know,” she began, rubbing comforting circles on Sabrina’s back. “That I have nightmares too.”

Sabrina looked at her, stunned. “You do?” She whispered.

Humming in acknowledgement, Zelda continued, “I do, and I don’t like them one bit either.”

“What, what do you have bad dreams about?” Sabrina asked breathlessly, seemingly unable to see what could possibly scare her aunt.

A series of disturbing images flashed through Zelda’s mind. “Just silly adult things, sweetheart.”

Sabrina shook her head and put her hands on Zelda’s cheeks, “it’s not silly if it scares you.” She remarked seriously, parroting back words Zelda had told her after a bad dream months ago.

Zelda smiled tremulously, “you’re right, thank you sweetheart. But do you know what helps make me feel better and fall back asleep?” She changed the topic, because she certainly wasn’t going to share her fears with the precious, little girl in her arms.

“What?” And the eagerness for the answer, her niece’s desperation to learn what ended the remnants of a bad dream had Zelda wondering how many times Sabrina had woken scared and not come to let her or Hilda know.

“Vinegar Tom.” She replied simply, casting her eyes over to where the dog was laying in his basket.

Slipping her arms back around Zelda, Sabrina burrowed into her aunt’s embrace once more before responding, “your familiar?”

Zelda nodded and tucked Sabrina’s hair back. “He always makes me feel better and I even let him sleep on the bed,” she whispered conspiratorially. “He makes me feel safe.”

“But, I, I don’t have a familiar.” Sabrina noted dejectedly, the hope dropping from her face.

Tilting her head in acknowledgement, Zelda replied. “Well, Tom will gladly keep watch over you and chase away any monsters that even think of trying to get near you.” She bopped Sabrina lightly on the nose and earned a small smile. Zelda knew she couldn’t very well tell Sabrina that monsters didn’t exist, not when just last month a demon had gotten loose in the house because of some ancient spell Ambrose had been messing with. But she could make her niece feel safe and protected from them. “Won’t you Tom?” She called out and the dog heaved himself up, sighing, and padded over, tipping his head up so that his nose appeared over the edge of the mattress, snuffling.

Sabrina giggled and reached out a hand to pet Tom’s snout. “And,” Zelda added, “did you know that dream catchers can be used to stop bad dreams?”

“Really?” Sabrina turned her attention back to Zelda, resting her head on her collarbone.

“Yes, and your Aunt Hilda’s familiars make the best dream catchers.” Zelda informed Sabrina just as Hilda came back into the room.

Hilda smiled and handed the mug covered in stars over to Sabrina carefully, “they do love. And then your Auntie Zee and I will add extra spells to it to make it even stronger.” She winked and went and
sat back on her bed and began to craft a dream catcher.

Sabrina smiled softly and sipped her milk, clutching the mug in both hands to make sure she didn’t spill, while Zelda cradled her and sang softly as she finished her milk. Zelda’s voice drifted off when Sabrina’s form slumped heavily against hers, and she deftly caught the mug and set it on the bedside table.

“Almost done?” She whispered to Hilda, glancing up and seeing her sister put the finishing touches on the dream catcher.

“Ready.” She affirmed and led the way back to Sabrina’s room. Zelda following, carefully carrying Sabrina back to her own bed.

Zelda tucked Sabrina in as Hilda hung the dream catcher, each of them murmuring spells to strengthen the magic surrounding the small item. “I hope that does it. I hate it when she has nightmares.” Zelda breathed, smoothing Sabrina’s hair back as Vinegar Tom settled on the bed at Sabrina’s feet.

Hilda smiled gently and nodded, “I know, me too.” She then leaned forward and kissed Sabrina on the head, Zelda doing the same, before they made their way back to their room.

And if there was an extra dream catcher now present on the wall above Zelda’s bed... well, neither sister acknowledged it.

Chapter End Notes

If you have any ideas please shoot them my way, more than happy to try and write something for you :)

Also, I just had Sabrina stand next to Zelda until she woke up because that's apparently what my siblings and I did to our mom whenever we had bad dreams or didn't feel good. Anyone else do that? Or were we just little creepers?
Night Terrors pt. 2

Chapter Summary

T wanted to see a follow up of the previous chapter, years later Sabrina being the one to comfort Zelda. Hope it meets your expectations.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sabrina was wide awake. Aunt Zelda had sent her to bed immediately after seeing Father Blackwood out of the house. She’d known better than to argue, she’d already pushed her aunt much further than Sabrina had ever thought possible tonight and she wasn’t going to try her luck.

But the night had been far too exciting for her to sleep, despite how late it was. They’d conducted an exorcism. An exorcism!! A successful one too, they’d saved Susie’s uncle… and at the thought a smile that Sabrina couldn’t suppress spread across her face.

So, yes, it had been an exciting night and she hadn’t been able to wind down enough to sleep. It didn’t help that she could still somewhat hear Aunt Hilda animatedly recounting the events to Ambrose down in the kitchen. Aunt Zelda wasn’t with them, Sabrina had heard her footsteps come up the stairs not long after she’d been sent to her room. There’d been a pause outside her door, and Sabrina suspected that Aunt Zelda was debating whether or not to come and lecture her. Apparently, her aunt had decided the lecture could wait because the footsteps moved on, and Sabrina heard a heavy sigh preceding the shutting of the door down the hall.

She doubted that her aunt was asleep yet though, and, wanting to thank her again for her help, Sabrina slipped out from under the covers and got out of bed. Walking quietly down the hall, Sabrina knocked tentatively on her aunts’ door.

“Auntie Zee?” She called out softly, pressing her ear to the door when a muffled sound responded to her knock. “Auntie Zee?” She tried again, a little louder this time.

“No!” Came a sharp reply, followed by a crash and a “stay away!”

Sabrina burst into the room, fully expecting to find her aunt mid-battle with some spirit or demon but found Zelda asleep instead. Well, maybe sleep was too quaint of a term, Aunt Zelda was thrashing on her bed, the sheets and covers twisted around her legs. The picture frame that normally adorned her bedside table was on the ground, the broken glass winking faintly in the hall light.

“No, stay away from her! Don’t touch my niece!” Zelda exclaimed in a hoarse shout, her features contorted with anger and pain.

Sabrina rushed forward, careful of the glass, and reached out to touch her aunt’s leg to wake her from the nightmare. “Auntie,” she began, jerking her hand back when Zelda flinched violently at her touch and whimpered.

“No Sabrina,” she gasped, a tear slipping down her cheek.

“Auntie Zee,” Sabrina attempted again, heart clenching. “I’m okay, I’m right here. It’s me, Sabrina.”
But Zelda remained asleep, twitching, pleading and fighting against whatever was in her nightmare. Sabrina was trying to remember if it was bad to harshly wake up someone mid-dream or if that was just for sleepwalkers when Aunt Zelda began to cry in earnest, breaths coming in rapid bursts. Internal debate abandoned, Sabrina sat next to her aunt’s hip, grabbed her shoulders and shook, “Aunt Zelda!”

Zelda sat up abruptly, almost knocking Sabrina off the bed. She was breathing raggedly as she peered around the room to regain her bearings, “Sabrina?” She whispered confusedly when her eyes landed on her niece, seemingly unaware of the tears still steadily trekking down her cheeks.

Unsure how to proceed now that her aunt was awake, Sabrina merely nodded. Zelda let loose a relieved and shuddering sigh and tugged Sabrina into a tight hug.

“Praise Satan,” she murmured, pressing her cheek against the side of Sabrina’s head. “I thought, the exorcism, I’d arrived too late, my fault…” she rambled, clutching Sabrina to her tighter still and rocking slightly. And Sabrina could feel the hammering of her aunt’s heart, how Zelda was shaking, and all she could think to do was return her aunt’s hug with equal strength.

“I’m okay, Auntie Zee, you made sure of that.” Sabrina reassured, starting to rub a hand soothingly up and down Zelda’s back. They held onto one another for some time, until Aunt Zelda stopped shaking and only then did Zelda pull back slightly and frame Sabrina’s face in her hands.

Exhaling slowly, Aunt Zelda kissed her forehead and then let her hands drop to wipe away any remnants of tears. “I’m sorry, Sabrina. I didn’t mean to wake you. This is nothing you need to concern yourself with, you can go back to bed.”

Sabrina frowned, watching as her aunt began to rapidly rebuild her walls and re-adorn her emotional armor. “Aunt Zelda, you had a nightmare, it’s not nothing-”

“Yes,” Zelda interrupted, breaking eye contact with Sabrina and gazing at her lap where her hands now lay, fingers twisting. “I had quite a vivid dream about tonight's events. But it is not your responsibility…” She swallowed and brought her eyes back to her niece’s. “I take care of you, sweetheart, not the other way around. I’m sorry for bothering you, it was just a, a silly dream.” Her voice trembled and Sabrina didn’t believe her for a moment.

Shaking her head, Sabrina took her aunt’s hands between her own. “It’s not silly if it scared you,” she whispered, wondering if Zelda would remember telling her those words so long ago. “And, the exorcism, it, it scared me some too. I only felt better and safe again when you got there. Thank you.” She squeezed her aunt’s hands, “thank you for always protecting me and looking out for me. Would, would it be okay if I stayed here tonight? I don’t, I don’t want to be alone.”

The reason her aunt was being difficult, why she was fighting the comfort Sabrina was offering had dawned on her right before she’d asked to stay. Aunt Zelda didn’t want to appear weak. Didn’t want Sabrina to doubt that she could come to her aunt for help in the future. Her aunt, her strong, courageous, wonderful aunt didn’t know how to accept love and comfort without feeling as though she was a weak, as though she’d somehow failed. The words Zelda had uttered immediately after waking ‘my fault’, echoed in Sabrina’s head, reinforcing her conclusion. The realization all but broke Sabrina’s heart, but perhaps by using the pretext that she was the one needing reassurance, perhaps then Aunt Zelda would let her stay.

Aunt Zelda shook her head slightly, “you’re really much too old to be sleeping in here, Sabrina.” She replied, though the bed was already expanding so it could accommodate them both. “But I suppose we did just encounter a demon hellbent on killing you…” Zelda raised a brow and flicked her wrist once more, untangling the blankets and repairing the picture before she settled back down.
Smiling, Sabrina climbed onto the bed fully and curled onto her side so that she could face Zelda. And for a moment, her aunt’s expression was completely unguarded, the pain and fear that Sabrina could have been hurt flickered there before it was replaced with warmth and gratitude at Sabrina’s presence.

It was then that Sabrina realized her aunt knew what she was doing, knew that Sabrina didn’t really need the comfort but had wanted to provide it instead. And that her aunt’s allowance of the ruse meant that she wanted, needed, the comfort but couldn’t admit to it out loud. Maybe it wasn’t the best, that her aunt needed this pretext to feel as though she could receive comfort… but it was something, it was a start. And Sabrina intended to try the best she could moving forward to show Aunt Zelda just how deserving of comfort and love she was, no matter the circumstance.

Taking her aunt’s hand and kissing the back of it, Sabrina nestled closer to Zelda, murmuring an "I love you, auntie," as they both drifted off.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for the prompts, keep em coming, I'm working on them I promise :)


Harrowing

Chapter Summary

Extended/slight canon divergence of Sabrina's 2nd night of harrowing when she was out in the woods.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As horrible as the sounds of her mother and father calling out to her and their subsequent deaths were, Sabrina knew they weren’t real. Her parents were already dead. These phantoms meant nothing to her. That’s what kept her going when they called out and died over and over.

Eventually, the demon, or whatever creature was harrowing her, seemed to realize that while these sounds were painful, they weren’t tormenting her as they should have been. So, the being changed tactics.

Silence greeted her. And Sabrina relished the change, felt her body relax from the tensed position it had held for the past hour. But then the silence continued, grew longer and Sabrina began to fear what was building behind her in the quiet darkness. She knew the rules, though, no looking. Perhaps the creature had gotten tired of this game and the rest of the night was to be spent in suspense. Then.

“Sabrina?” Came a soft, worried question, then a sharper one. “Sabrina, what is going on? Why are you in the middle of the woods? You should be at the academy.”

“Aunt Zelda?” Sabrina sighed in relief, Zelda was there. She was safe, Aunt Zelda would take care of everything. She started to turn around, intending to throw herself at her aunt, when Sabrina heard the menacing growl that had accompanied the other phantoms. And she almost cried. Aunt Zelda wasn’t really there, she hadn't come to save the day, to protect her, to soothe her after this nightmare of an experience.

“Sabrina, I asked you a question. The least you could do is look at me.” How? How did this creature recreate her aunt so accurately? Her parents were figments of imagination and pictures, their voices and speech patterns could have been based on anything the creature wanted. But Zelda, this sounded so like her aunt that Sabrina wanted nothing more than to pivot and find her aunt there.

She could visualize it so easily, Zelda would be standing there, one brow raised expectantly, her cigarette held out to one side, her other arm wrapped around her middle. A slight chuckle escaped Sabrina and a warmth spread through her as well at the comforting mental image of Aunt Zelda. This dissipated almost immediately.

“Really, what is so funny? Have you taken something? We’ve talked about witching drugs, they will affect you differently because of your duality. Sabrina,” a long sigh sounded behind her, and Sabrina could practically smell the cigarette smoke. “I’m not mad, I’m just worried. Just, just look at me darling and I can help.”

It was tempting, so, so very tempting. Even more than the desire to turn and see her parents. Because Zelda had always been there, always given comfort, help and advice—even if it was hidden under a
layer of sarcasm at times.

“ Auntie Zee, please, please be here for real.” Sabrina whispered, looking up at the sky.

A quiet scoff, “of course, I’m here Sabrina. Honestly, you must be on something and reacting poorly. Come with me and we’ll take care of it.”

It’s the creature, it’s the creature. It’s not really Auntie Zee, Sabrina repeated to herself. Only if it was the creature it was drawing out this phantom longer than the others—the ones of her parents hadn’t lasted nearly this long before succumbing to their ‘deaths’. Perhaps because it sensed that this one was more painful.

“It is far past curfew. Why are you even out here? It is much too cold for what you are wearing. At least take my coat if you won’t come with me. Here,” the voice murmured sounding closer than before, and Sabrina could picture Zelda holding her coat out for her to take.

But she remained frozen, in more ways than one, staring at the tree and wishing for her aunt.

“Abrina, I’m starting to sense something else out here. We need to leave, now! Come with me, quickly.” Zelda’s phantom had lowered its voice, turning urgent and Sabrina shivered but kept facing forward. “Sabrina! We need to leave. It’s not safe.” The voice hissed, “now, I—”

A snarl interrupted the voice and Aunt Zelda’s phantom cried out in pain. The sounds of tearing flesh and breaking bones filled the air once more.

“Run, Sabrina! Save yourself, run—” the rest of the words came out as a gurgle and the crunching and tearing continued. Sabrina covered her ears and screamed, trying to drown out the noise—something she’d resisted doing until now.

Her parents were dead, their manifestations could only be fake, their pain fake, their deaths fake. But Aunt Zelda, Aunt Zelda had dropped her off at the academy just the other day. She’d reached over the center console in the car and tucked Sabrina’s hair behind her ear, murmuring that she was proud. That she knew Sabrina would do great things and then had kissed her gently on the head before ushering Sabrina out of the vehicle and driving off before she could ‘embarrass her in front of the other witches.’

Aunt Zelda was real and hearing her scream out in pain, hearing her die was worse than anything else Sabrina had experienced that night. As if sensing this, the creature began a rotation of her living family and friends, Aunt Hilda, Ambrose, Roz, Susie and Harvey all made appearances.

But Aunt Zelda, she was thrown into the rotation the most. The interaction started differently each time, but it always ended the same. With Zelda begging for Sabrina to leave with her and then urging Sabrina to run and save herself as she died horribly.

Sabrina had never been more relieved when the sun crept over the horizon, when she heard Quintin’s voice behind her. Though when he revealed the truth, dread filled her once more and Sabrina rushed back to the school—she had to call home.

The phone rang for what seemed like an unbearably long time and when it was finally answered, Aunt Hilda’s voice filtered through the line. Though comforted to hear from her chipper aunt, Sabrina desperately wanted to hear Aunt Zelda’s voice.

“Is, is Auntie Zee there?” She asked softly, twisting the phone cord around her fingers anxiously. Hilda made some affirmative comment and called out.
Sabrina didn’t breathe again until a clipped “yes, Sabrina?” Echoed over the phone. Only once she was reassured of her aunts’ safety did Sabrina proceed with the rest of the reason for her call.

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She hadn’t been allowed in the room when Aunt Zelda confronted Father Blackwood, Zelda had instructed her to wait outside of the high priest’s office with Hilda, but certain words filtered through the door despite this precaution. Sabrina had all but beamed when her aunt proclaimed that ‘her niece was not weak’ and when she overheard Zelda snap ‘what if it were your child being harrowed?’ She’d wanted to burst into the room and engulf Zelda in a hug, wanted to cry and be cuddled like when she was small.

But she restrained herself, knowing that barging into Father Blackwood’s office mid-conversation would not end well. In any case, Aunt Zelda came out just moments later and told Sabrina to take them to see the children.

They’d made it to the woods quickly and soon Aunt Hilda was plotting with the spirits of the harrowed children on how best to get revenge. As she was doing this, Aunt Zelda gently took Sabrina’s arm and pulled her aside.

“Are you alright?” She asked softly, gently running her hand up and down Sabrina’s arm.

The small gesture was too much, and Sabrina shook her head and surged forward to hug Zelda, inhaling deeply when her aunt immediately returned the embrace; taking in the heady mix of her aunt’s perfume, residual smoke and whatever tea her aunt had been drinking before she came. “I heard so many awful things,” Sabrina mumbled, clinging to Aunt Zelda.

Zelda stroked her hair, “it wasn’t real, any of it. You’re safe now. We won’t let anything happen to you. I promise.” It’s a quiet, fierce declaration and her aunt’s grip on her tightens and it calms Sabrina in a way nothing else had since the harrowing started.

“I wasn’t worried about me. Not, not completely. Not last night. I kept, I kept hearing you die.” She admitted in a whisper, as if saying it any louder may turn the cruel experience into reality. Sabrina pressed against Zelda even harder, needing to reassure herself that her aunt was alive and okay. “I love you, Auntie Zee. I don’t say it enough, but I do.”

“Oh, my sweet girl,” Zelda placed a kiss on the top of her head. “I am not going anywhere without a hell of a fight. You don’t need to worry about me. Alright?” She pulled back, just a bit, and framed Sabrina’s face. When she nodded, Zelda gifted her with a small smile and pulled her back into their hug, a soothing hand running up and down Sabrina’s back. “I love you too, sweetheart.” She murmured before breaking the hug completely several moments later when Aunt Hilda made her way over.

“Everything alright, love?” Hilda inquired, eyes soft and encouraging.

Sabrina nodded, feeling far better now than she had hours before. While her aunts may drive her crazy at times, Sabrina didn’t know what she’d do without them.

Chapter End Notes

I know the writers and the show couldn't fit in everyone for this little harrowing
segment, and I know that Sabrina *loves* Harvey but the fact that he came before her family kinda bugged me. So I tweaked the scene a bit (plus I love the Zelda-Sabrina relationship, in case you couldn't tell)
She was trying to think of how best to approach the topic. She knew Aunt Zelda would be thrilled for her—Aunt Hilda had practically broken one of her ribs she’d hugged her so tightly after hearing the news. Sabrina knew that her Aunt Zee would be more reserved in her enthusiasm, but it would match Hilda’s all the same.

No, telling her aunt that she was pregnant wasn’t what was giving her pause. It was that she wanted to ask Zelda to be her midwife as well. Sabrina knew her aunt was almost legendary when it came to her work as a midwife. Never losing a child was no small feat, especially considering how long Zelda’s career had been. But it wasn’t just her aunt’s prowess as a midwife that had Sabrina wanting to ask for the favor. She wanted to share this with Zelda, wanted her to be with her every step of the way.

Sabrina had tried to explain it to Aunt Hilda. That she wasn’t picking favorites, but Hilda had cut her off with a watery smile and another hug.

“I know you and your Auntie Zee have a special bond, love, and it’s different than the one you and I have. You come to me for certain things and you go to Zelds for others, it’s alright, all kids do that. And I completely understand you wanting to share this with Zelda. She’ll be so excited, love, and honored that you’re asking her.” Hilda had grinned, shimmying slightly and squeezing Sabrina’s hands. “But please, do it soon! Or I’m like to burst with excitement and ruin the surprise.”

She’d laughed, “I promise, Aunt Hilda. I’ll tell her soon.”

Hilda moved away and began to make them some tea. “What about tonight? Ambrose is still in Europe with Luke and I have work at Dr. Cee’s… Zelda will be here all by herself after she finishes her classes at the academy.” Aunt Hilda raised her brows excitedly and looked at Sabrina hopefully.

“Alright, alright, I will talk with Aunt Zee tonight,” she’d acquiesced, taking the mug of tea and smiling.

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That was how Sabrina found herself dawdling outside the house she no longer lived in but would always call home for a second time that day. She wanted to make it special but wasn’t clear on how
to accomplish that. Taking a deep breath, Sabrina knocked and determined that she’d figure it out as she went.

Her knuckles had barely touched the door before it was swinging open to admit her. Aunt Zelda’s voice calling out from the vicinity of the parlor. “I was wondering how much longer you were going to stand out there.”

Sabrina smirked and shook her head, of course Aunt Zelda had known she was there the whole time. She entered the parlor and found her aunt reading by the fire, a glass of whiskey sitting by one hand as the record player sounded softly in the background.

“Is everything alright? It’s not like you to shy away from a conversation.” Zelda remarked, arching a brow before she closed her book and set it down.

A broad grin crept across Sabrina’s face, unable to hold it in and announce it perfectly now that she was with Zelda. “I have some news, auntie.” She paused to gauge Zelda’s reaction, her aunt merely looked at her expectantly. “I’m, I’m pregnant!” Sabrina beamed, holding out her arms.

Her aunt’s lips broke into a brilliant smile and she stood quickly and engulfed Sabrina in her arms. “I’m so glad you finally told me,” she murmured, arms tightening around her minutely.

Sabrina pulled back, bewildered. “What? Finally told you?! I just told Aunt Hilda this morning, she didn’t—”

“No, no,” Zelda waved away the idea. “Hilda didn’t let anything slip. But you’ve been smell and food sensitive, complained of bloating more than once, your magical aura shifted—as most witches do when pregnant. And, honestly Sabrina, your breasts have never been this large. What did you expect me to think?” Zelda cocked her head after listing off her observations.

“Auntie Zee!” Sabrina laughingly exclaimed, crossing her arms over her chest…though her aunt was right.

Zelda just smirked, “what?” Then she turned a little more serious, “I am so happy for you, darling, this is amazing news.” She brushed Sabrina’s hair back and cupped her cheeks. “Now, am I right in assuming that you’re roughly 2—2 ½ months along?” Zelda placed her hands on Sabrina’s still relatively flat stomach.

Sabrina just shook her head in awe, “yes, I waited a little longer because I wanted to be absolutely sure. And that actually brings me to the other reason I wanted to see you.” She took Aunt Zelda’s hands and led her back to the couch so they could sit.

“I know you haven’t, haven’t practiced in some time. But I know without a doubt that you are the best and besides that you’re my aunt and I want you to share this with me. Want you there every step of the way, I want someone I trust explicitly, who won’t hold back when it comes to what I need to hear, and—”

“Sabrina,” Zelda interrupted gently, squeezing her hands and Sabrina realized she was rambling.

She gave her aunt a sheepish smile and got to the point. “Will you be my midwife, Auntie Zee?” She asked hopefully, biting her lip.

Zelda’s chin trembled, “of course. I’d, I’d be…” She blinked rapidly, “oh, yes, Sabrina, I’d love to.”

And suddenly they were hugging and crying, blaming pollen and hormones before tearfully laughing and hugging once more.
Announcements pt. 2

Chapter Summary

Announcements pt. 2—by popular demand, a continuation of the previous chapter with some details requested by Ashley. Hope you all enjoy!

3-month checkup

“Do you want to know the gender?” Zelda asked, packing away some of her tools and reaching for the necessary potion ingredients that would reveal the baby’s gender.

“No.”

“Yes.” Her niece and her husband answered at the same time. Zelda hid a smile and turned her back under the pretext of packing more tools away so that the couple could bicker quietly behind her.

“Nicholas, what do you mean you don’t want to know?” Sabrina demanded, aghast.

Nick placed his hand on Sabrina’s ever-growing belly. “Wouldn’t it be nice to have a surprise? Learn if it’s a boy or girl when it comes out? I think that would be fun…” He tried, raising his eyebrows.

Sabrina shook her head, “I’d like to know now so that we can prepare better.”

“And what is there to prepare that differs based on gender?” Nick countered, smiling smugly knowing that playing that particular card would rile his wife.

The heated, but quiet argument continued until it culminated with Sabrina shouting, “I’m the one carrying the baby for 13 months! And then I’m the one who is pushing it out of a very small hole. I think I get final say, wouldn’t you?”

Nick gaped at her soundlessly for a moment, unable to think of an argument, then he nodded. “Alright,” he sighed and turned to Zelda. “Would you please tell us?”

Zelda smiled and picked up the already prepared concoction. Nick look slightly affronted that she had the potion ready, Zelda just raised a brow. “What? I know my niece, and she wasn’t going to back down.” Sabrina smiled smugly and made a face at Nick who scoffed, but the twinkling in his eyes undermined his portrayed irritation. “So, what we do,” Zelda continued coming to stand next to where Sabrina still lay on the exam table, “is pour this over your stomach and the symbols it creates tells us the gender of the baby.” She held up a finger, “this is by no means perfect, there is a margin for error.” She added as a disclaimer, “though I’ve only had it mislead me personally once, and that was in a case of twins. Ready?”

Sabrina and Nick glanced at one another and gripped one another’s hands before nodding eagerly. “Yes, we’re ready,” Sabrina remarked, anxiously watching as her aunt slowly poured the potion over her abdomen.

The liquid swirled, stilled and swirled again before finally settling in on a decision. The couple looked at the symbol in confusion, brows furrowed. “What does it mean?” Nick finally asked,
looking at Zelda expectantly.

“It means,” Zelda smiled broadly, “that you’re having a little girl. Congratulations.”

Nick took a deep breath and ran a hand through his hair, as he turned away “a girl? We’re having a girl?” He sounded winded and Sabrina looked at him with some concern.

“Nick…” She reached up to touch his back, “are you okay?” Sabrina bit her lip worriedly, though Nick had assured her that he just wanted a healthy baby, she couldn’t help the horrible little voice in her head that told her he was like some of the ‘old school’ warlocks who insisted on having male first-borns so that they may act as heirs.

When he turned back around, there were unshed tears in his eyes. “We’re going to have a baby girl, ‘Brina.” He gave her a watery smile before embracing her tightly. “A sweet, brilliant, beautiful little girl.” He roughly wiped his eyes when he broke the hug and cleared his throat. “I’ll, I’ll go tell Hilda while you two get everything cleaned up.” And he turned and headed upstairs, neither woman missing the slight skip in his step as he left.

Zelda chuckled and shook her head, happy that the man her niece had married was more progressive than her own parents had been in terms of what order boys and girls should be born in. Sabrina’s voice interrupted her musings.

“Auntie,” she murmured, taking the towel Zelda offered and wiping the residual potion from her stomach before pulling her shirt down and sitting up—legs dangling off the edge of the table.

“Yes, dear?” Zelda questioned, efficiently putting away the ingredients for the gender potion.

Sabrina shifted on the table, “I, I have something I want to ask you….”

And her tone had Zelda pivoting to face her niece with a look of concern. “What is it Sabrina?”

“It’s about the baby. We, well mostly me, but I told Nick that I wasn’t going to pick anything else unless you said no. And he understands why, in any case, and I really hope you don’t say no—”

Zelda smiled softly, while her niece often took after her in terms of being direct to the point of rudeness at times, she’d also inherited Hilda’s knack for rambling when nervous. “Darling, just spit it out,” She cut in gently, walking over to where Sabrina was sitting.

Nodding determinedly, Sabrina exhaled and then plunged ahead. “I want to name the baby Zelda Diana.” She paused a moment and then added, “after my mothers.” Zelda’s shuddering intake of breath had Sabrina hurrying on. “I wasn’t sure if you would be okay with that. But I really want to honor you and thank you for everything you’ve done for me. Taking me in, raising me, protecting me and loving me all these years. And—”

The rest of Sabrina’s sentence was interrupted by Zelda lurching forward and hugging her hard, tears pouring down her cheeks. “Oh, Sabrina…” she murmured, tightening her hug. “I don’t need any thanks or honoring. Getting the chance to raise you, though it meant losing your parents, was the best thing to ever happen to me. I thank Satan every day that I have you, that I got to raise you, protect you, love you. You were, and still are, a gift.”

“But I can still name the baby…?” Sabrina managed through her tear constricted throat, hands clutching at her aunt’s dress.

Zelda pulled back and chuckled softly, “of course, darling. You can name the baby whatever you want.” She murmured, touching her niece’s cheek.
Sabrina beamed, “well, then I want to name her after my mothers. Zelda Diana it is.” Her aunt huffed in joyful disbelief but nodded and tucked Sabrina back into her arms, her chin resting on top of Sabrina’s head like when she was little. “I love you, Auntie Zelda.” She whispered.

“I love you too sweet girl,” Zelda breathed in return, rubbing small circles on Sabrina’s back.

They waited 10 minutes, taking the time to collect themselves before going upstairs to join the others for dinner. They’d barely made it into the kitchen when Hilda all but accosted them.

“Did you ask?!” She demanded excitedly, looking between the two of them.

Zelda blinked, nonplussed, “Hilda knew what you were going to ask me?”

Before Sabrina could reply Hilda was bustling forward and hugging her sister and niece at the same time. “Nick only just told me it was a girl and that he left so that Sabrina could ask you a very important question. And, and I think it’s a marvelous idea. A little Zee running around, it’s, it’s just, just marvelous.” She managed dabbing at the happy tears streaming down her cheeks when she released them.

Pressing her forefingers into the corners of her eyes to stem her own crying, Zelda cleared her throat. “Yes, well, it is very thoughtful, and I am touched. Let’s eat,” she turned and started to gather some more napkins and the others filed around her to finished grabbing items to set the table.

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6-month checkup

“You cannot be using magic to that degree at this stage in your pregnancy!” Zelda scolded, mouth pressed into a tight line. “We’ve been over this.”

Sabrina rolled her eyes and threw up her hands, “it wasn’t even that much magic. Just a little spell—” she began to argue.

Zelda’s eyes flashed at Sabrina’s careless tone. “In any pregnancy, mortal or witch, a baby takes some of the mother’s energy for itself. It’s natural, normal and needed if the baby is to develop and grow. In a witch’s pregnancy, the baby also absorbs some of the mother’s magic. There are many theories on why, none of them have been fully proven, but they all agree that pregnant witches must reduce the amount of magic they perform because of this. You do not have any magic to spare on ‘little’ spells. You are putting your body under unnecessary strain.”

When Sabrina looked as though she were going to argue with her further, Zelda continued. “And I do believe that when you asked me to be your midwife you said it was because you wanted someone who would be honest with you. Someone who told you what you needed to hear, not what you wanted to hear.” She reminded her, she’d had mothers try and argue with her on this aspect of their pregnancy for decades, Sabrina wasn’t going to be treated any differently than they had been when Zelda confronted them about magic use.

Her niece deflated slightly, clearly feeling guilty about what she’d done and for her insistence that it was not that big of a deal. “I thought, I thought I had more reserve power than I did. I never would want to put strain on the baby… you have to believe that, Auntie Zee, please.”

Some of Zelda’s ire drained away, “I do believe that, Sabrina. I believe you want what is best for your little girl. But I need you to believe me, and all of my decades of experience and knowledge, when I tell you, limit your magic use to the bare minimum. Are we clear?”
Sabrina nodded seriously and stood, smoothing her dress down. “I’m sorry, auntie. I will make sure to do better in the future.” She didn’t quite meet Zelda’s eyes and it was so similar to how contrite Sabrina would look when she was in trouble when she was little that Zelda couldn’t stay mad.

She cupped Sabrina’s cheeks, “I know it is difficult. We rely on magic in so many small ways that we don’t realize how much we use until it’s taken away. I remember that feeling all too clearly from during your trial.”

Sabrina made an exasperated sound but smiled a little. “I was only on trial once! Once, more than three decades ago! And you guys still manage to bring it up with frightening regularity.”

Zelda chuckled, “well, it wouldn’t do to let you forget that you were almost the second felon in the family.”

Shaking her head, Sabrina hugged Zelda briefly and then pulled her coat on. “I get it, if I just listen to you stupid things wouldn’t happen.” She intoned teasingly, “thank you for squeezing me in, I know it’s a busy day for you.”

“Of course, sweetheart,” Zelda followed her upstairs. “Are you and Nick joining us for dinner on Thursday? Ambrose and Luke are back from Europe.”

“Yes, we will see you then, bye Auntie, love you.” Sabrina pecked Zelda on the cheek and was out the door.

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10-month checkup

Prudence suddenly appeared in the middle of the Spellman kitchen, struggling to hold up an unconscious Sabrina. Zelda yelped in shock and then quickly regained herself and moved to help support her niece.

“What happened?” She demanded, as they moved Sabrina to the basement and onto the exam table.

Prudence was pale and nervous, wringing her hands as she looked at her friend. “I don’t know. We were just painting the nursery, she wanted to surprise Nick by having it done and asked it I would help. We were doing it the mortal way, so that Sabrina didn’t use any magic and then she just, just collapsed.”

“How did she land?” Zelda inquired, checked Sabrina’s pulse.

“What?”

“How did she land after she fainted? Did she face plant and land on her stomach, did she fall sideways, was it backwards? Prudence, I need to know.” Zelda clarified, trying to keep her tone calm when the young woman in front of her was already so stressed.

Prudence ran a hand through her short hair. “On her side.”

“You’re sure?”

Nodding confidently, Prudence met Zelda’s eyes. “Yes, she landed on her side, not on her belly.”

A sigh of relief escaped Zelda and she did a few more tests on Sabrina, once her niece’s health was verified as fine, she started a full workup on the baby. “Go upstairs and start a kettle of soothing tea,
when she wakes up Sabrina is sure to be upset. Once that’s done bring the kettle upstairs to Sabrina’s old room with some cups, then find Nick. Tell him what is happening. Sabrina is fine, it just seems to have been a fainting spell. She probably shouldn’t have been breathing in paint fumes and doing manual labor at this stage, but there’s no help for that now.”

“And the baby?” Prudence asked, pausing at the staircase, eyes filled with worry.

“I’m checking her now, I don’t see any reason for alarm. But I will know soon enough.” Zelda then shooed Prudence away and continued her work, heart hammering in her throat.

Everything was perfectly fine. Sabrina was healthy, the baby was healthy, no harm had been done. That didn’t mean that the fainting episode hadn’t scared Sabrina badly. She’d woken up shortly after Prudence had gone upstairs, Zelda could still hear her moving around the kitchen.

Her niece had been panicked at first, understandably so. Zelda resorted to teleporting them to Sabrina’s old room, where she tucked Sabrina into bed and forced the tea into her hand for her to drink before sitting next to her and running a soothing hand up and down her back as she murmured calming sentiments.

Slowly, Sabrina calmed, both from the tea and the comforting presence of her aunt. When she finished her tea, Sabrina leaned heavily against Zelda and greedily took all the comfort she was offering. Soon she felt her eyelids drooping, the rhythmic motion of Zelda’s hand on her back, the slow stroking of her hair and the quiet promises that the baby was perfectly safe and healthy, lulled Sabrina to sleep.

Zelda sighed and carefully untangled herself from her niece, picked up the kettle and empty cup and made her way back downstairs. It was only when she caught a glimpse of the clock that she realized how long it had been since Sabrina had arrived…and it made her wonder where in Satan’s name the girl’s husband was.

As if conjured by her thoughts, Nick burst into the kitchen, pale, sweaty and anxious. “Where is she? Are they okay?” The words rushed out of him and he peered around the kitchen searching for his wife.

“Sabrina and the baby are perfectly fine, nothing happened. Just a little spill, no harm done.” She reassured him, holding her hands up to placate him.

Nick slumped into the kitchen chair in relief. “I wasn’t sure, Pru said she’d been trying to find me for an hour. I wasn’t at the office, a demon banishment gone wrong pulled me out to Riverdale for most of the day. And you know how phones can set demons off, I’d left mine on my desk.” He dropped his head into his hands, “what if something had happened? And I wasn’t here?” He brought his eyes back to Zelda’s and they were pained.

“You can’t think like that. They are both fine. You will drive yourself mad with the what-ifs,” she murmured, placing a cup of calming tea in front of him and she took a seat at the table as well.

He shook his head, “I should’ve been there. I should’ve painted the nursery already. If I had she never would’ve been in the room with all those fumes…” He took a slug of tea, grimacing slightly at the scalding heat.

Zelda swallowed and then reached across the table and took his free hand. “Nicholas, you cannot blame yourself for not being able to protect Sabrina from everything. Trust me, I’ve done just that for decades and all it did was give me an ulcer and high blood pressure. I know you will always worry, will always want to protect her and the baby from all harm and I appreciate that more than you can
understand. But I also need you to know, that constant worrying and blaming yourself helps no one. I speak from experience.” She gave him a small smile and squeezed his hand.

Nick took a shuddering breath and nodded, “I understand. I can’t make any promises, but I understand. Will I—, could I come to you in the future to talk about this if I need to? Like you said, you have experience with worrying about Sabrina.”

“Of course,” Zelda replied, though her heart swooped a little at the suggestion, hoping to bond with the man who was essentially her son-in-law, even if it was over their mutual torment over Sabrina’s safety and wellbeing. She stood and moved around the table, “would you like to go see her now? She’s up in her old room.” Nick nodded and poured another cup of tea for Sabrina, but before he bounded up the stairs, he stopped.

Turning abruptly, Nick set down the tea and engulfed Zelda in a bear hug. “Thank you for taking care of my family.” He whispered, his arms tightening around her before he released her and was heading up to see Sabrina, tea back in hand.

Zelda cleared her throat and moved around the kitchen just cleaning random things up as she waited for the couple to come back down. After about fifteen minutes Nick trot back down, Sabrina in tow.

Upon seeing her aunt, Sabrina let go of Nick’s hand and hurried forward to be tucked into Zelda’s embrace the best she could with her large belly. “Thank you, Auntie Zee. I’m sorry I overreacted…” She pulled back with a slightly sheepish smile.

Shaking her head, Zelda placed her hands on Sabrina’s shoulders. “There is nothing for you to apologize for, any mother would have reacted as you did, darling. But, no more painting or manual labor, understood?”

Nick stepped forward, wrapped and arm around Sabrina’s waist and gave her a meaningful look, “yes, we’ve already discussed this upstairs.” He turned his attention to Zelda, “thank you again for taking care of them. You’re coming over Saturday, right?

“Hilda and I will both be there.” Zelda confirmed, looking forward to the get together with Nick’s side of the family. “Until then, take it easy, you’re at 10 months, final stretch but still some time to go.”

They both nodded, thanked and hugged her again before Nick teleported them home.

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Due Date

All things considered, the labor was moving along rather smoothly. Though Sabrina and Nick would hardly have agreed with her on that. As another contraction worked its way through her niece, Sabrina cursed Nick in every language she knew, all while crushing his hand in hers.

Zelda raised her brows, impressed and then they stayed up out of amusement when Nick retreated upstairs under the pretext of getting Sabrina ice during a lull in her contractions. She chuckled, “I didn’t think my language lessons had sunk in that well,” she teased, getting up and pulling her gloves off to throw them away. “Or did you just remember the curse words?” Zelda got some water and took a drink herself before offering it to Sabrina.

Sabrina laughed a little and accepted the cup. “Just because I don’t read a newspaper in a different language every day doesn’t mean I wasn’t paying attention to what you taught me.” She countered, wincing slightly and placing a hand on her stomach.
Collecting a cool cloth from the nearby table, Zelda gently wiped Sabrina’s brow. “You’re doing amazing, darling. You’re almost done.” She encouraged softly, and Sabrina’s eyes teared up.

Before she could respond, though, another contraction hit and it had a growl forcing itself through Sabrina’s clenched teeth. Zelda promptly took the cup of water away, snapped on a new pair of gloves and positioned herself back on her stool.

“Almost there, sweetheart, a few more big pushes…”

Nick arrived back just then and abandoned the cup of crushed ice in his hand and hurried back to Sabrina’s side.

Twenty minutes later and Zelda was scooping the babe up, clipping the umbilical cord and laying her on Sabrina’s chest in the matter of a minute. “Say hello to your daughter, sweetheart.” Zelda announced, though her voice wobbled a little with emotion.

“Oh, oh Satan, she’s perfect.” Nick murmured in awe, bending to run a cautious finger along his daughter’s skull.

And Sabrina just beamed and held the girl close, silent tears slipping down her face. “Hello Zelda,” she whispered, kissing the baby’s head carefully and laughing a little in disbelief that her child was finally there.

It took another 15 minutes or so until everything was done, and mom and baby were cleaned up and ready for visitors. Zelda brought everyone down to the basement and hung back as Hilda, Ambrose, Luke and Nick’s parents crowded around the little family; the new parents exhausted but flushed with happiness.

“How’s little Zee?” Ambrose asked, immediately drawn to Sabrina’s side, eyes wide in wonder as he took in the little girl. “Oh, coz, she’s beautiful. Good thing she takes after Nick.” He teased, only to yelp slightly when Hilda playfully smacked the back of his head.

“Oh hush, she’s perfect.” Hilda gushed, happily taking the baby when Sabrina offered her, and automatically swaying side to side as the baby nestled in her arms.

It was only then that Sabrina noticed how Zelda was hanging back, just looking at it all in. Sabrina held out her hand and looked at her aunt meaningfully. Zelda smiled and stepped forward to take it, allowing herself to be drawn into a tight hug.

“I couldn’t have done it without you, Aunt Zelda,” Sabrina breathed in her ear, softly so that the others couldn’t hear as they passed the baby around. “Any of it, not just this. Thank you, thank you for everything. I love you.”

Zelda didn’t know how to respond, just clumsily patted Sabrina’s cheek and kissed the top of her head. “I love you too, Sabrina.” They stood there smiling tearfully at one another for another moment before Zelda briskly wiped her eyes. “Alright,” she stated clearly, composure regained. “Let me see my namesake.” She smiled widely, holding out her arms expectantly for the baby. Nick’s father looked slightly put out about having to relinquish his granddaughter already but handed the girl over without pause or argument.

As she held the baby, Zelda couldn’t help the burst of love that went through her. It was similar to when she’d held Sabrina for the first time. “Hello, little Zee. I’m your Auntie Zelda, it’s nice to finally meet you.” She cooed and cuddled the baby, who yawned widely and settled against Zelda’s chest.
“Don’t you mean great aunt, Auntie Zee?” Ambrose remarked cheekily, and Zelda flicked one hand and the stool Ambrose was sitting on shot out from underneath him. And everyone laughed at his stunned expression.

Zelda arched a brow at him, “watch yourself, just because you’re almost a century and a half old doesn’t mean I can’t still ground you.” Ambrose just gaped at her from where he was still sitting on the ground and she laughed before turning her attention back to little Zee.

Had anyone told her decades ago that her life would be this full of love, family and laughter Zelda would have scoffed at them. But, as she lifted her gaze to sweep through the room, she couldn’t think of anywhere she would rather be then surrounded by family.
Chapter Summary

Another expansion request this one from Amanda: Sabrina and Nick having a little trouble adjusting to the new baby and come to the Aunties for help + some Zelda reassuring Sabrina

Zelda sat up abruptly, the perimeter spell having gone off. She quickly climbed out of bed and pulled her robe on as she walked down the hall to rap on Hilda’s door as she made her way downstairs. It was nearly 2:30 in the morning, there was no reason for anything to be setting off her wards. She could hear Hilda fumbling upstairs before another set of footsteps sounded on the stairs behind her.

“What is it, Zelda? It’s bloody 2:30!” Hilda exclaimed, irritated, hair mussed on one side as she tied her robe shut.

“The perimeter spells were triggered, whatever set them off should be arriving on our front porch right…about…now!” She flung the door open, each of them with a spell in hand and ready to throw.

A sleep deprived Nick and Sabrina simply gaped at them, Nick’s hand still raised to knock on the door.

Zelda sighed, “for Satan’s sake, what are you doing here?” She demanded, extinguishing her spell as Hilda did the same. Though from the way little Zee was crying she could guess the answer.

“She won’t stop.” Sabrina whispered desperately, bouncing slightly to try and soothe the wailing babe. “We’ve fed her, changed her, put her in her favorite nightie, sang her songs, rocked in the chair…. Aunties, we don’t know what to do. Is she sick? Did we do something wrong?”

Hilda made soothing hushing noises and ushered in the little family and directed them to the kitchen where she put the kettle on.

Shutting the door and following, Zelda couldn’t help but ask, “why didn’t you just call? Or astral project? We would’ve come to you, no need for you to travel all the way here. Even teleportation with a fussy infant isn’t pleasant.”

Their niece and her husband exchanged a befuddled look, “why didn’t we call? We, we didn’t even think…. Satan, I’m sorry Aunties, we’re just so tired. We can’t even think straight.” Sabrina explained, and the bloodshot appearance and purple half moons under their eyes evidenced that that much was true. Hilda smiled empathetically and guided each of them to a seat, which they each collapsed into gratefully.

“Here,” Zelda held out her arms and Sabrina handed over her daughter quickly, the hope in her eyes clearly depicting that she wanted her child to be at peace and happy and would do anything to make that happen. Zelda cast a quick diagnostic spell on her namesake and waited a moment for the results to appear. “Little Zee is perfectly healthy,” she informed the two, who slumped in relief in their seats.

Nick shook his head then, “what’s the matter then? Why is she, why is she still crying?” His voice cracked slightly, and he ran his hand through his hair.
Nodding, Hilda took the babe from Zelda and carefully turned her over, resting her forearm under little Zee’s belly and gently supporting her head with her upturned hand. She then began to alternate between rubbing soothing circles and tapping gentle patterns along the girl’s back as she swayed side to side. Little Zee hiccupped, then whimpered for a moment but soon fell silent.

The young parents sat stunned and didn’t move. Zelda smiled and removed the kettle before it could start whistling and poured them all some tea.

“How?” Nick asked hoarsely, looking at Hilda in wonder. Before she could reply, however, Sabrina pushed away from the table and fled to the other room, a distinct sniffle was heard before she was gone.

Zelda waved Nick back into his seat and placed a cup of tea in front of him. “I’ve got her, drink your tea and Hilda will share her secrets.” She patted Nick on the shoulder and then followed her niece to the parlor, another cup of tea in her hand; which she set down upon entering the room.

Sabrina was standing in the corner, hand pressed over her mouth, trying to stifle her sobs. When she heard Zelda come in, she just shook her head and hurried into her aunt’s open arms. “What’s wrong with me? Why couldn’t I help my own daughter? We tried for hours and nothing helped and two seconds here and she’s happy and calm.” The words poured out of her and she clung to Zelda tightly. “What if that means I wasn’t meant to be a mom? I can’t even comfort Zee enough to stop her crying, what will I do when it’s more serious?”

“Stop that nonsense,” Zelda instructed firmly, pulling back to frame Sabrina’s face and wipe some of her tears. “Hilda and I are centuries old and have almost as much experience with babies because of our midwifery business. We’ve learned more than a thing or two. This is your first go, of course you don’t know everything. But there’s a steep learning curve, you’ll have this in no time.”

When Sabrina’s chin trembled and it looked as though she was going to argue, Zelda continued. “Do you know why Hilda knew exactly what to do?” Sabrina shook her head. “Because that is what we used to do with you when you wouldn’t stop crying.” She tucked Sabrina’s hair back and smiled softly. “It’s what I used to do with Hilda when she was a babe and it’s what my mother did with me and your father. An old Spellman trick, I guess you could call it, passed down through the generations to soothe Spellman babes.”

Zelda led Sabrina over to the couch and handed her the soothing tea she’d carried in with her. Sabrina nodded in thanks and drank it slowly, inhaling deeply to calm herself. “I hadn’t thought to teach it to you, darling, I’m sorry. It’s one of those things that slips your mind until you need it. And I hadn’t needed it in decades. Your Aunt Hilda is teaching Nick now and when you’re up for it, we’ll go rejoin them and we’ll teach you, how’s that sound?”

“But what, what if that doesn’t make a difference? What if it’s me? What if she just doesn’t like me?” Sabrina whispered, tears starting to trek down her cheeks again.

Zelda cocked her head sympathetically and took Sabrina’s hand between hers. “The fact that you are so worried, that you so badly want to be a good mother means that you will be, sweetheart. You only want what’s best for little Zee, right?”

Sabrina nodded earnestly, “of course! That’s why I wanted to bring her here to you and Auntie Hilda. You both always knew what to do, how to help me, comfort me and I was right to come. Look at what happened—”

Chuckling Zelda and interrupted gently, “do you know how often we had no idea what we were doing? We knew babies, it was part of our job, but you were only a baby for what seemed like a
minute and then we were completely out of our depths. Your Aunt Hilda and I learned through trial and error, just like any parent did... just like you will. Oh Sabrina, darling, I love you and I know you love that little girl in there more than anything and that will get you far. Don’t doubt yourself so much, alright?” She touched Sabrina’s cheek and her niece nodded before encompassing Zelda in a tight hug.

“Thank you, auntie, that means so much to me.” She murmured and then pulled back, “can you teach me the old Spellman trick now?”

The two made their way back into the kitchen and found only Hilda there, “where...?” Sabrina began to ask, hands coming up.

Hilda smiled and took another sip of her tea, “Nick fell asleep in his chair and little Zee followed soon after. I teleported Nick to your old room and little Zee is asleep in your old crib in mine. Go join him, love, you both need some sleep. Zelds and I will look after little Zee for the rest of the night and in the morning, Zelda can teach you that little trick, hmm?” Sabrina sighed in relief and kissed each aunt on the cheek before trudging up the stairs to sleep.

Zelda exchanged a look with Hilda and the sisters smiled knowingly at one another and soon made their way up the stairs; Zelda’s arm around Hilda’s shoulders and Hilda’s around her waist.

“We did alright, didn’t we?” Zelda asked quietly, when they neared Hilda’s door.

Hilda squeezed Zelda’s waist, “I think we did more than alright, Zelds. I think we raised a wonderful girl.”

Smiling, Zelda turned towards her own room. “We did. Night sister, let me know if you or little Zee need anything.” Hilda nodded and the sisters parted ways and went into their respective rooms.
Faustus swallowed and straightened his suit jacket minutely. He'd been the director of the unholy choir at the academy for two weeks now, it was to be expected that the high priestess and headmistress come and evaluate one of his classes; to ensure he was doing an adequate job.

He just hadn't expected to feel so nervous about the evaluation. Around anyone else he was calm, calculating, cold even. But around Zelda Spellman, well, even just thinking her name did things to him. Faustus couldn't say what it was, he'd bedded more than his fair share of witches and warlocks in his century and a half... but the high priestess sent shivers coursing through him, made his head spin and had him half hard with just a look. More than once he wondered whether she was a succubus, her lure that strong, the lust she inspired that deep. Though, if he was being honest with himself, Faustus might admit that it was primarily her closeness with the Dark Lord that moved him.

That, that and Zelda Spellman was an undeniably powerful, brilliant and gorgeous woman. The dresses she wore were entirely appropriate for her position as high priestess and headmistress. And yet, they were sinfully sexual at the same time. The fabric clung to her curves and left so much and yet so little to the imagination. Faustus knew he wasn't the only one to stare at or after her, he'd heard more than one staff member talk about the witch in wistful tones, and even more students fumbled and blushed in her presence.

So, he wasn't surprised, when she appeared in his classroom moments before the students arrived in another one of those dresses, that his heart started to pound. "Mother Spellman," he greeted courteously, nodding at her, proud of his collected facade.

"Brother Blackwood," she returned, walking leisurely around the room and inspecting what he'd done with the space as students filtered in. Some of them tripped or ran into one another when they realized that the headmistress was inspecting their class, though he knew he'd warned them. A few of his younger students blushed furiously and quickly took their places, heads lowered to hide their flaming cheeks.

Faustus couldn't help but chuckle softly, how the high priestess managed to teach her various courses without the students falling over themselves both physically and verbally he had no idea. When the bell rang to signal the start of the period, he was pleased at how his students fell silent immediately.
"As you can all see," he swept an arm over to indicate to the high priestess, "headmistress Spellman has joined us for class today. Let’s show her what we have learned and been practicing, shall we?"

The students stood a little straighter and Faustus felt a surge of pride move through him at how eager they were to perform well. Meanwhile, Zelda leaned against his desk, arms crossed and face neutral as they began to warm up and then sing.

He couldn't help but glimpse over at her every now and then and could have sworn he saw a small smile grace her red-painted lips at least once. Then, one of his baritones missed an important note, and peals of laughter broke out among the group.

"Enough, enough." He remarked, regaining control quickly. Faustus then demonstrated to his poor student how to properly sing that portion, his own voice rising and falling with ease. He didn't miss how Zelda's eyes slid shut during his part, or how they were a shade darker when they slowly reopened. He swallowed hard and managed to refocus long enough to tell the students their homework and remind them to practice before the bell rang once more and they were scurrying away.

Zelda hadn't moved, didn't say a word until the last student disappeared and the door swung shut. It was only then that he was brave enough to face her, and his mouth went dry at the vision of her leaning regally against his desk, a hand on either side of her as she watched him intently.

"You have good control over your classroom, Brother Blackwood, and I must admit that the unholy choir has never sounded better."

Feeling more than a little reckless and emboldened by her stare, Faustus took several measured steps towards her, maintaining eye contact. "Thank you, Mother Spellman, that is a high compliment, especially coming from one such as yourself." He was now merely a few feet from her and if the way her eyes flickered up and down his body was any indication, she wanted this as much as he did.

"Well, I knew you could sing when I hired you, but hearing it again... Well, let's just say I now have a better understanding of why some of your students swoon over you." She remarked, trailing her fingers along the desk and tilting her head at him.

"A better understanding?" He repeated, moving to take another step when her glare rooted him to the spot. She then nodded at the chair in front of his desk and Faustus promptly sat, though a little confused and put out.

She smirked, "don't pretend you aren't aware of how attractive you are, Faustus." She leveraged herself up onto the desk and perched on the edge, the skirt of her dress riding up a bit at the movement. His eyes traced up her legs involuntarily before snapping back to her eyes and the wicked gleam there told him he'd done exactly what she'd intended him to do.

"As long as you don't pretend either," he challenged boldly, and his statement surprised a laugh from her.

"Faustus," she purred deliciously, "I know exactly how attractive I am," she swept her hair over one shoulder, baring the creamy skin of her neck. "And I know exactly how to use it when I want to." And it was the second time she'd said his first name in as many minutes, and it had him inching to the edge of his chair.

He cleared his throat, "and you, you want to use it now, Zelda?" It was the first time he'd ever called her anything other than one of her titles and it was far more intoxicating than when he called out her name while he serviced himself in bed.
She eyed him hungrily but her tone was sharp when she responded, "that's high priestess or your excellency, Faustus, let's not forget ourselves."

The reminder of her position of power sent a jolt straight to his groin and he had to stifle a moan. "Yes, yes of course your excellency." He bowed his head slightly, though he didn't miss how her tongue flicked over her lips at his use of her title. Faustus hid a smile, so she got off on this as well, praise Satan, what had he done to deserve this?

Her responding smile at his eagerness was sinful and when she raised a heeled foot and hooked it over his shoulder Faustus' heart about stopped. "Let's see how good of a choir teacher you really are... make me sing your praises, Faustus." She ordered huskily, pressing him down onto his knees before her with her foot.

He happily complied, and when her dress split neatly up the middle to reveal that she wore nothing underneath, Faustus shivered, and his cock hardened. "Satan help me," he groaned, hands coming up automatically to clutch at her smooth, bare legs.

Zelda chuckled lowly, "even he can't help you now." She murmured, brow arched, before tangling her hands in his hair and burying his face between her thighs. And all Faustus could think before losing himself to the pleasure completely, was that kneeling before Zelda was far better than kneeling before the Dark Lord.

Chapter End Notes

Covers face, I hope that wasn't too bad. It was out of my usual fic comfort zone. So, thank you for pushing me to write something I normally wouldn't be brave enough to try.
After, she’d cleaned herself up and repaired her dress with a wave of her hand and was out the door almost indecently fast, a “have a good weekend, Faustus” thrown over her shoulder as she exited.

He’d still been kneeling on the ground where she’d left him, mouth slightly open and chin slick. When the door clicked shut, however, he regained himself and flicked his wrist to lock the door before promptly settling in his desk chair and divesting himself of his pants. Faustus sighed in relief once free of them, the straining against the fabric had gotten somewhat painful towards the end.

Faustus wasted no time in servicing himself, wanting to finish while the feel of her was still imprinted on his skin, his lips, while the sounds of the moans he’d elicited from her still echoed in his ears and he could still taste her on his tongue. It didn’t take much, or long, before he was reaching his own climax, a “Zelda” wrenched from his lips without his permission. Taking a ragged breath, he cleaned himself up and pulled up his pants. He then sat there, spent, for some time trying to comprehend what had happened in the past 45 minutes. He couldn’t help the grin that unfurled on his face.

The high priestess, Zelda, he corrected, he was alone and could use her first name all he liked, had come to him for pleasure. The Dark Lord’s representative had chosen him. Well, if he was being honest, she’d used him. But dear Satan, it was the most glorious way to be used and he’d gladly submit to it again.

Summoning some energy, Faustus teleported himself home, and perhaps spent too much of his weekend reliving the events on Friday.

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Come Monday, she acted as though nothing had happened, as though he wasn’t now intimately familiar with a certain part of her body. So, Faustus followed suit, perhaps a little sulkily, but he knew broaching the topic first was out of the question. Best to follow her lead… as he always did, and maybe she’d grace him with her company once more; if he was lucky.

He’d thought he’d made an excellent impression, one that would encourage her to come back—the strength of her orgasm and the slight flush on her cheeks and chest still present even as she left had reassured him of that. Faustus’ doubts grew, though, as the week went on and she did no more than acknowledge him as she did every other teacher. He’d begun to come to terms, very disappointingly, with the fact that it had been a one-time thing when she summoned him to her office at the end of the day on Thursday.

Faustus’ heart hammered as he walked through the halls after the last bell had rung and the students made for the dining hall. He knew he shouldn’t be this nervous, this excited, to be alone with her again. She was hardly the first person he’d bedded and given how their last encounter played out he couldn’t even say that she was the best he’d ever had. And yet, here he was, a nervous mess at the mere thought of being with her again. He took a calming breath as he came to a stop outside her door, if she sensed his over eagerness she’d surely turn him away.
Knocking twice, he waited and then the door swung open to admit him. She was sitting behind her desk, working on something as he entered, and she took a moment before looking up at him.

“Ahh, Brother Blackwood, thank you for coming. I wanted to ask if you’d be willing to help me with something.” She indicated for him to take a seat.

Faustus’ mind dove into lecherous territory without hesitation, though he was quick to rein himself in, she’d shown no inclination of moving out from behind her desk. “How can I be of assistance, Mother Spellman?”

To his immense disappointment, she went on to explain that one of the other teachers was taking leave to care for a family member and she wanted to know if he’d teach the demonology classes; seeing as he’d earned top marks in the class during his time at the academy.

“Of, of course, Mother Spellman, I’d be happy to help. Demonology was a favorite class of mine, I look forward to revisiting the subject.”

“Marvelous, thank you.” She nodded at him and he’d clearly been dismissed and yet he hesitated. It was the first time he’d been alone with her since their previous dalliance and he loathed to pass up the opportunity. But, not wanting to overstep, he stood slowly and made his way to the door. Only, when he reached for the knob an audible click sounded from the lock.

The sound sent his heart racing and he carefully turned to find Zelda stalking towards him, a smirk on her lips. “I couldn’t help but tease you a bit, Faustus.” She murmured, eyes glittering with mischief as she trailed her fingers up his chest before shoving him back.

He sat abruptly, the couch sitting against the wall by the door catching the backs of his knees. His breath quickened as Zelda continued her slow, predatorial approach, her fingers undoing the buttons on her jacket deftly.

A powerful wave of desire crashed through him and it took a concentrated effort not to speed up her actions by pulling her into his lap, kissing her hotly and ridding her of her clothes himself. She dropped the jacket onto the ground and cocked her head at him.

“You know you are free to go, if you should choose, Faustus. I’m by no means obligating you to be here, to do this. Not as your boss, not as your high priestess. I have no interest in someone who feels forced to be with me. Do you want—”

“Yes.”

She chuckled and unzipped her dress, letting it pool on the floor, leaving her in her heels, stockings, garter and lingerie that would’ve given a weaker man a heart attack. “I didn’t finish my question.”

“I want this. You.”

Suddenly the distance between them was gone and she was straddling his lap, his hands happily came up and locked onto her hips. “That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.” She breathed, and with a snap of her fingers their clothes were gone.

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He was breathing heavily, a sheen of sweat on his chest, hair a mess and skin covered in marks. Slumped on the couch, he couldn’t help but laugh at his past self. Before walking into this room he’d tried to convince himself that Zelda’s draw on him was disproportionate to their interactions, that he couldn’t even say that she was the best he’d ever had…. That was no longer something he could
pretend was true.

When they’d finished, she’d stood up almost immediately and walked over to her desk to light a cigarette. Faustus wasn’t even sure how she was moving. His legs seemed incapable of such a feat, and he knew for a fact that her legs had still been trembling when she stood. Sheer willpower alone must have held her upright.

She glanced at him then and smirked. “You’re looking thoroughly debauched, Faustus.” She remarked throatily, voice slightly ravaged from their recent activities, taking a drag of nicotine.

And he wished he could say the same about her. Wished that her hair was a mess from running his hands through it, wished she bore his love bites and that scratches adorned that gorgeous skin of hers. But he hadn’t listened very well when they first started, the allure of her too strong. So, she’d ‘punished’ him for it. She’d frozen his torso and arms, hands stuck torturously at his sides while hers roamed his body freely and marked him as she saw fit.

Zelda had grinned wickedly at his noise of surprise and annoyance and redoubled her efforts as she moved above him. Not that his lower body didn’t thoroughly enjoy the experience, but the inability to touch her had nearly driven him mad. He’d known the counter spell to release his upper body, was aware that she knew he knew; if anything this knowledge seemed to make the entire thing all the more fun for her.

And still he’d been tempted to use that spell, even if it meant further punishment. He’d desperately wanted to fill his hands with her hair, her soft flesh, and be as greedy as she was being. As if she’d sensed his internal conflict, Zelda had wrapped her arms around his neck, pressed herself against his chest and bent next to his ear.

“Warlocks are supposed to listen to their high priestess, Faustus.” She’d been too happy to croon the reminder in his ear. “Perhaps next time you’ll listen better and get to participate a little more.” His hips snapped up a little faster to meet hers at the mere mention of a next time and she’d moaned beautifully into his ear before biting his neck in retaliation and riding herself to her peak; in hindsight, he’d been lucky she let him finish.

Her chuckle brought him back to the present. “You can free yourself now.” She blew smoke out of the corner of her mouth and eyed him. Faustus muttered the spell and shifted slightly to get more comfortable but made no move to get up, and this seemed to please her even further. “And here I thought you’d have more stamina.” She teased, eyes gleaming as she returned to the couch and sank onto the cushion next to him, one leg tucked underneath her.

Faustus wanted to wrap an arm around her, pull her into him and just revel in how her body fit perfectly when pressed against his. He refrained, knowing this wasn’t that kind of relationship and he didn’t want to appear too attached to her.

The high priestess had her pick of anyone from the coven… and neighboring covens if the envious and lustful looks he’d seen shot her way during a joint coven celebration the other month was any indication, and he didn’t want to give her any reason to go to someone else.

Not that he’d ever know if she did. From all Faustus could tell she was either highly selective in her sexual partners or extremely discreet, perhaps both. Though why she felt the need to be either he was unsure. She wasn’t married, wasn’t engaged to anyone. It didn’t matter who she fucked or how publicly.

No, he would have to work to keep her interested, and he was more than willing to put in the time and effort to do just that. “Oh, believe me, your excellency, I have much more in me. I just, just need
a moment.” He replied, raising an eyebrow a little cockily and placed a tentative hand on her thigh and stroked his thumb along the skin there.

Her lips curled up and she offered him her cigarette, he took it with his free hand, purposely brushing his fingers along hers before taking a draw; placing his lips where her lipstick had left a faint imprint. As he smoked, she lifted a hand and carded it through his mussed hair. The tender gesture surprised him, though he was careful not to let it show.

“Zelda,” she offered softly, and he could feel her watching him for a reaction. He knew he should remain neutral, that appearing too excited by this concession would likely have her taking others to bed instead of him. But he couldn’t help how the corner of his mouth tugged up.

“Zelda,” he repeated quietly, turning his head to meet her eyes.

“After. When we’re like this,” she clarified, taking her cigarette back. And he nodded, willing to follow whatever rules she wanted to put in place.

He leaned in then, emboldened by her allowance of her first name and needing to touch her, he kissed along her neck, nipping and licking lazily. She sighed and tilted her head to give him better access, cigarette held off to the side, out of the way. He pressed closer, his one hand creeping around her waist to pull her in while the other buried itself into her hair, lightly tugging.

She gasped quietly at his actions and permitted him to press her back into the cushions, his hands and mouth exploring everything they’d been denied before. She chuckled moments later, when she felt his hardened length press against her thigh.

“Stamina indeed,” she murmured, wrapping her legs around his waist and letting him take charge for round two.
Hilda had been equal parts anxious and excited about tonight. It had been a week since Dr. Cee had kissed her on the porch steps after the ‘tornado’. She’d felt exhilarated, not only had she held off the ancient witches on her own once her family had all been whisked away, but she’d also been kissed for the first time in decades. Hilda had been riding that high all week and when Dr. Cee asked her if she would like to get dinner and see a movie she’d promptly agreed.

But now that her date night was actually here, Hilda wasn’t sure how she was going to get away with being gone all night without Zelda noticing. Though her sister was rather preoccupied with little Leticia, she wasn’t oblivious. That did not mean that Hilda intended to tell Zelda about where she was going or with whom. She’d just risk her sister’s ire when she got back.

Which is why Hilda was creeping quietly down the stairs and sneaking to the front door. She’d have teleported to behind the restaurant to avoid even the risk of Zelda seeing her leave, but Dr. Cee had been insistent on picking her up—something to do with chivalry.

To Hilda’s dismay, she caught sight of Zelda sitting in the parlor, book in one hand as she rocked Leticia in her bassinet with the other. But Zelda seemed absorbed in what she was doing and hadn’t so much as glanced up as Hilda made her way to the first floor. She managed to get to the front door before a voice rang out.

“Where are you going?” Zelda asked, not even looking up from her book.

Hilda froze, hand on the door knob. “Just, just going to work, Zelds. We got an extra shipment in.”

She tried to lie, shoulders hunching and squeezing her eyes shut before peeking one open to see if Zelda believed her.

“If that was true, you’d be wearing that ridiculous costume.” Zelda remarked, lowering her book and cocking her head. “Want to try that again?”

Fully entering the parlor, Hilda nervously played with the clasp on her purse before straightening her shoulders. “Well, if you must know, I have a date.” She declared boldly. This was to be a nice night, she wasn’t going to let Zelda’s sometimes acerbic words take that away from her.

Zelda cocked an eyebrow, “I gathered as much, that is a lovely dress, you don’t waste that on something as mundane as work. Who is the lucky witch or warlock?”

Hilda was struck silent by the casual compliment, though she really shouldn’t be, ever since their encounter with the sleep demon Zelda had been kinder to her. Then her sister’s other words registered, and she couldn’t fight the faint blush that crept up her cheeks. While Zelda and many other witches saw pleasure as pleasure no matter which gender it came from, Hilda had never quite ascribed to the same philosophy. She’d always found that she preferred men.

“It’s, it’s actually Dr. Cee. From the bookstore.” She muttered, her bravado from moments before leaking away now that she had to admit that she was dating a mortal.

“Oh, well,” Zelda set her book down completely. “That complicates things.” And before Hilda could muster up an argument, Zelda continued. “Now I’ll have to come up with an entirely new way to threaten him if he hurts you.”
Words died on Hilda’s lips and she deflated a bit, realizing that she wasn’t going to have to fight with her sister about this. “I—, what?”

“Well, I certainly can’t threaten him with curses, hexes and transformations into various amphibians if he’s a mortal, now can I?” She fell quiet for a moment, as if contemplating her options. “No matter, I’ll figure it out.” Zelda waved her hand and picked her book back up, leaving Hilda stunned.

Knowing she was pressing her luck, but unable to leave without asking, “you, you don’t care that he’s a mortal?” She inquired, once more fiddling with her purse clasp.

Turning a page, Zelda replied in a bored tone. “You’re almost 208 years old, Hilda. You can have your dalliances with whomever you like. Satan knows you’re overdue for some… fun.” She lifted her gaze to smirk at her sister and then returned her attention to her book. “Just remember our laws, your excommunication does not give you immunity from everything. Besides, it’s not as though I’m currently on any kind of moral high ground.” Her eyes flickered to where Leticia lay, gurgling happily in her cradle—yes, kidnapping the high priest’s baby certainly outweighed dating a mortal.

Hilda nodded, a smile tugging at her lips and a warmth blooming inside her at Zelda’s approval, as she made for the door once more.

“Oh, sister?”

She turned and the smile slipped a little at Zelda’s expression. “Yes, Zelds?” She asked warily.

“Do you call him Doctor while in bed together?” Zelda smiled wickedly and the comment made Hilda blush furiously and had her yanking the door open and exiting quickly, Zelda’s laughter at her reaction following her out.

Chapter End Notes

Because Hilda deserves to be happy, dammit! Hope you enjoyed :)


“Say Auntie Zee, Auntie Zee.” Zelda prompted, bouncing Sabrina slightly on her lap, causing the girl to giggle and grin. “Is that too much?” She asked, tickling her niece under the chin. “How about, just Zee? That’s doable, come on Sabrina, say Zee.”

Ambrose strolled into the parlor and came to a stop behind her. “Auntie, her first word isn’t going to be Zee.” He remarked confidently, making a silly face that had Sabrina shrieking with joy.

“And why’s that?” Zelda asked, a little haughtily.

“Because her first word is going to be coz, isn’t it, Sabrina?” He intoned, wiggling his eyebrows at her. Sabrina laughed again and tried to move her own eyebrows in imitation but only managed to raise them up—much to the adults’ amusement.

Zelda turned partially to face Ambrose, “coz?” She repeated, unconvinced.

He rounded the couch and joined Zelda, Sabrina immediately clambering onto his lap and he grinned smugly at his aunt. “I’ve acknowledged that Ambrose is a bit long for an 8-month old to say. And cousin isn’t much better, but coz… it has a nice ring to it, don’t you think?” Ambrose carefully tipped Sabrina back so she was momentarily upside down before lifting her back upright. “Right coz? Come on, Sabrina, say coz, coz.” He encouraged her with a wide smile, but Sabrina just smiled and shook her head.

Hilda walked in then, stripping her gardening gloves and stowing them in her apron pocket. “Hello everyone, what are we doing?” She asked, smiling at Sabrina when the girl caught sight of her.

Before either of them could respond, Sabrina reached for Hilda and exclaimed, “Hilly!”

Beaming, Hilda snatched the girl up from Ambrose’s lap and kissed her cheeks and forehead. “Was that your first word?! Oh, Satan, it was wasn’t it?” She glanced at Ambrose and Zelda for confirmation and when they just looked back at her sullenly, Hilda turned her attention back to Sabrina. “Say it again, love, go on.”

“Hilly!” Sabrina crowed, hugging her aunt.

“Oho, what a smart girl! Oh, lamb, soon you’ll be talking up a storm. Would you—” and Hilda kept talking as she carried Sabrina into the kitchen for a snack.
Zelda and Ambrose sat on the couch for a moment longer in stunned silence. Zelda cleared her throat, “well, it’s likely because Hilda feeds her the most.”

Ambrose nodded in agreement, “yeah, sounds right.” He tapped his fingers against his thighs for a few seconds before standing abruptly. “So, we agree that we don’t tell Aunt Hilda that we were competing to see what Sabrina’s first words would be?”

“Of course,” Zelda replied, lighting a cigarette. Ambrose nodded again and left to head upstairs. Zelda watched him leave and took another drag of nicotine. Though put out that Sabrina had said Hilda’s name, she was also privately happy for her sister; not that she’d ever say as much.

Chapter End Notes

I see them as often vying for little Sabrina's attention and being ridiculously competitive about everything.... and of course Zelda and Ambrose are sore losers :)
The Many Names of Zelda Spellman

Chapter Summary

Zelda had been known by many things throughout her decades of life, some she loved, others she could certainly have done without.

1. Her parents called her Zelda, or when they scolded her, which was often, Zelda Fiona—ever formal and ever demanding perfection. Their…. suggestions did not leave much room for failure or disappointment.

_Zelda, sit up straight. Zelda Fiona, a lady _never_ makes a scene. Zelda Fiona a lady keeps her emotions in check, only show them when you can use them to your advantage. Keep your cards close to your chest, Zelda, and no one can hurt you. Really, Zelda, I’m trying to work with your brothers on their spell work, go out to the garden and assist your mother._

How Zelda had come to loathe her middle name, to loathe the garden where she’d so often been banished. Not that she’d ever let anyone know. Some lessons had sunk in deep, buried their claws into her very being and there was no uprooting them now without shaking her very foundation.

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2. Edward called her sweet sister. Though by the time she was older there was very little left about her that anyone would consider sweet—her parents’ lessons a little too deeply ingrained for her to appear anything but aloof. But Edward had called her sweet sister regardless, as if he were trying to soothe the verbal wounds their parents inflicted. As if trying to let her know that emotions were acceptable, that she didn’t always have to be prim and proper.

But then he was gone. Off to the academy, off to become an acolyte, off to be high priest… and there was no one left to soften the verbal lashings then. And then he was dead, and no one had called her sweet since.

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3. Hilda called her Zelds. Almost always accompanied by a smile and tenderness that Zelda never deserved. Even when Hilda exclaimed “Zelds” with an exasperated sigh it still managed to break through the armor surrounding Zelda’s heart and warm it.

How her sister came to be such a kind and caring witch when they had the same parents, Zelda had no idea. But she was immensely grateful for it and her sister… not that she could ever bring herself to say as much out loud.

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4. The kids called her Auntie Zee, in sweet voices that were music to her ears. Ambrose had started it, he’d meant to be teasing—calling his straight-laced aunt by a nickname seemed like daring fun. But Zelda had loved it from the first, sensing this, Ambrose had smiled and began to call her Auntie Zee with genuine kindness and love. He even made sure to teach it to Sabrina. So, the meant to be teasing nickname became endearing and it stuck, much to Zelda’s pleasure.
5. The coven called her Sister Zelda. Respecting her, the Spellman family name, and her power. But it was no longer said warmly, as it had been for decades. The tone no longer invited her to join conversations or planning groups for coven holidays. Now it was distant. The recent ‘disgraces’ of the Spellman family a taint on her as well. Sabrina’s rejection of her dark baptism, Hilda’s excommunication, her own participation in an exorcism.

What surprised her, was that she cared far less about what the coven thought of her and her family than she had before. She found herself wanting to tell them exactly where they could put their stiff, aloof greetings and titles. But she resisted.

6. The students called her Professor Spellman, equal amounts of fear and awe in their voices as they passed her in the hall or entered her class. Zelda discovered that she loved teaching and that her method of being strict but fair was well received among the students.

So much so, that when she began teaching Russian and a midwife course as well, the waitlist for both was astounding—Faustus had been baffled. But she had swelled with pride, though midwifery had been her calling, perhaps being a professor was a close second.

7. Faustus called her Zels. When they were alone. When he wanted to be soft and endearing—which was more often than she’d ever anticipated. The nickname would fall from his lips tenderly as he wrapped himself around her, holding her close.

She’d laugh and call him sentimental and mortal every time he acted this way, unwilling to admit that it had her melting; though she suspected he knew. She soon found herself seeking out opportunities to be alone with him more, wanting to hear the name only he called her more and more. She was stunned when he obliged.

8. Leticia… Leticia called her mom.

It had taken some getting used to. The first time had been when Leticia was almost one, the little girl had grinned and reached for her, calling out ‘mama’. Zelda had burst into tears. Sabrina had alluded to the fact a few times that Zelda was like a mother, had accidently called her mom on occasion… but Leticia, Leticia called her mommy, and mom and it was a title that Zelda had craved for so long, and it fit so naturally.

But, when Leticia was ten, Zelda had sat her down and explained to her girl that she was adopted—heart in her throat the entire time. Though she hated telling her the truth, she did not want Leticia stumbling across it somewhere else. Terror filled her as Leticia mulled over the information, every single possible reaction flitting through Zelda’s head as she waited for Leticia to respond.

Finally, Leticia looked at her, brow furrowed. “So, the only reason you’re not really my mom is because you didn’t give birth to me… right?”

Zelda swallowed hard, “right.” She tried to smile encouragingly but was sure it came out as more of a grimace.
“Oh, well, that doesn’t matter. You’re my mom. You’ve loved me and taken care of me my entire life, that’s what moms do, that’s what makes you a mom. Not growing a baby in your belly. I’d want you to be my mom no matter what.” Leticia announced this so easily, as if all of Zelda’s concerns had been for naught. And they had been.

“Letty, love, thank you!” She gasped softly, eyes shining as she pulled her daughter into a tight hug.

Leticia returned the hug, but asked, in a slightly confused tone, “for what?”

Pulling back slightly and framing the girl’s face, Zelda replied. “Just, just for being you, sweetheart. I love you, so, so much.”

“I love you too, mom.” Leticia grinned and pecked her on the cheek before popping up from the couch and running off for some activity or another.

Wiping away a few tears, Zelda couldn’t help but think that ‘mom’ was the best thing that anyone had ever called her.
Meet Cute

Chapter Summary

AU where Zelda & Faustus are married and the twins (16 yrs old) are theirs.

Chapter Notes

**Meet Cute: an amusing or charming first encounter between two characters that leads to the development of a romantic relationship between them.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The twins were sprawled on the floor and couch in the parlor doing homework, Zelda had joined them not long after they started and settled into her favorite chair with a book.

“Mom?”

Zelda glanced up from her book, expecting a question about charms. “Yes, Leticia?”

The girl sat up straight on the couch, and picked at her nails. “How did you and dad meet?”

“Is this part of your schoolwork?” She asked in return, eyebrow raised, already knowing the answer.

Judas chuckled from his position on the floor, “no! Letty just wants to know how you know you’ve met the one.” He clasped his hands under his chin and batted his eyelashes teasingly.

Letty aimed a kick at him, “do not!”

Unable to help the smile that crept to her lips, Zelda put her book down. “Letty,” she murmured softly, recapturing her daughter’s attention. “Is there someone you like?”

Looking horrified at potentially having to share, Leticia denied the claim. “No! I just want to know how you and dad met! Is that such a weird thing for a child to ask?” Judas snorted but didn’t say anything, only rolled away when Letty tried to kick him again.

“If you really want to know, we met my first year at the academy. I’d tested into the classes a year above me and Edward was quite proud. Kept bragging about how his younger sister was so smart.” 

Zelda shook her head at the memory, a smile tugging at the corner of her lips. “Well, your father and Edward had this ridiculous rivalry. And because Edward was so proud of me, Faustus thought that if he could take me down, he might get to Edward that way. It was the third week into term and I was leaving my dueling class when your father called out that he doubted I could cast an offensive spell with any skill. That I’d only gotten into the higher-level courses because I was a Spellman.”

The twins shared a look of mixed horror and excitement, knowing that what came next could only end poorly for their father.

Zelda smirked, having seen their raised brows. “Faustus challenged me in front of half the academy.
And he purposely closed the distance between us so that he could stand close and use our height
difference to make me look weak.”

“Bad move,” Judas laughed under his breath, sitting up cross-legged now.

Lifting a brow in acknowledgement, she continued. “Well, I wasn’t about to let your father get away
with that. I told him I didn’t even need a spell to beat him… and then I punched him in the face.”
Zelda stated this matter of factly, a small nostalgic grin on her face.

“What?!” Leticia broke in, stunned. Judas merely stared at her in awe.

“Yes, gave him a bloody nose and he staggered back—though that was more likely from surprise.”
Zelda chuckled, rubbing her knuckles as if she still felt the impact. “The headmaster was far from
happy, but it at least hadn’t turned into a full out duel in the corridor so he settled for calling my
father to come and pick me up for fighting, said I could come back the next day. Classes were done
for the day anyway, it was more to ensure that we didn’t try and go after one another after hours than
a punishment.

Grandfather Spellman really couldn’t have cared less that I’d punched someone. But he was irritated
at having his day interrupted and having to come pick me up and then drop me off again in the
morning. And he knew that one way to punish me would be to make me apologize; especially if I
wasn’t in the wrong. And though I argued with him, he said we weren’t leaving until I told Faustus I
was sorry.”

Judas smirked, “bet that went well.” He leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees, eager for
the rest of the story.

Zelda shook her head at her son, “however, when Faustus rejoined us, his nose a little swollen and
sporting a mild black eye, he refused to be apologized to.” The twins sat back, surprised, and
exchanged a glance, though they didn’t interrupt. “Your father claimed that I had proved him wrong
and that I didn’t need to apologize. He looked at me then and grinned, before reaching out and
shaking my hand. Said, ‘you’re alright, Spellman,’ and walked off to dinner.”

“What happened then?” Letty inquired, leaning against the armrest.

“Naturally, we became best friends, much to my family’s chagrin, especially Edward’s.” Zelda
informed them, and ignoring how they both chimed ‘naturally’ in teasingly mocking tones, she
continued. “We got into all kinds of trouble, and your father and I pushed one another to test the
limits of our abilities—usually by daring one another to do something ridiculous and neither one of
us were capable of turning down a challenge. After a few years, our friendship turned into something
more. We both admitted that we were romantically interested and so the story goes.” She concluded,
smiling to herself.

Leticia just shook her head, an amused smirk playing on her lips. “That is, that is violently beautiful
and I honestly can’t say I expected anything else from the two of you.”

Judas finally lost his composure and fell over onto the floor, howling with laughter. Just then Faustus
came into the room, having returned from work, and his presence only made Judas laugh harder.

“What?” Faustus began bemusedly, eyeing his son and then Leticia who was now smothering
giggles as well.

Pushing himself up off the floor, Judas made his way to the door, stopping to look at his father for a
moment before snorting. “Mom punched you in the face!” He managed, gasping with laughter as he
stumbled from the room and made for the stairs.

Faustus’ eyes followed Judas then then turned back to them with a look of confusion, “what?” He repeated.

Leticia explained, giggling now under control but her eyes still glittered with amusement. “Mom told us how you two met, that you challenged her and she just punched you in the face instead.”

Faustus’ hand came up without thought and touched his nose. “Ahh, yes, well, it was worth the bruised face and ego to have met your mother.” He smiled softly at Zelda and she rolled her eyes at his sentimentality, though she couldn’t hide a smile of her own.

“Well, I suppose the bruised knuckles were worth it. And the whole school thought I was incredible after that, so…” She teased, tipping her head back when Faustus moved to stand next to her chair.

“Oh, you suppose, you suppose,” he murmured, leaning down and kissing her tenderly before pulling back, smiling, and going in for a longer, slower kiss.

Their daughter groaned and got up from the couch. “You guys are gross,” she groused, a little unconvincingly, as she left the room.

Zelda broke the kiss and chuckled. “How was your day?” She asked, wrapping a hand around one of Faustus’ suspenders to keep him close.

“Much better now,” he mumbled, dipping his head once more for a kiss. “Why were you telling them about how we met?” He inquired, burying his hand in her hair and lightly scratching her scalp.

Humming at the sensation, Zelda pressed a little into his hand. “Letty was curious. Judas thinks it’s because she wants to know how you know someone is ‘the one.’”

That had him pulling back, eyes narrowed. “Leticia likes someone? Who? Are they worthy of her? I ___”

Zelda chuckled and used her grip on Faustus’ suspenders to tug him in for another kiss. “She didn’t share, I’m sure she will when she’s ready. But you going all high priest on someone will not help, and will not convince her to tell us any faster.”

“It might,” he countered grumpily, though his eyes twinkled with mischief. Zelda eyed him doubtfully, but laughed softly. Smiling, Faustus took her hand and pulled her up out of her chair and led her to the kitchen. “Nightcap?” He asked over his shoulder.

“Sounds lovely,” she replied, squeezing his hand.

Chapter End Notes

Saw this little story on Pinterest (one kid saying another couldn’t punch so kid two did and they became best friends) and thought it fit Spellwood nicely.
Do as I Say...

Chapter Summary

Sabrina tries to imitate Zelda and steals some of her cigarettes.

Chapter Notes

(saw two separate posts on tumblr about this and thought I'd try combining them. Sorry, I can’t credit the OPs, I couldn’t find them again… if you know, tell me and I’ll add them)

Ambrose caught her with them first and laughed so hard at her reaction to the nicotine that he cried. Sabrina would’ve hexed him if she could breathe and didn’t feel like she was going to be sick. She settled for flipping him off and that just made him laugh all the harder. Her cousin didn’t even say anything, just walked away, clutching his sides.

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Aunt Hilda found one of the cigarettes she’d pilfered the next week. She’d come in to collect laundry and the little white stick of paper had fallen out of her sweater pocket. Her aunt had immediately confronted her, forcing Sabrina to hastily explain that she was using it as a visual in a science project. Hilda had raised a brow in suspicion, but accepted the story when Sabrina began to spout off random, and completely fictional, information about ingredient concentrations. She’d exhaled in relief when Hilda handed the cigarette back over and left the room.

She’d waited a moment and then rushed to close her bedroom door and began to look for a better hiding spot.

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Zelda found her last. Sabrina should have been more cautious, but she’d thought her aunts were gone for the afternoon. Which was why she had been sitting in front of her vanity mirror, lips inexpertly painted red in imitation of her aunt, and a lit, but still unsmoked, cigarette perched between her fingers as she held the small stick in the various positions she’d seen her Aunt Zelda hold.

She’d been too caught up in what she was doing to notice the footsteps coming up the stairs. Sabrina only realized her mistake when Zelda walked into her room, spellbook open in one hand and a potion in the other; Sabrina’s yearly protection spell renewal.

“Sabrina, I—” Zelda began, only to freeze when she made eye contact with her niece in the mirror. “What in Satan’s name are you doing?!” She demanded, dropping the book and snatching the cigarette from Sabrina’s hand to stub it out. “You’re half-mortal, those will kill you!”

“I, I was… I just wanted to be like you,” Sabrina confessed, dropping her eyes. “You smoke them all
the time.”

Aunt Zelda softened markedly at the explanation, and set the potion down on Sabrina’s dresser. Her aunt then knelt down in front of her, “darling, that is very sweet.” She murmured, smoothing back Sabrina’s hair and tucking it behind her ear so that she could see Sabrina’s eyes. “But I am a full-blooded witch, I am immune to certain mortal diseases—such as those related to smoking. Your duality means that you could be susceptible to both witch and mortal illnesses—there’s no way to know which until you contract something. And I will not risk your health like that, I won’t have you doing it either. Though I’ve put spells on my cigarettes so that you cannot get sick from the second-hand smoke, that doesn’t mean you can’t get sick from using them yourself. Will you please promise me that you won’t smoke?”

“Yes, Auntie Zee,” Sabrina replied contritely, though less glumly now that she understood why her aunt had reacted in that manner.

Smiling softly, Zelda reached for some tissues. “How about,” she began to wipe the lipstick off Sabrina’s face. “I teach you how I do my makeup? And then we can go and get you some of your own lipstick.”

Sabrina’s heart fluttered at the idea, “really? I can wear lipstick like you?”

“Well, eleven is a little young to be wearing it out in public. So, how about I teach you, and you can practice with colors and styles and wear it around the house and once you’re thirteen you can wear it wherever you want.” Aunt Zelda cocked her head at Sabrina and raised a brow. “Does that sound like a good deal?”

Nodding eagerly, Sabrina lurched forward and hugged her aunt. “Thank you, Auntie Zee.”

“Lovely, now, drink your potion and we can get started.”
It was late when they got home. The council had called them in, spoke of a plane crash and no survivors. Zelda hadn’t heard much past that, the ringing in her ears too loud, her world tilting dangerously around her. It was only Hilda’s hand clasping strongly onto hers that brought Zelda back to the moment with a sudden whoosh.

There’d be an inquiry, of course, it was routine when a high priest died—even one that had recently disgraced himself. But the inquiry was useless, the results it produced meaningless, for it would not bring Edward back… her brother was gone, and Zelda could only think of the little girl he’d left behind. The one that looked so much like him, even as a babe.

She couldn’t bear the thought of parting with the only piece of Edward that remained, couldn’t bear the thought of not seeing sweet Sabrina every day. No, she would not allow Diana’s mortal family to whisk the girl away and raise her away from everything that was her birth right.

So they’d trudged, shell-shocked, back to the house, where Ambrose was watching Sabrina while they were gone. Ambrose had taken the news stoically, merely handing over his cousin and going up to his room. Hilda made to follow, but Zelda placed a hand on her forearm and shook her head, she understood the need to process the information alone, to grieve alone.

They made their way upstairs, pausing in front of the room that had once been Edward and Diana’s before moving on to their own. This wasn’t a time to contemplate making better use of the space in the house, it was time to spend in close proximity to family; which is why neither of them even considered moving out of their shared room into the now empty one.

The need to be close to family also had them moving Sabrina’s crib into their room, though the girl had been perfectly fine sleeping alone in her nursery for over a month. But neither sister could bear the thought of the little girl being in another room.

Zelda readied for bed with the wave of her hand and stood over the crib where Sabrina lay already sleeping. But as she stood there the events of the day started to crash over her, relentless in its attempts to pull her under into the depths of grief which she’d fought since first hearing the news. She gripped the sides of the crib to try and anchor herself, but her breaths kept coming faster and faster and it was impossible to fill her lungs completely.

Hilda noticed her hyperventilating and quickly came over, “Zelds?!”

“What, what do we know of babies?” She gasped out, “Hilda, what have we done? We never, I never should have, arrogance…” She trailed off, a hand grasping at her chest uselessly as tears streamed down her cheeks.

Alarmed, Hilda quickly sat Zelda down on the edge of her bed, rubbing her hands up and down Zelda’s arms. “Zelds, breathe, breathe,” she instructed, walking Zelda through slow, calming breaths.
“Very good,” she murmured encouragingly when her sister’s breathing evened out. “And we know more about babies than most.”

“About delivering them! Not about raising them!” Zelda countered, eyes a little wild.

Hilda shrugged slightly in acquiescence, “well, neither does any first-time parent, Zelda. We’ll figure it out, together. Hmm?” She moved and sat next to Zelda, slipping an arm around her and resting her head on her older sister’s shoulder. “We’ll be okay, we will.” She added in a vehement whisper, though Zelda didn’t miss the tears that dripped onto her robe.

Tipping her head and pressing it against Hilda’s, Zelda breathed the question that had been haunting her since she realized they’d be Sabrina’s guardians. “What if we mess up?” Her fists clenched the fabric covering her legs, her knuckles turning white in her fear.

Hilda hiccupped a little, “then we mess up. We learn from it and move on. We don’t have to be perfect. Edward,” she swallowed hard and leaned more heavily against Zelda. “Edward and Diana wouldn’t have been perfect either.”

Zelda sniffled and gripped Hilda’s hand tightly between hers, both their eyes glued to the little girl sleeping in the crib in front of them. They stayed there most of the night, only moving to take turns making tea or changing and feeding Sabrina.

Come morning they were both red-eyed and exhausted, but they’d made it. They’d gotten through their first night as Sabrina’s guardians. It had been uneventful. But they knew it would be one step, one day, one night at a time. Until it sunk in… sunk in that Sabrina was theirs to raise, that Edward wasn’t coming home.

In time they would be able to move Sabrina back to her nursery, they would be able to sleep through the night, but not yet. For now, they’d take turns watching over the little girl who had suddenly become their whole world.
Pajama Party

Chapter Summary

Prompt by Liza --pure fluff, little Sabrina and Zelda have a slumber party while Hilda and Ambrose are away.

Zelda smiled to herself as she pulled on the, honestly horrendous, pair of flannel pajamas that she kept for occasions just like this. But despite the lack of fashion sense in the sleepwear, she was excited.

Hilda was at some mortal farmers market the next town over for the weekend, how they hadn’t realized she was a witch from how much she brought compared to the size of her land Zelda didn’t know. And Ambrose had been called in by the Witching Council to see if he’d changed his mind about giving up his co-conspirators in the plot that had gotten him housebound; this happened every decade or so. Which meant that she and Sabrina would have the entire night and part of the next day to themselves.

Sabrina had barreled into her arms after getting off the bus from kindergarten, crowing “Auntie Zee!” And then babbling on about everything they would do that night. They ate spaghetti and meatballs for dinner, one of the few dishes Zelda could make without burning down the house, before jumping right into the Auntie-niece night.

Which was how they came to be in matching pajamas, with matching nail polish on their toes and matching braids in their hair. How the furniture had come to be pushed against the walls in the parlor and they were dancing in the middle to one of Zelda’s old records.

Zelda was mid-spin when a pillow caught her in the gut. She stumbled slightly in surprise and when she caught her balance, she turned to find Sabrina grinning at her mischievously, holding another pillow.

“Oh, sweetheart, you have no idea what you’ve just started.” She warned playfully, snatching up the pillow from the ground. She then lunged after Sabrina who shrieked joyfully and ran from the room.

She managed to corner her niece upstairs in the bedroom she shared with Hilda. Zelda was taking slow measured steps towards Sabrina, who was giggling and holding her own pillow aloft in anticipation, when an idea struck. She whispered a spell and suddenly all the pillows from the entire house flew into the room before dropping on top of a very surprised Sabrina.

A round of muffled, but uncontrollable, giggles erupted from inside the pile. Sabrina’s head popped up through the pillows, “that’s cheating!” She exclaimed, a broad smile on her face.

“Is it now? I did try and warn you—”

But Sabrina didn’t let her finish, she abandoned her own pillow and leapt at Zelda, who swooped her up into a hug and spun in a circle before falling back into the pillow pile. They lay there laughing for some time, Zelda provoking fresh rounds by tickling her niece every time she seemed to calm down.

“Do you admit defeat?” She intoned, fingers running along her niece’s sides and stomach to instigate
more laughs.

Gasping, Sabrina tried to wriggle away, “yes! Yes, you win, Auntie Zee!” When the tickling ceased, Sabrina curled up into her side, “can we watch a movie in your bed?”

Smiling, Zelda smoothed Sabrina’s hair back and kissed her forehead. She then glanced at the clock and grimaced, it was already 30 minutes past Sabrina’s bedtime…. But they didn’t get to have these types of nights often, so if she indulged her niece, if she didn’t say no, well, who could fault her?

With a wave of her hand, the TV was teleported to the dresser, her bed expanded, and two cups of hot chocolate appeared on the nightstand. “Just one movie,” Zelda stipulated, though the smile on her lips betrayed the sternness she was trying to portray.

Sabrina nodded eagerly and climbed onto the bed and burrowed under the blankets. She then looked at her aunt and patted the spot next to her expectantly. Zelda smiled softly and turned on the movie, flipped off the lights and slid onto the bed with her niece. Sabrina immediately pressed into her side and let out a little sigh of contentment.

Carefully, Zelda handed her the mug of hot chocolate, though it was enchanted not to spill her niece often found ways around that. Half way through the movie, Sabrina began to sag even more heavily against Zelda, she plucked the now empty mug from the little girl’s hands and set it aside along with hers.

When Zelda switched off the TV and settled more comfortably into the bed, Sabrina mumbled and then snuggled impossibly closer, her breaths evening out once more. Smiling broadly, Zelda pressed another kiss to Sabrina’s forehead, tightened the arm she had around her niece and fell asleep herself.

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Zelda woke up, uncomfortable. It took her a moment to realize it was because Sabrina was sprawled practically on top of her. And though she was unsatanly hot, with the flannel pajamas and the furnace that seemed to have replaced her niece, Zelda didn’t even consider getting up.

Instead, she smiled tenderly and gently brushed some of Sabrina’s flyaway hair back, it had come out of its braid during the pillow fight and overnight, and rubbed a hand lightly along the girl’s back. At these actions Sabrina’s mouth twitched up into a smile briefly and she burrowed against Zelda’s collarbone.

She practically melted at the response. She’d read once, in some mortal magazine at Sabrina’s doctor’s office, that when someone smiled in their sleep it meant that they felt happy and safe. At the time Zelda had scoffed and refused to put any stock in the mortal nonsense.

But now…. She rubbed her hand along Sabrina’s back again and it elicited another partial smile from the girl. Zelda swallowed around the lump that was suddenly in her throat, now perhaps she might not mind the mortal theory as to why someone smiled in their sleep.

A little while later, Sabrina woke up, blinking slowly and sitting up.

“Good morning sleepy head,” Zelda murmured, smoothing back the hairs plastered to Sabrina’s cheek. “How do you feel about blueberry pancakes for breakfast?” She’d had Hilda teach her how to make the damned things earlier in the week in anticipation of this weekend… Zelda would never say how many batches she’d burned, but she was confident now that she could make the dish with enough competency to please a 5 year-old.

Sabrina beamed at her and nodded, bouncing out of bed, she grabbed Zelda’s hand to lead her
downstairs. Already chatting happily about what a wonderful day they were going to have.
Chapter Summary

Flower shop—I am pretty sure this isn’t what the OP had in mind when they created this prompt, but I thought with a tiny tweak it would fit Spellwood perfectly.

Person A owns a flower shop and person B comes storming in and asks how to say ‘fuck you’ in flower

He’d never gotten her flowers before. It was such a frivolous gesture, so mortal and the damned things never lasted long, even with spells. Besides, they’d never had that kind of relationship. One where they made romantic gestures, even small ones.

But this wasn’t exactly one of those occasions. Zelda had tormented him all week at the academy, winding him up only to deny him when he tried to make good on her teasing. So, he’d decided to do something that would rile her up so much that it could only result with them tumbling into bed.

Which was how Faustus had found himself sauntering into a flower shop, leaning on the counter and asking, “how do I say, ‘fuck you’ in flowers?”

The woman behind the counter blinked at him, stunned silent for a moment and then she chuckled. “She cheat on you or something?”

“Or something,” he replied smoothly, giving her a charming smiling and she turned away, flustered, to start arranging the bouquet.

She’d placed a rather lovely arrangement on the counter about 10 minutes later. “I think I’ve got every flower in there that could convey ‘fuck you’.” She examined her work, hands on her hips. “Do you want me to include a card? I can list all the flowers and what they mean.”

Faustus was impressed, he hadn’t expected the arrangement to be so lovely… he grinned wickedly, the fact that it was beautiful and yet had that message would only infuriate Zelda further. “No, it’s perfect without the card. How much?"

The florist told him the total and as she was counting out his change she froze. “How will she know what you’re trying to say though? Not many people understand flower, so to speak.”

“She was always better at herbology than me, she’ll know. Thank you,” he picked up the vase and left, missing the woman’s confused expression and how she mouthed 'herbology' to herself.

He’d gone around the corner before teleporting to the Spellman house. Holding the vase in one hand, Faustus opened the front door with the other, not bothering to knock. He could hear Zelda’s voice coming from the kitchen and he made his way into the room.

Ignoring how Zelda stopped midsentence and the questioning looks from Hilda and Sabrina, Faustus placed the flowers on the counter in front of Zelda with a flourish; a smug smile on his lips.

Sabrina glanced at her younger aunt and then back to the high priest, clearly suspicious and unsure as to why he was bringing Zelda flowers. Hilda, however, smiled.
“What a lovely bouquet. That’s so sweet, isn’t it Zelds?” She looked at her sister hopefully, but Zelda’s attention was on the vase in front of her.

Faustus barely contained his glee when she narrowed her eyes, he could practically hear her mentally cataloguing the flowers and their meanings in her head.

When Zelda finally raised her eyes, she glowered at him. “You bastard.” She growled, picking up the vase and launching it at his head. He deftly ducked aside, having anticipated just this sort of reaction.

Hilda and Sabrina, though, made a hasty exit, Hilda swinging the kitchen doors shut behind her quickly as a glass went flying. The ensuing argument was loud and heated, broken only by the crashing of dishes and other items in the kitchen. And then suddenly it was quiet.

The two carefully crept back to the kitchen and cracked the door open, only to find broken glassware covering the floor, a knife embedded in the doorframe, and flowers strewn everywhere. But no sign of Aunt Zelda or Blackwood.

It was over an hour later when they reappeared, the two suddenly in the foyer. Aunt Zelda was smoothing back her hair and Blackwood straightened his jacket.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at the academy, Faustus.” Zelda bade him goodbye with a haughtily raised brow before turning to head upstairs.

Blackwood grinned and snagged her wrist, pulling Zelda into a passionate kiss. “Goodnight, Zelda,” he murmured, winking at her before teleporting away.

Sabrina blanched and turned to Aunt Hilda for explanation, but the blonde just rolled her eyes and turned back to the stove. Unsatisfied, Sabrina returned her attention to her older aunt, only to witness the broadest grin she’d ever seen bloom across Zelda’s face as she turned away from the front door and towards the kitchen.

When they made eye contact, though, Aunt Zelda quickly schooled her face into its usual neutral position. “When will dinner be ready?” She asked coolly, as if nothing had just happened.

“Fifteen minutes,” Hilda remarked in an equally unconcerned manner, not even turning around, her focus fully on the soup on the stove and the knife she’d enchanted to cut up the vegetables. Nodding, Aunt Zelda left the kitchen and went upstairs.

Sabrina stared after her Aunt Zelda in disbelief. “What?!” She finally demanded, spinning in her chair to look at Hilda. Her aunt merely glanced at her and lifted a brow in confusion. “Are, are we not, what?!” She tried again, but was still too stunned to get much out.

Frowning in concern, Hilda turned to face her completely. “Lamb, I’m going to need you to be more descriptive.”

She sputtered and gestured a little wildly between where Zelda had disappeared and the front door. “Auntie Zee and Father Blackwood!”

Aunt Hilda chuckled then, “ahh, yes. Seems like they’re back at it again.” And then she moved to turn back to the stove as if that vague response would be enough.

Pulling a face, Sabrina stood up and leaned against the counter next to Aunt Hilda. “I don’t understand, she hates him. He brought her flowers and she literally threw them in his face, and they fought! You saw the aftermath.”
More laughter escaped Hilda, “that’s just how they work, love. They enjoy riling one another up and then… working it out in certain ways.” She grimaced slightly at her almost slip; yes, Sabrina was old enough to know about sex, but that didn’t mean she needed to know about it in regards to Zelda.

“How do flowers…”

Hilda looked at the flowers she’d salvaged after they’d returned to the kitchen, they really had been too beautiful to throw away. “I didn’t notice at first, when Father Blackwood brought them in, but your Aunt Zelda did have some right in reacting as she did.”

Sabrina threw her hands up in a helpless manner, “that clarifies nothing, auntie.”

“Well, you see, the flowers he’s picked out send a rather specific message.” Hilda explained, adding the now chopped vegetables to the pot. “Here,” she waved a hand and a little index card popped up on the counter next to Sabrina. “Those are what the flowers mean.”

Furrowing her brow, Sabrina picked up the card and read.

- **Geraniums**—stupidity
- **Foxglove**—insincerity
- **Meadowsweet**—uselessness
- **Yellow carnations**—disappointment
- **Orange lilies**—hatred

Her mouth fell open, “this, this is what he gave her! On purpose?” Sabrina looked between the card in her hand and the flowers. How could something so beautiful be so mean?

“Oh, yes. I’m positive he chose these flowers on purpose. And I’m sure he knew Zelda would determine their meaning rather quickly. His way of pushing her buttons.” Hilda remarked, lowering the temperature on the stove to low so the soup could simmer.

“They’re weird.”

Hilda laughed then, so hard she had to wipe the corners of her eyes. “Yes, love, they are. But it works for them, your Aunt Zelda is quite happy as you may have noticed. And thankfully for us, we’re witches and can repair the damaged dinnerware that they leave in their wake.”

Sabrina contemplated this, “well, as long as she’s happy….” She stood and started to collect bowls and spoons to set the table. “Doesn’t make it any less weird.”

“No, lamb, it doesn’t. But isn’t normal overrated?” Hilda winked at her and continued moving around the kitchen as she finished dinner.
They usually didn’t indulge in these types of activities, but in the year since Constance and the twins’ deaths, Zelda found herself wanting, for the first time, more out of a relationship than sex.

So, when she realized the Spellman house would be empty—Ambrose out with Luke and not likely to return til dawn, Sabrina having a girls night with Roz and Susie, and Hilda at work—she’d been emboldened by the thought of an uninterrupted night and invited Faustus over for dinner and maybe some ‘dessert’ if there was time.

Faustus agreed readily and even listed off meal ideas so quickly Zelda wondered if he’d been dwelling on wanting more too.

When he arrived later that night, he kissed her chastely on the lips and moved further into the house, arms laden down with bags of food and wine. She’d teased him, claiming Hilda kept a well-stocked kitchen, but he just grinned and murmured something about not messing with another cook’s kitchen and started to unload.

He did most of the cooking, thankfully, Zelda had always been hopeless when it came to preparing food—which was why she left it to Hilda if they wanted anything edible at meal times. She helped though, cutting up vegetables, pouring wine, warming the bread in the oven… pouring wine.

They enjoyed a lovely dinner, conversation flowing easily from topic to topic and after doing the dishes together, they retired to the parlor. Wine in hand, Zelda lit the fire with a flick of her wrist before curling against Faustus on the couch as one of her old records played in the background.

Time passed wonderfully slow, they laughed and talked quietly, fingers tracing along one another absentely. Zelda could have spent the whole night like that, pressed against Faustus’ side, just enjoying and soaking in his company. When the record turned over, though, Faustus grinned, put his drink down and pulled away from her.

“May I?” He asked, uncharacteristically playful, holding out a hand to dance.

Smiling, Zelda knew they were both more than a little buzzed to be doing this but found she didn’t care, and happily nodded before taking his hand.

Faustus swooped her up into his embrace, one hand resting firmly on her lower back while the other engulfed hers. She couldn’t hold back the low chuckle that escaped her, and she rested her forehead on his collarbone to hide the delighted flush blazing across her cheeks, certain it would give away all her feelings. When she mustered the courage to bring her eyes back to his, she was stunned.

The tender way he gazed at her, the way his fingers traced little patterns on her back, it was unexpected and delightful, and she did nothing to acknowledge it except bring her free hand from his
shoulder up to the back of his neck to play with the short hairs there.

They continued to dance, the space between them dwindled to nothing and their hands came to rest in far more intimate locations as the songs slipped from one to another. It didn’t take long until they were just swaying in place, eyes flicking to one another’s lips repeatedly. Zelda couldn’t say with certainty who moved first, but their lips met in a soft kiss.

It was different, just as this whole evening had been. The kiss was unhurried, gentle and so far from their normal pairings that Zelda couldn’t help but sink further into it. Faustus made a pleased sound deep in his throat in response and a hand slid up her back and buried itself into her hair.

They were just pulling back to reposition their mouths when a loud gasp sounded from the doorway. Zelda made to jump back, break all contact, but Faustus held her tight, entirely unembarrassed by the fact Hilda had caught them snogging like teenagers.

Her sister stood in the door, in that ridiculous costume of hers, eyes wide, hands on her hips and an eyebrow raised in question.

Clearing his throat, Faustus dropped the hand from her hair and let it rest on Zelda’s other hip. “Sister Hilda, I was just—”

“Oh, I know what you were just.” She interrupted, using a tone and eyeing the high priest in a way that mortified Zelda. Honestly, one would have thought excommunication would humble her sister further, not bolster her outrageous behavior.

“Hilda—” Zelda exclaimed aghast, trying to extract herself, unsuccessfully, from Faustus’ embrace. But her sister was already leaving the room, waving her hand. “You two wait here, I’ll be right back.”

Dumbfounded, they just glanced at one another, frozen. Then Zelda collected herself, “you need to leave before she gets back.” She whispered urgently, trying to push him away.

“I believe she specifically told us” he murmured dipping his head to kiss her neck, “to stay here.”

Scoffing and finally freeing herself, Zelda paced away, spinning her rings agitatedly. “Since when does the high priest take orders from anyone but the Dark Lord himself?” She asked in a haughty tone, needing to regain some kind of control over the situation.

He just smirked before wrapping his arms around her again. “It seems I have a weakness when it comes to Spellman women,” he teased, capturing her lips once more. And it was another one of those languid kisses that had her melting and forgetting about everything around her… including the fact that Hilda was coming back.

A cough announced her sister’s presence. Hilda chuckled as she entered the room again, this time in normal clothing. “I didn’t expect you to actually listen, and I certainly didn’t expect to find you kissing again.” She remarked, smothering a smile poorly.

Smoothing her hair back, Zelda moved away from Faustus and sat on the couch. “Yes, well, some people are more persuasive than others,” she quipped, shifting on the cushions as Faustus sat next to her, slipping an arm around her waist, and Hilda perched herself in an armchair across from them.

Ignoring her, Hilda focused her attention on Faustus. “I take it you’re in a relationship now?”

Zelda blanched, “we’re not mortals that need labels—” She quickly moved to dismiss the notion,
though she did want a formal relationship, she wasn’t going to let Hilda expose that vulnerability.

However, before she could finish, Faustus spoke up. “Yes.” Zelda’s head snapped to look at him, her mouth slightly open in her surprise.

Hilda nodded but narrowed her eyes, “a real one? You’re not going to continue to be a voracious slut?”

“Hilda!” Zelda gasped, but Faustus just laughed.

Removing his arm from her waist, Faustus leaned forward. “Sister Hilda, I am as insatiable as ever. But your sister is the only one I seek out or wish to have fulfill my needs. And she has been the only one for quite some time now.”

Clearly flustered, Hilda sniffed and glanced away for a moment, apparently, not expecting such a bald reply. “Well, good then.” She managed, rather red in the face but soldiering on towards whatever her goal may be. “I should warn you though—”

“That you’ll hex and curse me into oblivion should I hurt her?” Faustus supplied, tilting his head in curiosity at what the younger Spellman might do.

Making a dismissive gesture, Hilda leaned forward as well and gave Faustus her sweetest smile. “Oh no, Blackwood, my sister could and would handle that by herself, as you well know. But curses and hexes only last so long, can be removed. No, if you hurt her, my revenge will be slower, more subtle.” Her smile widened just a tad, so it bordered on manic instead of sweet, though her voice remained its usual light and cheery tone. “At first it will just seem like a string of bad luck, you wouldn’t put it down to any common cause. A broken mirror here, a dead crow there, important documents missing, a case of food poisoning. But then it’d change, trouble sleeping, rashes no potion can abate, hair loss, a toothache… and you’d start to wonder if it was my work.

“Perhaps you’d search your house, your office, the church, trying to find my charms and spells, but you wouldn’t, I’m tricky like that.” Hilda’s smile expanded more, and Zelda sat back, her sister’s expression terrifying even her. “And when you don’t find anything, you’d start to doubt I’d done anything at all. Start to believe I was all talk. You might even convince yourself of that. But the bad luck would continue and build and worsen until you search your things again, trying to find my charms and you still wouldn’t find them… if they were ever there to begin with.” She added slyly, cocking her head, smile still in place. “But if the charms weren’t there, why all the problems? And if they were, why couldn’t you find them? This cycle of doubt and desperate searching would continue until you’d driven yourself quite mad.” Hilda settled back into the chair, conjured up a glass, and poured some wine from the bottle they’d abandoned. “This is the revenge I promise you, Faustus Blackwood, a slow descent into madness. Never knowing what I have or have not done to interfere with your life to make it miserable. Wondering for the rest of your life if every little thing that went wrong was me or just karma.” She lifted her glass to him in a mock toast and took a long drink.

Zelda and Faustus sat speechless, mouths open in astonishment. Zelda was impressed and touched Hilda had an entire revenge plan, and such an intricate one at that, in place should Faustus hurt her. She hoped Hilda would never need it, especially knowing now that Faustus considered them to be in a real relationship.

Regaining himself first, Faustus nodded. “Understood, Sister Hilda. I have no intention of hurting Zelda.” He placed a hand on her knee and squeezed. “In fact, now that we are no longer hiding this from you all, I am hoping I might steal her away more often.”

Shrugging a shoulder, Hilda took another sip. “That’s not up to me, but to Zelda. But you’ll have to
discuss it another time, I need a word with my sister.” She looked at Faustus meaningfully and to Zelda’s continued bewilderment, he stood, kissed her briefly on the lips and bade her goodnight before teleporting away.

Blinking, Zelda returned her attention to Hilda. “How in Satan’s name did you manage that?” She asked, looking back to the spot Faustus had just occupied.

Looking immensely pleased with herself, Hilda giggled. “I don’t know, I didn’t think it would work.” She grinned excitedly and squirmed a little in her seat—the intimidating aura surrounding her before completely gone.

Zelda stood and made to go upstairs, needing to process everything that occurred in the past few hours. But Hilda’s hand on her arm gave her pause.

“I do want to talk to you, Zelds.” She murmured, seriousness smoothing out her giddy features a little.

With a curt nod, Zelda resumed her seat on the couch, “what would you like to discuss?” She asked curtly, eyebrow raised.

Pressing her lips together, Hilda looked at her earnestly. “Are you happy, Zelda?”

Scoffing, Zelda shook her head. “What kind of question is that?”

“An important one. Are you happy with Blackwood?”

Licking her lips, Zelda sat up straighter. “I, he, we… yes.” She managed, dropping her eyes from her sister’s. “He makes me immensely happy and that terrifies me. Because I want more and tonight, tonight he stated we were in a relationship and it was more and different and I want it. Badly.” The words came tumbling out before she could stop them, to cover this Zelda snatched up one of the remaining wine glasses, not even caring if it’d been hers or Faustus’, and slugged back the rest of the contents.

Hilda beamed at her, “Zelds, this is lovely!”

“Is it? Because I feel anxious all the time.” She countered, spinning her rings again and avoiding eye contact.

A sympathetic smile curled Hilda’s lips and she moved to sit on the couch next to Zelda. “That’s normal, Zelda. You’ve got something and you’re afraid to lose it.”

Working her jaw for a moment, Zelda brought her gaze to Hilda’s, “and how do I keep from losing it?” She whispered, as if saying it quietly would negate that she’d uttered an insecurity out loud in the first place.

Her sister set down her wine and pulled Zelda into a hug. “You’ve kept him this long, just keep doing what you’re doing, be yourself… he clearly loves that. And in any case, he should be the one concerned with keeping you.”

Sniffing, Zelda returned the hug briefly and then pulled away. “Thank you for your advice sister,” she murmured, standing. “And,” a wicked smile touched her lips, “thank you for threatening the high priest with such a glorious form of torture for me.”

Preening a little at the compliment, Hilda stood as well and looped her arm through Zelda’s, leading the way upstairs. “It was quite fun,” she admitted, a giggle escaping her again.
Shaking her head, Zelda smiled and together the sisters trooped upstairs to bed.

Chapter End Notes

Kind of based Hilda’s behavior on how she got that far-away psycho look when telling Sabrina about burning down the Greendale woods and then went right back to cheery Hilda.
Caught in the Act

Chapter Notes

Liza prompt—Zelda catches Sabrina and Nick in Sabrina’s room.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The light was still on in Sabrina’s room, frowning, Zelda checked her watch. It was getting fairly late and she didn’t want her niece staying up too late doing schoolwork. She pushed the door open, intent on offering her help on Sabrina’s coursework only to find her niece otherwise occupied.

“Nicholas,” Zelda observed dryly. The young man in question fell off the bed in his rush to move off of Sabrina.

Pale faced and scrambling, Nicholas looked at her wide-eyed. “Professor Spellman! I didn’t, we weren’t, it was just—”

Though it would have been entertaining to watch him squirm, Zelda needed to have a conversation with her niece. “I believe bed checks are soon, aren’t they, Nicholas?” She arched a brow and he hurried to pull his shoes on.

“Yes, umm, of course, Professor Spellman. I, uh, Sabrina—” He finally returned his attention her niece, likely to say goodbye, but a pointed cough from Zelda had him scurrying away without a word.

Smirking, Zelda couldn’t help but preen a little at the boy’s fear… she still had it. Sabrina’s outraged harrumph captured her attention.

Sabrina was quite red in the face, though Zelda couldn’t be sure if it was from anger, embarrassment or the kissing session that had been interrupted. “I’m not a little kid, auntie!” She exclaimed crossly, trying to discreetly fix her shirt. “And it’s not like you never made out with anyone.”

Shrugging, Zelda pulled up the chair from Sabrina’s desk and took a seat. “Oh, I’ve made out with countless witches and warlocks. The difference, dear niece, is that I had the good sense not to get caught.”

“You can’t just walk in here without knocking, this is my room. I deserve privacy. I’m not a kid.” Sabrina repeated, the flush fading from her cheeks.

Cocking her head in response, Zelda smiled. “Well, if you insist on being an adult, I’ll treat you like one.”

The indignation drained from Sabrina’s expression, quickly replaced with wariness. “Wait, what?”

Settling into the chair, Zelda looked directly at Sabrina. “Sex is a wonderful thing.” She began, much to her niece’s dismay.

“Auntie, please, no…”

Ignoring Sabrina’s plea, Zelda continued. “But only if both parties consent and are enjoying it.”
Sabrina tried to wave her off, “I’m sorry, you don’t have—”

Though Sabrina already had some version of this talk when she’d started her cycle, Zelda felt it was time for a more… in-depth discussion. Especially given the circumstances she’d found Sabrina in, so she powered through her niece’s protests. “Usually when pairing with a male you’ll have to help him. How they’re so clueless,” she shrugged a little, “then again the penis literally stands up for attention so it’s not like they’re used to subtlety.”

The flush returned with a vengeance to Sabrina’s face, even creeping down her neck. “Aunt Zelda, I really don’t need the sex talk.”

Carrying on as though Sabrina hadn’t interrupted, Zelda hid a smile at the girl’s reaction. “The clitoris is key, in any situation, but especially with men. They never seem to be able to find it on their own, if one does, keep him. At least as a side piece.”

Sabrina squeaked, “what?! Auntie—” She was no longer making eye contact, hyper-focused on twisting a loose thread on her blanket.

“Now, females are much more adept at giving one another pleasure, usually. Comes from learning on yourself. Do you masturbate, Sabrina?” She asked matter of factly, barely suppressing a snort at Sabrina’s horrified expression.

“Oh Satan, I’ll never do any of it again! I’m sorry, whatever my punishment is, I’ll take it. Just pleeeasse, stop talking.” She finally brought her gaze back to her aunt’s, not above begging at this point.

Zelda smirked, eyes twinkling with mischief. “Honestly, Sabrina. I didn’t raise you to be a prude, clearly, or I wouldn’t have caught Mr. Scratch in here with his hand up your shirt.”

Mouth gaping, unsure how to respond, Sabrina started to pick at her nails. “Aunt Zelda, I…”

“No need to be embarrassed,” Zelda wasn’t trying to shame Sabrina, just make her suffer a little for her deception while educating her at the same time. “Back in my wilder days, orgies weren’t uncommon. Though, I must say, my favorite threesome must have been with—”

At this, Sabrina literally covered her ears and hummed loudly.

Laughing, Zelda caught Sabrina’s forearms and gently guided them down, uncovering her niece’s ears. “Alright, alright, in all seriousness. Sabrina, you’re going through many changes, I know. Both mortal and magical, hormones and the raw magic from recently signing the book… it’s a lot to handle. And I know I was teasing, but if you do need to talk, or have questions, you can come to me. Even if you’d rather write it down and then I write back. Being a witch inspires quite a bit of lust, even if you’re a half-witch.” Zelda looked at her niece meaningfully and Sabrina nodded shyly. “I just want you to be safe, Sabrina. Only do what you’re comfortable with. And when you reach the point where you decide you’re ready for penetration—”

Sabrina blanched and squeaked again at the word.

“Use protection,” Zelda continued, not deterred by Sabrina’s fidgeting. “And I can show you how to use spells and charms to prevent other—”

“Got it. Got it, Aunt Zelda.” Sabrina cut in, mortified. “Be sexually responsible, okay, got it.”

She arched a brow, “if you’re not going to listen and take this seriously, I may just need to summon Nicholas back and give him this talk.”
“NO!” Sabrina shouted, then clamped her hands over her mouth at the look Zelda gave her. Slowly lowering her hands, Sabrina tried again. “I mean, I understand, Auntie Zee. But I’m not ready for all that yet. It’s just some kissing and second base. That’s all, I promise. And Nicholas knows that and is respecting my decision.”

Nodding, Zelda stood, pushed the chair back under the desk and made her way to the door. “Good, because if he doesn’t, I’ll curse him and his penis twenty different ways each. Pass that along for me, won’t you?”

Swallowing, Sabrina just blinked, “I, uhhh…”

“Good girl, now, are you done with the homework you were supposed to be up here working on?”

Latch onto the safer topic eagerly, Sabrina nodded. “Yes, auntie, I finished it.”

Tilting her head in acknowledgement, Zelda reached for the light. “Night, sweetheart.”

A small smile tugged at Sabrina’s mouth, “night, auntie.”

Chapter End Notes

I know you asked for awkward Zelda, but I felt inappropriate Zelda was more fitting, she seems pretty unabashed about any matter of physical intimacy (or maybe that’s just fanon, I’m not sure anymore) I hope you still enjoyed it.
“A ho-ho?” He repeated back dubiously, brow furrowed at his wife.

Shifting to find a more comfortable spot, Zelda nodded. “Yes, please Faustus. I’ve been craving them all day. We used to get them sometimes when Sabrina was little, I only had them myself a few times, but they are all I can think about. Please?”

“And this is a roll of chocolate breading with filling…” Faustus clarified, still unsure.

Humming in the affirmative, “yes, it’s a Little Debbie cake,” she added.

His expression went completely blank with confusion, what in Satan’s name was a Little Debbie?

Seeing his confusion, Zelda sighed and made to push herself off the couch where she’d reclined to prop up her swollen feet. “I can get them myself,” she offered, clearly taking pity on him.

But that wouldn’t do, he could take care of his pregnant wife and her cravings. Placing a hand on her shoulder, Faustus gently kept her from getting up. “Zels, I’ve got it. I just wanted to make sure I pick up the right thing. I’ll be back soon,” he smiled encouragingly and kissed her lightly.

She all but melted back into the couch, “thank you, Faustus.” She smiled in return and squeezed his hand.

Nodding, he left the room with a purposeful stride… even if he still didn’t have the faintest idea of what he was supposed to be buying. Instead of heading for the door, though, Faustus made for Sabrina’s room.

Normally the teen wouldn’t be his first choice. The start of their relationship had been rocky at best and though it’d improved to a degree since he and Zelda began courting and eventually married over a year ago, she was still the last Spellman he’d have sought out for help.

But she was the only one home right now, and Faustus was desperate. It would have been one thing if Zelda craved an odd witching food, but an odd mortal food? He had no clue how to navigate a mortal bakery in search of a food he was unfamiliar with… and he knew the mortals employed at the store would be suspicious of his questions.

Which was why he didn’t even pause outside the girl’s door but knocked sharply twice and waited.

Sabrina blinked when she opened the door and realized it was him. Regaining herself, she crossed her arms. “Father Blackwood,” she greeted stiffly.

Stifling a sigh at the fact that she still refused to call him Faustus outside of the academy as he suggested, he plunged right in. “I need your help.”
If she had been shocked before by his presence, it had nothing on her expression now. “Wait, what?”

“Your Aunt Zelda is craving something made by a ‘Little Debbie’. A stuffed pastry called a ho-ho? Zelda mentioned you ate them when you were younger, do you recall which bakery they came from?” He truly hoped she remembered, he didn’t want to go back to Zelda empty-handed. Sabrina laughed at his request, rather hard, and Faustus frowned. “I’ll call around to the local bakeries then, if you cannot—”

“No, no, no.” Sabrina caught his arm with one hand to keep him from leaving and grabbed the coat she’d draped over her chair with the other. “I’m sorry, I know you’re not familiar with some mortal foods… It’s just,” she shorted a bit more and brought it under control with some effort. “It’s just you’re way off base and it was funny. I’ll help.” She smiled and pulled her coat on.

Exhaling in relief and taken aback by Sabrina’s geniality, Faustus followed the girl down the stairs and out to the car. As they climbed in, Sabrina directed him to the nearest grocery store.

“Oh, so this Little Debbie, she sells her baked goods at chain stores then?” He asked, pulling out of the drive and onto the main road.

Chuckling again, Sabrina shook her head. “Little Debbie isn’t actually a person,” she informed him, “it’s the name of a company. They make snack cakes.”

“Snack cakes?” Was he really so out of touch with mortal culture that he didn’t even know what a snack cake was? Apparently so.

Pursing her lips, Sabrina paused a moment to think. “Snack cakes are, they’re sugary pastry like treats, marketed towards kids. They usually have some kind of filling, there are loads of options.”

Lifting a brow, Faustus glanced at her. “Ah, so I take it you’re familiar with all of these options?” He teased good-naturedly, though he effectively hid how excited he was that they were having a conversation without the usual underlying tension.

“No, actually, Aunt Hilda hated the things.” Sabrina recalled, tucking one of her legs under her. “She would say, ‘why buy assembly line baked goods with Satan knew how many chemicals and preservatives when she could make something five times better and fresh at that in our own kitchen?’” She smiled at the memory, “we only got them on rare occasions and even then, we had to smuggle them around the house so she wouldn’t find them.” Huffing slightly in amusement, Sabrina shook her head fondly at her family’s old antics.

Not wanting to interrupt her reminiscing, Faustus just nodded, reveling in the fact that Sabrina had shared anything with him. A few minutes later they pulled into the parking lot and exited the car in a companionable silence.

Sabrina rounded the car, likely about to give him some quick tips on how to act in a mortal grocery store, when she froze. “You need to change.” She remarked, eyes wide.

Baffled, Faustus looked down at his outfit, “what?”

“Your clothes. I didn’t realize how,” she waved a hand trying to find the word, “how Church of Night they were.” She finished, gesturing to the robe he hadn’t had a chance to change out of after work. “Just,” Sabrina glanced around the parking lot to make sure they were alone. “Just change into one of your suits, that you wear at the academy.”

Doing as he was told, Faustus flicked his wrist and changed his clothes. “Do mortals not wear robes?”
Snorting and then trying to cover it with a cough, Sabrina shook her head. “Most don’t. And those that do, don’t have ones as nice as yours, and they definitely don’t wear them grocery shopping.”

“Ahh, so I’d have drawn some unwanted attention, then.”

“Absolutely,” she grinned and partially turned to the store, “ready?”

Letting loose an exaggerated sigh, Faustus straightened his shoulders. “As I’ll ever be,” he supplied dryly, causing Sabrina to smirk as she led the way inside.

To Faustus’ horror, they were accosted by an overly chipper mortal the moment they entered the store. This aggressive friendliness made him even more grateful Sabrina had accompanied him. Her presence helped quash Faustus’ desire to hex the slightly manic smile off the employee’s face.

Thankfully, Sabrina handled the man easily, returning his greeting as she made her way past. Faustus trailed after her with a brisk walk, avoiding eye contact and hoping that since Sabrina interacted with the man, he wouldn’t have to.

When they were out of earshot, he leaned over to her, “do they really pay someone to just stand there and welcome people into the store?” He asked, it seemed like a poor business practice that created unnecessary expenses.

“They also assist you if you need help finding anything,” Sabrina explained, turning down an aisle. “He would have been the one assisting you if I wasn’t here.” She raised a brow at him knowingly, as if sensing he’d thought the position superfluous.

He gave a grumpy harrumph and started to browse the shelves, though he still had no idea what he was looking for. Rolling her eyes playfully, Sabrina made a beeline for the middle of the aisle and stopped, searching as well.

“Ah ha!” She exclaimed triumphantly, snatching up a small, white rectangular box and handing it to him. “There you go.” Her expression was a little smug, but there was something light and teasing in her tone.

Examining the box, Faustus furrowed his brows, “these, these are ho-hos?” He glanced at her and could tell she was holding back from laughing at his expression.

“Yes, nothing more mortal than over-processed, overpriced sugar. No wonder Auntie Zee was craving them.”

Faustus shrugged slightly in acceptance, “is one box enough? Will Zelda want more? What about the other… snack cakes?” He took a moment to remember the word as he scanned the rest of the aisle, stunned. It wasn’t as if witches always ate the healthiest, but this amount of junk food… it was excessive and a little concerning.

Sabrina hummed and studied the shelves as well. “A second box couldn’t hurt, and I know Ambrose will want at least one for himself.” She picked up another box and deposited it into his arms. “And maybe,” she bit her lip and her hand hovered over a box labeled ‘Zebra Cakes’. Though what zebras had to do with anything related to pastries or snack cakes Faustus wasn’t sure. “No, no those should be enough.” She decided, letting her hand drop.

“If you want the Zebra Cakes for yourself, Sabrina, I can get them. It’s no problem.” He offered, and she just chewed on her lip hesitantly. “As long as I get to try one,” he added.

Grinning, Sabrina picked up the box, “deal.” She agreed and looked at him again, only this time she
tilted her head as if seeing him for the first time.

He arched a brow in return, but she ignored his inquiring look and made for the front of the store to check out. Before they reached a register, though, she froze.

“All you have money, right? Like regular people money? I forgot to grab my purse.”

Faustus laughed, “oh, so I’m not allowed to barter with the goat I left in the car? Have mortals advanced past that system of trade?” Sabrina tried to give him a stern look, but the corners of her mouth twitched up in amusement. “Of course, I have ‘regular people’ money. I may be unfamiliar with many aspects of the mortal world, but money is a universal language; one I am well versed in.”

Holding up her hands in mock surrender, Sabrina started to the cashier again. “Just wanted to be sure.”

Unfortunately, the self-checkout machines were out of service and only one lane was open, forcing them to wait behind an elderly woman who was handing the cashier one coupon at a time with shaking hands.

By the time the woman finished, Faustus was close to tearing his hair out with impatience, his free hand clenching and unclenching with any number of spells that would hurry the process along. His current favorite was one that would have the old woman dropping dead on the spot, but that would backfire, the mortal emergency services would be called, and then they would never get checked out. Faustus only managed to keep it together because Sabrina was watching him closely, likely expecting an outburst.

When they finally made it back to the car, Sabrina cracked up, even wiping a tear from the corner of her eye. “I thought you were going to burst an artery,” she gasped, far more amused by their eternal wait in line than him.

Grumbling, Faustus put the food in the backseat and climbed into the car. “That experience could rival one of the circles of Hell,” he muttered, starting the engine.

She snorted and buckled her seatbelt. “It really was astonishing that nothing caught fire,” she continued to joke as they made their way back to the house. He made all the appropriate grumbling noises, but he found this side of Sabrina was much more enjoyable and entertaining than the side that constantly flouted the rules, challenged the church and put others in danger.

As they reached the drive way, Sabrina fell silent, staring out the window. And when Faustus parked the car, she made no move to get out. So, he stayed put as well.

“Is there something you would like to discuss?” He probed carefully, not wanting to ruin the delicate progress they’d made on this impromptu trip.

Nodding, Sabrina shifted to face him. “I’m sorry for being a brat to you.” Stunned, Faustus just blinked, unsure what to say in response. He was given some extra time to consider his reply when Sabrina continued. “I know we’ve butted heads a lot, but I’m glad I got to see this side of you tonight. Knowing that there’s more to you than the headmaster and high priest, well, it makes more sense why Aunt Zelda was excited to marry you. And you make her happy, so I shouldn’t be giving you such a hard time. Because Auntie Zee deserves to be happy.”

Faustus nodded. “On that we agree wholeheartedly,” he smiled softly, taken aback by her statement. “And I appreciate the apology and owe you one of my own. We do butt heads a lot, but you have opened my eyes to certain aspects that could do with some, revising within the church. I am not for
all of your changes,” he held up a hand when she excitedly perked up, “but traditions such as the Feast of Feasts could be observed without the actual consumption of a female coven member.”

“Maybe a play instead? Portraying Freya’s initial sacrifice? The academy could do more than one play a year, and—” Sabrina was animatedly talking now and Faustus smiled.

Clearing his throat, he interrupted. “That sounds like a wonderful idea, and I’m sure Zelda would be thrilled to direct another play next fall. But right now, we need to get her these snack cakes before your aunt decides I took too long and goes out herself.” Grinning, Sabrina agreed.

As they got out of the car, Sabrina stopped and held out her hand. “I, I hope this can be a new starting point for us and that we can continue to make the Church of Night the best it can be… Faustus.” She bit her lip uncertainly.

“I think it can be a new starting point, Sabrina.” He shook her hand, “and perhaps having discussions with the youth at the academy could help us decide the future of the coven… to an extent.” He smiled warmly and they headed inside.

Once indoors, Sabrina made to go to her room immediately. Faustus called out, “Sabrina, would you like to join us?” It was an awkward invitation, but he thought if nothing else the thought would be appreciated. “You do have your Zebra Cakes,” he held up the bag.

Thinking on it a moment, Sabrina descended the few steps she had gone up. “That’d be nice, thanks.” She smiled and they went into the parlor together.

If Zelda was surprised to see them together, she didn’t show it. She just looked up from her book and grinned, “oh my heroes!” She teased, putting the book aside and leveraging herself up. “Thank you so much.” Zelda touched his cheek when he bent over and kissed her lightly before sitting down next to her.

Sabrina took a seat across from them, already tearing into her own box. They were chatting happily, trading snacks by tossing them across the coffee table when Ambrose poked his head in.

“I knew I smelled these!” He exclaimed excitedly, joining them and picking up a few treats for himself.

Before he could reply, the front door opened once more, and they all froze. Hilda’s voice called out, asking where everyone was. Ambrose and Sabrina’s eyes widened, they snatched up their treats and bolted out of the room through the kitchen.

Leaving somewhat flustered Faustus to explain to his sister-in-law why he’d brought this abomination of a pastry into her house, all while Zelda poorly smothered her laughs.
“Marry me?”

The question was so soft Zelda could have easily pretended not to hear it, especially given that he’d posed it as she was falling asleep against his chest. They’d done away with the pretense of Satanic confessions some time ago. Not that either of them verbally acknowledged it, their couplings had just naturally evolved into more as time passed.

They’d dawdle after finishing, cuddling and helping one another get dressed with lingering kisses and gentle caresses as they did up buttons. Then it was sleeping over; Hilda couldn’t have chosen a better time to be more independent and with Constance and the twins both lost nearly a year before due to premature labor… there was no one to witness this new domestic intimacy.

And now, now here they were; her curled against his side as his hand trailed up and down her back lightly, soothing the new welts from their rather feverish session—and he was speaking of marriage.

So, yes, she could have ignored it, pretended to be asleep. She half thought that was what he was hoping for, why he’d asked when he did. But the question sparked something inside her, which was why Zelda slowly shifted and looked up at him, chin propped up on his chest.

“Faustus, are, are you serious?” She asked equally as quiet, as if either of speaking louder would ruin it.

He brushed the fingers from his free hand against her cheek before sliding it into her hair. “Zee,” he smiled, “when am I not serious?” Faustus arched a brow and she couldn’t help but smile. Yes, they were both serious people—to the coven, to the students at the academy, even with their families.

But with each other, they didn’t have any expectations to uphold, any roles to fill or duties to complete. Which allowed them to be more relaxed, playful even, with one another. Except, in this moment, Zelda did not want him to be playful.

Rolling her eyes and sitting up, much to Faustus’ groans of protest, Zelda looked him directly in the eye. “I’m being serious, Faustus. Are you—”

Sitting up quickly, Faustus reached over and pulled out a small box from the bedside table drawer. Opening it up, Faustus cocked his head at her. “Zelda Fiona Spellman, will you marry me?”

Zelda’s eyes widen at the sight of the ring. It meant he’d been planning this, that it wasn’t a spur of the moment. It meant he’d been thinking of them as more for a long time and it warmed her completely to realize she hadn’t been reading too much into their interactions. It meant he wanted her as much as she did him.

“Yes,” she breathed, lurching forward to kiss him, her arms wrapping around his neck. Kissing her
back soundly, Faustus pulled away and grinned broadly.

With exaggerated care, Faustus took the ring from the box and slipped it onto Zelda’s finger. He pulled her back down with him, their lips locked once more; though it didn’t go beyond kissing—neither of them recovered enough yet. When they broke, he sighed contentedly, “I suppose we should tell the family?”

Scrunching her nose, Zelda resettled into her previous position against his chest. “In the morning,” she murmured, snuggling close. Faustus chuckled lowly and kissed the top of her head in agreement.

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She’d called a family meeting, waiting anxiously as everyone filtered into the kitchen, her hands clasped to hide the ring.

Ambrose was the first to break the silence, “what’s the news, Auntie Zee? Did Sabrina break another witching law?” Her niece scowled at him and swatted at his arm, Ambrose stuck his tongue out in return.

“We, we are actually waiting on some guests.” Zelda replied, fidgeting slightly, wishing Faustus would hurry up and arrive already. As if summoned by her thoughts, the front door opened and closed.

Everyone turned to see who’d arrived, confused as to why anyone else would have been invited to a family meeting.

“Morning everyone,” Prudence greeted, slipping into the room and pushing Ambrose over a little so she could sit on the bench as well.

Sabrina gaped at the new arrivals. “Auntie Zee! Why are they here? This is a family meeting.” She exclaimed indignantly, crossing her arms.

Rolling her eyes, Prudence turned her attention to Sabrina. “I assume it has something to do with my father having carnal relations with your aunt.” She replied wickedly, clearly relishing in Sabrina’s squeak.

The comment stunned Zelda too, “you, you know about that?” She asked aghast.

Before Prudence could reply, Hilda laughed. “Was it supposed to be a secret?” She raised a brow and got up to make some more tea. When Zelda and Faustus stared at her, she huffed in amusement. “If you want to keep secrets you need to do a better job at hiding your, um, toys. Quite a few were laying out last time I did the laundry.”

Though she wasn’t easily embarrassed, Zelda felt a faint flush creeping up her neck—those were details she’d never intended for Sabrina to find out.

Clearing his throat, Ambrose added. “And do a better job at sound proofing the rooms, and uh, hiding certain evidence with more than scarves.” He indicated to his neck with a wiggle of his eyebrows and a wink.

“Wait, so you all knew?!” Sabrina demanded, looking between them.

“Hard not to when you hear certain rhythmic noises coming from the headmaster’s office at night, and a certain male voice moaning out ‘Zelda’…” Prudence smirked, giving the couple in question an appraising look. “I can see why you’re the choir director, Zelda, you certainly made him sing.”
Sabrina clapped her hands over her ears, affronted. “Prudence!”

Chuckling, Prudence gave Sabrina a pout, “oh, is this conversation too much for your delicate ears? It’s sex, Sabrina, not murder.”

But Faustus looked at his daughter closely, “we’re careful only to partake in certain activities at the academy after hours, how is it you heard us, Prudence?”

Leaning back and resting one arm on the bench, Prudence shrugged, the crime already long past committed. “I may have been out and about in search of some pleasure of my own.” She lifted a brow, “but my misdeeds aren’t why you brought us here, is it father?”

This meeting was certainly not going how Zelda planned, but there was little else to do but rip off the bandaid and be down with it. “You’re quite right, discussing anyone’s pastimes is not why we called you here.” Faustus smiled and came to stand beside her, wrapping an arm around her waist.

Sabrina’s eyes widened, “oh no…”

Ignoring her, Zelda held up her left hand, finally revealing the ring. “Faustus proposed and we are getting married.”

Her sister squealed, literally squealed, and rounded the table to pull Zelda into a tight hug. “Oh Satan, that’s so wonderful, exciting, oh my goodness.” She beamed and bit her lip, pulling back and then hugging Zelda again—she couldn’t help but hug her sister back, a smile on her own face.

Ambrose stood up slowly, eyes narrowed as he glared at Faustus. “You hurt her, and what I’ll do to you… You’ll wish—”

Faustus grinned and clapped Ambrose on the shoulder, “if there’s anything left of me after Zelda and Hilda finish with me, you can do what you want.”

Her nephew eyed Faustus for a moment longer and then smiled widely, “it’s a deal. Congrats, you guys will make each other happy.” He shook Faustus’ hand and then nudged Hilda aside so he could hug her as well.

Prudence grinned smugly and turned to Sabrina, who’d been sitting with her mouth open since the announcement, “looks like we’re going to be sisters.”

“You can’t be serious!” Sabrina exclaimed, shoving away from the table and throwing her hands up.

The happy bubble inside Zelda’s chest deflated a bit, she’d known Sabrina might not be the most excited, but things had been so much better since she’d signed the book. There had been no more outrageous acts of defiance, far fewer witching laws broken, and she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the academy….

Pulling away from everyone else, Zelda reached out a hand to her. “Sabrina,” she murmured.

Looking helpless, Sabrina gestured wildly between Zelda and Faustus. “But, he, you, we—,” she huffed and tried again. “It’s Father Blackwood,” Sabrina grimaced, as if that explained everything.

Zelda had to bite back a smile, “I know who he is, Sabrina, I should hope so if I’m to marry him.”

Screwing up her face, Sabrina seemed to be having some kind of internal battle. Finally, she lifted her eyes to Zelda, “does he make you happy?”
Faustus made a bit of an offended noise and raised his hands as if to say he was standing right there. But Zelda smiled tenderly at her niece. “He does, sweetheart, he makes me very happy.”

Turning her attention to Faustus, Sabrina sighed. “She better stay that way. It’s not just a matter of not hurting her, you have to keep her happy. Understand?”

A reluctantly impressed look flitted across Faustus’ face, “understood. It is nice to see your family so protective of you, Zels.” He remarked and then turned an eye to Prudence who was cleaning her nails.

“Don’t look to me to ‘defend your honor’,” she laughed, standing. “Congratulations, Zelda, I hope we will get to spend more time together.” Prudence smiled and hugged her, much to Zelda’s surprise. “Father, I hope you know you’re marrying up.” She remarked, releasing Zelda and pouring herself some of the tea Hilda made.

Groaning, Faustus shook his head but slipped an arm around Zelda once more and kissed her cheek. “I know I am. What I didn’t know was how thoroughly outnumbered I’d be.” He arched a brow and Zelda smiled.

Clapping her hands, Zelda sat back down. “Shall we get to planning, then?” The others joined her at the table, happily chatting, drinking tea and eating; with only the occasional glare thrown at Faustus by Sabrina.
Prompt from ella-love95: Zelda breaks up with Blackwood because she’s annoyed with him and because he’s petty he tries to get revenge by dating Hilda (hurting her in the process) and Zelda gets revenge.

Chapter Notes

Assumptions I made when writing this:
1. Zelda and Blackwood kept their fling a complete secret, which is why Hilda didn’t think much of dating him.
2. Hilda’s not excommunicated, because Blackwood wouldn’t date her if she was
3. Blackwood is just a petty, annoying asshat, not the crazy bad guy, otherwise Zelda wouldn’t have let him near Hilda to begin with

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He was throwing another one of his temper tantrums. Zelda wasn’t even sure what it was about this time—not Sabrina, for once, thank Satan or she’d actually have to listen to him whine and not just hum in the right places as she painted her nails.

It had been fun, in the beginning. The sex was phenomenal and Faustus’ proximity to the Dark Lord and the chance to gain more power made it all the better. But he was grating on her last nerve. How had she never realized what a petty, annoying little man he was?

Lust. If she was being honest; it had clouded her judgement about him for some time. Faustus was certainly physically appealing, and he was powerful; which she wasn’t ashamed to admit was an aphrodisiac for her.

But lust only lasted so long… and hers had disappeared right around the time Constance died and Faustus started to open his mouth to talk more than he opened her legs. Is this what Constance had to endure? This endless, inane chatter?

Nothing was worth this. Not even more power within the church. It was an unholy miracle her ears weren’t bleeding yet.

A pointed cough caught her attention and Zelda glanced up at Faustus who was now looking at her pointedly. Apparently, she’d gotten lost in her thoughts and forgotten to hum in the right place.

“Well?” Faustus crossed his arms and waited, brow raised.

Zelda gave her nails a once over before muttering a spell to instantly dry them. “We’re through,” she announced, standing and smoothing out her dress.

He looked at her, baffled. “What? Zelda, what are you talking about? I asked—”
“I don’t particularly care what you asked, Faustus. This, whatever we are,” she gestured between the two of them. “It’s done. No more late-night visits, no more quickies before black mass, and no more listening to you blather on about Satan knows what. It was fun, until it wasn’t.” Zelda smiled thinly at him and breezed out of his office, leaving him to gape after her.

As she left, a genuine smile spread across her face. She deserved some fun, for putting up with Faustus for so long. Perhaps she’d pull out her little black book and ring someone up… or someones, it’d been ages since her last threesome.

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A week passed and she’d heard nothing form Faustus. Not that she wanted to, it’d just been a surprise, she’d been sure he’d try to exact some sort of petty revenge. But nothing. So, Zelda put the matter out of mind entirely. Until Hilda came home several days later, flushed.

Curious, Zelda lowered her newspaper. “What happened to you?”

Hilda twisted her hands excitedly, “you’ll never guess who just asked me out!” She beamed, and before Zelda could comment, she blurt out, “Faustus Blackwood.” She must have looked shocked, because Hilda rushed to continue. “I know, right? He’s rather handsome, and so serious. And the high priest! I never would’ve thought, me of everyone in the coven…” her sister trailed off, biting her lip a little uncertainly now that she was thinking the situation over.

Schooling her face, Zelda smiled. “Nonsense, you’re the one who could have anyone in the coven, Hilda. You just never think to ask.”

Fidgeting a little, Hilda thanked her and hurried off to get ready for her date.

Zelda shrugged, her sister was certainly old enough to pick who she dated. And if she could tolerate Zelda’s temper, maybe she could tolerate Faustus’… well, Faustus’ everything. It wouldn’t hurt to have that kind of connection with the high priest, even if the connection wasn’t her own. Yes, Hilda might be better suited to Faustus than Zelda ever had been.

Only, only hours later Hilda came bursting back into the house and before Zelda could react, she was up the stairs. Frowning, Zelda quickly traced her sister’s steps and found her already changed into her pajamas and jerkily pulling her robe on over top.

“Hilda?” She started softly, reaching to touch her sister’s shoulder. “What happened?”

Shaking her head, Hilda didn’t turn around immediately. “No—, nothing,” she managed, a forced and wobbling smile on her lips when she did turn, trying to hide how much the night had hurt her. But Hilda had always worn her emotions on her sleeve, and Zelda knew every stitch by heart.

Flames ignited inside Zelda, “tell me.” She demanded, her hard tone belied by how she gently guided Hilda to sit on the edge of her bed and the cup of tea that appeared on the bedside table.

“Nothing really, just, he just made a few,” she swallowed and ducked her head. “A few harsh comments,” Hilda wiped her cheeks. “I’m being too sensitive, it’s—”

Zelda framed Hilda’s face and brushed away more tears. “Tell me, sister.” And it sounded more like a request this time and Hilda nodded, fresh tears welling up, but she at least raised her eyes to meet Zelda’s.

Sniffing, Hilda shrugged a little. “I don’t even know how to explain, Zelds. He as me out, he seemed excited. And the evening was going well enough, but as we were eating,” she wiped away some
more tears. “Every other sentence out of his mouth… he made me feel like a consolation prize. That I should be grateful he’d stooped to my level.” More tears slipped down Hilda’s face and Zelda stepped closer and wrapped her little sister in a tight embrace; stroking her hair and murmuring soothing comments until the crying subsided.

Gently, she coaxed Hilda to drink the tea and then tucked her into bed—reminiscent of when Hilda was sick as a child and Zelda took care of her. “I’ll take care of everything, Hildie.” She promised, pressing a kiss to the crown of her sister’s head.

Smiling tiredly, Hilda drifted off to sleep. But the fire still raged inside Zelda, and only one thing could quench this particular inferno.

She changed back into her dress and shoes from earlier in the day before teleporting to Blackwood Manor; knowing the snake would be there. Zelda had known Faustus was petty, but she’d never imagined he’d go so low as to lead Hilda on, raise her hopes and then dash them, claiming she was the unworthy one.

No, Zelda would make him pay. She didn’t bother to knock, merely waved a hand and the front door crashed open. It wasn’t subtle by any means, but subtly was Hilda’s game and while it certainly had a time and place, it wasn’t here or now.

Storming into the house, Zelda found him in the parlor. Faustus had the gall to be sitting in front of the fire, nursing a scotch and waiting on her.

“Zelda,” he greeted smugly, not catching her expression in the dim light. “Did someone realize they misse—"

He gagged, the glass falling from his hand and rolling across the ground. Zelda’s hand was raised in the air, half clenched as though his throat were really in her palm. A slight twitch of the fingers on her other hand bound him to the chair, tightly.

Only then did she fully emerge from the dark entryway, knives in her smile and fire in her stomach.

Faustus’ eyes widened, terrified. He’d heard stories, certainly, of the Zelda Spellman from long ago. The one who turned her own harrowing around and tormented her harrowers. He’d likely thought that version of her tamed, a wild part of her lost as the centuries passed.

How could he have known, though, that she hadn’t tamed her inner demon at all, only kept it on a tighter leash; loosing it only when truly provoked. Little provoked her to that point nowadays; well, Sabrina was a unique case. But her niece would never meet this side of her, Zelda had vowed that when they took the girl in.

Though difficult to provoke, nothing unleashed her inner demon faster than someone going after her family. “I suppose you know why I’m here,” she purred, closing in on him with measured steps.

A choked noise escaped his throat and Zelda realized she still had an ironclad grip on his neck. Releasing him, Zelda came to a stop in front of him and cocked an eyebrow expectantly.

“Hilda,” he managed to croak.

Zelda smiled maliciously, “very good, Faustus, a gold pentagram for you. Well, maybe a red one.” She amended, and with several deft movements she’d ripped his shirt open, pulled out her knife and carved a small pentagram into his chest.

Faustus yelped in pain and tried to scuttle away from her.
“Ah ah,” she caught the back of the chair and held it firmly. “We could have had an amicable parting, your excellency,” she intoned his title sarcastically. “You could have even come after me in some way and I’d only have considered it fair. But what did you do instead?”

Silence greeted her question, Faustus just eyed her with contempt, a sneer on his lips.

She nicked him a little with her knife, making him hiss. “I expect answers, Faustus.”

“I went after your sister,” he spat, struggling against the spell she’d used to bind him.

“Correct again, your excellency, have another pentagram.” She sliced into his skin once more, this one slightly bigger than the last, and paused to admire her handiwork, eyes tracing the blood as it trailed down his torso. “I hope you understand what I’m doing and why I’m doing it,” she stepped away from him a bit and gave him an assessing look. “You see, when Hilda told me about her date, I didn’t give it much thought. I assumed you still had a hard-on for powerful Spellmans. You were such an attentive mentor to Edward. And then such a comfort to me, a poor witch running a house for wayward witches.”

At his stunned expression, Zelda scoffed. “You thought you were in control that night?” She looked at him pityingly, “Faustus, I orchestrated the entire thing; as if I’d be on my knees for you unless I knew I’d get exactly what I wanted.” She laughed and closed the distance between them again. “And Hilda, sweet Hilda, you likely thought you never stood a chance of her saying yes, why else wait so long to approach her? I was foolish though. I actually thought you might be a good fit, her temperament much more likely to put up with yours than mine—she’s the youngest, comes with the territory.” Her smile turned into a snarl, “then you decided to hurt her.”

“It was just words—” he started but couldn’t finish.

A spell flew from her lips and shot from her hand and he screamed; the sound was delicious and satisfying. She lifted the spell and Faustus’ breaths came in ragged bursts. “So were those, and they still hurt, didn’t they?”

Chest heaving, Faustus tried to glare at her, but she could see fear in his eyes. “What the Heaven kind of spell was that?”

“Spell for a thousand burning pokers, efficient and painful. And it should help you learn this lesson.” She murmured, etching another pentagram into his chest, three total, one for each Spellman sibling. The third was the largest, the deepest; for Hilda, for the pain he’d inflicted.

Standing, Zelda took a step back and muttered a healing spell, well, a partial healing spell. It sealed the wounds, but left the pain, left the scars. She didn’t want to let Faustus heal himself later and erase the evidence.

Faustus winced, giving her a slightly pleading look. “I understand. I’ll stay away—”

“From my entire family. I know.” Zelda interrupted in a bored tone, wiping the blade of her knife off on his pants. “We will only see you at black mass or at the academy. No more surprise visits to the house, no more targeting Sabrina in class. No more. My family, my sister is off limits. You violate this deal and,” she hit him with the hot poker spell once more, holding it longer than before. “The church just might need to find itself a new high priest.” She lifted a brow and the spell, “understand?”

He growled but acquiesced.
“Good boy,” she intoned mockingly, turning to leave.

Then he called after her. “Aren’t you going to release me?” He demanded, straining against the spell strapping him to the chair.

Squinting her eyes, Zelda shook her head. “The spell wears off in a few hours. Think of this as an opportunity to reflect on your actions and that everything has a price.” She smirked and was gone with a whispered spell.

She appeared back in her bedroom and quietly changed, trying not to disturb her sister’s sleep. Though she was unsuccessful.

“Zelda?” Hilda asked throatily, still half asleep. She hummed and slid onto the bed next to her sister, cradling her close. “Thank you,” Hilda murmured. Zelda kissed Hilda’s head and rubbed a comforting hand along her back.

“You deserve the world, Hilda. Don’t let anyone ever convince you otherwise.” She whispered vehemently, giving Hilda one more tight squeeze before going to climb into her own bed, planning.

While no one could know she had this soft, comforting side to her, Zelda had a reputation to uphold, one thing she’d make sure everyone knew from now on, was that no one messed with her family.

Chapter End Notes

Very different from what I normally write and how I depict Blackwood, I know. But it was fun to expand out a bit :)


Storks

Chapter Summary

Liza prompt—Sabrina asks where babies come from.

It shouldn’t have been a surprise. Honestly, it was a miracle Sabrina hadn’t asked earlier than this; what with their pregnant clients coming and going all the time. But just because they should have expected it, didn’t mean they were exactly prepared.

They’d all sat down for dinner when Sabrina looked up from her plate. “Aunties, where do babies come from?”

Hilda choked on her food, coughing quite forcefully, eyes comically round as Zelda pounded on her sister’s back.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Ambrose snorted with laughter. “Well you see coz,” he began leaning forward and grinning.

“Ambrose!” Zelda scolded, cutting him off, not liking the mischievous look on his face. Her nephew fake pouted and lounged back on the bench and waited, popping food into his mouth, clearly preparing himself for something entertaining.

Having managed the monumental feat of swallowing her food, Hilda turned to Sabrina. “What makes you ask, love?” She rasped, eyes watering and rubbing her throat slightly.

Furrowing her brow at all their reactions, Sabrina answered slowly. “Well, Megan in my class, she said her mommy is having a baby. And her mommy and daddy told her when a mommy kisses a daddy that a big bird called a stork is told and it flies in with a baby and leaves it on the front porch.”

Scoffing, “what utter nonsense,” Zelda couldn’t help but mutter under her breath. She then turned to her niece, “and what did you think of that, Sabrina?”

Sabrina pressed her lips together, thinking. “It sounded silly,” she answered, bringing her gaze back to them and Zelda smiled proudly.

Placing a hand on Sabrina’s arm, Hilda cocked her head, “why did it sound silly?”

“You and Auntie Zee see ladies with babies in their tummies all the time. If a bird brings the baby, how does it get in the tummy?” She looked at her own stomach, as if trying to figure out how the process would work. “It didn’t make sense.” Their niece looked back at them expectantly.

Zelda nodded, “very clever of you Sabrina. Very good deductive reasoning.” She took a sip of her drink before continuing. “You’re right, a bird does not bring babies. A baby comes from when a man and woman have sex.”

Blanching, Hilda gaped at her. “Zelda!” She exclaimed, automatically moving to cover Sabrina’s ears.

A raised eyebrow was her response. “She asked, Hilda. And really, it is better we have an honest
conversation with her. We can’t have her running around as misinformed as the mortals.”

Her ears still covered, Sabrina piped up. “What’s sex?” Ambrose guffawed and tried, poorly, to control his facial expression.

Giving him an unimpressed look, Zelda remarked, “if you’re too immature for this conversation, Ambrose, you are free to leave.”

Sniffling and clearing his throat, Ambrose managed, with some difficulty, a neutral expression. “I’m good auntie,” he replied, voice thick with repressed laughter.

With the cat out of the bag, Hilda lowered her hands and sat back down. “Well, Sabrina when a man and a woman love each other—”

“Love has nothing to do with it, Hilda.” She huffed in amusement, unsure why her sister was trying so desperately so sugar-coat something that was only natural. “Sex is something grownups do,” she explained, though she’d barely managed to wait until after her dark baptism, Zelda had no desire for Sabrina to grow up so fast when she reached that age. “It is a physical… exercise. And the kind that creates babies involves a man putting his privates into a woman’s privates.”

Sabrina made a face, looked to her lap, back at Zelda and then to her lap again. “That sounds icky. Why?”

Jumping in quickly, Hilda tried to get a word in before Zelda. “When grownups like each other a lot,” she shot Zelda a glare here to be quiet. “It is how they show how much they like each other. Does, does that make sense?”

Slowly, Sabrina nodded. “So, when a man and a lady really like each other the man puts his wiener in the lady… and it, it makes a, a baby?”

“It can, but if you use protection you don’t have to worry about that.” Zelda added and Ambrose raised his glass in a toast.

Hilda turned to look at them in exasperation. “Don’t you think that’s a bit advanced for her?”

Smirking, Zelda cocked an eyebrow. “Now Sabrina, babies come from when a man and woman have sex. But sex isn’t just for heterosexual couplings.” At her niece’s blank look,

Zelda continued. “Men can have sex with men and women can have sex with women. It doesn’t always have to be a man and woman pair. But only a man and woman pair can lead to a baby.”

“Like, like Merri’s moms?” Sabrina asked, referring to one of the other little girls in the coven.

Impressed with Sabrina’s quick thinking, Zelda nodded. “Yes, like Merri’s moms. But when they had sex it didn’t result in Merri. They adopted her, because—”

“Babies, babies only come from man and woman sex!” Sabrina exclaimed, clearly excited that she understood, and looking between all of them for confirmation that she had it right.

Sighing, Hilda rubbed her forehead. “Yes, darling, that’s right. But it is impolite to discuss sex or ask people about it willy-nilly. It is a private thing most of the time, and most people don’t like talking about it.” Hilda looked pointedly at her and Zelda couldn’t help but roll her eyes.

Turning to Sabrina, though, Zelda agreed. “People are usually private about sex, especially mortals. So, though Megan and her parents were wrong, it is best not to go to school and talk about this,
“Alright?” She also didn’t want to be called into the principal’s office and get lectured on how Sabrina was talking about sex in kindergarten.

“Okay,” Sabrina chirped and dug back into her food, unperturbed by the entire conversation. And within moments she was asking Ambrose what his top three favorite frogs were.
“Damascus steel? Where in Satan’s name am I to find that?” The excitement that appeared in Hilda’s face at the mention of a resolution slipped away.

Waving away her sister’s concern, Zelda smiled. “Don’t worry about that, I know someone who can get us what we need quickly.”

Hilda gaped at her, “you, you have a person on, on speed dial for Damascus steel?” She remarked, eyes wide.

“Of course, did you not listen? I’ve tangled with my own share of sex demons, sister, they are relatively easy to tame.” Zelda reassured her, mouth quirking slightly at the corner at Hilda’s astonishment.

Mouth hanging slightly open, Hilda just stared at her, a noncommittal noise escaping her throat.

Zelda rolled her eyes and stood. “Never you mind. I’ll contact him immediately and we’ll get to work on something for your demon.” She lifted a brow knowingly and lit a cigarette.

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The order of steel arrived the next day, much to Zelda’s surprise. Her contact was good, but this was excellent service. Pulling out her witching board, Zelda wrote to him. ‘Quick turnaround, thank you for the steel. I hadn’t expected it for a week.’

Moments later a message popped up in return. ‘After the third time your ordered, I’d kept some in stock for just this occasion. Have fun *wink, wink*’

Huffing in amusement, Zelda wiped the board clean and set it aside. No one else would have the audacity to wink at her, even in written form. But Felix was an odd one, and, well, she had ordered from him multiple times. He likely thought she fornicated with sex demons on a regular basis…. No matter, what Felix thought made no difference, what was important was that they had the Damascus steel.

With a slight grunt, Zelda hefted the box into her arms and made her way upstairs. “Sister,” Zelda strode into Hilda’s room with only a cursory knock. “Your package arrived.”
“Al—, already?” She asked, a little breathlessly and hurrying over to open the box. Upon seeing the contents, though, some of her eagerness faded. “Oh, well, I suppose…” she trailed off, lifting a large, bulky chain from the box. “It’s, thank you so much, Zelds. But it’s not quite—”

Frowning at the chain, Zelda snatched the other from the box. “Not what you expected.” She finished her sister’s sentence. “And certainly not what you wanted. These are hardly inconspicuous. Felix must have figured speed was more important than convenience.” Sighing, Zelda dropped the chain back into the box, not missing Hilda’s slightly dejected look. “But this is something we can easily remedy.” She amended quickly, “sit.”

Baffled, Hilda sat on the edge of her bed, watching as Zelda took a seat at the vanity.

Conjuring a pen and pad of paper, she looked at Hilda expectantly. “Does Cerberus wear any jewelry?”

Hilda blinked at her, “what?”


A squeak emitted from her sister, just as Zelda had predicted it would. “No! No piercings.” Hilda blushed deeply, practically whispering the last word.

Smirking, Zelda raised a brow. “Anything else then?”

Slowly, Zelda gleaned more information about the first man in a century who’d managed to capture her sister’s attention. And she couldn’t help but smile softly as Hilda answered each of her questions with a starry look in her eye as she played with the hem of her cardigan.

Some time later, Zelda capped her pen and set her notes in the box with the Damascus chains. “I have an idea. Give me a few hours,” she murmured, squeezing Hilda’s hand before snatching up the box and heading to her workshop and closing the door.

Though Damascus steel wasn’t the easiest metal to work with, her design was simple and efficient, which meant she didn’t need Ambrose’s help, only his smelting equipment to create something for Hilda.

The final product was lovely, if she said so herself. Smiling, Zelda plucked the steel from off it’s cooling rack and went to search for her sister; eventually finding her in the garden.

Handing Hilda the bracelet, Zelda started to list everything she’d done. “I’ve enchanted it, it’s element resistant, naturally. If he does take it off for any reason, I have a locator spell on it so he, or you, can find it again quickly. The bracelet will expand or shrink to fit his wrist—I had no frame of reference for his size, so this seemed the best approach.”

“Oh, how clever,” Hilda beamed, examining the bracelet. And Zelda could tell the exact moment her sister noticed the small spells she’d etched into the metal. “Zelds,” she teared up, “a, a protection spell? You—”

Zelda tried to shrug, act nonchalant. “Well, clearly Cerberus is important to you and it wouldn’t do if something happened to him. And given the Greendale 13 were roaming the streets not too long ago, hunting witches and mortals alike…” clearing her throat, Zelda changed the topic back to the piece of jewelry. “I’ve also enchanted it so it won’t fall off; it has to be deliberately removed. Meaning you and the good doctor can get up to any manner of things in the bedroom without worry.”
The comment made Hilda smile, despite the furious blush donning her cheeks. “Oh, I don’t know if we’re there yet,” she mumbled.

“You will be soon if he needs this just after kissing you. Don’t hold yourself back, Hildie, let yourself feel, have fun.” At her sister’s soft expression, though, Zelda powered on. "Now, if one bracelet isn’t enough, there is enough steel for a second, maybe a third. Happy hunting, sister.” Zelda winked and left; barely reaching the back porch before she heard Hilda calling Cerberus on her phone. Smiling to herself, Zelda lit a cigarette, "happy hunting indeed," she murmured, taking a long, satisfying drag as she reentered the house.
Chapter Summary

Anon Tumblr Prompt: Hilda and Dr. Cee get a little carried away in the book store and get caught.

Chapter Notes

short but sweet :)

Ever since Zelda helped her procure the Damascus steel, well, things had been progressing quite nicely with Cerb. Hilda could honestly say she’d been truly and thoroughly swept off her feet by the sweet man.

Said sweet man was somewhere in the back of the store, likely taking stock. It was a dreadful day outside, horrendous, actually; not a soul in sight. So, Hilda was re-shelving books customers had discarded while they shopped, having changed their minds. She’d just finished with the pile of books in her arms when a pair of arms wrapped around her waist and Cerb pressed his face into her neck. Smiling, Hilda leaned back against him and tilted her head to the side a bit, giving him better access. His smile stamped against her skin for a moment before he left a trail of kisses up her neck, leaving heated imprints behind her ear and then along her jaw. One of his hands came to rest on her hip while the other caressed up her side and against her ribs.

When he hit a ticklish spot, Hilda involuntarily giggled and pulled away. “Not there,” she warned, eyes twinkling.

Cerb raised a brow and advanced on her, “not there?” He intoned, voice low, and it sent thrills through her.

“Don’t you dare.” She failed to sound stern, a laugh on her lips as she backed away slowly. Cerb suddenly caught her up and lifted her onto the counter, sealing his lips over hers. When they broke, they were both a little breathless.

He stroked her cheek, “not there, hmm?” His hand slipped to the back of her neck, “how about here?” Cerb tugged her hair lightly to tilt her head back and Hilda gasped in delight. He grinned and then rewarded her reaction with long, lingering kisses along her neck that got lower and lower; her hands coming up automatically to his hair, clutching him close. “And here?” Cerb asked, question a little muffled against her chest as his other hand slid up her leg and under her dress.

Breath hitching, Hilda hummed. “That’s, that’s actually quite nice,” she murmured as his fingers danced along her thigh. They’d tested the steel before now, of course, but this was the, the furthest…. Her thoughts petered out when Cerb came up to kiss her again, hand still tracing maddening patterns on her thigh.
They were rudely interrupted when the shop door rang, indicating a customer. Cerb growled but snatched his hands back and smoothed her dress down.

Stealing another kiss, he whispered in her ear, “I’ll get rid of them as fast as I can. But you may want to go in the back to straighten yourself up, I’ve made a bit of a mess of you.” He turned, flattening his hair from where Hilda had run her hands through it, and made his way to the front.

Quickly hopping off the counter, Hilda made for the back, adjusting her dress and cardigan as she went. Before she could get there, though, a voice called out.

“Ms. Spellman! So glad I caught you, I wanted to ask…”

Hilda turned, hand coming up to self-consciously pat her hair. “Theo, love, how can I help you?” She tried to sound chipper and unaffected, but from the expression on the poor boy’s face she knew she was a right mess.

His mouth opened and closed a few times, “oh, I, I—” and Theo’s eyes glanced between her and Cerb. “I interrupted something… I, I’ll come back later.” And before Hilda could stop him, Theo fled the store, eyes wide and face flushing.

Certain her face matched Theo’s in color, Hilda pressed her lips together. The shop door had barely banged shut when Cerb burst out laughing. Rounding on him, Hilda swatted at his arm. “It’s not funny!”

Chuckling, Cerb caught her hands and kissed the knuckles. “It’s a little funny,” he grinned. “And Theo just darted past me to talk to you before I could say anything.” He tugged her closer and kissed her again. “Not my fault you weren’t fast enough,” Cerb teased, sliding an arm around her waist. “But maybe, maybe you could find a spell to help keep your lipstick stay? Is that a thing? Am I understanding magic right?” His free hand came up and his thumb traced her bottom lip.

His comments buoyed her heart. Yes, he was inhabited by a demon and his acceptance of who she was was much more easily won because of it; but his curiosity and sincerity about the witching realm warmed her.

Biting her lip to tame her smile just a little, Hilda nodded. “You’re understanding it perfectly, Cerb.” She tipped up onto her toes and kissed him. She’d have to ask Zelda what spell she used to keep her lipstick flawless… until then, “well, I can’t find a spell right now, and it’d be a shame to fix my lipstick—”

And Cerb’s mouth was on hers again, already knowing what she’d been about to suggest. Eagerly returning the kiss, Hilda flicked her wrist to turn the sign on the door, telling Greendale they were closed.

Hearing the sound, Cerb glanced over at the door. He smiled at the sight of the sign and tucked her hair behind her ear. “I like your thinking,” he murmured, leaning in to say the words against her mouth. “I rather like everything about you.” He added, kissing her properly.

Melting into the kiss, Hilda slipped her arms around his neck. “I rather like everything about you too,” she breathed, pulling him a little further back into the store.
They’d left Faustus’ office over an hour ago and Sabrina’s words were still bouncing around her head. That she’d told her niece she could be anything she wanted, including High Priestess of the Church of Night.

Though certain she’d encouraged Sabrina to pursue whatever interest she may have had, Zelda hadn’t recalled telling the girl she could lead the church... at first. But as she readied for bed, the memory came to Zelda and she quickly sat down in front of her vanity and murmured a spell to project the moment on the mirror.

"Auntie Zee?" Sabrina asked in a quiet voice as she climbed onto the couch next to Zelda, automatically curling into her aunt’s side.

Lowering her paper, Zelda peered at her niece, “yes, sweetheart?”

The girl pulled out a notebook and pencil before announcing, “I have to write about my dream job for school.”

Zelda exhaled through her nose and set her paper aside, really, the assignments from this mortal school were completely inane. “Isn’t the first grade a little young to be picking out a job?” She arched a brow and then smiled. “If you want to work so badly, you can help Ambrose in the morgue.” Zelda offered teasingly, knowing exactly how Sabrina would react—her niece didn’t disappoint.

Scrunching her face, Sabrina shook her head vigorously. “Eww, no! I don’t want to do that!” She half laughed her protest, knowing Zelda was joking, before squirming to settle further into the couch and lean more heavily against Zelda.

“If you don’t want to do that, what do you want to do?” Zelda slipped and arm around Sabrina and snuggled her closer, “how can I help with this?” She indicated to the notebook, secretly glad her niece wanted nothing to do with the mortuary. They only kept the business because it had been in the family for decades and it was a good means for obtaining certain ingredients for potions and spells discreetly; but Zelda had always wanted more for Ambrose and Sabrina... and well, Ambrose had little choice in the matter, but Sabrina, she had options and Zelda meant to encourage all of them.

Pulling up her knees so she could rest the notebook against them, Sabrina posed her pencil over the paper. “I need help. I can’t decide between what you and Aunt Hilda do, helping pregnant ladies, or High Priest for the church like my dad.”

Poorly suppressing a smile at the statement, Zelda cleared her throat. “Well, both are very noble callings. And you would be a High Priestess, darling, not a priest.” She bit the inside of her lip here, unsure if she should inform her niece that there’d never been a High Priestess before... it went against tradition.
But it was the sweetest sentiment, wanting to follow in Edward’s footsteps, and honestly, how often did people carry through with the careers that intrigued them as children? Very rarely. So, what was the harm in letting Sabrina believe she could be High Priestess? And perhaps in a century or so, after all of the schooling and required hours spent as an acolyte were complete, when Sabrina was actually eligible to run for the position, it would be possible.

Smiling, Zelda tucked some of Sabrina’s hair behind her ear. “I can tell you all about both, sweetheart, but I think for your mortal school it might be best to write about being a midwife—as it’s a job the mortals are familiar with. We don’t want them to—”

“To know too much about the church!” Sabrina exclaimed; eyes wide. “Oh, I didn’t think about that, Auntie. I’m sorry!” She dipped her head a little and Zelda was quick to catch her niece’s chin between her fingers and gently lift it, so Sabrina met her eyes.

“No need to apologize, Sabrina, you can be anything you want when you grow up. Anything at all, even High Priestess.” Zelda winked and removed her hand and bopped Sabrina on the nose lightly. “But you won’t always be able to tell everyone what you want to do; like your mortal friends and teachers. We still have to keep our realm a secret, understand?”

Sabrina nodded, grinning happily, “yes!” She dropped her notebook and surged forward to hug Zelda hard. “Thank you, Auntie Zee,” she murmured, tightening her arms just a bit before pulling back and picking up her notebook. “Okay, tell me about being a midwife.”

The memory continued, with Zelda shifting on the couch and tucking one leg underneath her as she shared all she could think of about being a midwife; Sabrina writing furiously as she spoke. Her niece only interrupted a few times with questions, silly comments and got sidetracked with an odd story every now and then. After, she told Sabrina all about what it meant to lead the church, unable to resist encouraging Sabrina.

A tremulous smile tugged on Zelda’s lips as she watched the memory come to an end. Even then, all those years ago, she’d been able to picture her smart, vibrant, caring girl as the head of the church. And now, just as she had then, Zelda couldn’t help but think that if Sabrina managed it, it would lead to wonderful things.
Hovering

Chapter Summary

Tumblr ask: Zelda very pregnant (about to pop) and Faustus keeps fussing over her.

She made her way down the stairs slowly, one hand on the railing and the other supporting her lower back. This child, Satan help her, was overdue. He was supposed to have been born a week ago and none of her midwifery tricks could prompt the little demon from her belly.

But that she could handle, that she could wait out. What was annoying Zelda to no end was her husband. Faustus had become increasingly protective as her pregnancy progressed, to the point that he was almost constantly hovering over her. And considering Zelda was independent to almost a fault, well, his actions were starting to grate on her nerves. The fact that she’d made it most of the way down the stairs without him popping up was an unholy miracle.

As if conjured by her thoughts, Faustus appeared at the bottom of the steps. “Zelda! What do you think you’re doing?” He demanded, rushing up the remaining stairs to assist her.

Smothering a groan, Zelda took another step down before he could get to her. “Moving around the house, Faustus. I’m not an invalid.” She snapped, waving him off when they reached the lower floor.

“Invalid, no. Thirteen months pregnant and counting, yes. And stairs can be treacherous. I don’t want anything to happen, that could risk—” He caught her once more, a gentle hand landing on her stomach.

Softening, and knowing his anxiety came from losing children before, Zelda cupped his jaw to stop his rambling. “Faustus,” she murmured, brushing a thumb over his cheek bone. “Nothing is going to happen; Hilda and I have both assured you multiple times that the babe is healthy.” When he looked like he was going to protest, Zelda added, “and so am I.” She sometimes forgot his worry extended to her as well, having lost his previous wife to childbirth years ago it was understandable… understandable but still frustrating at times.

But Zelda forced the frustration down and focused on how grateful she was that Faustus was so involved, so concerned—he very easily could have been indifferent until the babe was born; most warlocks were.

To try and lighten the mood, Zelda ran her fingers over Faustus’ forehead, trying to soothe out the worry lines. “I am fine,” she repeated. “The babe is strong and will come into this world when he is ready… or in two days, whichever comes first.” She informed him, pulling away and heading towards the kitchen once more.

“Two days?” Faustus echoed, trailing after her, and Zelda could hear the confusion in his voice. “Why two days?”

Glancing over her shoulder, Zelda smiled. “Because I will forcibly remove him with my own hands if he hasn’t vacated my uterus by then.” She turned her attention to her stomach and poked at it lightly. “Understood, my darling? I will evict you.”
Faustus chuckled and redirected her to sit at the table before moving around the kitchen to prepare the tea she’d come in here for.

A sigh escaped her as she sat, “Faustus, really, it’s unnecessary for you to—”

He placed the tea in front of her, clearly having used magic to speed up the process, and cut off her protest with a chaste kiss. “Let me do this for you, please? Satan knows you never let me any other time.” He settled in the chair next to her.

Zelda quirked an eyebrow and took a sip from her tea. She could continue to resist his help, make this more difficult for the both of them, or…. She shifted her chair enough so she could prop her feet in his lap.

“If you insist,” she smirked, “my feet are killing me.”

Rolling his eyes, but smiling softly, Faustus removed her slippers and started to massage one of her feet.
Chapter Summary

Tumbler Anon ask: Spellwood stuck in mortal Halloween and they're told they're a good interpretation of Morticia and Gomez Addams.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delays on some of these prompts. If you sent me one, I am working on it! I promise I’m working my way through them. Hope you enjoy 😊

It was October 31st, and Zelda couldn’t help but smile as she finished up her makeup for the night; a little darker than what she usually wore, but it was Samhain, after all.

The bonfires and offerings to spirits long dead would happen tomorrow night. Tonight, witches were free to choose how they wanted to celebrate. And Faustus just so happened to suggest they celebrate together at the RavenWolf Restaurant hidden under Greendale’s movie theater.

Zelda had eagerly agreed; it’d been years since she properly acknowledged Samhain; Sabrina’s birthday landing on the same day meant they often celebrated that instead. But this year Sabrina was off at some academy party with Ambrose and Hilda was with Cerberus. So, what better way to restart her celebration of the witching tradition than with Faustus?

And what made the night even better, was that there was likely to be no one out and about in Greendale. Mortal trick-or-treat had occurred earlier in the week; she knew because the Spellman house was the most popular destination in town for the holiday.

They’d become a town favorite because the Spellman family went all out for Halloween; at first, it’d been because of Sabrina’s birthday and it being her favorite holiday. Then, they simply carried on every year because it was family tradition.

It also didn’t hurt that going above and beyond each year kept the right kind of attention on the house and deterred any potential pranksters—cemeteries were popular sites for vandalism this time of year. So, instead of trying to chase everyone away, the Spellmans greeted them happily.

The naturally spooky atmosphere from the graves combined with the additional work they put into the house made their entire property rather eerie; which the mortals loved. Zelda had to admit, she rather enjoyed the entire affair as well. It was the one time of year they could blatantly use magic and the mortals didn’t blink an eye. Meaning, each year magically produced fog rolled along the Spellman property, creepy scarecrows that changed positions dotted the lawn, spiderwebs of illogical proportions stretched across the porch and elaborate, terrifying and enlarged jack-lanterns loomed out of the fog.

She and Hilda loved to dress up as witches, drink spiked hot apple cider and hand out candy while Ambrose roamed the area playfully scaring the kids and making sure no one messed with the graves.
And, if she happened to give some extra candy to every little girl dressed as a witch… well, who could blame her?

All of this had taken place earlier in the week, which meant all mortal festivities were done; leaving the witches to claim the night on Samhain as they’d done for centuries.

Or, so they’d thought.

Dressed to the nines for their night out, she and Faustus made quite the pair; Faustus in a striking black suit and Zelda in a long, tight black dress that had a neckline that plunged much further than her normal attire. But if one couldn’t dress up for Samhain, then what was the point?

It wasn’t until they teleported to an alley off of Main Street, planning to walk the final stretch to the restaurant, that they realized they’d been horribly mistaken in the assumption that mortals wouldn’t still be celebrating on All Hallows Eve.

Clearly, they were out of touch with mortal culture, because the moment they emerged from the alleyway, they were sucked into a massive street party.

Unsure what to do, they allowed themselves to be buffered along by the crowd. Faustus leaned over to her close, a hand on her lower back. “I thought you said the mortals wouldn’t be out tonight,” he growled, more irritated at the delay in getting to the restaurant than anything.

Zelda raised a brow at him, “oh, so it’s my responsibility to know the ongoings of the local mortals, is it?”

“Well, considering your niece is part mortal, I would have thought so.” He muttered darkly, shoving a drunken man away when he approached Zelda—eyes on her chest.

Smirking at his possessiveness, Zelda slipped an arm around his waist as they made their way forward. “That’s hardly fair. It’s Sabrina’s birthday, she always goes out. How was I to know the difference between her celebrating her birthday with her friends or her celebrating All Hallows Eve with her friends?”

Faustus grumbled something in return that Zelda couldn’t make out, and he usually only did that when he lost an argument. Before she could tease him about it, though, his eyes lit up. “There, next to the stage is a way out of this bloody thing.”

Following his gaze, Zelda looked past the stage where an individual was calling out on a microphone while a counterpart moved through the crowd and propelled people up onto the platform and saw the crude ‘exit’ the party organizers had created. Really it was just a couple barriers that lead out of the crush of people, but it was enough. They gratefully made their way forward, occasionally using a small spell to nudge people out of their way.

They’d almost made it, Zelda barely paying attention to what was happening on stage when someone grabbed her shoulder.

“Hey! Hey! We got an awesome couple here for the contest!” The man intoned, his voice amplified by the microphone in is hand.

Bewildered, Zelda tried to wave him off, tell him they were leaving and wanted no part in whatever this contest entailed. But more pairs of hands grabbed at them and pushed them up onto the stage.

The glare of the spotlight forced Zelda to shield her eyes for a moment and Faustus’ arm slipped around her waist and anchored her to his side.
“What is happening?” He mumbled, eyes wary and body stiff.

Before Zelda could respond that she hadn’t the faintest idea of what they’d gotten roped into, a costumed man strutted across the stage. “Alright, alright. Ladies and gents, ghouls and goblins we’ve got our finalists for the couples costume contest!” A roar went up from the crowd.

As the MCEE walked past them, Zelda tried to tell him they weren’t part of the contest, but the man just smiled at her lasciviously and winked before making his way back to the start of the line of contestants.

“We’re just going to have to bear it,” Zelda muttered out of the side of her mouth, eyeing the MCEE with disgust. Though they’d been able to subtly use magic up until now, cursing the man in front of half of Greendale was a bad idea.

Faustus exhaled slowly and glared daggers at the MCEE, he hadn’t missed the way the man had stared at her either. Cocking an eyebrow, Zelda ignored MCEE as he went down the line and named the costumed couples to see which should win based on the crowd’s response. Instead, she tipped her head to murmur in Faustus’ ear all the things she would do to him if he restrained himself from killing anyone, especially the man who was making his way closer and closer to them.

Faustus’ nails bit into her hip and his eyes darkened, a smirk tugging on his lips as his eyes swept over her. “Really? I thought we saved that for—”

But his words were drowned out by the MCEE who’d finally stopped in front of them. “And last, but certainly not least, we have a very convincing interpretation of Morticia and Gomez Addams! Down to the behaviors and everything. What do you think, folks?”

The crowd erupted with noise, by far the loudest reaction out of any of the couples. Zelda blinked, who the Heaven were Morticia and Gomez Addams?

“Alright, looks like we have a winner!” The MCEE shouted, causing some feedback. “Here you go,” he leered at Zelda once more and held out the prize.

Snarling, Faustus’ grip on her tightened deliciously as he snatched the card from the man before he could get closer. “I’ve got it, thanks.” He bit out, and Zelda knew he was contemplating all the ways he could eviscerate the mortal.

Not picking up on the real danger he was in, the MCEE chuckled and held up his hands. “Very convincing, very convincing.” His eyes flickered back to Zelda once more before he returned his attention to the restless crowd. “Okay, thanks folks, you can exit the stage on your left. Now we’ve got our individual costume contest, who’s interested?!” Another cheer went up from the crowd and they were ushered off the stage.

Thankfully, this put them right at the exit and they made their getaway. As they walked away, Zelda took the prize from Faustus and opened the envelope. “A gift card to Dr. Cee’s store,” she read aloud. “Well, maybe Sabrina will want it, she and her friends go there often.” Zelda tucked the card into Faustus’ jacket pocket and he just grinned.

Now that they were no longer in the literal spotlight and surrounded by mortals, he seemed to find the entire thing amusing. “We only won because you’re wearing that dress.” He remarked, moving to stand slightly behind her so he could run his hands along her sides.

Preening a little at the comment, Zelda lifted a shoulder in a nonchalant shrug. “So? I’d have been offended if we hadn’t won and I was wearing this dress.”
A low laugh emanated from Faustus and he suddenly spun her around in his arms only to press her back against a darkened store front. His lips latching onto her neck hungrily. “Maybe, I don’t want to share you…” he murmured coming up to her lips after leaving the beginnings of a bruise on her skin.

Sighing at his continued caresses, Zelda brought Faustus in for a brief, but heated, kiss. “We’re already late for our reservations because of that nonsense.” She breathed, though she was enjoying where this was headed, she was hungry.

Faustus dropped his lips back to her neck. “But I was promised dessert if I didn’t kill anyone,” he reminded her.

Zelda hummed, finding it hard to concentrate, “ahh, but dinner comes before dessert.” She playfully admonished, hand gripping his hair to pull him away from her.

Before Faustus could protest, though, his stomach grumbled loudly, betraying him. “Alright,” he chuckled, pecking her lips. “Food first, then dessert.” He eyed her closely as if trying to say he wouldn’t forget the promises she’d made.

Laughing, Zelda acquiesced, “of course, darling. Now come, I’m famished.” She pushed off the wall behind her and interlaced her hand with his to lead the rest of the way to the restaurant.

Only, because of the delay they’d missed their reservation. The staff seemed more than willing to evict a group in order to free up a table for the high priest, but Faustus waved them off. Picking up the menu, Faustus ordered for them both, telling the waiter that it was carry-out.

Zelda raised a brow, and leaned against his side to purr in his ear, “are you so eager to get me back to your house that you had to get takeout? So eager you couldn’t wait for me to even peruse the menu? That you ordered for me?”

Rolling his shoulders, Faustus huffed. “You always order the same thing here. You’ve tried everything on the menu, and you’ve settled on a favorite; I’ve never seen you waver from that favorite either.” He retorted, and he was right… Zelda was a bit of a creature of habit in some regards, and this was one. “And,” Faustus continued lowly, “you look much more appetizing than anything on the menu, so I thought I’d speed up the process.”

A hostess appeared then, a bag full of much more food than they’d ordered, apologizing for the inconvenience and insisting on the entire order being on the house. Zelda smiled and thanked the witch as Faustus tipped them generously for their speed.

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Forty-five minutes later they were curled up on his couch, still in their fancy clothes, food long since set aside, and watching the Addams Family on TV—it’d taken very little research to determine who Morticia and Gomez were.

The antics of the show and the dynamics of the characters had them laughing. “I rather like this family,” Zelda murmured, setting wine down and glancing at Faustus.

He hummed in agreement, “I rather like Morticia’s dresses,” he smiled wickedly, his hand sliding along the neckline of her dress. “I wouldn’t mind if all of your dresses adopted similar necklines.” His mouth joined his hand and he placed sucking kisses along her chest.

Bringing a hand to the back of his head, Zelda tugged a little sharply on his hair. “Oh, mon sauvage,” she purred, echoing the dark seductress on the screen.
Faustus pulled away, eyes dilating at her comment—the endearment from the show perfectly fitting their relationship. Playing along, he pressed her back into the cushions. “Cara mia,” he all but growled before capturing her lips once more.
“Then you and the rest of your witch kind can burn in Hell.” The girl stated calmly, reaching behind her back and producing a knife.

The smile finally slipped off Hilda’s face; she didn’t have time to deal with the girl. Truly, she didn’t. If the hunters managed to find her in a mortal bookstore of all places, then they surely knew about the house. She had to contact Sabrina; immediately.

Which was how she found herself hurriedly pushing Cerb into one of the aisles and kissing him, much to his confusion. But she needed his incubus, that form was made of sturdier stuff and it was unlikely the hunter came prepared to deal with a demon—different weapons were needed and from Hilda had been able to tell, the girl only had the witch killing kind on her.

Saying a quick apology in her head, Hilda yanked off Cerb’s Damascus steel bracelet and kissed him again. His body shuddered as the incubus took over, “now, be a good little demon and go deal with the witch hunter for me.” It was a lucky thing this hunter was cautious, or perhaps cocky, either way the girl’s slow measured steps had given Hilda the time she needed.

When Cerb’s eyes opened back up they were completely orange save for the black of his pupils. A guttural scream ripped itself from his throat and he was moving past her and towards the hunter in seconds. Hilda waited a moment, making sure Cerb had the hunter fully engaged before she slipped into the back and tried phoning Sabrina.

Of course, this had to be the one time her niece didn’t have her cell phone on her. Grumbling, Hilda hurried over to the mirror hanging on the wall and cast a quick scrying spell as crashes and growls emanated from the front of the shop.

Popping from mirror to mirror in the house, Hilda saw no sign of Sabrina… but also no sign of a struggle beyond a damaged front door. So the kids were safe, well, relatively. Ambrose was locked up but in no danger from the hunters, while Sabrina was free but likely being chased by hunters.

Swearing under her breath, Hilda cocked an ear and listened to the ongoings out in the front room, the sounds had died down, to an extent. Now it just sounded like Cerb was blowing off the remaining steam by destroying the furniture.

Hilda poked her head out of the door and what she found confirmed her thoughts. Carefully, she snuck up behind Cerb and slipped the bracelet back onto his wrist. He paced a few more times, but slowly, Cerb came to, his eyes changing back to their normal warm brown.

“Is she gone?” She asked, peering around the room and finding no sign of the hunter.

Shaking himself, Cerb blinked and then focused on her. “Yes, chased her out. She got more than she
was bargaining for, I suppose.”

Hesitantly, Hilda approached him. “I am so sorry, love, but it was the only way I—”

He swallowed the rest of her sentence, having closed the distance between them in several quick strides before framing her face with his hands and capturing her lips between his own. “No apology needed,” he breathed when they broke apart. “I would do whatever is needed to protect you. Though I have a feeling you could have handled her yourself.” Cerb quirked an eyebrow at her as his hands slid along her body; his incubus clearly not sated even with the bracelet in place.

Exhaling Shakily at his continued caresses, Hilda nodded. “Yes, I um, I could’ve… but, I—” she gasped when his lips locked onto her neck and he pressed against her. “I needed to check the house for, for, for my niece.”

Cerb growled against her neck, “is everything alright with her?” He started to walk her backwards until they were behind the counter.

“Mmmhmm,” Hilda managed, unable to form a coherent sentence.

“Good,” Cerb replied, pushing her cardigan off her shoulders and kissing her hard. Hilda returned the kiss with equal fervor and made quick work of the buttons on his vest as they sank to the ground.

The store door banged open 30 minutes later and Sabrina called out for her. Hilda shot up from where she’d been laying against Cerb’s chest, his hand alternating between stroking her back and fiddling with her hair. He looked at her with wide eyes and Hilda hurriedly cast a spell that dressed them both and teleported Cerb to one of the aisles that hadn’t been destroyed.

Popping up, Hilda answered Sabrina’s third shout with an undignified, “yep?”

“Auntie, you’re okay?” Sabrina asked imploringly, taking in the damage to the store.

Clearing her throat, Hilda nodded. “Yeah, absolutely fine.” She flicked her wrist to dispel any sign of their recent activity as she rounded the counter. “Just cleaning up some spilled milk from a surprise visit from a witch hunter.” Hilda went on to explain that they’d merely chased the hunter away when Cerb appeared. Thankfully he had the wits about him to have grabbed a garbage bag to make it appear as though they’d been cleaning this whole time.

Though now that she could see Cerb she realized that, in her panic, her spell had missed a few things; his vest was unbuttoned and his tie loose. But praise Satan, Sabrina was too preoccupied to put those particular pieces together and Nick’s arrival only further distracted her niece.

Sighing in relief, Hilda leaned into Cerb’s side as the kids talked, his arm wrapping around her comfortingly as they discussed it wasn’t a lone hunter, but a pack. Perking up at the mention of the academy, Hilda pulled away from Cerb and started plotting on how to break into the academy to warn the students and save Ambrose.

Chapter End Notes

Couldn’t help myself, they both seemed a little too ruffled; clothes, hair, breathless, to not have had some fun after the hunter left.
Chapter Summary

Anon tumblr prompt: Academy Spellwood, how Blackwood gets rebuked when he asks Edward for Zelda’s hand in marriage.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

She’d just bested him at chess... again. And from the look on her face, she wasn’t going to let him live it down. Frowning, Faustus sat back in his chair. “What next?” He asked, the spark in his eyes belying the tired tone of his voice.

Biting her lip, Zelda cocked her head and let her eyes drift over him. “The shirt, I want to see those tattoos again.” She smirked, lacing her fingers together before resting them on top of the chess board.

Faustus rolled his eyes, trying to pretend as though he didn’t love that she loved his tattoos... she’d helped him design the intricate one on his back. Slowly, Faustus dropped his suspenders from his shoulders and unbuttoned his shirt, tossing it aside when he finished.

Eyeing him with approval, Zelda reset the board. Her fingers lingering on the queen and then the king as she made deliberate eye contact with him and crossed one leg neatly over the other, her skirt inching up at the motion.

“Who decided strip chess was a good idea?” He asked, throat going a little dry at the action. “It takes far too long.” Oh, how he longed to run his hands up her legs and under her skirt to unhook her silk stockings from the garter he knew was hiding under the demur piece of fabric.

Zelda shrugged lightly, “I wanted to do something that took longer than 20 minutes with you for once.” She intoned, quirking a brow when she caught his eyes tracing up her legs.

A huff escaped Faustus as he made his first move. They spent significant periods of time together, Heaven, just the other day they’d spent two hours in a hot spring hidden from mortals with layers of spells; she certainly hadn’t complained then and he told her as much.

“Fine,” Zelda acquiesced with a sigh, and she removed the tie she’d loosened earlier in the game. “Maybe I wanted to do something mentally stimulating. Have to make sure you’ve got brains as well as balls.” She drawled, countering his move on the chess board with one of her own.

It was then he realized she was trying to goad him into abandoning their game, Zelda was growing just as impatient with their slow strip as he was... she just didn’t want to give him the satisfaction of admitting it.

Grinning slyly, Faustus decided right then that he wouldn’t abort this little strip chess game as he’d been planning to moments before. He’d make her be the one to end it. And just like that, their afternoon turned into a battle of wills.

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Faustus couldn’t honestly say who broke first, though if asked he’d say Zelda and she would say him. But in the end neither one of them were very patient creatures, not ones to deny themselves what they wanted; especially when it was sitting so enticingly across the way.

So no, he didn’t know who decided the chess game was done. Couldn’t say who’d shot out of their seat first, who’d pulled who into a crashing kiss as they dragged each other to the couch. He wasn’t sure.

But one thing he did know, one thing he was certain of, was he wanted to marry the witch currently laying against his side, her fingers absently tracing one of the tattoos on his chest. It wasn’t until recently that Faustus realized how much time he spent with Zelda. And not just with her, but exclusively with her, he hadn’t taken another partner since they’d started whatever was between them in earnest.

The revelation had stunned him. He’d never been one prone to monogamy, but neither were most witches. So, the fact that Zelda had inadvertently turned him into a one partner warlock was astounding. Not only that, but she also challenged him in every way imaginable; nothing was ever easy with her. And Faustus knew he wanted to be tested like that, by her specifically, for the rest of his life.

Any other witch would bore him.

“Zelda?” He murmured into her hair, and she stretched lazily against him in response before humming. “Stay with me tonight?” They never did that, slept together in the sense of actually resting. It set a precedent, a dangerous one, but Faustus found he wanted to throw himself off this particular cliff.

She shifted and rested her head on his chest, “really?” Her tone was light, but her eyes told another story; they always did. “But my brother…” Zelda let the sentence hang there.

Her brother, Edward, his mentee… they didn’t discuss him often when they were together. At least, not about how he wouldn’t approve of them. How, since he’d become the head of the family, Edward had gotten a sense of superiority. Going as far as to tell his sisters who they were allowed to date—not that Zelda ever abided by her older brother. In any case, the secretiveness of it all made it a more fun, increased the thrill; even when they were just studying, debating Satanic scripture, or simply talking about whatever was on their minds.

Still, they’d never gone so far as to flaunt what they were doing. Zelda did nothing to try and hide the bruises Faustus’ mouth left along her neck; but either Edward pointedly ignored them or his sister had come home in such a state often enough that he wasn’t suspicious of who’d left the marks there.

“You’ve never spent the night away from home and the academy before? Would he really be so suspicious?” He teased and Zelda hit him lightly in retaliation. Faustus chuckled, “what? It’s not like either one of us were innocent when we started this.”

Zelda settled against him once more, scoffing. “Of course not, you certainly weren’t my first. Nor would this be the first time I spent the night somewhere my brother would disapprove. But this is…” She trailed off and went back to tracing his tattoos for a moment. “This would be the first time I’d mind if Edward interfered. And if he finds out, he will interfere, he’ll try and keep us apart… and I don’t want that.” Zelda finished softly, not looking at him.

His heart pounded at the statement and Faustus was sure she could see or at least feel the drumming beat through his skin. “Leave your brother to me.” This time Zelda did look at him, a skeptical brow raised. “I have a plan,” he exclaimed, trying to sound offended by her doubt expression.
She just hummed and then laughed, unable to hold it back any longer. “I’m sure you do have a plan, just don’t expect Edward to go along with it.”

Rolling over so she was trapped beneath him, Faustus tilted his head. “I can be very persuasive.”

“Don’t I know it, Faustus.” She purred, hands skimming along his back and shoulders. “But I somehow doubt your usual wiles will work on my brother.”

Dipping his head, Faustus placed open mouth kisses along her chest and neck. “I don’t want to talk about Edward anymore, do you?”

Eyes widening in anticipation, Zelda shook her head and drew him in for a long kiss.

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Edward was surprised the next day when Faustus sought him out at home. Though they were somewhat friends, Edward and his mentor never met up outside of the church or academy. Still, he invited the warlock inside and they made themselves comfortable in the parlor.

“Is there something going on at the church that needed to be discussed immediately, Faustus?” He asked, unsure what else could be happening that couldn’t wait until Monday—Zelda had just arrived home merely 30 minutes ago, looking thoroughly debauched and proud of it. Not even bothering to try and sneak in, she’d waltzed into the kitchen grabbed some toast, winked at Hilda who blushed furiously in return, and then went upstairs calling over her shoulder that she needed some sleep after a restless night. Whatever Faustus wanted to talk about could surely wait. Edward needed to have a long discussion with his sister about upholding the Spellman name.

Shaking his head, Faustus sat on the edge of one of the armchairs, and if Edward didn’t know better, he’d say the man looked nervous. “No, I’m not here to discuss the church. Or the academy.” He added before Edward could ask. “I’m here on a personal matter.”

Taken aback, Edward leaned back in his chair. “Alright, how, how can I help?” He was too intrigued by what this matter could be to find it odd that Faustus had come to him to discuss something personal.

Faustus took a deep breath and stilled his fidgeting. “As our tradition commands, I’ve come to ask the head of the Spellman household for Zelda’s hand in marriage.”

Silence fell, both of them just staring at one another before Edward managed to find his voice. “You’re asking for what?” He replied, certain he’d misheard... this couldn't be happening. He’d have known about them, this couldn't-

A small smile tugged on Faustus’ mouth before he interrupted Edward's thoughts. “Zelda’s hand. I wish to marry your sister.”

Edward shoved out of the seat then, starting to pace. The answer was obvious. He had to say no. If he was to usurp Faustus as high priest, he could hardly have his sister marry the man. A marriage would make it seem as though the Spellmans supported Faustus—and if that happened Edward would never be able to surpass his mentor.

Shaking his head, Edward stopped pacing and turned to Faustus. “Absolutely not.” The response shocked Faustus, who wasn’t able to school his face fast enough to hide the surprise and what Edward thought might be disappointment.

Faustus stood as well, straightening his jacket. “Edward, I do not understand. Zelda and I are a good
match—intellectually, spiritually. And I don’t believe she would be opposed, if I am correct Zelda holds some affection for me.”

The man was right, Zelda wouldn’t oppose, in fact she’d love the proposal. Edward wasn’t blind to his sister’s desire for more power, or to some of the looks the two exchanged. And the timing of this request, Edward could see now how it lined up suspiciously well with his sister’s night out. However, if ever there was a political match made in Hell, it was his mentor and his sister. They were both ridiculously competitive, ambitious, too smart for their own good. Should they marry they would bolster one another and lead the Church of Night into a glorious new era.

Which was exactly why he could never let it come to pass.

No, that was to be his destiny, his legacy, not Faustus’. Edward was supposed to be the one to usher the church into a new era; but in his version mortals were much more heavily involved.

But Edward certainly couldn't tell Faustus he was rebuking him because of his own ambition, because of his own plans. So, instead of the truth, Edward latched onto the only feasible explanation. “Faustus, you are my mentor. How would it look if you married your mentee’s younger sister? The tongues in the coven would wag at the age difference. It’s hardly proper.”

It was a weak excuse, and from Faustus’ expression he knew it as well. “Edward, six years is hardly an age difference, especially among our kind. I—”

Cutting him off, Edward opened the parlor door, indicating Faustus should leave. “I’ve given you my answer. It will not change. Do not bring up this matter again.”

He could practically hear Faustus grinding his teeth, could tell his mentor badly wanted to leverage the situation in some way to get a different outcome. But this was one situation in which Edward would always have more power and there was nothing Faustus could do to change it.

With a curt nod, Faustus swept past him and out the front door. One step, he was one step closer to high priesthood. It was an unprecedented step, certainly, Edward had never anticipated Faustus asking for Zelda’s hand, but it was a welcome step all the same. Smirking, Edward went back to the kitchen, humming quietly to himself.

Faustus was seething as he stalked back to his house through the woods; not trusting himself to teleport. He’d known Edward would be against the idea, would fight him on it—he’d become ridiculously overprotective since becoming the head of the Spellman family. He just hadn’t expected such an outright refusal.

He’d gone into the situation confident he could convince Edward to allow the marriage. He’d had an argument the length of his arm to explain why he and Zelda should marry, how they were well-suited, that Zelda had expressed similar sentiments—though not quite so blatantly. But Edward hadn’t even given him a chance.

It’d stung his pride; the rejection. And Edward’s gall to try and rebuke him on propriety and age differences when the entire coven knew he liked to play with mortals who were mere children compared to most witches was salt in the wound.

Running his tongue over his teeth, Faustus found himself hating a church tradition for the first time in his life. It was an old fashioned one, certainly, but given how long witches lived they were all old fashioned by nature. The antiquity of the tradition never bothered him before. Besides, asking the
male head of house for permission to marry one of his family members was supposed to be a mere formality now. Something done, but not much stock placed in the blessing.

Yet, Edward had used that tradition against him. For all of his monologues about progression, Edward had reverted back to the oldest of ways the moment it suited him. Though Faustus wasn’t quite sure how it benefited Edward to refuse the marriage, he was sure it did in some way. And it irked Faustus even further that he couldn’t figure it out.

He was tempted to teleport back to the Spellman house and find Zelda, barging past Edward and throwing tradition into the wind as he got down on one knee and presented Zelda with the bird hearts he already had tucked into his jacket pocket.

Zelda would agree, in part to spite her brother for trying to control her, but in larger part, or so Faustus liked to believe, because they were well-suited to one another. He hadn’t been lying to Edward when he claimed Zelda held some affection for him. Perhaps even more than some based on their conversation the night before.

If he wanted to be high priest, though, he couldn’t just break a tradition; no matter how tempting it might be. So, no, he wouldn’t ruin his chance at high priest to surpass the marriage tradition. No, instead, Faustus would wait until he was named high priest and then he’d ask again.

It would be much harder for Edward to deny him then. And to increase his chances of success, he might just accidentally ask within Zelda’s hearing the next time. Let her weigh in on the issue—she could be very persuasive when she wanted, and Faustus had a feeling she’d want to persuade Edward to say yes; especially if he was already high priest. So, he’d have to wait a few years to marry Zelda. In the long run, what were a few extra years to a warlock?

Until then, he and Zelda could keep having their fun, though it might be a little more difficult now that Edward knew of at least Faustus’ intentions. But, he had a feeling the challenge would only make the game more enticing for he and Zelda both. Maybe Edward had done him a favor in this initial rejection, Zelda was always so fiery in bed when there were more obstacles to get there. Smiling to himself and feeling much better, Faustus went home, happy with his fool-proof plan.

Chapter End Notes

Couldn't help but end it there. If only Faustus knew what was coming down the line, he wouldn't be so confident. Hope you enjoyed.
Recovery

Chapter Summary

Potential Trigger warnings.

Tumblr prompt: Hilda comforts Zelda and addresses her PTSD after the Caligary spell.

Chapter Notes

This one took me a little longer because I wanted to make sure I got it right. Because I doubt the show will, considering they’ve breezed over pretty much all the trauma these characters have been through.

Hilda knew. She could tell, no matter how good Zelda was at hiding pain, at wearing a mask…. She could tell her sister wasn’t the same. Not since that abhorrent spell Blackwood cast on her.

She was ashamed to say it took her a little longer than it normally would have to notice. But with everything else going on, Ambrose’s near death, Sabrina nearly causing the apocalypse, losing Nick, saving the coven and Zelda taking over as high priestess… well, to say she’d been distracted was an understatement.

But Hilda had a feeling that the events had distracted Zelda as well, giving her something else to focus on and it was only now, that things had calmed down—relatively, that Zelda was coming to terms with what she’d been through.

It was only little things, at first. Zelda took to wearing multiple protection charms, ones that prevented magical attacks and unwanted spells. This, in and of itself, wasn’t a big red flag. Most of the coven had picked up the habit after the hunters and the attempted poisoning by Blackwood.

Next, she noticed that her sister flinched at the sound of small, melodic tunes—like those preprogrammed as alerts in phones and computers. Zelda asked Ambrose to change all of them to no nonsense beeps, claiming it was more business like and therefore better suited for a high priestess. Though skeptical of and confused about the reasoning of the request, Ambrose complied. Hilda suspected the reason Zelda was so adamant about changing the sounds was because they reminded her of the music box Blackwood used to enchant her. Still, it wasn’t anything drastic and Zelda seemed fine otherwise, so Hilda let this go without comment as well.

And then, then there’d been the time Hilda came home from the bookstore and smoke was raising up from behind the house. Rushing around to the garden, Hilda had been stunned to find Zelda standing in front of a large fire with a look of grim determination on her face.

It wasn’t until she edged closer that Hilda realized her sister was burning every piece of clothing she owned with any sort of floral pattern—she’d never had many to begin with, but this purge left Zelda without a shred of floral fabric in her closet.
Hilda tried to talk to her right then, knowing this was in response to the ridiculous dresses Blackwood forced Zelda to wear. But a staff member astral projected onto the property just then and called Zelda away for an emergency at the academy. Her sister having taken it upon herself to act as interim headmistress as well while they searched for a replacement.

Sighing, Hilda carefully put out the fire and disposed of what was left. As she did, Hilda scolded herself for not picking up on how much Zelda was struggling sooner. Though everything was 20/20 in hindsight, wasn’t it?

After that fateful afternoon with the fire, every time Hilda attempted to talk to Zelda a coven member, Sabrina’s antics or Lilith herself would interrupt. That, or Zelda would quite literally run from the conversation.

Then, something happened that even Ambrose and Sabrina couldn’t miss.

They’d all been sitting at the kitchen table after dinner, chatting and Zelda reading her paper while pouring herself a cup of tea. Sabrina had asked her aunt if she could top off her cup while she had the kettle in hand. Zelda turned without completely looking up from her paper and held the kettle out only to stiffen, hand frozen in midair, the kettle partially tipped but not enough for anything to come out.

Confused, Sabrina looked at Zelda, brows furrowed. “Aunt Zee?” But Zelda was far away, eyes locked onto something in the middle distance only she could see. “Auntie?” Sabrina reached out carefully and touched Zelda’s arm.

Recoiling from the touch, Zelda dropped the kettle, eyes a little wild, and fled from the kitchen without a word.

Hilda followed several minutes later, having had to convince Ambrose and Sabrina to stay downstairs. But the door to the bedroom was locked and Hilda knew how important control and space must be for her sister right now, so she simply knocked gently.

“Zelds?” She called out softly, “can I get you anything?” Silence greeted her offer, before she was brusquely told to go away. Sighing, Hilda did as she was bid and went back downstairs to find the kids hovering at the bottom of the steps.

She did her best to distract them, and herself, but Hilda knew she wasn’t very successful. All of their eyes drifting up to the ceiling where they could hear Zelda relentlessly pacing.

Later that night, after Hilda somewhat forcefully made Ambrose and Sabrina go to bed, she heard a muffled crash come from Zelda’s room. Hurrying to the door, Hilda knocked but heard nothing in reply.

Then a scream.

Hilda forced the door open and shut it again, sealing it magically against her well-meaning, but intrusive, niece and nephew, before finding Zelda sitting up breathing hard. “Zelds—” She reached her sister’s hand, heart sinking when Zelda wrenched away from her.

“No!” She exclaimed, almost falling off the bed in her hasty attempt to increase the distance between them. Zelda’s eyes were a bit wild and unfocused. “It’s not safe, I’m not safe. I’m not in control. I could hurt—”

Hilda held up her hands, hoping to placate her sister. “You are in control, you are. It was a dream. You’re safe, you’re home. I’m here and you’re in control.”
Taking gulping breathes, Zelda focused in on her voice. “Hildie?” She whimpered, visibly trembling. Hilda nodded and managed to give Zelda a small smile. “Yes, love, I’m here.” She climbed onto the bed slowly and made sure not to touch her sister again. “Tell me about it?” Shuddering, Zelda shook her head and sniffled. Swallowing, but knowing this was likely her only chance, Hilda pressed on. “Zelds, you can’t keep holding this in. It’s unhealthy.”

A long silence followed her statement, and then. “I—” Zelda started hoarsely and licked her lips. “I dreamed you or Sabrina got in my way when I cam for Leviathan.” She whispered, picking at her nail polish—a new nervous habit Hilda had noticed. “Blackwood, he, uh, he’d instructed me to not let anyone get in my way.” Zelda informed her, tears starting to trek down her cheeks. “I prayed I wouldn’t encounter anyone. I knew I’d hurt Sabrina. Hurt you. And I wouldn’t be able to stop it.” Taking a shaky inhale, she continued. “In my dream, you both tried to stop me. And I killed you both.” Her voice cracked but she kept talking. “Which meant I condemned Ambrose and he lost his head. I killed you all and it was all my fault.” Zelda finished, gasping and clenching the comforter in her hands.

Carefully, and very deliberately, Hilda placed a finger under her sister’s chin and lifted it so she could focus on her. “None of that was your fault or under your control. None of it. You hear me?”

And out of nowhere, Zelda slumped against her and sobbed, Hilda tentatively brought her arms around her sister and when Zelda pressed against her harder, Hilda tightened her embrace significantly.

“You can put on a brave face for Sabrina and Ambrose, but I know. I never should have let you go back. Never should have made you keep up that disgusting charade.” Hilda muttered, guilt washing through her at the admission. At the time she’d thought nothing of it, Zelda had acted so blithely about it, flipping her hair over her shoulder and making a snarky comment. But Hilda could see the damage now, how awful it must have been for Zelda to march back into that situation and pretend. But Zelda shook her head, “it was the only—”

“No.” Hilda clung to Zelda harder, “I never should have let you go back. I should’ve gone and killed Blackwood right then and there. He’d have been caught completely off guard. And I could—” she faltered, tears slipping down her cheeks. “I could have protected you from some pain.”

More sobs wracked Zelda’s body and Hilda ran a soothing hand up and down her sister’s back.

Swallowing her own tears, Hilda rested her cheek on top of Zelda’s head. “Tell me the rest? Better out than in, yes?” She asked softly, knowing she might be pushing too far, but also knowing her sister couldn’t internalize this any longer.

Zelda shuddered against her, “I was, was aware the whole time. Trapped. Trapped inside my head, banging against the sides, trying to speak, to control my body… but nothing was under my control. I had a front row seat to my life, to seeing myself used like a puppet. I was sealed inside, with no say in anything and Faustus he still, he—” she gulped, unable to finish and for several minutes they sat in silence.

“He took away my choice, Hildie.” She managed, now picking at her cuticles, some of which were beginning to bleed. Hilda gently released Zelda from her hug and took her hands into her own to stop the action. Zelda blinked and looked at her hands, unaware of what she’d been doing, but nodded minutely in thanks before leaning heavily against Hilda once more and resting her head on her sister’s shoulder. “He took and took and took. We’d always, at least in the bedroom, same page. But then he took it all away and took what he wanted still.”
Something dangerous sparked inside Hilda, though Zelda wasn’t forming completely coherent sentences, she understood what her sister was unable to say…. What she’d likely refused to truthfully label until now. Blackwood was a dead man, well, he’d already been that, but Hilda would make sure she got some alone time with her former brother-in-law before they put him to death. But fantasies of torture could wait, Zelda needed her. “Oh, Zelds, I—”

“When does it get better, Hildie?” She whispered wretchedly, “how does it get better?”

Gently wiping her sister’s face and tucking some hair behind her ear, Hilda bit her lip, unsure. “Well, tonight I’ll make you some tea with a little foxglove in it, you’ll get a good night’s sleep. And when you wake up in the morning, you’ll go to work, talk with other teachers and coven members, break up stupid teenage witch fights and then you’ll come home. And we’ll all eat dinner together, maybe read or do puzzles afterwards before going to bed. And I will sit by your side until you fall asleep. And the next day, we’ll do the same and it will hurt a tiny bit less. And the next day after that will hurt even less.

“Oh, Zelds, I hope that’s true, I do. I pray to Satan or Lilith or whoever we’re supposed to worship now that that’s true. But I don’t know,” she breathed, hating that she couldn’t give her sister the definitive answer she likely craved. “I’ve never been where you are.”

Zelda gave her a tremulous smile, “that’s alright. What matters is that you’re here.” She whispered, lacing her fingers with Hilda’s and exhaling shakily.

A few more tears leaked down Hilda’s face, “and I always will be.” She promised fiercely, vowing to never let anything or anyone hurt her big sister again.
Admissions

Chapter Summary

Tumblr prompt: Hilda tells Cerberus she’s a witch and then her bringing him the steel.

She felt slightly ridiculous, holding a rolling pin in front of her for protection. But Hilda had no idea what Cerberus was, and she meant to keep him in the dark about what she was as well… at least until she got more information.

Cerberus sat uncertainly in front of her, hands held up in surrender. “I owe you an apology and an explanation.” He started carefully, taking a deep breath.

Huffing slightly, Hilda kept her distance. “Bloody right you do.”

“I collect books, rare books. For the store.” Cerberus stated, and Hilda furrowed her brow, not having expected the conversation to begin this way. “And some years ago, I came upon an occult tome.”

Her heart fluttered at the mention of an occult tome. It wasn’t often that witching books fell into the hands of mortals, but when it did occur… well, it was usually a nasty piece of business. The fact that Cerberus was alive after finding, and likely toying with the tome was incredible. His voice brought her back to his story.

“And in this book, there was a… a spell, a spell for conjuring a demon,” he raised his shoulders a little sheepishly, as if to say, who wouldn’t have tried it? He’d likely thought it all in good fun. “I tried it on a lark. Never expected that it would actually work, but…”

The truth dawned on Hilda, “it did.” She breathed, looking at Cerberus sympathetically. “And so, the demon is still inside you?” She asked, voice pitching up a little more than usual.

Cerberus looked at her in relief, that she hadn’t discounted his explanation right off. “Yes. And as insane as it must sound to someone who has no knowledge of the satanic… uh, I’m—” He stuttered a bit, clearly having expected to be hit with her rolling pin already. “I’m possessed by an incubus… that I can’t get rid of.” He looked at her imploringly, “what happened earlier, it… it only happens when my passions are…” Cerberus flushed slightly, “inflamed.” He finished, not meeting her eye.

Hilda swallowed, “so, um, that’s why you didn’t open my valentine?” It all made so much more sense now and it felt as though a weight was lifting off her chest.

“That’s why I cannot be near you anymore, Hilda.” Cerberus corrected, “you excite me too much.” And she could see a color change flare around the irises of his eyes before they returned to normal. “I’m sick, Hilda, and I can’t be cured. And I understand if you want to run for the hills. But the truth is… I love you. But I can’t expect you to love a monster in return.”

She barely managed to suppress a smile at the words, though the corner of her mouth may have ticked up a tad. He hadn’t ignored her phone calls, left her off the schedule and rejected her because he didn’t want her… Cerberus had done those things because he did want her. Satan, she felt giddy.
“You, you love me?” She asked breathlessly, unsure if she’d ever felt this way before. Cerberus looked at her tenderly and nodded, though his lips were pressed together as if he were waiting for her to end things. “Oh, well, um, well then,” she began, hardly able to believe she was about to do this. “I have to tell you something about myself.”

Gingerly setting down the rolling pin, Hilda pulled up a chair and sat across from Cerberus. He took a deep breath in, “Hilda—” He warned, leaning back as though even her proximity were too much for him to handle. Though thrilled by the notion, Hilda scooted the chair back a few inches to make him more comfortable.

“I am, actually, quite knowledgeable about the Satanic.” She blurted, biting her lip. Oh, how had Edward done this? Told Diana about the witching realm? And he hadn’t even had anything to go on, Cerberus at least had exposure, had some inkling. Taken aback, Cerberus gave her a perplexed look. “Oh, alright…” He paused and waited for her to continue; his hands clasped in his lap.

Worrying the end of her cardigan, Hilda cleared her throat. “I have this knowledge, because, because I’m a witch. A proper one, not like the ones shown in movies. I know all about spells and conjuring and demons and fairies and herbology. And part of being a witch is, is praising our Dark Lord, Satan, for gifting us with these, these powers.” She stopped to gauge his reaction, but aside from wide eyes, Cerberus just nodded, his expression carefully blank.

Nervously, Hilda pressed on. “So, you see, you having a sex demon trapped inside you, well, that’s not so crazy sounding to me.” She managed a feeble smile and twisted her fingers, waiting for him to respond beyond how his brow just furrowed.

After several long moments, Cerberus’ forehead smoothed, and he looked at her questioningly. “So, I could truthfully say… you’ve cast a spell on me?” The joke was weak, and Cerberus’ smile unsure but he wasn’t looking at her in horror or disgust, just curiosity and what might be, relief.

A shaky chuckle escaped Hilda at the comment, and she shook her head. “You believe me then?” Cerberus made an abortive movement, as though he’d gone to take her hand and then thought better of it. “Of course, Hilda.” He locked eyes with her, and his expression was so sincere Hilda thought her heart might burst. “I just told you I have an incubus inhabiting my body and you didn’t blink an eye. In fact, it looked more like I’d just given you the final piece to a puzzle you’d been working on. Who else but a witch would be so accepting of what I claimed?” He did reach out then and carefully took her hand between his, stroking his thumbs along the back of it tenderly. “I do have a lot of questions, though, if that is alright?”

Hilda beamed at him and couldn’t help but close the distance between them and kiss him chastely, she’d kissed him once before, after the Greendale Thirteen, and they’d been fine… she assumed this would be fine too. “Perfectly alright,” she murmured, pulling back and finding his eyes only slightly changed in color before they reverted back to brown. “As long as I can ask questions too?”

Laughing, Cerberus nodded happily. “I ask one and then you ask one? We go back and forth until we can’t think of any more?”

Well, that had been easier than she thought, Hilda grinned and gripped Cerberus’ hand to lead him to the parlor. There would be more than a few questions, and if they were going to be there a while, they may as well get comfortable.
They’d spent hours talking and they’d had to stop before Cerberus ran out of questions; he’d gotten distracted when Hilda mentioned witches’ extended lifespans and a number of questions followed that particular comment before Cerberus huffed in awe, shook his head and moved on.

He’d had to go tend to the bookstore, but he asked if they could talk again. Stating it was immensely freeing to have someone know and understand his condition, even though it changed nothing between them physically, he felt closer to her than ever before.

After he’d left, Hilda started to research what could be done to remedy the incubus problem, no way in Heaven was she going to let something like a sex demon get in the way. Zelda’s information on Damascus steel, combined with her own findings, helped Hilda devise a way to bind the demon currently inhabiting Cerberus.

With luck, it would tame the beast and allow Cerberus to maintain control in, in all circumstances. Proud of her solution, Hilda sought Cerberus out at the bookstore about a week after their discussion (it’d taken her some time to procure the steel and ready it for use).

Unlocking the door with her keys, Hilda shut the door behind her and relocked it, turning to find Cerberus hurrying around the corner. “We’re close—, oh, Hilda!” His face transformed, joy filling his eyes and a smile spreading across his face. “What are you doing here so late? Is everything alright?” He approached her, looking concerned.

She’d had no choice but to inform him of some of the dangers in the witching realm, though he was familiar with them to an extent. Shaking her head, Hilda took his hand and squeezed. “Everything is lovely, Cerb,” she reassured him, and he visible relaxed and squeezed her hand in return. “In fact, I think I found a solution to your incubus.”

He pulled away from her at the reminder of his demon, afraid that mentioning it might bring it to the surface—though that was the case for some demons, it wasn’t for incubi; Cerberus had been correct in deducing it only came out when his ‘passions were inflamed’. Looking at her warily, Cerberus took several steps back. “Hilda, I don’t want to put you in danger. I can’t stand the thought of what I might do if the incubus is set free.”

“No, Cerb, this,” she pulled the bracelet out of her purse and held it out to him. “This will bind the demon, keep him from taking control, for as long as you wear it.” Cerberus hesitantly took the ring of metal and examined it. “I’m sorry I couldn’t come up with a way to banish the demon completely.” Hilda grimaced a little, taking the bracelet back and carefully taking ahold of his arm to slide the band on. “With other types of demons, it’s possible, but incubi are unique and cannot be banished using any means I could find.”

But Cerberus didn’t appear to hear her final words, he was turning his forearm, inspecting the bracelet with awe.

“How does it feel?” She asked, a little anxiously, when he brought his eyes back to hers.

Smiling softly, Cerberus brought a hand up to cup her cheek. “Let’s see,” he murmured, bending slightly to kiss her, his free hand wrapping around her to settle warmly against the middle of her back to draw her closer to him.

Hilda sighed and melted into the kiss, arms coming up to encircle his neck to keep him close. It’d been ages since she’d kissed a man, but Hilda knew for certain it’d never felt like this, not in all her decades. When they broke, they were both grinning like idiots. “That,” Hilda giggled, “that wasn’t quite what I meant.” She clarified breathlessly, “I meant does it fit alright. But, how, how did it feel? Does it work?”
A low chuckle escaped Cerb and he stroked his thumb over her cheek, the other still holding her firmly against him. “Well, it fits perfectly.” He grinned, glancing at the bracelet again. “And I knew it worked the moment you put it on, or I never would have risked kissing you.” The comment sent another sort of warmth shooting through Hilda, one entirely different from the one his kiss and touch created. “The demon, it, it feels like, like an afterthought now. Something that is there, but I can ignore.” He kissed her again in his enthusiasm and Hilda smiled into the kiss, unable to help herself.

“I’m so glad it works,” she managed when they pulled apart once more, her fingers curling in his hair.

The look he gave her then was a little overwhelming, in the best way, it was filled with love and admiration and desire and Hilda found herself wanting to be looked at like that all the time. “Thank you, Hilda, I thought,” he dropped his gaze then and held her a little tighter. “I thought I’d never be able to hold anyone I cared about again, let alone kiss them. Especially not an incredible woman like you. And now,” Cerb examined the bracelet once more and smiled. “Thank you. For believing me, for helping me, for accepting me, demon and all. I love you.”

There were those words again. And they sent her heart racing. Tipping up onto her toes, Hilda kissed him again. “I love you too,” she whispered, joy radiating through her at the admission.

Cerb’s face lit up and he swooped her into a hug and carried her further back into the store. Hilda laughed and pressed her face into his neck as he moved, thinking it wouldn’t hurt to test the bracelet just a bit more.
They were standing on the balcony above the students, it really was much easier to chaperone from here. They could see petty fights and curses coming from miles away and could intervene with little problem.

Zelda had just expertly shot a cooling temperament spell at two boys considering a duel in the middle of the dance, putting an end to the matter, when Faustus turned to her; eyes alight with awe and lust. She hid a smirk, that look was her favorite, especially when whatever caused it came before they’d ravaged one another.

Shifting to face him, Zelda raised a brow and shot another spell into the mass of students below, hitting her target without even looking. “Yes, Faustus?”

He smiled wickedly at her, and placed a hand on her back, sliding it lower until it almost wasn’t on her back anymore. “May I?” Faustus asked, though he was already pulling her against him as the next song began.

Unable to completely suppress a smile, Zelda allowed herself to be led in a dance. Well, dance might have been too innocent of a term for what they were doing, and oh, how it sent thrills through her and had heat pooling.

After a few minutes, she couldn’t stand the building tension any longer and, glancing around to ensure they were alone, pulled Faustus into a deep, dominating kiss. When she broke away, Faustus’ eyes were nearly black with lust, and though he’d never admit it, she knew he loved it when she took charge.

Arching a brow, Zelda extracted herself from his hold and made for one of the empty classrooms down the hall, not bothering to look back; she knew he would follow. He didn’t disappoint, moments later his hands gripped her hips and he mumbled something about there being plenty of other chaperones as they entered a classroom and locked the door behind them.

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She was perched on the teacher’s desk, her back to the door and Faustus in front of her. Zelda had him right where she wanted him; his head buried between her legs and working her over with his gloriously skilled mouth. She was gripping his hair tightly and was so close to finishing when the door banged open.

Zelda tried to push Faustus away as she whipped around, thinking it was a student; but he adamantly kept going and when Zelda realized who’d barged in, she was thankful he hadn’t stopped.

“Oh, so sorry.” A voice stated, though the tone was anything but apologetic. “I heard what sounded
like a cheap whore and thought some students might have snuck up here.” Shirley remarked acidly, eyeing her with an expression Zelda couldn’t interpret—though it was moderately difficult to focus when Faustus was doing *that* with his tongue. “But of course, it’s you, Sister Zelda. I don’t know why I expected anything less, shirking your chaperoning duties to what, masturbate?” Shirley’s eyes drifted down to where Zelda’s dress was rucked up to her hips, gaze lingering on where Zelda’s hand disappeared between her legs, still clutching Faustus to her who Shirley had somehow not seen, before they snapped back up. “Was the high priest too busy to lower himself to put up with you tonight? Or perhaps he finally realized you aren’t worth his time.”

At these words, Faustus stood and positioned himself between Zelda’s still spread legs, wiping his chin with the back of his hand. “Sister Shirley.” The witch paled and Zelda felt a surge of triumph. “I think you owe Sister Zelda an apology.” He murmured, his hand slipping between her legs to continue the work his tongue had abandoned.

The pumping motion of his arm was unmistakable, and Shirley clearly could see what he was doing now. Twisting her lips, Shirley ripped her eyes away from the action and glared at Zelda who was doing her damnedest to keep a serene and haughty expression on her face despite Faustus curling his finger just then.

“I apologize, Sister Zelda.” Shirley spat, whirling around to leave.

“For what?” Faustus’ voice stopped the witch, and Zelda couldn’t restrain the small moan that escaped her at how he was tormenting Shirley for her.

Turning slowly, Shirley faced them once more, face thunderous as she shook her head.

“For assuming she was beneath me... well,” Faustus chuckled and looked at their position, “socially that is.” And Shirley’s cheeks flushed, her eyes flicking back to where his hand disappeared and back again. “For assuming I could find better than Zelda, for thinking *you* were that ‘better’.”

Though her lips tugged up into a snarl, Shirley started to repeat Faustus’ words. When she was almost finished, he interrupted her.

“Oh, and for calling Zelda a whore, a cheap one at that, and thinking she’d ever shirk her duties in any way.” He added, a cruel glint to his eye, “alright, you may start over, make sure to include that.”

A vein popped out in Shirley’s forehead, but she did as she was bid. Grinding out the last words through clenched teeth.

Zelda nodded at her graciously, “thank you, Sister Shirley.” She accepted the apology with a smirk, her hips now unabashedly rolling up to meet Faustus’ fingers—drawing Shirley’s gaze once more.

Shaking herself and that vein now pulsing, Shirley spun and hurried away, slamming the door behind her.

“But of course, it’s you, Sister Zelda. I don’t know why I expected anything less, shirking your chaperoning duties to what, masturbate?” Shirley’s eyes drifted down to where Zelda’s dress was rucked up to her hips, gaze lingering on where Zelda’s hand disappeared between her legs, still clutching Faustus to her who Shirley had somehow not seen, before they snapped back up. “Was the high priest too busy to lower himself to put up with you tonight? Or perhaps he finally realized you aren’t worth his time.”

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Shaking herself and that vein now pulsing, Shirley spun and hurried away, slamming the door behind her.

“Fucking Shirley,” Zelda muttered. “You know she came to find me on purpose. Probably hoping to find something to use against me.” At least she hadn’t been on her knees to pleasure Faustus, as Shirley loved to allude to—though Zelda didn’t see it as a bad thing, having the high priest at her mercy while she sucked him off, Shirley seemed to find the act degrading. So, it’d been a bonus that Faustus was the one before her and not the other way around.

“She came,” Faustus captured her lips briefly, “because she hoped to have you to herself.”

Blinking, Zelda gripped his shoulders hard. “What? No, she wants you—”
Faustus shook his head, “she just wants my power, but with you,” he groaned and increased the speed of his hand, making Zelda’s head drop forward against his chest with a moan of her own. “When she didn’t see me, I could sense how excited she was to have caught you mid-pleasure; hoping to finish you off herself. One doesn’t have to be skilled at telepathy to see what she desired—she was practically projecting it. I’ll give you a pass though, since you were distracted.” He smirked, pressing a thumb roughly against her clit, causing her hips to buck out of rhythm.

“Nonsense,” Zelda panted, raising her head to look at him, though it was hard to concentrate. “She said—”

“She hates and wants you, Zelda. She’s also jealous.” He leaned in and bit her neck before soothing the spot with a lap of his tongue. “Jealous of you having me, but mostly of me having you.” Faustus raised his mouth from her neck and nipped at her ear, murmuring his next words there. “Is it any surprise she wants you? Wants this?” He swiped at her clit again.

Zelda gasped and smiled wickedly, “that’s information I can put to good use.”

He lifted a brow, “I didn’t tell you so you could torture her.”

“Yes, you did.” She countered with a low chuckle that turned into a sigh at a particularly good stroke.

“Maybe I did,” he acquiesced with an amused huff. “But I don’t want to talk about Shirley anymore, do you?” Faustus waved a hand to relock the door, a more complex spell this time, to prevent further interruptions.

Smiling sinfully, Zelda shook her head and tugged him in for a fierce kiss.

When they broke, they were both breathless. “Good,” Faustus all but growled. “Now, where were we?” His free hand gripped her thigh firmly enough that she’d have light bruises in the morning. Faustus glanced down to watch his fingers move in and out of her for a moment; delighting in the sight and sound. “Oh yes, that’s right. I’m still famished.” He smiled impishly, knelt in front of her once more and dipped his head back between her thighs to replace his hand.

If the image of Faustus on his knees had been intoxicating before, it was even more so now that Shirley knew he was there was well. Zelda groaned and let her head fall back as her hand gripped his hair and kept him close, all thoughts of Shirley vanishing.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo, yeah, went all in on this one. Hope it’s okay.
Domesticated

Chapter Summary

Tumblr prompt: more Spellwood parents

Summer was finally in full swing. The dreary, rain filled Spring days gone and replaced with clear blue skies and a bright sun. Zelda decided to take full advantage of the weather, knowing it wouldn’t last long in Greendale. That and keeping five year-old twins cooped up in the house was driving everyone a bit mad.

Which was why she was taking the kids to the park, in hopes of tiring them out. Hilda and Cerberus were at the store, Sabrina and Ambrose off with the Weird Sisters and Faustus, unfortunately, had been called away at breakfast to handle some emergency at the academy. Though Zelda loved spending alone time with Judas and Leticia, she wished Faustus could have joined them, it was Saturday, it should’ve been his day off.

As she ushered the kids out the front door, though, her husband appeared at the bottom of the porch steps—as if conjured by her thoughts.

“Leaving without me?” He asked in a teasingly offended voice. Shouting in excitement, the twins leapt down the stairs and hugged him hard with cries of ‘daddy’.

“Mommy said you had to work.” Judas exclaimed, shooting her a confused look.

A smile tugged at Zelda’s lips, “I thought he did, Jude.” She murmured soothingly, descending the stairs as well to kiss Faustus hello. “The academy…?”

Faustus grinned, “under control. Which means,” he wiggled his eyebrows at the twins, “I can join you!” He ruffled their hair and moved around them to go up the steps. “Just give me a moment to change.”

Leticia cheered and pulled Judas after her to the car, where Zelda had already loaded everything they’d need for their picnic.

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Once at the park, they settled under a tree, a blanket spread out. The kids inhaled their food and were off to play on the playground in what seemed like a matter of minutes, but she and Faustus just chuckled at their enthusiasm and stayed on the blanket to watch; amused by how often they called out challenges to one another—who could run the fastest, swing the highest, spin the longest.

Zelda sighed contentedly when Faustus pulled her closer so that she was sitting between his legs, her back leaning against his chest, his arms wrapped around her. “I’m glad you could join us,” she breathed, linking her hands with his and smiling as the twins moved on to their next competition—the slides.

“Me too,” he pressed a kiss to her temple. “We don’t get to do this often. Nor,” he dipped his head to kiss her neck, “do I get to see you in jeans often.” His mouth stamped a smile into her skin at the comment. “As much as I love your dresses, my dear, these jeans showcase your legs rather
One of his hands left her grip and slid down to give her thigh a squeeze.

Humming, Zelda shifted so she could see him out of the corner of her eye. “Perhaps we should both dress down more often, your ass is quite a sight in those jeans.” His responding laughter rumbled through her and before he could reply the kids came tearing over, asking them to play tag.

Playfully groaning, they allowed themselves to be pulled up and into the empty grassy area of the park. They’d been playing for 15 minutes when Faustus caught Zelda again, wrapping his arms around her waist and swinging her up, peals of laughter escaping her once more.

When he set her down with a peck on the cheek, Faustus announced, unnecessarily, “Mommy’s it!” He took off, Leticia hot on his heels.

Judas, however, didn’t move except to cross his arms. “You only ever go after mommy.” He pouted, face scrunching adorably.

“How Jude, just because I tagged mommy this time, doesn’t mean I only go after her.” Faustus tried to placate, a poorly suppressed smile on his lips.

Shaking his head, Judas furrowed his brow. “No. That’s number four. You tagged mommy four times and me and Letty none.” Their son corrected, holding up four fingers in demonstration.

Chuckling, Faustus raised his brow. “Well, that’s not true…” He trailed off when he looked to her and Leticia for confirmation. “Is it?”

Zelda bit her lip and teasingly grimaced at him while Leticia giggled and tugged at his arm. “It’s true, daddy. You only ever tag mommy, and you pick her up every time and make her laugh.”

“Oh,” Faustus blinked and turned back to Judas. “I’m sorry, Jude, I hadn’t realized. I’ll do better, okay?” He offered with a smile and Judas nodded, a gap-toothed smile spreading across his face as well. Just then, though, a dark cloud drifted in front of the sun. A summer storm coming in, often short, but drenching anyone who got caught in it.

A unanimous groan of disappointment emanated from them. “Another day, we can keep playing another day.” Zelda assured them, leading them back to where they’d left their things. With a wave of her hand, their things were packed and vanished into the back of the car. “Ready?” She turned and found that Faustus had Leticia perched on his shoulders.

Kneeling down, Zelda jerked her head and Judas happily clambered onto her back for a piggy back ride.

As they walked back to the car, the kids were already talking about what board games they could all play when they got back home. Zelda peeked at Faustus and saw a smile on his face that likely rivaled her own.

Had anyone told her, years ago, that this is what her and Faustus’ lives would be like—picnics, playgrounds and board games—she’d have laughed. Would have found the entire notion of either one of them being domesticated, let alone by one another, absurd. But, as they loaded the kids into the car and Faustus snuck in a quick kiss before opening her door, Zelda realized it was everything she never knew she wanted or needed.
Ambrose hung up the phone, a broad smile on his face. After their disastrous coffee date, Luke had ignored him and all of his attempts at reaching out. Ambrose hadn’t really been able to blame him, Luke didn’t know he was housebound, didn’t know Ambrose was astral projecting and that’s why he was distracted and sweaty on their date, why he literally ran out on him.

So, no, Ambrose hadn’t blamed Luke could even understand his motivations; it didn’t make him feel any better, but it was something. But then, out of the blue, Luke called him, asking if he could come over and visit, apologize for his absence. Though stunned, Ambrose had readily agreed and after getting off the phone he’d bounded down the stairs.

Quickly finding Aunt Hilda in the kitchen, Ambrose grabbed her hands and spun her in a circle, “Auntie! You’ll never guess what just happened!” He crowed, still dancing with her.

Giggling, Hilda stopped their movements and raised a brow. “What, love?”

“Luke called! He’s coming over in a couple hours.” Ambrose announced excitedly, wanting to share with the person who’d made their first date possible.

“Oh, is that right?” She asked, smiling. “Looks like he finally came to his senses.” Squeezing his hands, she turned back to the stove.

Blinking, Ambrose hopped up onto the counter next to her and examined at his aunt. She normally would have good-naturedly pestered him for details. Ask if she could make anything, or hint at needing to leave the house with a faint blush. But she did none of this.

A frown tugged at Ambrose’s mouth. “Auntie, you don’t seem very surprised by this… I was.”

Hilda glanced at him before quickly averting her eyes. “Because I had faith young Mr. Luke would come around, that’s all.” But her voice was pitched funny, and she still wouldn’t quite meet his eye. Though Aunt Hilda could keep some secrets as well as any witch, others she couldn’t hide to save her life. And apparently whatever she was hiding now fell into the latter category.

“Auntie…” he murmured, something squeezing in his chest. “Why did you have faith? Luke hasn’t spoke to me since our aborted coffee date.”
Hunching her shoulders, Hilda peered at him a little sheepishly. “I may, I may have run into Luke at Dr. Cee’s.”

Taken aback, Ambrose leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. “What was he doing there?”

“Buying some coffee, that’s all.” Aunt Hilda tried to sound flippant but failed.

Cocking his head, Ambrose narrowed his eyes. “And how did this chance encounter lead you to believe he’d reach out to me after *weeks* of nothing?”

“Well, love, you see, I—”

And before she could stumble her way through a lie, Ambrose cut her off. “What happened?” He asked softly but firmly, a pit forming in his stomach.

She bit her lip and looked at him sympathetically. “Oh, lamb, I just hated seeing you so morose. And I knew if given another chance you’d sweep Luke off his feet. I just needed to give him a little nudge first.”

Dropping his head into his hands, Ambrose groaned. “What kind of nudge?”

Hilda twisted the towel in her hands, “I may… have slipped a little love potion into his coffee.” She finished hurriedly, as if saying it faster made it less awful.

Horrified, Ambrose jumped off the counter and paced away from her. “You what?!?”

“I was going to reverse it after he’d given you another chance. Just left it in place long enough for a date or two, help him realize he’d fallen for you all on his own—then I’d have lifted it.” She rushed to explain, but Ambrose barely heard her.

Shaking with a myriad of emotions, Ambrose stalked around the kitchen. “So, so not only did you take away his free will in the matter, but you also were going to let me fall harder for Luke while he was under the effects of a *love potion*?! Meaning it would only hurt all the more when you removed the effects and suddenly he left me. Both of us unsure how we got there in the first place.”

His aunt had tears in her eyes now, “I never wanted to control him, Ambrose. I just wanted him to give you another chance.” She whispered clenching her hands together.

“A chance he’d given me *without his consent*.” He exclaimed, spearing his hands through his hair. “What made you think I’d want this? Why did you even have a love potion on you? Were you going to use it on Dr. Cee and then Luke walked in and you changed your mind?”

Hilda flinched at the accusation, “I’d never have used a love potion on Dr. Cee to make him like me. I—”

Scoffing, Ambrose stopped his pacing and rounded on her. “Oh, but it was okay for you to use it on Luke?” She opened her mouth to speak once more but Ambrose held up a hand. “I don’t want to know why you had one, why you thought it was okay to use it.”

She reached out for him, but he backed away. “I just wanted you to be happy, love. And you were, you were so excited when Luke called and said he was coming over. I just wanted you to be happy.” Hilda repeated softly, a few tears streaking down her cheeks.

Exhaling shakily, Ambrose ran his tongue over his teeth. “Yeah, well, now I get to reverse the potion, explain to Luke why he felt compelled to contact me out of the blue and then never see him
again because he’ll want nothing to do with me or mine after this. How’s that for happy?”

“Darling—”

But Ambrose shook his head. “Will you help me with the counter potion? I don’t know which one 
you used to begin this whole mess and I don’t want to make things worse by giving him the wrong 
one.”

Hilda nodded solemnly, face pinched, but no more tears fell.

They worked together in a strained silence and when they finished, she turned to him. “Want me to —”

“No. I can manage dosing Luke and getting dumped again on my own.” He bit out, and though part 
of him understood she’d been trying to help, to make him happy…. Ultimately, having his hopes 
raised and then dashed again only twisted this particular knife further. Before Hilda could apologize, 
the door bell rang, Luke had arrived.

Ambrose schooled his face and went to greet the warlock, insides twisting as he offered him coffee, 
saying he owed him after what happened the last time. Luke laughed and accepted readily, taking a 
seat in the parlor.

Carefully preparing the drink, Ambrose carried it back to Luke and watched, perhaps a little too 
attentively, while he drank it. The whole time though, Luke chatted happily, even when he set the 
empty cup down.

Brows furrowing, Ambrose looked at Luke closely. “Are, are you feeling okay?”

“Yeah, my head is a little clearer than it has been. Like I was in a fog these past few days and could 
only think of…” Luke ducked his head and cleared his throat, “of one thing. But I feel great now, 
why?”

Confused, Ambrose excused himself and all but ran to find Aunt Hilda—she wasn’t far, he found 
her hovering in her greenhouse. “Why didn’t it work?” He hissed, glancing over his shoulder to 
make sure Luke was still out of earshot, before explaining what happened.

Hilda peered around him, catching a glimpse of Luke tapping his fingers on his thighs as he waited 
for Ambrose to return. Her face softened, “it did, love. He just described the effects of the potion 
lifting. The feelings, those stayed because they were real.”

Feelings battled inside him, excitement that Luke truly did like him, but also a sinking feeling. 
Because while Luke did like him, what had gotten him to acknowledge those feelings, what had led 
him to their parlor today… had been wrong. Unsure, Ambrose made his way back to the parlor and 
sat next to Luke and smiled; internally debating whether he should tell Luke the truth.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, why did Hilda just happen to have a love potion on her? What was she going to 
do with it? Was she going to use it on Cerberus? We know she liked him from the 
beginning, her interview showed as much. I don’t know, it’s just odd and out of 
nowhere that she had a love potion on her. I tried to paint her motivations in a kinder
light, because dosing someone with a love potion is highly questionable. And then nothing else came of it! Anyway, thank you for the prompt.
It’d been a crazy day at the mortuary, Zelda had barely sat down, hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast, and had steadily smoked her way through two packs of cigarettes. So, the fact that she and Hilda were being called into Sabrina’s mortal school to deal with some, likely nonsensical, matter did nothing to improve Zelda’s mood. And for once, Hilda’s mood matched hers, or was at least close; though her sister was better at hiding it, she wasn’t unaffected by the stress.

So, neither one of them were in the best of mood as they marched into the school and found Sabrina sitting contritely in a chair outside of the principal’s office. A demur, “aunties,” the only acknowledgement they received, Sabrina’s eyes downcast.

Lifting a brow, Zelda shared a glance with Hilda before they headed into Hawthorne’s office.

Sabrina didn’t appear hurt that, coupled with the absence of another child, suggested that there hadn’t been a physical altercation or bullying. So, really, what could warrant this interruption in their day?

“Ms. Spellman, Ms. Spellman,” Hawthorne greeted them awkwardly and Zelda barely suppressed an eye roll as she took a seat across from the man, Hilda following suit.

“Why are we here?” She asked bluntly, lighting a cigarette despite the man’s feeble protests.

Pressing her lips together, Hilda threw her an exasperated look. “I think what my sister means, is has something happened with Sabrina? Is she alright?” Hilda asked, ever the diplomat and keeping the peace.

Hawthorne dragged his eyes away from Zelda’s cigarette and turned to Hilda. “As a matter of fact, there was an incident just after recess. Which is why I’ve called you in here today.”

“Obviously there was an incident, what was it?” Zelda cut in, in no mood for Hawthorne to dance politely around the subject.

Taken aback, Hawthorne cleared his throat. “After recess, Sabrina was turning in her art project when she accidently dropped it. It made quite a mess, which in itself wouldn’t have been an issue—we expect those types of incidents. No, it’s what she said after she dropped it that’s the problem.”

Pushing out of her chair, Zelda scoffed. “For fuck’s sake,” she knocked some ash off her cigarette into the top of an old trophy sitting on the corner of the man’s desk.

“That’s actually what Sabrina said…” Hawthorne mumbled, stunned, before his brows furrowed and he snatched the trophy away so she couldn’t use it again.

Zelda turned on him slowly, one arm wrapped around her middle, while the other was propped against it, holding her cigarette off to the side. “You called us in here because Sabrina cursed? Of all the inane things,” she muttered, and then continued more clearly. “We own and run a business, Mr. Hawthorne, one which does not have a nice, neat little schedule with bells indicating the time like yours. Why couldn’t this have been handled over the phone? Satan, or even at the end of the day when one of us came to pick her up?”

The man’s eyes all but bugged out of his head, “that was the other thing she said, Satan.” He added, looking at Zelda dumbstruck before turning pleadingly to Hilda. “I guess I don’t have to ask where
Sabrina might have heard such language.”

Hilda gave him a flat look, “no. And we can understand why the curse word was a distraction in the classroom, can’t we Zelda?” She asked pointedly and Zelda huffed.

“But you don’t see the problem with her discussing Satan?” Hawthorne furrowed his brow and looked between them.

She didn’t bother restraining her eye roll this time, “is this a religious school, Mr. Hawthorne?” Zelda questioned; tone dry.

“What—, I, no it isn’t… but—”

“Then if a child had said,” she swallowed but powered through, “‘oh god’, would we be having this part of the conversation?”

Hawthorne’s eyelid twitched, “no,” he replied slowly, as if uncertain of his answer.

Zelda knocked ash off into the trashcan before moving to stand in front of Hawthorne’s desk once more. “So, Sabrina mentioning Satan should be no different, am I correct? Or are you discriminating against our religion?”

His eyes widened in alarm, “I’m not discriminating against anything!” Hawthorne was quick to reassure them. And Zelda didn’t miss how her sister had to duck her head to hide a smile at the man’s expense.

“Well, then, we’ll talk to Sabrina about cursing at school. Are we done?” Zelda arched a brow expectantly, taking another draw of nicotine.

With a helpless look, Hawthorne turned to Hilda for support, but she just cocked her head in return. “Yes,” he sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, “we’re finished.”

Nodding curtly, she stubbed her cigarette out on his desk before flicking the rest into the trash. “Hilda, I’ll get the car, you sign Sabrina out.” She opened the door and left.

Hilda faced Hawthorne once more, “I just sign her out at the front desk, yes?”

“The, the school day isn’t over.” He remarked baffled.

Giving him a sympathetic look, Hilda stood. “No, but it’s close enough and we’re not going to drive back home only to have to turn around and come right back to pick Sabrina up when we could simply do that right now.” She gave him a tight smile and left as well, placing a hand on Sabrina’s shoulder as she exited and guided her niece to the front desk.

Once Sabrina collected her things and was signed out, they met Zelda outside and climbed into the car. They’d barely buckled their seatbelts before Zelda was driving away.

“What in Heaven were you thinking?” Zelda scolded, “I told you, curse words are for home and the coven. Not your repressed mortal school.”

Hanging her head, Sabrina chewed her lower lip. “I know. It just slipped out. I ruined my painting, I worked on it soo hard and when I dropped it, it just slipped out.” She repeated, carefully passing the smeared painting to Hilda in the front seat.

Zelda glanced at it and frowned, it was impossible to tell what the picture might have been prior to
the accident, she could see why Sabrina had been frustrated. “Hilda, this is something we can fix, is it not?”

Smiling, Hilda waved a hand over the paper, whispering a spell, and in seconds the paper returned to its original form. “Ohh, lamb, it’s a painting of the house with us in front of it. It’s lovely, isn’t it, Zelds?” She tipped the paper so Zelda could see.

She looked over again when they’d stopped at a traffic light. “Very nice attention to detail, Sabrina, and your use of color is certainly appropriate.”

A wide smile broke across their niece’s face at the praise and she leaned forward to take the painting back. Her smile dimmed a bit then, “am I in trouble for saying a bad word at school?”

Sharing a look with her sister, Zelda smiled. “I suppose we could enchant a bar of soap and make you wash your mouth out with it. That spell would keep you from cursing.” Sabrina’s eyes went round in the rear-view mirror and she squeaked a bit.

A low chuckle emanated from Hilda as she shifted to face Sabrina. “Your Auntie Zee is just teasing, love. But no TV for tonight, alright?”

Face scrunching in displeasure, Sabrina nodded. “Okay. And I promise not to say bad words at school anymore.”

“Good, no cursing.” Zelda emphasized, “but feel free to bring up Satan whenever you please. The Dark Lord is important in our lives but mentions of him also make some mortals uneasy and it’s rather amusing.” She smirked, remembering how Hawthorne had paled at the Dark Lord’s name.

Hilda tutted at her, “Zelda, don’t go encouraging that.”

Zelda just winked at Sabrina in the mirror and their niece giggled before starting to tell them about the rest of her day.

Chapter End Notes

Considering how Hilda said ‘praise Satan’ to Mr. Putnam while they were in line to see Santa in the Mid-Winter’s tale episode and he didn’t even blink, I assumed the Spellmans didn’t quite hide their religion.
Witch Trials

Chapter Summary

I actually got 2 Spellman sister harrowing prompts at the same time, so I combined them. Anon and littlest-moon-girl, I hope you still enjoy it!

**Prompt 1:** Hilda is sleeping and having a nightmare about her time at the Academy. “The Harrowing” that Zelda caused. Since she was so ruthless & in her sleep Hilda almost kills Zelda until Ambrose & Sabrina helps Zelda wakes her up. Thank you!

**Prompt 2:** The sisters remember their own harrowings and for the first time Hilda wonders if her sister had been harrowed once too. Zelda doesn't want to ever think of those three nights again. Thanks

Chapter Notes

Side note: Greendale 13 hasn’t happened yet, so harrowing was based on the earliest witch trials.

Maybe, in years to come, they’d blame the incident on the fact that Sabrina had just been harrowed; drudging up memories and picking at old scars. Or maybe, they’d blame Batibat, the sleep demon, for playing with their minds and leaving them exposed and vulnerable to other nightmares.

Hilda was sure Zelda would still blame herself, but after the talk they had, Hilda found it easier to accept the apologies her sister had given her. If nothing else, she now understood so much more than she had before.

It'd all started a few nights after Batibat trapped them, no one was sleeping very well; but even then, Hilda knew her reaction was extreme.

A nightmare plagued with the events if her harrowing had flooded her dreams, and apparently propelled Hilda out of her bed and over to where her primary tormentor slept. It wasn’t until Ambrose and Sabrina were shouting and yanking on her that Hilda woke, groggy and confused. Shaking her head, Hilda took in her surroundings and it was then that she realized she was partially straddling her sister—who was coughing and rubbing her throat. Evidently, Hilda had wrestled Zelda off her bed and proceeded to choke her. Only the resulting crash from them hitting the floor woke the kids and had them running—praise Satan they had. Horrified, Hilda quickly leveraged herself completely off her sister, apologies falling from her lips as she attempted to explain she’d been dreaming of her harrowing.

Gasping, Zelda waved away Ambrose’s attempt to help her up and she refused Sabrina’s offer of tea. Standing slowly, Zelda turned to them. “We’re sorry for waking you. Thank you for your help, but you can go back to bed.” She instructed, voice a little hoarse. The two just gaped at Zelda and then started to argue, but a glare from her sister had them fleeing.
Hilda made to apologize again, but Zelda shook her head. “It’s nothing I don’t deserve,” she countered with a rasp, hand still massaging her throat. Sitting on the bed a little heavily, Zelda swallowed with a slight grimace. “I think some tea is in order, yes?” She finally brought her gaze to Hilda’s and her expression was carefully blank. “Would you like some, perhaps with a little foxglove? I can start the kettle.”

Nodding uncertainly, Hilda trailed after Zelda down to the kitchen. As her sister moved around the room readying the tea, Hilda cautiously leaned against the counter next to her. “Zelds,” she started, guilt still gnawing her insides.

“No need to apologize, Hilda. As I said, it’s nothing I don’t deserve.” Her voice was recovering, but she still barely met Hilda’s eyes. “Besides, harrowing is on everyone’s mind at the moment, I can hardly blame you for having it on yours.”

She wrapped her arms around her middle and nodded slowly before moving to sit, only to stop and turn to look at Zelda. “How is it on your mind?”

“Hmm?” But the noise was too strained for it to come off as nonchalant as Zelda likely planned.

Undeterred by Zelda’s vagueness, Hilda pressed on. “Harrowing. How is it on your mind, Zelda?”

Sniffing, Zelda lifted the kettle from the stove just as it began to whistle. “Well, because Sabrina, of course.” She muttered, busying herself with the cups and sugar.

“Oh, okay.” Hilda slowly took a seat and watched her sister closely, and when Zelda joined her, setting the kettle between them for refills, Hilda noticed a slight tremor in Zelda’s chin. And it suddenly dawned on her that her sister may have harrowing on her mind for a reason she’d never shared… Zelda had been harrowed as well. Carefully taking a sip of tea, Hilda squared her shoulders and faced Zelda. “Tell me the truth.” Zelda blinked and when she opened her mouth, likely to lie again, Hilda leveled her with a glare. “I think you owe it to me to be truthful, here, Zee.”

It was a bold move, stating Zelda owed her when only ten minutes ago Hilda had been choking her. But it was the only card she had to play and to Hilda’s astonishment, it worked.

A shuddering exhale escaped Zelda and she clasped her hands on top of the table, her knuckles going white. “I, harrowing it’s, it’s on my mind because of Sabrina. But her harrowing isn’t all I’m thinking about… I’m also thinking about my own.” Dropping her eyes in shame, Zelda traced a whorl in the table. “Sabrina having to endure a harrowing, it unburied some painful memories; as you experienced yourself.” Dropping her eyes in shame, Zelda traced a whorl in the table. “Speaking of your nightmare, I owe you an explanation for why I did that to you.” Zelda blinked rapidly and cleared her throat. “They, my harrowers, they told me they would harrow me again if I didn’t help. And I couldn’t… not again.”

Hilda had never seen her sister so pale and twitchy, and in that moment, Zelda reached for a cigarette out of habit, only to realize she didn’t have them on her. Drumming the table with her fingers, Zelda bit her lip before continuing. “So, to avoid a repeat performance, I agreed to help. And I made sure to harrow you properly, otherwise they’d claim it didn’t count and harrow me again regardless. I was ruthless and cruel, and I protected myself where I should’ve protected you. I’m sorry.”

She sat there a moment in stunned silence before getting up and grabbing the first bottle of alcohol she could find. Hilda added it to their already foxglove laden tea, not caring how it would taste. “Well.” She said, talking a long sip.

“Yes.” Zelda added, sniffing and pressing her fingers into the corners of her eyes to try and prevent
any tears.

Twisting her fingers, Hilda tried to catch Zelda’s eye. “What did they do to you?” She asked softly, reaching over and taking her sister’s hand. “To put such a fear in you?” To make you think harrowing me was the only option, she mentally added.

Eyes going wide, Zelda shook her head and pulled her hand back. “Hildie, I relive those nights often enough in my dreams. I’d rather not dwell on the memories while awake.”

Hilda pressed her lips together and looked at Zelda beseechingly. “Perhaps talking about it will help with the nightmares… and, it’ll help me understand and work through my own experience as well.”

It was unfair, taking advantage of her sister’s guilt. But Hilda wanted, and frankly deserved, a better, more detailed answer than the one Zelda was providing.

Frowning, Zelda took a deep, fortifying drink of her spiked tea. “I suppose I do know what happened to you, so it’s only fair you know what happened to me.” Though that wasn’t quite what Hilda had been going for, but if it was easier for Zelda to see it as a transaction, then she’d let it be.

Taking another drink, Zelda started to talk; and though her eyes were locked on the table, Hilda knew she was seeing something far away.

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239 years ago

The first night they cast a spell on her while she’d still be asleep—only one of them pinning her to the bed woke her and she’d been terrified at her inability to move, to speak, to undo the spell. Cackling, the trio had, quite literally, dragged her out of bed and into the forest surrounding the school; her back had been a bloody mess when they finally dropped her completely and released the spell.

Zelda took great gulping breathes, though she’d been able to breath under the spell, it’s been restricted. When she sat up, the girls were smiling maliciously at her, a tall wooden post reaching up behind them.

They’d gone on to explain how witches of the past were burned at the stake for their abilities, often gagged and bound to prevent any spellcasting that might spare their lives. And if Zelda wanted to be a true witch, then she too, must be burned at the stake—walk in the footsteps of their ancestors.

On some level, Zelda knew that they weren’t really going to burn her alive. But as they tied her to the stake, ropes cutting unforgivingly into her wrists, ankles and neck, Zelda couldn’t suppress the wave of panic that swept through her. Witches had died from harrowings before, after all.

Then the trio stepped back, smirking at her, and set the pile of kindling underneath her ablaze. And while she’d been right, the fire wasn’t real, the pain was real enough. But Zelda didn’t cry out in pain, something telling her that doing so would admit defeat.

And so, she’d remained silent, twisting against the ropes, digging her nails into the stake until splinters buried themselves into her skin and nailbeds in an attempt to hold back her screams and whimpers. By the time dawn finally came, Zelda’s skin was chafed raw where she’d been bound, and the rest of her body was covered in stinging welts—mild reminders of what could have been charred skin and bone her tormentors informed her sweetly.

But she hadn’t screamed, hadn’t cast any spells to try and free herself… so she passed and the welts stung and burned for several more hours before fading; disappearing just in time for her tormentors to inflict new ones.
They didn’t bind her on the second night, and part of Zelda wished they had. It would have been much easier to be dragged off somewhere instead of having to obediently walk to her own torture session.

This time they stopped next to a river, and the girls told her to hold still as they wound ropes around her torso and legs, effectively preventing her from moving. They’d told her that mortals once believed that if a witch was thrown into any body of water, that she’d float. Because witches spurned the false god’s holy water upon baptism, so to must other forms of water spurn witches in return. A ridiculous mortal theory, of course, but the drownings cost many witches their lives and now Zelda must also experience what countless witches before her had.

Casting a spell so that she would stay at the bottom of the river, they threw her into the water where she promptly sank. Zelda remained underwater for what felt like an eternity, her lungs burning and head floating from the lack of oxygen. And even though she told herself not to, after what had to be over two minutes, Zelda’s mouth opened involuntarily, searching desperately for air but only water flooded in. Her body bucked in the water and everything went black.

She woke coughing violently and throwing up water. The girls laughed at her and then tossed her back in. The cycle repeated countless times, they’d throw her into the water, let her struggle and only reel her back in when she started to convulse in order to revive her.

Zelda wasn’t proud to admit that she begged after the fifth time they brought her back. Throat burning, head heavy, nose running and shivering, Zelda pled with them to not throw her back in. The words only increased her tormentor’s glee and they happily deposited her back into the river.

When they fished her out the final time, the girls untied her and left her on the bank of the river as they headed back to the academy, chatting. Zelda didn’t move for some time, other than to cough and shiver. Her limbs felt like lead and getting up and returning to the dorms took Zelda nearly double the time it normally would have.

Eventually, though, Zelda forced herself to go back, drenched and exhausted, Zelda skipped classes for the rest of the day and slept.

If she’d had the energy, Zelda would have used the knife under her pillow to keep her harrowers away that night. But her body still hadn’t fully recovered from the previous night and so Zelda let them led her back into the woods, her feet catching on roots, rocks and just the ground at times.

The final task, they informed her, was to search for a witch’s mark. The mortals had gotten one thing right in their pursuit of witches, they’d discovered that witch’s marks didn’t bleed. And while they may have determined that much, mortals had never been very good at identifying what was truly a witch’s mark and what wasn’t.

So, in tribute to their ancestors, the girls would search Zelda for a mark—but they’d have to be just a thorough as the mortals long gone. Each of them produced a large needle, stripped Zelda down to nothing and proceeding to jab every mole, freckle and birthmark they could find to see if it bled.

With her complexion, Zelda had countless freckles across her shoulders and back, especially after a summer in the sun. By the end of it, her body was littered with needle pricks, blood collecting slowly from the small wounds into drops before rolling down her skin.

She only grimaced at some of the particularly vicious jabs, but otherwise remained stoic, managing to go away inside her mind—at least partially. And perhaps it was custom, or maybe the girls were feeling especially cruel and spiteful because of her lack of reaction, but as the sun was raising, they knocked Zelda off her feet and exclaimed that the soles of her feet were covered in potential marks
and proceeded jab their needles into her feet, leaving them raw and throbbing.

When the sun was fully risen, they vanished their needles and eyed Zelda appraisingly. “Looks like you’re one of us after all.” They muttered, almost sounding disappointed that she’d passed, before the trio teleported back to the school.

Practically sobbing in relief that it was over, Zelda pulled her clothes back on and hobbled back to the dorm.

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Hilda stared at her sister, unable to think of what to say. The details of Zelda’s harrowing were clearly seared into her brain, just as clearly as the details of Hilda’s were imprinted into hers. And yet… and yet, Hilda did not remember experiencing the same things.

She remembered the stake, the flames licking at her skin, the pain; she even remembered the leftover welts. What she couldn’t recall were those welts aching, burning and stinging for the rest of the day before they disappeared.

And for the second night, Hilda had been repeatedly thrown into the river as well. But not once had she been resuscitated because her harrowers had let her truly drown.

As for the third night, Hilda didn’t have the same complexion as her sister, her skin at the time relatively clear of any marks and Zelda had been adamant about only pricking those.

Without meaning to, Zelda had revealed something else to Hilda in her retelling. Her sister had revealed that she’d spared Hilda to an extent; made it appear as though Hilda was experiencing the full brunt of harrowing but in reality, she’d helped her.

Gently, Hilda took her sister’s hand once more and squeezed. “Thank you.” She whispered.

Taken aback, Zelda stared at her as though she were crazy. “For what?” She asked, baffled.

“For sharing. For being honest. For apologizing, again. For, for sparing me what little pain you could.” Hilda murmured, knowing that while this knowledge and the apologies never could completely erase the trauma she’d experienced during the harrowing, it softened the blow that it had all happened at her sister’s hands.

Swallowing hard, Zelda looked away and blinked away some tears. “I should never have let them threaten me into doing it. But I couldn’t drown again, Hildie. That second night… it almost broke me. It came so close.” She whispered, slugging back the rest of her tea.

Nodding in understanding, Hilda finished her drink as well and stood. Slowly, the sisters made their way back upstairs to bed, hands linked. And though the words didn’t change the deed, perhaps it could change how they interacted moving forward.

At the very least maybe they’d stop trying to kill one another.
Flirting 101

Chapter Summary

Red Prompt: write something about how Zelda is quite slow to get some things? Like Lilith hitting on her even though they’re already in a relationship? It’s be pretty funny, specially if Hilda get a sidekick role

Chapter Notes

Alright, this is my first Madam Spellman piece, so please bear with me if the characters aren’t exactly perfect. Thanks!

It was another Saturday morning that Lilith found herself in the Spellman kitchen after having spent the night. Though Zelda was an early riser, she had nothing on Lilith and Hilda. Which was how it had become somewhat of a routine for Lilith to join the younger Spellman sister in the kitchen before the rest of the house stirred to chat.

The blonde witch had embraced Lilith with open arms, only blinking a bit upon hearing her true identity before mentioning softly that if she hurt Zelda, Lilith’s entire legion of demons wouldn’t be able to protect her. From that moment on, they’d become something rather like friends.

Currently, Hilda was expressing how glad she was that Lilith and Zelda were finally together. That she hadn’t seen her sister so happy in years.

Though the comment sent warmth seeping through her, Lilith made sure not to show it and brushed it away. “Yes, we’re finally together, no thanks to your sister. It took her ages to realize I was flirting with her. And I was by no means subtle,” Lilith raised a brow and tilted her head at the witch across from her.

Hilda furrowed her brow, “oh, I doubt that. Zelda is quite, quite free in her sexual expression. I don’t see her having trouble—”

A smirk tugged on Lilith’s lips, “really? Want to wager on that?”

“Wager on what?” Hilda asked, turning and placing a plate of food in front of her.

Humming in thanks, Lilith popped a piece of fruit into her mouth. “That Zelda can’t tell when I’m flirting with her.” She clarified after swallowing her food.

“Alright then,” Hilda grinned, “whoever loses has to be the first line of defense in Sabrina’s next drama.”

Lilith laughed, “high stakes then.” She was mildly impressed with Hilda’s terms, though knowing the teenager, whatever drama she cooked up next would likely draw them all in regardless of their wager. “It’s a deal,” she reached over the counter and shook Hilda’s hand.
Poorly smothering her glee, Hilda made her own plate of food, knowing her sister was often blatant, to the point it was uncomfortable for others, in her romantic pursuits. She would surely win.

They didn’t have to wait long, Zelda joined them minutes later; reading the paper in one hand and balancing a cup of tea in the other. “Damned morning,” she remarked, not looking up from the article she was reading.

“Damned morning indeed,” Lilith drawled, resting her weight on her forearm as she leaned against the counter. “What’s a woman like you doing in a place like this?”

Brow furrowing, Zelda lowered her paper for a moment to give Lilith an odd look. “I live here, dear, what are you babbling about?” She turned back to her paper and settled at the table.

Turning back to face Hilda, Lilith gestured towards the table with a smug ‘I-told-you-so’ look on her face and she cocked her head at Hilda and took a bite of bacon.

“Well, that was the cheesiest line ever!” Hilda hissed, “of course, she didn’t know what you were doing.”

Arching a brow at the challenge, Lilith dropped her food, sauntered over to where Zelda was sitting and perched herself on the table next to her girlfriend. “Zelda, darling, is this the new dress you got on sale?”

Glancing down, Zelda then returned her attention back to her newspaper. “Yes, it was 50% off.” She added, taking a sip of tea.

“I’d like it if it was 100% off,” Lilith practically purred, leaning forward and looking at Zelda under hooded lids.

Zelda scoffed, “the store can’t just give things away for free.”

Head dropping forward in exasperation, Lilith sighed. “That’s not what I—”

“That’s a terrible way to run a business, Lilith.” Zelda set the paper down completely and stood. “Honestly, wherever do you get these ideas?” She gave Lilith a perplexed look, though an amused smile played about her lips as she lit a cigarette. “I’ve got a phone call in a few minutes, should be done rather quickly, but just in case, will you be around for dinner?”

“I, yes, I will.” Lilith answered, slightly defeated.

Pecking her on the lips, Zelda moved away from the table. “Marvelous, see you tonight then.” She nodded at Hilda and then headed for the office.

Grumbling a little, Lilith leveraged herself off the table, went back to the counter and gave Hilda a pointed look. “I told you!” Though this time it wasn’t in a triumphant manner, but more of a pleading one.

Hilda just stood there, baffled, looking between Lilith and where her sister had disappeared. “Are you she’s not messing with you? Pretending not to notice to rile you up?”

“Did it seem like she was pretending?” Lilith exclaimed, throwing her hands up. “I wish she was; I’ve always enjoyed harmless, little mind games. But this is something else.”

Smiling at her sympathetically, Hilda patted her hand. “Well, I think part of the problem may be that Zelda is a little slow on the uptake. But I also think part of it is that you’re bad at flirting.”
Lilith gaped at her, “bad, bad at flirting?!” She repeated in offended disbelief. “I am a succubus. I am not bad at flirting.” Lilith crossed her arms defiantly.

A chuckle escaped Hilda then. “Yes, love, you’re a succubus. You’ve always relied on that power to draw people in and seduce them. But you only use it when you need something, not when you truly care. So, you don’t use it on Zelda because you’re being genuine. And genuine you is bad at flirting.” The blonde suppressed another laugh poorly. “Even Cerberus has better lines than you and he’s just a ‘corny, horror-host duplicate’, according to Zelda.”

Scowling, Lilith picked at her food. “Well, what do I do, then?” She asked sulkily, hating to admit that Hilda had a valid point.

Hilda couldn’t hold back a laugh this time, “I don’t know. Cerb and I are equally as corny, so we match up.” It was bewildering for a succubus to be asking her for advice, especially when her experience in this particular arena somewhat limited. When she saw Lilith’s shoulders slump though, she sobered her tone. “I do know,” she blushed slightly, “from one too many times of walking in on something, that Zelda is rather physical when it comes to relationships.”

Unsure, Lilith shook her head. “So, I just pin her to the nearest surface and—”

“No, no, no,” Hilda waved her hands. “You don’t have to accost her. Just, little touches. A hand on her arm, her lower back, her leg, play with her hair, light kisses on her neck and shoulders…” Hilda trailed off, unsure how she’d gotten to this point in her life where she was teaching the mother of demons how to flirt with her sister. Clearing her throat, Hilda shrugged. “maybe try those? See what happens?”

Nodding determinedly, Lilith ate quickly and went to find Zelda in the office.

Sighing and shaking her head, Hilda cleared the dishes and made for the greenhouse… not needing or wanting to hear if Lilith was successful in her new flirting techniques.
Though Zelda’s contractions had started hours ago, it still seemed like she might have to make good on her threat to remove the babe with her own hands. In an attempt to progress her labor, Zelda was taking laps around the main floor of the house, Faustus walking beside her offering his arm and support.

When a particularly strong contraction hit, Zelda stopped and gripped the stair railing, breathing hard. She turned to him as the pain ran its course. “The little heathen refuses to listen to his mother, Faustus. He should be out by now; I’ve told him as much.” She glared accusingly at her swollen stomach. “We’re going to have our hands full with this one.”

Faustus couldn’t help but chuckle, rubbing a soothing hand along her back. “Zelda, that’s an old myth.” He reminded her, “long labors don’t mean we’ll have a defiant child…” His sentence trailed off when she turned her glare onto him.

And it wasn’t until that moment that Faustus thought of Zelda’s inability to use magic this late in her pregnancy as an unholy blessing; for surely, if she’d been able to use her magic he’d be cursed, hexed and possibly dead.

Clearing his throat, Faustus tentatively reached out and tucked a strand of hair that had come loose from her braid behind her ear. “Can I get you anything?”

“You can get this child of yours out of me.” She growled, gritting her teeth as another contraction started.

Concerned by the close spacing of the contractions, Faustus tried to subtly direct his wife towards the basement stairs to where Hilda was preparing for the birth. “Oh, so he’s only mine now?” He teased, trying to distract Zelda as they shuffled closer to the door—her grip on his hand so tight he feared it might break.

Zelda just grumbled something under her breath and focused on putting one foot in front of the other. Before he could ask her to repeat what was likely another jab, there was a small splash and warm fluid washed over his feet.

“About damn time,” Zelda spat, hobbling a little faster to the basement.

Regaining himself, and shaking his feet off slightly, Faustus caught Zelda’s arm and teleported them both down. He’d been wary of Zelda on the stairs before, now that she was in labor he certainly wasn’t going to risk it.

Once they reappeared, Zelda called out for her sister. “Hilda!? It’s time!” As Hilda came bustling in, hair pinned back and all business, Faustus helped Zelda settle onto the delivery table.

As it turned out, ‘time’ took longer than Faustus anticipated; though he did try to soothe Zelda as it
progressed. After he made yet another comforting comment and asked if he could help, a hand on her back, Zelda swatted him away.

“Shut up!” She snarled, “this is your doing! And if you touch me again, I will cut off that cursed cock of yours and give it to a sex demon in exchange for—” Whatever she’d have traded it for was lost in another grunt of pain.

Thankfully, the babe’s head was cresting minutes later and before he knew it, the child was slipping out and into Hilda’s waiting arms; a loud cry piercing the air.

Gasping in relief, Zelda tried to prop herself up. “How is he? Is he alright?” The questions were a bit breathless and it was the first time throughout her entire pregnancy that Faustus saw her rattled.

He pressed a kiss to her temple and murmured soothing words he knew she needed to hear, happy that he could comfort her now when she’d been the one to comfort him throughout the past 13 months.

“Well,” Hilda interrupted his quiet words, “there is one teensy little thing.” She turned to them, the babe in her arms. “It’s a girl.”

Zelda blinked in confusion, “but the spells, the potion, the signs…” She muttered, shaking her head even as her arms came up automatically to take the babe. Faustus merely exhaled slowly and shakily, resting his forehead on Zelda’s shoulder—the panic that had seized him at Hilda’s statement ebbing away.

Chuckling and shaking her head in amusement, Hilda passed the child over. “Zelds, you know those things are fool-proof when it comes to gender. The babe is perfectly healthy—”

“That’s all that matters,” Faustus cut in, raising his head and peering at the girl now cradled to his wife’s chest. Wisps of red hair clung to her head, an exact replica of her mother, but when the girl blinked at him, he laughed a little in disbelief. “She, she has my eyes.” He grinned rather stupidly, running a knuckle gently along the girl’s cheek—though he’d cut his nails in preparation for the baby, he wasn’t out of the habit of using his knuckles when he wanted to be careful.

Touching his cheek, Zelda gave him a small smile. “Most babes are born with blue eyes, love. They may change—”

But Faustus shook his head adamantly. “Her’s won’t. She has your hair, Zels, but our girl has my eyes.” It was absurd, to be competitive about the child’s eye color. But he found that while he loved Zelda’s green eyes, he desperately wanted to see a piece of himself in the girl.

Zelda humored him with a nod and turned back to their daughter while Hilda finished up. Ambrose and Sabrina were alerted, but they promised to wait until the next morning to come and visit.

After Zelda was cleaned up and given a good bill of health, Faustus teleported the three of them up to their bedroom. Zelda fed the girl and then promptly fell asleep. He remained standing, gently swaying from side to side to lull their girl back to sleep.

The room was significantly darker when she woke, disorienting Zelda. But then another whimper sounded from across the room and Zelda rolled over to find the source. What she found warmed her; Faustus was walking back and forth, carefully rocking the babe, his head bent over her as he whispered. Zelda was only able to hear a small snippet of it.

“Shh mija,” Faustus encouraged, patting the babe on the bottom gently. “Mama is sleeping. We need to let her rest, it’s been a big day for both of you.”
Smiling tenderly at her newly expanded family, Zelda propped herself up onto her elbow. “She’s a little young for Spanish, Faustus, don’t you think?” She murmured, tucking some hair behind her ear.

Eyes still on their daughter, Faustus shook his head and continued to coo at the babe even though his words were directed at her. “Never too young,” he grinned, coming over to settle on the bed with her, pressing closely against her as he handed the babe over. “She will be a linguist by the time she’s five with you as a mother.”

Zelda chuckled and leaned heavily against him as she cradled their daughter to her chest, Faustus’ arm wrapping around them protectively. “What shall we name her?” She asked, glancing at her husband even though his full attention was on the child in her arms.

“Leticia,” he answered immediately. “Because she and you are the joy and light in my life.”

A wobbling smile spread across her face, “you thought of that awfully fast for someone expecting a boy.” Zelda teased, though she clutched his hand tightly to show her appreciation.

He just grinned and pressed a kiss to her temple. “It feels right. Doesn’t it?” Faustus quirked a brow at her before they both turned their gazes back to their daughter.

“It’s perfect.” She murmured, tenderly kissing the babe’s head. “Leticia,” she repeated, her smile stretching wider at the name. “May I suggest a middle name?”

Bowing his head in exaggerated graciousness, Faustus cuddled closer to her. “Of course.”

Sighing happily, Zelda traced the curve of Leticia’s cheek. “Hildegard.” She stated confidently, “Leticia Hildegard Spellman.”

He coughed, “Blackwood.”

“Hmm?” Zelda intoned teasingly; her eyes still glued to her daughter.

“Leticia Hildegard Blackwood.” He repeated in amusement.

Zelda arched a brow, a mischievous glint in her eye. “Oh, but darling, Leticia Hildegard Spellman has such a powerful ring to it.” She grinned, leaning in closer to steal a kiss.

When he broke the kiss, Faustus stayed close, his forehead resting against hers. “You took my name,” he reminded her. “And I know for a fact you wouldn’t have done that if it weren’t powerful.”

Shrugging, Zelda smirked. “I’d still have marrie—”

Holding up a finger, Faustus interrupted her. “I didn’t say you wouldn’t have married me. I’m saying,” he snuck another kiss before pulling back completely to gaze at Leticia once more. “That you wouldn’t have given up the Spellman name, regardless of marriage, if Blackwood was equally as or more powerful than your surname.”

He knew her well. Zelda chuckled and though she knew Leticia would bear her father’s last name, it’d never really been up for debate, she continued to playfully bicker with her husband about surnames and legacies.
Sabrina stalked up the stairs, face still blazing from the conversation with her aunts about Lupercalia. It was none of their business what she did, or didn’t, do with Nick. But if she really thought about it, a pattern was starting to form—they’d been overly involved when she was dating Harvey as well. Aunt Zelda had gone as far as to demand if Harvey had ‘defiled’ her before her dark baptism.

Well, it was time to put a stop to that.

Muttering to herself, Sabrina settled in front of her computer with a single goal in mind. To find as many obscure sex terms she could to ask her aunts about. Of course, she’d need to make sure these terms were used by younger generations only, otherwise her plan could very well backfire and Aunt Zee just might enlighten her about topics Sabrina never wanted to know about.

Twenty minutes later, satisfied with her work, Sabrina purged the search history on her computer and made her way back to the parlor where her aunts where still talking. Not bothering to provide context, Sabrina sat across from them. “What if Nick wants a rim job?”

“A what?” Aunt Zelda furrowed her brow and tapped ash off the end of her cigarette.

Aunt Hilda smiled awkwardly, “is that something for his car?” She asked hopefully, though the expression on her face told Sabrina she knew where this conversation was heading.

Smiling brightly at her aunts, Sabrina looked between them. “Tomorrow at Lupercalia, what if Nick wants a rim job? Or—” She discreetly glanced at the cheat sheet she’d written on her palm, “or what if he wants to 69? Or—” And Sabrina started to list off everything she found online, not even pausing to let her aunts respond.

The longer her list got, the more uncomfortable Zelda and Hilda became. Aunt Zee was better at hiding it, she merely sat there wide-eyed and silent, occasionally taking a nervous drag of nicotine. Aunt Hilda, however, was blushing furiously and squeaking every now and then even though Sabrina could tell she wasn’t sure what the terms were alluding to.

When she finished, Sabrina looked at her aunts expectantly, doing her best to keep a straight face and happy she’d cast a glamor spell before coming in to hide the flush she knew must be creeping up her neck by now.

After a moment, Aunt Zelda cleared her throat. “Satan, I don’t know what these things even are, Sabrina.” She admitted, shaking her head stunned that her niece had found an entire list of sexual activities she knew nothing about.

Aunt Hilda tittered nervously, “well, love, if you don’t know what they are and aren’t comfortable
with them… You certainly shouldn’t, don’t do anything you’re not—”

Cutting off her aunt’s stuttering lecture on consent, Sabrina stood. “What I do, or don’t do, with Nicholas, or anyone else for that matter, is none of your business. If I have questions, or want to talk about these things, I will come to you. Until then,” Sabrina leveled her aunts with a stern glare. “I don’t need either of you poking your noses into that aspect of my life.” She paused a moment and when they remained silent, she added, “understood?”

Brows raised, the sisters shared a look before echoing ‘understood’ back at their niece. As she left, it was clear Sabrina was proud of the lesson she’d taught them about interfering in her sex life.

Zelda waited a moment until Sabrina was out of sight and then pulled out her phone and started typing quickly into it.

Warily, Hilda glanced at her sister. “What are you doing?”

“There’s no possible way today’s youth is doing an entire list of sexual activities that I haven’t done at some point in my life.” She huffed, holding the phone a little further away to see it clearly; refusing to get her glasses. “Aha!” Zelda laughed and held out the phone for Hilda to see. “I knew they weren’t being creative. I’ve been doing that for over a century. They just think they’re clever coming up with a new name.”

Hilda blanched at the words on the screen, “Zelda!”

She merely lifted a smug brow and started to search another term from Sabrina’s list. “What do you think she’d do if I went up there and started to explain all of these?” A wicked grin spread across her face at the thought of getting back at Sabrina, especially after their niece thought she’d one-upped them.

Groaning, Hilda stood and headed for the kitchen.

Laughing, Zelda trailed after her sister. “What? You don’t want to join? I’m sure I could teach you a few things your knock-off vampire would enjoy.”

Clapping her hands over her ears, Hilda spun to give her sister an affronted look. “I think I understand how Sabrina feels now! How would you like it if I pried into your sex life?”

A smirk tugged Zelda’s lips. “All you have to do is ask, sister. Why, just this morning Faustus and I —”

Eyes widening in horror, Hilda sped away from her sister, humming with her hands still firmly over her ears.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't quite make them super uncomfortable (well, maybe Hilda), but I hope you enjoyed it still!
Moonshine Madam prompt: it’s not actually such a well-kept secret that the Spellman’s are Satanists, perhaps a confrontation with some Church members in Greendale? Nothing to serious, just something lighthearted?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

They were relaxing in the parlor; it was the first Sunday all month they didn’t have a funeral service and Zelda had just flipped a record over before settling down to continue working on a puzzle with Hilda. Of course, their quiet afternoon was interrupted moments later, Ambrose barreling in.

“They’re back!” He grinned, eyes alight with mischief.

Hilda looked up at him, brow furrowed. “Who, love?”

Barely able to contain himself, Ambrose clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “The oh so righteous parishioners of Greendale’s Evangelical Church. Come to help us sinners see the error in our ways.”

Zelda sat up, excited. “Really?”

“Just set off the perimeter wards. We have ten minutes at best.” He looked between them hopefully.

A wide smile spread across Zelda’s face. “Marvelous, it’s been ages since they’ve come around.” She was already standing up, waving a hand to put the puzzle away. “Places everyone.” Zelda instructed with malicious glee as she turned to transform the parlor from its everyday appearance.

Whooping in delight, Ambrose hurried off to the basement.

Hilda giggled and went to the chest pushed against the wall next to the fireplace and began pulling out various items. “They must have new blood, someone who thinks they can ‘get through to us poor lost souls’ at last.” She bit her lip to try and contain her excitement as she set a deck of tarot cards and a set of small animal bones with runes carved into them on the coffee table.

Humming in agreement, Zelda focused on her spell which was redecorating the room. Several upside down crosses adorned the walls, a pentagram appeared on the floor in uneven, red paint, Hilda’s spiders crawled along the ceiling weaving intricate webs, a Satanic bible popped up on one of the side tables and the final touch… an elaborate painting of Lucifer Morningstar with fresh wounds on his back materialized over the fireplace.

Giving her work an appraising look, Zelda faced her sister. “Yes, ‘us poor lost souls’. So prone to lust and greed and dark things.” She intoned dramatically. “And yet, I bet you I can make at least three of them think about having their way with me before they leave.” Cocking a brow, she snipped her fingers to change out of her regular clothes and into one of her racier nightgowns and robe; relishing in how horrified the parishioners would be at their spike of unclean lust for a Satanist.
An indelicate snort escaped her sister as she set out some tea and cookies. “Oh, that’s too easy. All of them will think that, if even for a moment. Mortals, despite all their supposed superiority, are no better than us; they just restrain and repress themselves.” Shaking her head at the notion, Hilda picked up her deck of cards and started to shuffle them. “Now, what I intend to do is more difficult, requires a bit more magic. I’m going to scare the Beelzebub out of them,” she grinned, flicking her wrist to turn her clothes into something more mystical.

Eyebrows raised in appreciation, Zelda turned to the mirror hanging on the wall to touch up her appearance. “The seer bit? You haven’t done that in some time. It will certainly have them sweating through those awful polyester Sunday suits.” She remarked, darkening her lipstick, mussing her hair and creating a prominent love-bite on her neck for good measure.

Her sister had an uncanny ability to read people; their motives, how their pasts played into their current and future actions. Hilda didn’t use it often, claimed the sensation could be overwhelming if not carefully controlled. But in times like this, well, what was the point of the ability if not to have some fun with it? And Hilda truly did make the most of it, coming off as intimidating and creepy with a sickly sweet sugarcoating.

“You’ll help sell it, right?” Hilda asked, tucking her hair into a scarf and putting her glasses on.

Happy with her debauched appearance, Zelda moved away from the mirror and towards the front door—their guests would be arriving any moment. “Of course, sister. It’s always amusing to watch them squirm under your scrutiny.” She winked and conjured a cigarette before gripping the front door handle and waiting, just a beat before pulling it open just as one of the parishioners raised their hand to knock. “Just leave out the back, Ellen,” Zelda called out to imaginary figure behind her. “And feel free to tell your husband about that little tongue trick. He’ll enjoy the result as much as I did.” Turning her head to the little group in front of her, Zelda eyed each buttoned up little false god peddler with a raised brow. “Ah, yes, right on time.” Taking a long draw of nicotine and blowing it at them, Zelda stepped aside. “Do come in.”

As expected, most of the group struggled to tear their eyes away from her, gazes lingering on her neck and chest—though Hilda was right in that it was almost too easy, Zelda still enjoyed the effect she had over the mortals, how she made them question themselves; even for a moment.

One woman among them was made of sturdier stuff, though, and pushed past her ogling entourage and walked inside. Her movement broke the trance the others were in and they shuffled behind her awkwardly, not making eye contact out of shame. When they all passed the threshold, the lights flickered, courtesy of Ambrose, and Zelda smothered a smile at how several of them jumped.

Clearing her throat, one woman spoke up, look at Zelda uncertainly. “Right on time, you said…”

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A wide smile spread across Zelda’s lips and she ushered them deeper into the house. “Oh, my sister foresaw your arrival. She made tea and cookies for you,” she noted, taking her time leading the way to the parlor; wanting to play with them a little more before turning it over to Hilda. Zelda paused next to the parlor door, “could Father Michaels not make it?” She asked innocently, finger tracing the plunging neckline of her nightgown.

The priest at the church had come at least once a month for some time when he first assumed his position. Convinced he was doing the false god’s work and not only bringing the Spellman’s over to the light side, but also ridding Greendale of Satanists at the same time.

It’d been fun, at first, coming up with new and creative ways to torment the man. But the novelty soon wore off and they had things to do, a business to run without a bothersome mortal priest
popping in at random times.

So, to discourage him from returning, Zelda sent him several dreams in which he was engaged in a series of passionate activities with not only her, but Hilda and Ambrose as well. Ever since then, the man avoided them like the plague and grew incredibly flustered at the mere mention of the Spellman family—or so Zelda was told.

The act bought them almost half a year of peace before a group of brave parishioners, minus Father Michaels, appeared on their doorstep. Having taken it upon themselves to purge the devil and his worshippers from their midst. From then on, the visits of the good parishioners of Greendale’s Evangelical Church were sporadic, unpredictable. But it quickly became part of the game, seeing what they could come up with on the fly.

One of the men coughed and nervously tugged at the knot of his tie. “He, uh,” the man faltered, his eyes drifting down to Zelda’s chest before he wrenched them away with some difficulty. “He couldn’t make it today. Other matters to attend to.” He informed her gruffly, the tips of his ears burning red. And Zelda could tell the man was realizing one of the reasons why the priest avoided the Spellman house.

Humming in feigned displeasure, Zelda pushed the parlor door open and walked inside. “Have a seat,” she purred, eyeing each of the false god’s puppets salaciously as they filtered past her and into the next trap.

Undeterred, though mildly ruffled, their leader marched past her and into the parlor only to waver when she took in her surroundings. The rest of the group was quick to wilt as well as they uncomfortably took their seats on the couch across from Hilda; who was shuffling her tarot cards and smiling warmly at them… as if a ram’s skull was leering at them from the wall behind her.

“So kind of you to join us on this unholy day,” Hilda greeted a little breathily.

The comment had the leader looking scandalized. “Join you?” She demanded, “we’re here to——”

Holding up a hand, Hilda silenced her. “Mary Beth, I know why you’re here. You wish to try and save us. But we don’t need saving.” She smiled blithely at the woman.

Before Mary Beth could respond, a loud animalistic screech sounded from the basement, causing their guests to jump. Zelda hid a laugh; Ambrose was really playing it up this time.

Clearly shaken, Mary Beth collected herself. “How, how do you know my name?” She asked, face pale and eyes flicking to the ground where the sound originated and where muffled growls were still emanating.

Perching herself in the chair next to Hilda, Zelda crossed her legs regally and settled in for the show. Hilda would start by naming them all before introductions were made, sometimes listing little details about the guests or their pasts to unnerve them further. While she watched this all unfold, Zelda traced the fake bite mark on her neck, her gaze lingering on each parishioner in turn. Between her sister’s hauntingly accurate readings and Zelda’s own unabashed display of sexuality and sexual interest, they soon had the entire group visibly squirming.

There was one woman, though, Evelyn, who kept peeking at Zelda and blushing every time they made eye contact. Gifting the woman with a sinful smile, Zelda couldn’t help but think she might be able to play with this one later. When Evelyn smiled in return, Zelda’s hopes and eyebrows rose.

It wasn’t until Mary Beth noticed their prolonged eye contact that she pinched Evelyn and the
woman dropped her eyes…. Moments later, though, Zelda found the woman’s eyes back on her. Oh, she almost regretted what they were about to do next, for it would surely scare Evelyn away and ruin Zelda’s chances at bedding her; and she would have loved to corrupt the mortal—especially one with the name like Eve.

Before she could think of how to signal Ambrose to wait, her nephew came bursting into the parlor, the basement door still hanging open behind him and unsettling sounds echoing up the stairs. Compared to Ambrose, though, the noises were the least of their guests’ concern. Arms covered in blood up to the elbow and holding up fake intestines, Ambrose came to a stop in front of them; seemingly oblivious to the parishioner.

“Aunties, the signs don’t look—, oh! I didn’t realize we had company.” He smiled graciously at the group, and up close Zelda could make out flecks of blood along his chest and face as well. “I’m sorry, I’ll just double check the results using a rabbit. You know how unreliable weasels can be,” he grinned and shook his head in amusement. “But, I will leave these—” Ambrose laid the intestines on the coffee table next to the tray of tea and cookies with exaggerated care, “here for your consultation.” Nodding politely at everyone, Ambrose took his leave and made for the basement once more, snapping the door shut behind him.

Understandably, the color drained from each of the parishioners’ faces and they made their hasty departures soon after, not even cracking out the false god’s bible before they turned tail. As they retreated across the lawn, Hilda and Zelda bade them goodbye from the porch, waving and loudly thanking Satan for the visit. Evelyn was the only one to turn back, a small, if somewhat perplexed, smile on her face as her eyes flicked up and down Zelda once more before shifting to follow the others.

Once the group all but ran around the curve in the road, Hilda couldn’t contain her mirth any longer and snorted; and though she fought it, Zelda guffawed as well, clutching her side as they made their way back into the house where Ambrose was eagerly waiting for them.

They lounged in the parlor, consuming the tea and cookies their would-be saviors hadn’t touched and gleefully reliving the events of the past thirty minutes. It was here that Sabrina found them, having just gotten home from a study session with Roz and Susie.

“So, I just passed a group of horrified looking people on my way home….” She began, blinking when they all broke into fresh bouts of laughter. Warily, Sabrina set her bag down and took note in her surroundings. “What, what is all of this? What happened?” She demanded, gesturing to the decorations, the fake intestines still on the table and their attire.

Wiping the corner of her eyes, Hilda managed to catch her breath first to answer. “Oh lamb, you missed it. And it would have been the first one you could participate in…” She frowned a little in disappointment, but her eyes were still twinkling with amusement.

Zelda lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and released the smoke with a content sigh. “We just had a lovely visit from the parishioners of Greendale’s Evangelical Church.” They all chuckled again, unable to help themselves, as they settled more comfortably in their seats.

Casting them a dubious look, Sabrina took a seat on the edge of one of the chairs. “I don’t think they felt the same.” She informed them, admonishment coloring her tone.

“Oh coz, don’t go getting all righteous on us. They’re the ones who felt compelled to interrupt our Sunday with their false god drivel.” Ambrose remarked, sprawled sideways in his chair, legs hanging over the armrest.
When Sabrina looked ready to argue, Zelda knocked some of the ash of her cigarette and talked before her niece could. “Besides, we can’t have them dropping by any time they please. They might actually witness something of substance. This is just our way of… discouraging their visits.” She justified with a slight shrug.

“And it’s fun.” Hilda giggled, taking another cookie.

Arching a brow, Zelda smirked. “And that.”

“Especially for you, Aunt Zee. Evelyn couldn’t keep her eyes off you.” Ambrose grinned wickedly, “going to seduce another mortal away from the false god?”

She brushed her hair back and took another drag of nicotine. “One can only hope,” she murmured, a mischievous glint in her eye. “The most devout ones are often the most fun in bed; they’ve been suppressing their desires for so long it all just comes bursting out.”

Scandalized, Sabrina’s mouth dropped open. “Auntie! You can’t mess with someone’s feelings—”

Rolling her eyes, Zelda stubbed her cigarette out. “Sex doesn’t always involve ‘feelings’, Sabrina. It’s usually about carnal pleasure, and if Evelyn wants me to provide that… who I am to object?” She inclined her head at her niece and continued. “In any case, if they are intent on ‘saving us’, it’s only fair I try and do the same for them. Though, I must say my way is much more gratifying.” Zelda leaned forward and selected a cookie from the tray.

Ever the peace-maker, Hilda patted Sabrina’s knee. “They did bring this upon themselves by trying to come and convert us, love. And don’t be upset with your auntie,” she flashed a look Zelda’s way which she dutifully ignored. “She only… woos the ones who are willing.”

Ambrose snorted, “woos, yeah that’s what she does. That’s what her nightgown, makeup and bite mark scream… wooing.” He wiggled his eyebrows and Zelda swatted at him good-naturedly.

Of course, Sabrina couldn’t see the innocence and fun in their actions that afternoon. “It’s really not nice to mess with them. They’re just—” She began, shaking her head and tone disapproving.

Groaning loudly, Ambrose went limp in his seat, practically sliding out of it in his dramatics. “Get off your high horse, coz.” Zelda snickered and the corner of her mouth curled up into a smile at her nephew’s antics. Sabrina was less than amused.

Smiling gently, Hilda handed their niece some tea. “It’s all in good fun, darling. No one gets hurt and we keep our reputation in town.”

Suspiciously taking the cup, Sabrina eyed them. “What reputation?”

Chuckling, Zelda leaned back in her seat and clasped her hands in front of her. “That Spellmans aren’t to be trifled with, of course.” She quirked a brow as Hilda and Ambrose hummed their agreement before going back to recounting their afternoon.

Chapter End Notes

I loved the idea of the Spellmans messing with would-be converters for sport.

P.S. I just googled to find a branch of Christianity, I know very little about religion so I
meant no harm or offense by naming the one I did. I just wanted to make sure it was Christianity because that opposes the Spellman's belief and worship of the Dark Lord. Sorry, just a quick disclaimer, just in case. Hope you enjoyed!
They were on the couch watching some mediocre horror film, Zelda half lying on top of him, limbs draped over his body so that they could both fit on the somewhat narrow piece of furniture. Faustus didn’t seem to mind, in fact when she shifted to leave, he groaned in protest and anchored her back to him with the arm he had wrapped around her middle.

Smiling, Zelda propped her chin on his chest to look at him. “I need to go, love. It’s late, I should have been home hours ago.”

“The movie isn’t over,” Faustus grumbled petulantly, tightening his hold on her.

Zelda scoffed, “the movie isn’t even good.” She observed, arching a brow.

The arm not wrapped around her came up and cupped her cheek. “Maybe I want you to stay.” His thumb caressed her skin, “stay the night.” He murmured, pulling her up so he could kiss her lightly. And as she opened her mouth to argue, Faustus cut her off. “Your family can manage without you for a night.” He looked at her sweetly, eyes imploring her to sleep over.

“I suppose they can,” she acquiesced, settling back down against him and she felt Faustus sigh in relief, his arm loosening around her and his hand began lazily trailing along her back.

She hadn’t really needed much convincing to stay, in fact, Zelda’s heart skipped a beat when he asked her to. It shouldn’t. They were married, something as innocent as sharing a bed for the night when sex wasn’t involved shouldn’t make her feel half a schoolgirl.

Faustus’ voice pulled her out of her thoughts. “You know,” he said, kissing the top of her head. “We could do this every night…”

She huffed in amusement, “what? Watch bad horror movies?” She teased shifting to look at him again.

A chuckled rumbled through him and Zelda loved that she could feel it as well. “I meant, we could spend our evenings together.” He kissed her gently, “could spend our nights together,” another kiss. “We could even wake up together too…. If we lived together.” Faustus raised a brow at her hopefully.
Biting her lip to try and tame her smile, Zelda cocked her at him. “Well, we’ve been married for a month now, I suppose it’s about time you made an even more honest witch out of me.” She smirked, playfully nipping at his collarbone through his t-shirt.

“Oh, I’d never want that,” Faustus growled, a hand sneaking up the back of her shirt and splaying on her back sending heat through her. “But,” he added, pecking a kiss to her nose. “I would actually like to live with my wife.”

Dropping her eyes in an act of innocence, Zelda traced a pattern on his chest, picturing his tattoo underneath the fabric. “There’s always room at the mortuary.” She suggested as lightly as she could. When Faustus stiffened underneath her at the offer, Zelda hurried to continue; tone more serious. “I can’t leave Sabrina.”

A soft sigh emanated from her husband, “your sister is entirely capable.” He remarked, his hand slipping out from under her shirt and up to her hair to gently scratch her scalp. “But if you don’t want, or can’t, leave your family to their own devices… they can all move in here.” He lifted his free hand to gesture around him. “There’s plenty of space.”

Stunned, Zelda lifted herself up onto her elbow. “Faustus, I don’t know… the mortuary—”

“Is smaller than my house.” He cut in gently, but logically. “We’d have more space for everyone. And…” Faustus eyed her salaciously. “We’d have much more privacy here. Something I believe would be incredibly hard to come by should I move into your house.”

Huffing, Zelda hoisted herself a little higher so she could kiss Faustus properly. “Or,” she murmured against his lips. “We could live in my house most of the time and then have this as a getaway.” She counter offered, brow furrowing a bit as she waited for his response.

He scoffed, “do you really think Sabrina will want me to move into your house?”

It was a valid point, but one she’d anticipated. “Do you really think she’ll want to move here?” Zelda retorted. “And I won’t leave her, Faustus. She’s—”

Exhaling slowly, Faustus pulled her back down on top of him, wrapping his arm back around her possessively, the other trailing up and down the arm she’d draped back over his abdomen. “I’m not suggesting you do.” He appeased, “I know she’s like your child.”

“She is my child, Faustus.” Zelda corrected him gently but firmly. “Hilda and I raised her, we’re her parents; whether she sees it that way or not. And I—”

Squeezing her hip, Faustus interrupted her. “Then I guess we have to figure out how to tell your family I am moving in.” He arched a brow at her.

Zelda sat up abruptly, causing Faustus to grunt because she’d leveraged herself up using him. Eyes bright and smile brilliant, she looked at him. “Really?”

Playfully rubbing his chest where she’d pushed off, Faustus grinned at her. “Of course. We’re married now and I need to live with my wife.” He finished with a kiss, though her smile made it a little difficult.

“Need?” She teased when they broke apart, though she was still smiling.

Faustus shrugged the best her could still lying down, “yes, need, in every way.” He stated simply, with a soft smile on his lips that had the schoolgirl feeling back with a vengeance. “But, and this is just a reminder, some of those ways might not be possible if—”
Laughing, Zelda hit his chest lightly. “Stop this nonsense, are we witches or not? A few layered silencing spells and a locked door and we’re free to do as we please. And for those more… involved activities,” she dipped her head to sink her teeth into his neck, making him groan. “We can come here.” She pulled back, a wicked glint in her eye. “Now stop arguing,” she ordered, sealing her mouth over his.

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The next morning, Zelda sat at the breakfast table in the Spellman kitchen, nervously spinning her expresso cup on its saucer. This had seemed like a good idea, such a simple one, when she and Faustus discussed it the night before.

But now that she had to talk to her family about it, well, Zelda was feeling rather anxious.

Zelda shook herself, she was a married woman now and married women lived with their husbands. That was a fact in any realm, Sabrina couldn’t deny it…. Surely, her niece would understand. Besides, it wasn’t fair for them to ask her to stay apart from Faustus, so really, it was merely the decision of where they’d live.

So, when everyone slowly filed in for their food and sat at the table, Zelda cleared her throat. “I would like to ask you all your thoughts on a matter.” She began, primly knocking some ash off the cigarette she’d lit while waiting. They all turned to her expectantly; Hilda with an encouraging smile, Ambrose with eyebrows raised in curiosity and Sabrina warily. Swallowing, and seeing no point in stalling, Zelda jumped right in. “Faustus and I were discussing living arrangements last night and—”

“You can’t move out!” Sabrina interrupted immediately, eyes wide and slightly fearful. “We need you here!”

Hilda touched Sabrina’s arm, “love, let your aunt speak. She’s married now and—”

Wrenching her arm away, Sabrina shook her head. “I don’t care, you can’t move out.” She exclaimed, stubbornly crossing her arms to prevent any other attempts to calm her.

Zelda smiled at her niece gently, “I’m not leaving you. However, I am married, I should, and want to, live with my husband. Which is why… I wanted to ask how you would feel about Faustus moving in here.” She took a long draw of nicotine to try and soothe her nerves.

Her sister beamed at her and nodded; as Zelda knew she would. Hilda just wanted her to be happy and she’d already moved into her own room, so logistically there was nothing to rearrange.

Ambrose shrugged, “makes no difference to me, auntie.” He took a bite of toast before his expression turned wicked, “as long as I don’t have to listen any recreational activities.” Ambrose smirked at her.

She leveled a glare at her nephew, “don’t be crude.” Zelda took a puff and released the smoke before adding. “But of course, we’ll put spells around my room.” She muttered much to Ambrose’s amusement.

“Fine with me then, Auntie Zee. You should enjoy married life and you can’t do that without living with your husband.” He remarked pointedly, turning his gaze to Sabrina who was scowling.

Lips twisting, Sabrina tapped her fingers agitatedly on her arms. “Father Blackwood, living here…” She repeated skeptically. “But Aunt Zelda—”

Patience running thin, Zelda cut her niece off. “Sabrina, you asked that I do not move out. I will not
leave you, but I will live with my husband. I am suggesting a way to accommodate all of this. And Faustus is willing to move in here even though we’d likely be more comfortable moving into his mansion.”

“Wait!” Ambrose looked at her incredulously, “he said we could move in there? Why didn’t you say so?”

“Because this is our home, Ambrose.” Sabrina stated, clearly scandalized.

Rolling his eyes, Ambrose returned his attention to Sabrina. “And people have multiple homes throughout their lives. Why would this be any different?” He turned to Hilda for support, but she just shook her head.

“Leave me out of this.” Hilda muttered over the rim of her teacup.

Groaning, Ambrose’s head lolled around before he turned his plea back to Zelda. “How about you and I move into the mansion with Blackwood and Sabrina and Auntie Hilda can stay here?” He raised his brows hopefully.

Sabrina swatted at her cousin, “no! Aunt Zelda isn’t leaving us.” She was near tears now, shocking everyone.

“Darling,” Zelda murmured, leaning across the table to reach for Sabrina. “I’m not going anywhere. I easily could pop back and forth between houses. But neither Faustus nor I want that. We want to live together, and that means our families merging as well. So, either we all move in with Faustus or he moves in here.” She finished firmly, stubbing her cigarette out and looking between them.

Scrunching her face, Sabrina shoved away from the table. “Fine. He can move in here.” She conceded before stalking away.

A long, low sigh escaped Zelda and she pinched the bridge of her nose. “Well, I suppose that went about as well as I could have expected.”

Hilda squeezed her forearm reassuringly, “it’ll take time, but Sabrina’ll come around. Don’t worry.” She smiled encouragingly and winked for emphasis; getting up to make herself more tea.

Still pouting from his spot on the bench, Ambrose popped another piece of food in his mouth. “Why does she get to decide? Shouldn’t it be a family decision?”

Arching a brow, Zelda picked up her paper. “Ambrose, you’ve been free from your sentence for some time now. You could’ve moved out months ago and yet you did not. Care to share why?”

Huffing, Ambrose leveraged himself up and over the back of the bench. “Because I want to stay with my family,” he muttered, straightening his robe. “But it would be nice if said family liked a change of scenery every now and then.” He added jokingly, trying to play off his sentimentality.

The comment brought a smile to Zelda’s lips and she let Ambrose retreat without further teasing; going back to her paper instead. She’d tell Faustus about the decision later today; Zelda wanted the idea to settle in with everyone first.

All the people she loved would finally be under one roof. There’d be growing pains at first, certainly, but the idea brought such a wide smile to Zelda’s face that she raised her paper to hide it.
Resurrections

Chapter Summary

Anon. Prompt: Cerberus reacting to Hilda resurrecting and then realizing this isn’t her first time.

Zelda walked into the house and took a long, slow breath. The foyer was utterly destroyed, with the wreckage leaving a path that led further into the house. In an attempt to control her blood pressure, Zelda set her purse down and hung up her coat with deliberate ease.

“What happened?” She called out, already following the destruction and expecting her niece and nephew at the end of the path with contrite looks and tripping over explanations.

She’d barely made it past the foyer, though, when the last person she expected barreled around the corner, covered in blood. “Oh, thank god you’re here! Hilda’s horribly injured.” Cerberus frantically informed her, already disappearing back into the other room.

Though an involuntary shudder ran through Zelda at the mention of the false god, she pushed down the impulse to correct the man and rushed after him. There would be time later to talk with Hilda about breaking the mortal out of that horrid habit. But first, Zelda rolled up her sleeves, she had to clean up whatever new mess her family had created.

It was far worse than she could have imagined.

Hilda was lying broken on the floor, a pool of blood growing underneath her. Even as Zelda dropped to her knees next to her sister, she knew there was too much damage for her to fix. It was possible she could, but there would be lasting damage, scars and limited motor function. And there didn’t appear to be enough time to transport her sister to the infernal infirmary at the academy—the travel would likely kill her.

Choking back a sob, Zelda clutched Hilda’s hand, knowing what needed to be done and hating it. “Hildie, the only way to completely heal you…” she trailed off, eyes drifting to the window overlooking the garden.

A gurgle escaped her sister, the blood collecting in her mouth as she managed a weak nod and squeezed Zelda’s hand in return; a silent plea for a quick end compared to the agonizing one she was currently suffering.

“What, what are you talking about?! Why aren’t you helping her?” Cerberus demanded, kneeling across from her where before he’d been anxiously pacing the room.

She ignored him, keeping her eyes locked with her sister’s. Swallowing hard and stroking Hilda’s hair, Zelda flicked her wrist and broke her sister’s neck with an audible crack. An inhuman howl emanated from the man across from her and he launched himself at Zelda. She caught him midair and slammed him into the wall behind him with magic. “Do you want her to live?” She growled, sickened with herself even though it had to be done.

Cerberus looked between Hilda’s body and Zelda’s face, grief and confusion etched into his features.
But he nodded, even if he bared his teeth a little when he did.

Tilting her head in acknowledgement, Zelda released him. “Good. Then help me get her to the garden.” She snapped, stomach heaving at what she’d had to do—Batibat’s nightmare swirling in her head.

They gingerly carried Hilda out into the yard and set her down next to the Cain pit. As they dug, Zelda explained to him how the Cain pit worked. Though clearly doubtful, Cerberus merely redoubled his efforts when he realized that killing and burying Hilda was, in fact, the only way to save her life.

Once Hilda was safely packed away, Zelda made for the kitchen in desperate need to a drink. Cerberus trailed after her, covered in blood and mud… shell-shocked. Directing the man to sit, Zelda pulled out an extra glass and poured them both healthy measures of whiskey.

“Tell me what happened,” Zelda instructed, sitting down at the table a little shakily and taking a large swig of her drink.

He just sank into the chair across from her and blinked, glass frozen halfway to his mouth. Exhaling slowly, Zelda reached across the table and lifted the glass the rest of the way up, tipping it a bit to encourage him to drink.

Coming back to himself, Cerberus downed half the glass and cleared his throat. “We, we uh, were looking at potential banishing techniques for my incubus.” He took another gulp and sputtered a little. “Somehow, we, summoned another demon. I’m not sure how, it got loose. It attacked us, well, her.” He lifted his to look at her pleadingly, “I would never have agreed to do it if I thought there was even a chance of Hilda getting hurt.”

Sniffing, Zelda swirled her drink and conjured a cigarette, lighting it with a muttered spell and taking a deep drag. “Why didn’t you help?” She demanded, though she already knew it was unfair to ask a mere mortal why he wasn’t able to protect her sister from a demon.

Miserably, Cerberus put his drink down and buried his head in his hands. “I tried. I took off my bracelet and everything. This form,” he plucked at his clothes in disgust, “was useless. So, I tried to set my incubus free. But it wouldn’t surface. Seeing Hilda in danger and getting hurt is the last thing that would spur the demon into coming out.” He gripped his hair tightly and breathed heavily. “I’m sorry, Zelda. I couldn’t help her, and I’d never felt so useless.”

Zelda eyed the man in front of her, she hadn’t expected much from a mortal, much less one that insisted on dressing as a vampire. But his concern, his willingness to release his own monster to protect her sister from a demon… well, it impressed her.

Not that she’d ever admit as much out loud. Instead, Zelda knocked some ash off her cigarette and took another drink of her whiskey. “You should go and clean up. Hilda normally takes a few hours to resurrect and you look frightful in that shirt.” She lifted a brow as she stood, picking up the decanter and heading for the porch to wait for her sister despite what she’d just told the mortal.

“Norm—, normally?” Cerberus stuttered, face slack with horror.

Rolling her eyes, Zelda did her best not to curse this mortal toy her sister was so fond of. Despite her recent rush of respect towards the man, he was still so ignorant of their ways, so blatantly mortal, that it grated on her nerves. With a glance over her shoulder, Zelda shrugged. “Yes, normally. Now, if you want to come wait with me, I suggest you clean up.” She left without another word, though she heard him scrambling to get up from the table.
He joined her on the back porch about 15 minutes later, his shirt still a mess, but the rest of him much easier to look at. Taking pity on him, and unable to stand seeing Hilda’s blood staining his clothes, Zelda waved a hand and the shirt was clean and dry.

Gaping at her, Cerberus muttered his thanks and leaned against the porch railing. “This, this isn’t the first time Hilda’s di—,” the word stuck in his throat and Cerberus took another drink of whiskey. “Has needed to be resurrected?”

Heaving a sigh, Zelda nodded. “The Cain pit has been in our family for centuries.” She explained, staring out into the garden as she spoke. “It’s almost a rite of passage, to be killed and then buried in the pit. Normally by a sibling.” She went to take another drag of nicotine only to realize she was at the end of her cigarette. Annoyed, Zelda stubbed it out and flicked it into her ash tray and lit another. “The pit hasn’t seen use in quite a while. But as of the last time Hilda was buried, she took four hours to come back.”

Stunned, Cerberus took a seat and they remained in silence for another hour or two. Once or twice he turned to her, mouth opening as if to ask a question only for it to snap shut and he’d face forward once more; likely trying to process the night’s events.

Zelda felt no need to break the silence. If Cerberus wanted to know more, he’d have to broach the subject; though he’d likely wait to ask Hilda about it once she returned. Which Zelda found she preferred; she was in no mood to answer his questions.

The sky had started to lighten when there were finally stirrings in the garden. The two of them shot out of their chairs, the exhaustion that had clung to them for the past hour lifting immediately as they helped dig Hilda out of the grave after she initially broke the surface.

Her sister had barely crawled out of the hole before Zelda was yanking her into a rough, crushing hug. “Don’t you ever do that to me again.” She ordered thickly, clutching Hilda tightly.

Nodding, Hilda hugged her back just as fiercely. “Thanks, Zelds.” She murmured, “I—”

“Won’t ever make me do that again.” Zelda gulped, clearly fighting back tears. She tugged Hilda into another hug before standing abruptly and brushing off the front of her dress; mask falling back into place. “Now, if you and the vampire are done with idiotic attempts at banishments, I’m going to get a few hours of sleep before heading back to the academy.” She sniffed, smoothing her hair back and gave a curt nod to Cerberus before going inside.

Hilda blinked and stared after her sister but didn’t get a chance to process Zelda’s grudging acknowledgement of Cee before he was wrapping her in his arms, body trembling.

“I thought I lost you,” he breathed, fisting the material of her cardigan as he held her tighter. “I’m so sorry, I tried to help. I—”

She pulled away and framed his face, leaving smears of mud on his cheeks. “Don’t apologize, love. I’m just so relieved that you’re safe. The Cain pit only works on witches, if you’d been hurt—”

Hilda pressed her lips together at the thought, though several tears trekked down her face anyway, leaving streaks through the dirt.

Cerb surged forward and kissed her, it was short but passionate. When he pulled back, dirt covered his face and Hilda couldn’t help the watery chuckle that escaped her. Thumb touching his lower lip to try and wipe away the grime, she only managed to make it worse. Cerb caught her hands and kissed the tips of her fingers regardless. “What you feel right now, at just the thought, I feel too. I don’t want to ever try banishing anything ever again. My incubus is contained, I won’t put you at
risk for no reason.”

Smiling sweetly at him, Hilda cupped his cheek. “How about we clean up?” She suggested, taking in his appearance and realizing she transferred a good amount of mud and grime onto his person. Besides, it'd been a long night and certainly not the time for debates on demon possession and the health detriments associated with long-term inhabitation.

He nodded and helped her up, sliding a supportive, if unnecessary, arm around her waist and guided her upstairs to the bathroom. Cerb started a hot bath and tenderly helped her peel off her muck covered clothing before assisting her into the tub. Had she not been exhausted from the night before and her resurrection, Hilda might have felt bashful about the whole thing. They’d only made love once before this, and in the dark at her insistence. Cerb had never seen her like this, not in the light.

But he just looked at her in awe, stepped out of his own stained clothing and slipped into the tub behind her; despite her claiming he’d only get dirtier. Cerb just huffed and picked up the washcloth and ran it over her arms, neck and back, lovingly washing away the evidence of the pit. When he handed her the cloth so she could get her legs, he lathered his hands with shampoo and started to wash her hair.

Sighing at the feel, Hilda slumped against Cerb as much as she could while still letting him massage her head. “Thank you, darling,” she whispered, as he cupped water in his hands to rinse her hair. Flicking her wrist, the bath water was suddenly new and refreshing, bubbles filling the tub as she turned partially in Cerb’s arms so she could wipe the remaining dirt off his face.

A tiny smile tugged at the corner of his mouth and he leaned in in kissed her slowly, sweetly. “I love you, Hilda Spellman. And almost losing you was the scariest thing I’ve ever experienced.” He murmured, gently turning her around once more so her back was pressed to his chest. “I love you so much, please don’t scare me like that again.” Cerb whispered, burying his face into her neck and breathing her in, his arms tightening around her waist.

“I love you too,” Hilda replied quietly, trailing her fingers along his arm. And though she loathed to break the moment, she pulled away to face him once more. “Cerb, I—” she rubbed a small remaining smear of dirt off his chin.

Shaking his head, Cerb cupped her cheek. “Zelda said this wasn’t your first time dying. That it was a rite of passage, to die and be buried in the pit. I, Hil, I don’t understand and maybe I never will, but I would really, really appreciate it if I never had to bury you again. Please Hil, I don’t think I could take that again.”

Lips trembling, Hilda kissed him softly. “Oh my love, I wish I could tell you you’d never need to. But this is the world I live in. I can’t promise you anything except that I’ll do my best.” She bit her lip, wondering if this would be the tipping point; the thing that finally scared Cerb away—and her heart clenched at the thought.

A tremulous sigh escaped him as he pressed his forehead against hers. “Well, then I suppose that leaves me with only one option.”

Swallowing a sob, Hilda twisted her lips for a moment. “What’s that?” She managed, blinking rapidly.

“I need to start taking some defense classes so I can actually be useful.” Cerb replied, sliding his hand into her hair and kissing her once more.

Heart lifting at his words, Hilda couldn’t help but giggle at his words and kiss him back—stunned
that she’d found a man who would stand with her through all of craziness her life contained.
Chapter Summary

SpellWOMEN prompt: Converts part 2 with Lilith

Chapter Notes

At Mary’s cottage

Lilith was attempting to make tea, though with Zelda’s arms wrapped around her from behind, her chin resting on Lilith’s shoulder as she played with the knot of Lilith’s robe… it was a little difficult to concentrate.

She’d murmured something about ruining the tea by letting it soak too long if Zelda didn’t stop distracting her. The comment only spurred her girlfriend on, from the corner of her eye Lilith caught Zelda’s wolfish grin before she sunk her teeth into the junction of Lilith’s shoulder and neck, causing her to gasp in delight.

Encouraged, Zelda soothed the bite with a lap of her tongue before leaving sucking kisses up Lilith’s neck; adding to the collection of bruises Lilith was certain were already there from the night before—not that she minded in the slightest.

Turning in Zelda’s arms to return the assault, Lilith’s actions were paused for just a moment when the doorbell rang. Ignoring the interruption, Lilith pressed Zelda back until they hit a wall and then ravaged her mouth, hands diving under the redhead’s robe to find the treasure underneath.

The bell rang again, followed by insistent knocking.

A snarl on her lips, Lilith reluctantly pulled away from Zelda and was about to hex the ignorant mortal who dared to interrupt them on a Sunday when a voice sounded.

“Mary? It’s Mary Beth.” The voice tittered, as though their shared names were amusing. “We haven’t seen you at church for ages. I wanted to come by and chat.”

Running her tongue over her teeth, Lilith broke contact with Zelda completely. “I’ll get rid of her very quickly, darling. And then,” she leaned back in and nipped at Zelda’s lower lip, “we can continue this.”

Zelda caught her arm, though, before she could move far. When Lilith glanced back, a maliciously mischievous glint was in the witch’s eye. “You know that group of mortals I told you about?” Zelda released her arm and gripped Lilith’s hips instead. “The ones who came by the house the other month to convert us.” Her thumbs were stroking along Lilith’s silk-clad hips now.

Furrowing her brow and finding it a little hard to concentrate with Zelda’s continued caresses, Lilith nodded.
“Mary Beth was their ringleader,” Zelda informed her. “I’d love to mess with her a bit more… if you’re up for it.” She arched a brow and smirked.

A wicked smile spread across Lilith’s face at the suggestion. “Tormenting mortals? Oh, Zelda, you know the way straight to this witch’s heart.” She intoned before stealing another kiss and making for the door where Mary Beth was still knocking and calling out that she knew Mary was home because her car was in the drive.

Zelda caught her once more and when Lilith looked at her in confusion, the redhead merely crashed her lips to Lilith’s; sucking her lower lip into her mouth and tangling her hands in Lilith’s hair before they trailed down her chest and adjusted the green silk robe Lilith was wearing so it was more revealing. Pulling back and admiring her handiwork, Zelda winked. “Now you’re ready.”

Lifting a brow, Lilith walked to the front door, now much less annoyed at the intrusion than she had been a moment ago. Swinging the door wide open to reveal her rumpled appearance, Lilith greeted the woman breathlessly. “Mary Beth! I didn’t expect…”

Much to Lilith’s delight, Mary Beth’s mouth fell open in surprise. Though the woman collected herself quickly to return the greeting. “Oh, Mary, I didn’t realize you had company.” She stated primly, eyes roving judgmentally over Lilith’s revealing robe, swollen lips and mussed hair.

“Oh, that’s alright, do come in.” Lilith dismissed the comment with a wave of her hand and stepped aside to let Mary Beth in. When she hesitated on the porch, Lilith’s smile widened—she’d have to remember to thank Zelda for this idea later. “We have important matters to discuss, right?” She added, trying to look moderately more innocent to coax the woman inside.

Nodding decisively, Mary Beth entered, though her mouth was pursed as she settled in the armchair next to the couch. It was then she noticed the inverted cross on the wall and swallowed. “Mary, dear, your cross has come loose.” She pointed out with a simpering smile, though she couldn’t hide the unease in her eyes.

Lilith’s gaze followed Mary Beth’s finger and she turned back to the woman, smiling. “Oh, no, I turned it myself.” She replied, taking a seat in the corner of the couch closest to Mary Beth.

“Wh—, why would you do—” Mary Beth began, eyes all but bugging out.

Just then, Zelda breezed into the room with tea for the three of them, an impish smile on her lips. “I suggested it.” She interrupted Mary Beth’s question as she set the tray down on the coffee table before joining Lilith on the couch; sitting so close that she might as well have been in Lilith’s lap.

Mary Beth blanched at Zelda’s presence and when Zelda crossed her legs, robe falling to the side to expose the bare length of her leg, Mary Beth averted her eyes from the display. Lilith, however, hummed in approval and draped her arm over Zelda’s lap to stroke her fingers along the expanse of her girlfriend’s outer thigh.

Regaining herself, Mary Beth sniffed. “Mary, is this, is this why you haven’t been coming to church?!” She asked, clearly uncomfortable and scandalized. “Because you’re cavorting with this kind of company?”

Another grin unfurled on Lilith’s lips and she flipped her hair over her shoulder to showcase the love bites Zelda had left along her neck. “I don’t know, Mary Beth, this company is rather pleasing.” She arched a brow and squeezed Zelda’s thigh.

Purpling, Mary Beth clutched her purse. “She already ruined Evelyn two months ago. Did you know
that?” She demanded, voice a little shrill. “Seduced her away from the church and led her into homosexual sin. Evelyn hasn’t come back since.” Mary Beth finished with a curt nod, as if this ended the matter.

Lilith blinked and turned to Zelda who shrugged blithely and reached across Lilith to pick up a cigarette. “I couldn’t help myself, darling,” she supplied, lighting the cigarette. “Not with a name like that.” Zelda added, taking a long drag before blowing the smoke at Mary Beth. “Besides, Evelyn was the one undressing me with her eyes. She came back to the mortuary that night, already wet, practically begging me to free her from the false god’s chains.” She smirked to herself and took another draw of nicotine. “I freed her from one set of chains at least, she quite enjoyed the other ones I used to bind her.” Cocking her head and sneering a little, Zelda continued. “Perhaps Evelyn didn’t come back because you deny her her true self. Call her an abomination.” Her eyes flickered up and down Mary Beth in judgement.

Barely suppressing a snort at how a vein popping out in Mary Beth’s forehead at Zelda’s words, Lilith took the cigarette from Zelda and took a drag of her own. “I suppose can forgive you,” she stated with exaggerated graciousness. “I doubt I could have resisted the temptation either…. But you’ll have to make it up to me first if I’m to forgive you.” Lilith smirked and her hand slipped even higher up Zelda’s thigh, tracing maddening patterns that had Zelda’s breath hitching.

Shoving out of her chair, Mary Beth glared at them. “Mary Wardwell! Of all our parishioners, I never would have suspected you to fall so far.” She exclaimed scornfully, eyeing Zelda as she finished her sentence.

Her hand paused in its teasing, “fallen?” Lilith repeated delightedly. “Oh, Mary Beth, you flatterer,” she smiled wickedly and handed the cigarette back to Zelda. “To be compared to our beloved Lucifer Morningstar when he refused to be controlled by the false god… that is the highest compliment.” Placing a hand on her chest, Lilith shared an embellished look of earnest with Zelda who merely smirked and took a puff from her cigarette.

Jaw working, the vein in Mary Beth’s forehead started to throb. “Mary, there is still time to repent and come back. Don’t let this, this she-devil seduce you and—”

“She-devil?” Zelda interrupted, eyes widening. “My, my, Mary Beth,” she purred, “if you keep giving us compliments like that we might have to take you to bed with us.” Zelda let her eyes rove over the woman in an entirely different way from before and then leaned over and started to kiss Lilith’s neck.

Gaping at them, Mary Beth just shook her head, struck silent.

Lilith chuckled lowly, “oh, Zelda, you broke her.” She pouted, standing despite Zelda’s small growl of displeasure. “Now we won’t be able to play with her.” Lilith murmured closing the short distance between her and Mary Beth. “And she’d have been so much fun…” She lifted a hand and ran it along Mary Beth’s cheek, using a little of her succubus powers to keep the woman entranced. It was only when her hand drifted lower, brushing along Mary Beth’s chest, that she started and jumped back.

Breathing heavily, Mary Beth’s nostrils flared. “I don’t know what kind of Hell-magic she has you under, Mary, but this kind of behavior… consorting with Devil worshippers, especially in this manner,” she shook her head in disgust. “It’s unacceptable. Despicable.” Mary Beth practically spat the last word at Zelda who had stood as well and stubbed out her cigarette before coming to stand on the other side of the woman, so she was bracketed between the two witches.

“Oh, Mary Beth, it’s no spell or magic. It’s happiness and free will, which the Dark Lord grants all
his followers. We aren’t bound by the restrictive laws your false god is so fond of, and life is so magnificent because of it.” Zelda edged closer and played with Mary Beth’s hair. “Are you sure you don’t want to test it out with us?” She all but cooed into the woman’s ear, though her eyes remained locked with Lilith’s. “We won’t tell if you won’t.”

Exhaling shakily, Mary Beth whirled away from them and backed towards the door. “This,” she gestured between the two of them, “won’t last, Mary. This Jezebel,” she jabbed a finger at Zelda, “will ruin you and leave you dirty and forgotten in her path of destruction and seduction.” Mary Beth finished with a snarl, eyes a little wild. “When, not if Mary, but when she leaves you and you’re ready to be saved and cleansed, you know where to find us.” With a final condescending look, Mary Beth yanked the door open and fled, the door slamming shut behind her.

Unable to contain her mirth any longer, Zelda burst out laughing and turned to Lilith who looked mildly put out; likely because she was worried she’d gone too far and blown her Mary Wardwell cover. Smiling widely, Zelda took Lilith’s hands. “Come now, darling, don’t be scared off by my destructive and seductive ways.” She purred, pressing Lilith back onto the couch and straddling her lap.

Lilith couldn’t help but laugh at Zelda’s mocking tone, that and it was difficult to worry when such a glorious witch was in her lap. Wrapping one arm around Zelda to keep her in place while the other hand caressed up and down the redhead’s body, Lilith grinned. “Should I have mentioned consuming male flesh? I feel like I missed an opportunity there,” she chuckled, her wandering hand coming to a stop at Zelda’s waist and making quick work of the knot of her robe.

Stealing a kiss, Zelda shook her head playfully. “We don’t need the police interrupting us as well because righteous, little Mary Beth tattled and told them we’re cannibals.” She bent her head and sunk her teeth into Lilith’s collarbone as if to emphasize her point.

“Hmm, so no mentions of cannibalism. What else is off limits when tormenting the local mortals?” Lilith muttered, only half paying attention to her own words as Zelda opened her green robe. “I’ve, I’ve yet to fully commit to it; I wanted to keep certain covers in place, you see.” She sighed as Zelda’s hands came up to knead her breasts roughly. “But now, now that the word is out that a certain witch has put a spell on me…” She retaliated to Zelda’s teasing by flipping them and trapping Zelda underneath her on the couch.

Gasping in surprise and pleasure, Zelda waved a hand and teleported them to the bedroom. “I’m sure we can come up with any number of things that are appropriate and not.” She managed, pushing Lilith’s robe completely off her. “But right now, all I can think of are all the inappropriate things I want to do to you.” She arched a brow, “in fact,” she rolled them so she was on top once more. “I believe I have something to make up to you…” Zelda smiled wickedly and went in for another kiss.
Worlds Colliding

Chapter Summary

JJ Prompt: Sabrina invites her friends to the mortuary and they see Hilda and Cerberus are there being all lovey dovey and Zelda and Faustus fighting.

Sabrina had been trying to ease her mortal friends into the magical part of her life ever since she’d revealed to them she was a witch. It’d been bumpy at first, but maybe asking for their help on a séance was a bit much in hindsight.

So, instead of grand gestures, Sabrina had taken to making small displays of magic in front of them every now and then—which had thankfully gone over very well. But this was the first time she’d invited them inside her house without telling her family.

In the past, if she’d invited people over, Sabrina had to make sure to give her family plenty of warning, so no magical things were ongoing when her guests arrived. This time, well, it felt like her mortal friends were finally getting to see her authentic home life.

Cracking open the door, Sabrina led the way in, sighing quietly in relief when there wasn’t anything overtly crazy going on. Smiling encouragingly at Roz and Theo, she made for the kitchen to get snacks, navigating around Aunt Hilda and Dr. Cee on her way to the fridge.

“Hello, darling.” Hilda greeted her warmly, “how was school?” She asked, pulling a tray out of the oven as another floated in by itself.

Shrugging, Sabrina grabbed some drinks. “Alright, nothing too interesting. How was your day?”

“Hilda and I have been baking all day,” Dr. Cee informed her happily, walking by with an apron on that matched her aunt’s and stirring some mixture in the bowl tucked under his arm. “Your brilliant aunt is coming up with some new muffin recipes to sell at the store.” He beamed at Hilda, expertly dodging a floating bag of flour as it moved past him.

Blushing slightly, Aunt Hilda pecked him on the cheek. “We’re coming up with some new recipes.” She corrected with a grin and then turned to Sabrina. “Actually, we could use some taste testers, are you lot interested?” Hilda glanced at Roz and Theo and then back to Sabrina.

Sabrina looked at her friends to see what they thought, only to find them standing frozen in the doorway, mouths partially open as their eyes followed the ingredients floating through the kitchen as they measured themselves out into bowls.

Chuckling, Sabrina ducked under one of the bowls and came to a stop in front of Roz and Theo. “Uh, guys? You good?”

“Hmm? Yeah,” Roz blinked and cleared her throat before turning to Dr. Cee. “So, you’re a witch too?” She asked, plainly trying to appear polite but also curious as to how comfortable he was with all of the magic.

Dr. Cee shook his head, “oh, no. I’m mortal, well, mostly.” He chuckled and smiled wryly. “I have a demon that inhabits my body, but thankfully Hilda had a solution for that as well.” He smiled
affectionately at Hilda and kissed her chastely on the lips.

Unsure how to respond, Roz and Theo just nodded and made noncommittal noises. Thankfully they were saved from having to form an actual answer by Aunt Zelda and Blackwood emerging from the basement, arguing heatedly.

“No, Faustus, I told you this isn’t the work of a troll. No troll could do that kind of damage. The boy was attacked by a pack of ghouls.” Zelda remarked, snatching her coat off the hook on the wall.

Scoffing, Blackwood shook his head at her aunt. “And I told you that your theory is implausible. A troll makes the most sense, it’s chasing after ghouls that’s a waste of time.” He countered, yanking his coat on as well; the two of them too caught up in their discussion to notice Roz or Theo gaping at them from the kitchen.

Zelda stepped closer to Blackwood so that they were toe to toe, straightened her shoulders and gave him a challenging look. “Well, regardless of who is right,” and despite her words her tone conveyed that she knew she was right, “there is something loose in Greendale that needs capturing.” She raised a brow and buttoned up her coat without breaking eye contact.

“Are you suggesting a wager?” Blackwood smiled wickedly, reaching around Zelda to take his hat from the wall.

Her aunt gave a slight shrug. “Perhaps,” she replied coyly and when Blackwood lifted a brow of his own she continued. “Whoever captures the thing first wins.” Zelda smirked, clearly thinking she’d be victorious.

Huffing in amusement at Zelda’s cockiness, Blackwood stepped even closer to the redhead, invading her space. “And if the person who captures it is wrong about what the beast is?”

A throaty laugh escaped Zelda. “Oh, Faustus, as if you could accidentally capture ghouls while on a troll hunt,” she patted his cheek condescendingly.

Catching her wrist, Blackwood pulled Zelda closer, “and what does the winner get?” He all but growled, eyeing the witch in front of him hungrily.

Closing the remaining distance between them, Aunt Zelda kissed Blackwood hard and Sabrina couldn’t stop the face she made at their blatant display of lust. Praise Satan it was short lived, a moment later her aunt broke the kiss.

“I think we can come up with something,” she purred, arching a brow.

Blackwood nodded, one hand still gripping her wrist while the other snaked possessively around her middle to hold Zelda tightly against him. “Good luck, then.” He murmured.

A huff left Zelda’s mouth at the comment. “As if luck has anything to do with it, Faustus.” She quipped, pulling out of his embrace when she noticed Ambrose coming down the stairs.

Shoving his goggles on top of his head, Ambrose grinned. “I’ve got the net you need, Auntie Zee.” He informed her, holding up a metal net that clinked lightly and had a faint glow to it. “Even had time to add some spells to it while I was making it.”

Eyes lighting up, Zelda took the net and admired it. “Marvelous. Thank you dear, this is some of your fastest work. And the quality is magnificent, as always.” She commended and Ambrose beamed at the praise.
“Happy hunting, auntie,” Ambrose pecked her on the cheek and walked past Sabrina and her friends and into the kitchen, stripping his gloves and stuffing them into his leather apron before snatching some muffins.

Their attention was recaptured by Blackwood. “You already had your nephew crafting you hunting tools before I got here?” He stated, eyeing the net. “That’s cheating.”

Arching a brow, Zelda spun on her heel and made for the front door, net in hand as she talked over her shoulder. “No, it’s being prepared. In any case, I thought we’d use it while hunting together. But for some Satan forsaken reason, you think it’s a troll.” She turned partially and rolled her eyes to indicate how ludicrous she found the idea. “Not my fault you’re wrong in addition to being unprepared.” Zelda intoned, opening the door and waiting for Blackwood to sweep past her, a wicked smile on her lips.

Blackwood hummed, eyes glittering darkly. “This type of net won’t do you any good against a troll.”

“Then it’s a good thing I’m not going after a troll, isn’t it?” Zelda retorted as Blackwood exited the house. She glanced over at them, not even registering the presence of Sabrina’s mortal friends beyond the slight upward tick of her brow. “Hilda, we won’t be back for dinner.”

Barely glancing up, Hilda called after them, “happy hunting!”

As the two left, they overheard them hammering out the details of their wager and stating that to evidence their victory they needed to keep the head of the beast as proof before the door swung shut.

Sighing, Sabrina turned back to Roz and Theo only to find them staring wide-eyed and silent at the front door where Zelda and Blackwood had just disappeared. Biting her lip and wondering if she’d just scared her friends away again, Sabrina touched their arms. “So, you guys want some muffins?” She gestured towards where several trays were cooling and others were floating in and out of the ovens.

Theo was the first to collect himself, nodding, he took Roz’s hand and pulled her over to the table when she remained frozen by the door. Sabrina grinned and took a plate that Dr. Cee had prepared for them.

Though the encounter had been a little rocky, it seemed to be going over relatively well. Her friends were able to get a glimpse of the various sides of magic. The softer, sweet version that baked and healed and protected; and also the darker, harder side that dealt with demons, trolls and ghouls, involved curses and raw brute strength.

Selecting a muffin, Sabrina watched her friends carefully. “What do you think?” She asked tentatively, picking the muffing apart on her plate.

“This is amazing!” Roz exclaimed, finally regaining her voice, eyes bright.

Nodding in agreement, Theo leaned forward. “How much time do you have for questions?” He asked, eyes drifting over Sabrina’s shoulder to focus on Hilda and Dr. Cee as they moved around the kitchen, magic filling the air.

Ambrose, overhearing the question, vaulted over the back of the bench and settled in at the table, snagging another muffin from the plate. “I feel like I’m more qualified to answer any magic-related questions here than my coz.” He winked playfully when Sabrina huffed in offense. “She’s only been around sixteen years; I’ve been around 150. What do you want to know?” Ambrose lounged back on the bench and popped some food in his mouth as Roz and Theo gaped at him. The stunned
silence only lasted a moment, though, both of them launching into a number of questions as they leaned forward and eagerly waiting for information.

Though Sabrina was slightly miffed that Ambrose had barged into the conversation, she couldn’t contain the wide smile from spreading across her face at the scene in front of her. Her two worlds were finally merging into one… and she couldn’t be happier.
Cavorting

Chapter Summary

Anon Prompt: Blackwood trying to make Zelda jealous by cavorting with Hilda. Possibly at the Academy. Bonus points for Hilda love.

He’d done everything he could think of and Faustus still hadn’t been able to get Zelda’s attention. She humored him with smirks, haughtily raised eyebrows, and her biting wit every now and then, but nothing more.

So, he stooped to a new low. He started to pay an absurd amount of attention to Hilda. Never before had Faustus gone to such lengths to get a witch’s attention. He’d never encountered this problem before, and so, to his discontent, it required a creative approach.

The blonde was pleasant enough, pretty and sweet, smart without flaunting it. And Faustus was surprised to find that he didn’t mind Hilda’s company. Yes, the younger Spellman was good; but she didn’t suit him. Their personalities didn’t match.

It was Zelda’s fire and sharp, sometimes cruel, intelligence that he craved; that seemed to fit so well with his own. And to make matters worse, Zelda seemed perfectly aware of their compatibility, even seemed to experience lust of her own but was playing hard to get. Normally, he would try and turn the tables when this happened, become just as aloof himself. But with Zelda there was something that drew him towards her. Which was how he came to be continuously chasing after the only witch who left him baffled when she managed to wind him up only to walk away utterly unaffected herself.

Chasing after her by pretending he was interested in her sister.

The youngest Spellman seemed oblivious to his plan, and though she was shocked by his attention when it started, she didn’t discourage him. So, they talked more, spent more time together over the next two weeks. Culminating with him standing next to Hilda at the biannual academy dance, attempting to focus on what she was saying but his attention drifting to where Zelda was chatting with some friends wearing a stunning black dress.

It was only when Hilda placed her hand on his arm and squeezed that Faustus realized he’d been staring at Zelda for a solid two minutes. Awkwardly clearing his throat, he turned his gaze back to Hilda. “I’m sorry, what did you say? I didn’t catch it.”

“And you won’t catch her either if you keep being so obvious.” Hilda quipped, a smirk playing on her lips.

Stunned, all Faustus could do for a moment was blink. “What?” He managed to croak.

Chuckling softly, Hilda shook her head. “If you want to make my sister jealous, to get her attention you have to be less obvious.” She repeated kindly, though her eyes sparkled with amusement.

Licking his lips, Faustus made to deny the claim, but Hilda placed a gentle finger on his lips.

“Please don’t patronize me, Faustus. I know what you’re doing. What you’ve been doing for
weeks.” She lifted a brow and took a sip of her drink. “But if you want it to work you have to be more convincing.”

Faustus took a drink of his own, using the moment to compose himself. He’d greatly underestimated Hilda. “And how do I do that?”

“Kiss me.”

Taken aback, Faustus just stared at Hilda. “What?” He asked, sounding a bit like a broken record.

Rolling her eyes, Hilda tipped up onto her toes, slid a hand around Faustus’ neck and pulled him to her for a kiss. She pulled away before he had much of a chance to respond and then pulled him in for another one, this one slightly longer.

When she broke away from him completely, Faustus found that his hands had settled on her hips of their own accord. Smiling, Hilda cocked a brow at him. “That should do it.” She grinned, kissing him chastely on the lips once more, patting his chest and winking before walking away, calling over her shoulder “have a good day, Faustus,” as she went.

Dumbfounded, all Faustus could do was stare after the blonde as she made for the refreshments table.

“Enjoying yourself?”

Faustus jumped and spun to find Zelda right behind him, an amused smirk gracing her lips. “I, uh—” He ran a hand through his hair and composed himself. “Indeed I am.” Faustus tried to reply smoothly, though he could tell Zelda was less than convinced.

Shaking her head in amusement, Zelda stepped closer to him, tilting her head back to maintain eye contact. “But would you be enjoying yourself more if you were with me?” She purred, eyes glittering darkly.

He swallowed hard and only just managed not to blurt out that yes, in fact, he would enjoy himself tremendously if he was with her. But she was just now coming round and he couldn’t act too eager. “What makes you think I’m interested in you? Your sister—”

“Told me what you were trying to do the first time you approached her.” Zelda cut in, quirking a brow.

Embarrassed that he’d been so transparent, Faustus took a drink to buy himself some time. Even with that extra moment, he couldn’t help but ask, “then why let me continue the charade?”

Zelda’s eyes drifted over to the refreshment table where her sister stood. “Because Hilda wanted to use you to make her crush jealous,” she replied, a smile forming on her lips. “And I dare say it worked,” she took his chin in her hand and redirected his gaze to where Hilda was standing. A boy, Michael, from Hilda’s year had just approached her and appeared to be asking her out; much to Hilda’s pleasure.

Faustus blinked and turned back to Zelda, at a loss for words.

Chuckling at his expense, Zelda’s smile widened. “Please Faustus, my sister is too good for you. Surely, you didn’t expect her to stoop to your level.”

Finally recovering himself, Faustus leaned in closer to Zelda. “Oh, but you will?” He intoned.

Tilting her head, as if contemplating the offer, Zelda hummed. “I prefer to think I’m bringing you up
to mine. Though I don’t mind the low road every now and then.” Her smile turned wicked and her eyes darkened.

A matching smile spread across Faustus’ face before he closed the remaining distance and kissed her. They broke momentarily for Zelda to grab and his and tug him behind her to an empty classroom. And as he happily trailed after Zelda, he couldn’t help mentally thank Hilda Spellman for playing along with his scheme and helping finally bring him and Zelda together.
Rebuked pt.2

Chapter Summary

Anon Prompt: Rebuked Pt.2 Edward has a fight with his sister about her night out. The next day when Edward is not at home, she invites Faustus and it all ends up with hot make out session in the kitchen; then Edward walks on them with Diana. Zelda is furious and she leaves Greendale, going to Europe. A few weeks later Faustus joins her.

Chapter Notes

Very specific but I like it, haha. I did change one detail for the sake of timeline—you’ll see that when I get to it. Hope you still enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Edward was happily making himself a cup of tea when he realized that the only reason he’d gained this insight on Faustus was because his sister had been going behind his back for Satan knew how long. Setting the kettle down with exaggerated care, he stormed up the stairs and threw Zelda’s bedroom door open with a bang.

His sister bolted up, hair a mess and blinking in confusion, though there was a spell in her hand in preparation for self-defense. If Edward hadn’t been so furious, he might have been proud at her reaction time and instincts.

When Zelda realized it was him, the spell dissipated, and she flopped back onto her mattress. “What do you want, Edward?” She groaned; an arm thrown over her face. “And why can’t it wait until later?”

Stomping over, Edward snatched the comforter off the bed and threw it onto the ground.

Zelda shot back up, fire in her eyes where annoyance had been moments before. “What the fuck?” She demanded, swinging her legs off the bed and standing; preparing for a fight.

“Faustus Blackwood?!” He exclaimed, his face already going red.

Brow furrowing, Zelda stared at him, baffled. “What about him?”

Her reaction gave Edward pause, made him doubt for a second, because there was no trace of guilt… of anything. But Faustus hadn’t turned up out of nowhere with a marriage proposition. Shaking off his doubt, Edward plunged ahead. “Out of all the men in the coven, you had to sleep with him.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about, Edward. Faustus and I—” She continued to deny, and it angered him even further.

Stalking closer, Edward only stopped when he was towering over her. “Thought you could get away
with it.” He interrupted with a growl. “But you didn’t. Faustus missed the memo, gave it away. He was just here.”

Excitement sparked in his sister’s eyes at the news, though the rest of her face remained neutral. “Was he now?” When he didn’t elaborate, Zelda shrugged a shoulder. “I can see who I please. You have no say in the matter.” She raised a brow in challenge.

“I have plenty to say in the matter,” Edward retorted; and though he badly wanted to throw the rejected proposal in her face as evidence, he held back. Knowing if he revealed this to Zelda she would do something rash. “You will not date him. You will not sleep with him. Heaven, you won’t even see him again.” Edward emphasized each order with a slash of his hand. “Faustus Blackwood isn’t appropriate for you to have a relationship with. He—”

Zelda was already rolling her eyes and turning away from him to pick up her blanket, likely to go back to bed.

Infuriated, he grabbed her arm and yanked Zelda back round so she faced him once more. “You will not dishonor the Spellman name by being Blackwood’s slut.” Edward ground out; his face close to Zelda’s.

Jaw set, Zelda pointedly looked at his bruising grip on her arm and then back at him. “Let. Go.” She ordered, voice hard.

“You won’t see him again.” He commanded, releasing her with a little shove. One that tangled her feet in the blanket still on the ground and sent her crashing into her vanity. “Be a whore if you must—Satan knows your reputation has already suffered—but you won’t be Blackwood’s whore.”

Rage contorted his sister’s features as she leveraged herself up slowly, rolling her shoulder painfully. “You’re mistaken, brother,” she spat the title and continued to roll her shoulder by made no move to heal it. “I was a slut or a whore, whichever adjective you prefer. I happily enjoyed the company of numerous witches and warlocks since my dark baptism.” Edward did his best not to flinch at the news, though gossip did reach his ears now and then, he’d always done his best to ignore the rumors that went around about Zelda; because they were normally true. But Zelda didn’t miss the action and smiled maliciously at him before continuing. “But for the first time in years I’m a one partner witch. Faustus and I have a faithful relationship, we—”

A harsh laugh escaped Edward’s lips and he paced away before rounding on Zelda. “Faithful?!?” He repeated incredulously, “faithful? Faustus Blackwood is an insatiable whore and would never be committed to a single person; let alone you.”

Sneering at him, Zelda shook her head. “You know nothing about what is between Faustus and I. And even if he was a whore, never to be faithful to me, it’d still be my decision to make whether I wanted to be involved with him. Or involved with anyone, for that matter. You can’t control me, Edward,” she ran a hand through her hair agitatedly. “You’re not father and even if you were, you’d still have no right—”

He slapped her then, hard enough to split her lower lip and it stunned him.

Though clearly stunned as well, Zelda regained herself quickly and slapped him back with just as much strength. “Get out of this room, now,” she snarled, “before I set you on fire.” Her fists clenched at her sides and magic pulsed in the air.

Edward stepped away from her and blindly reached for the door until his hand connected with the knob. Though he’d come in her to confront Zelda about her behavior, he certainly hadn’t intended
for it to be so physical. Opening the door, he hesitated, taking in his sister’s split lip, the finger-shaped bruises on her arm and how she was still unconsciously rolling her shoulder.

For a moment, he felt a twinge of guilt, but he buried it. He was the head of the Spellman house, and he had to uphold the family name not only by advancing as much as he could in terms of becoming high priest, but also by ensuring his siblings didn’t do anything to besmirch the name. And that included messing with his plans by sleeping with people he deemed a threat to his advancement. “Zelda—”

She hurled the first thing she could grab at him, a hairbrush, and she must have added some speed with a spell because when he shut the door to block the object it dented the wood a bit.

Sniffing and straightening his shirt, Edward walked down the hall to his room. He healed his cheek as he went; he had plans to meet a woman he’d been seeing later and it wouldn’t do to have a red handprint blazing against his skin.

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Zelda stood, seething, staring at the door for some time after her brother left. Though he’d become more controlling since taking over the family, she’d never expected this of him. Well, she could have anticipated his reaction to Faustus, to an extent…. But she wouldn’t have guessed he’d become violent with her.

Picking up her blanket and throwing it onto the bed, Zelda waved a hand to fix the displaced objects on her vanity. That was when she caught her reflection in the mirror; her lip was swollen and bleeding a bit, there were finger-shaped bruises on her forearm and her shoulder still throbbed.

Carefully tracing a finger over her lip, the injury healed itself. Zelda left the other injuries, wanting to leave them as a reminder to Edward; though she did dull the aching in her shoulder. As she made to climb back into bed, still wanting a few hours of sleep, the wards shimmering distracting her; Edward had left.

Sleep forgotten and in a clear act of defiance, also in part wanting to be comforted by the man she spent most of her time with, Zelda messaged Faustus and invited him over to the house. He arrived quickly enough, much to her pleasure; though she was careful not to show it.

“I take it your plans for my brother didn’t go well.” She remarked, opening the front door for him and then walking away, heading for the kitchen.

Faustus scowled, pride still wounded from the very recent rejection. Even if he had a new plan, it did nothing to soothe the deep burning he felt at how smug Edward had been, how superior when he rebuked Faustus. He had no intention of telling Zelda about the proposal, he couldn’t give her that much power over him. Right now, they seesawed, first he had the upper hand, then her; back and forth, it was a game. One they both enjoyed. If he revealed he wanted to marry her, even if Zelda felt as he suspected, it would give her the upper hand indefinitely.

So, avoiding the question, Faustus stepped inside and closed the door behind him. “What makes you say that?” He asked, trailing after her.

Glancing over her shoulder, Zelda cocked an eyebrow. “Because he just lectured me on dating ‘inappropriate’ men, rather heatedly,” she muttered the last part under her breath and Faustus frowned. Before he could question it, Zelda spun to let her eyes sweep over him as she continued into the kitchen; walking backwards. “Which is rich, coming from him. Edward only chases inappropriate women, and not just women, but mortal ones at that. At least mine’s a warlock.”
Eyes widening, Faustus stared at her. He was hers, was he? A tiny flicker of his fingers had Zelda’s feet freezing to the floor, halting her next to the table.

She looked to her feet and then brought her eyes back to his, a spark there. “Faustus,” she murmured, tone equally a warning and an invitation.

He smiled wickedly at her. “yours?” Faustus repeated, taking long, measured steps towards her and it was Zelda’s turn for her eyes to widen.

“Just a figure of sp—”

Faustus grabbed her by the hips then and deposited her onto the table, lips capturing hers. One hand trailed up her body to tangle in her hair while the other remained locked on her hip. She gasped into his mouth and pulled him closer, opening her legs and wrapping them around his waist.

A groan rumbled in his throat at the contact and he unashamedly ground against her, his hand slipping around her back to press her closer to him. Not one to be passive, Zelda slipped her tongue into his mouth as she locked her heels behind his thighs to keep him close so she could meet his grinds in turn. The table started to creak ominously underneath them, but neither of them paused to consider that the piece of furniture might not hold.

Zelda had just slipped her hands under his shirt, having untucked and unbuttoned it, and he was looking to return the favor when a small feminine gasp sounded that was nothing like the glorious noises Zelda usually made.

Reluctantly breaking their kiss, Zelda turned towards the door where she knew her sister must be standing. It was only when she realized that it wasn’t Hilda, that the order to go away died in her throat. Faustus didn’t notice, his mouth now preoccupied with leaving a trail of sucking kisses along her neck—he’d assumed it was Hilda too. And, well, given how this wouldn’t have been the first time Hilda caught them, Zelda couldn’t blame Faustus for not even turning his head at the interruption; his hips still rutting deliciously into hers.

It took her a moment to overcome her lust fogged brain to register that Edward was standing next to the strange girl in the doorway, his face thunderous. Losing that time to come to her senses meant Zelda couldn’t warn Faustus before Edward was striding towards them.

“Blackwood!” Her brother roared, yanking Faustus back by the collar of his shirt; the action almost pulled Zelda off the table as well; her legs had still been hooked around the warlock. “I made myself clear,” Edward added as Faustus stumbled back, and before he could collect himself—still surprised the intruder wasn’t Hilda, Edward punched him in the jaw.

“Edward!” Zelda launched herself off the table and shoved her brother back; her fury matching his, if not greater.

Her brother whirled around to face her, a vein pulsing in his neck. “I told you to stay away from him. And I told you,” he jabbed a finger into Faustus’ chest where he stood massaging his jaw, “there was no way in Heaven.”

Blood boiling, Zelda clenched her fists to prevent a spell from flying. “Yes, because he’s such an inappropriate man?” Her eyes traveled over to the woman still standing the doorway, apparently too stunned to leave. “How old are you?” She demanded.

Clearly startled at being addressed, the woman jumped. “I’m sorry?”

“Your age. How old are you?”
Licking her lips, the woman fidgeting with the end of her sweater. “Twenty-six. What does that—”

Zelda slowly spun to face her brother, lips curling in disgust. “Another one? When will you learn, big brother?” She asked slowly, shaking her head. “What’s your name?” Zelda turned her attention back to the woman.

“Meg—, Megan.” She stuttered, unsure why she was being interrogated in such a manner.

Closing the distance between the mortal and herself, Zelda tilted her head slightly. “Don’t expect to be around long, Megan. You’re the third one in as many months that my brother has brought home.” She glanced over at Edward who was fuming, “and he calls me the slut.” With that, Zelda marched from the room, leaving a horrified mortal in her wake.

Huffing in amusement, Faustus made to follow the fiery witch, only for Edward to catch his arm.

“Stay. Away.” The younger man growled, a muscle in his cheek twitching.

Faustus smirked. “I will when she tells me to,” he remarked, both of them knowing Zelda’s stance on the matter and who she would side with. When he made to leave again, Edward redoubled his hold and Faustus knew he’d have bruises; the thought bringing some of Zelda’s words from earlier to mind—that Edward had gotten ‘heated’ with her. “Is this what you did to force Zelda to listen to your lecture?” Faustus looked pointedly at his arm and back at Edward, anger building up inside him quickly.

“What happens between my sister and I is of no concern of yours.” Edward muttered, though his cheeks turned red, giving him away.

That was evidence enough for Faustus, he sent a spell through his arm to shock Edward, who released him with a yelp of surprise and pain as he shook his hand. “If you touch her in such a way again…” Faustus let the threat trail off, a snarl tugging his lips. He then turned to follow Zelda once more, wanting to know why she hadn’t been more forthcoming about Edward’s confrontation.

Before Faustus could get more than a few steps, though, a spell bodily lifted him up and expelled him from the house and then proceeded to drag across the grounds until his was off Spellman property. When he tried to reenter, Faustus found himself blocked. Grumbling, Faustus teleported away, figuring he’d message Zelda later about why he hadn’t gone after her.

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Faustus hadn’t followed her. Though somewhat surprised, Zelda brushed it off. She had more important matters to attend to; such as packing. Though she’d considered leaving before, it’d never been a truly serious option for her. The academy was here, her family… Faustus. But Edward, Edward was no longer the brother she’d known all her life. If Zelda were to be honest, he hadn’t been the same since their father died. He’d become beyond controlling and while there were occasions where they got physical with one another, used the Cain pit, this morning had been different.

Dark thoughts swirled in Zelda’s head as she packed, wondering if her plans to get away without Edward following would truly work. If she was quick enough, they just might. Her clothes had just finished folding and shrinking themselves so they all fit into one suitcase when a knock sounded on the door and it was cracking open.

Panic seized Zelda and she launched herself at the door to slam it shut again; sure it was Edward. An affronted, “Zelda!” Sounded from the other side and she sighed in relief before admitting her sister
Casting her an odd look, Hilda walked in warily. It was only when she saw the suitcase, noticed Zelda’s vanity was packing itself that her eyes went round with realization. “You’re leaving?” She whispered, glancing at the door behind her as if to check for Edward.

Sniffing, Zelda made to shrug nonchalantly but winced, her shoulder still tender. “Yes,” she stated primly, trying to play off the pain, “it’s high time I went out on my own. Can’t live here forever.”

Brow furrowing, Hilda took a step closer to her and poked her shoulder experimentally. Zelda couldn’t help the small yelp that escaped her and she swatted Hilda’s hand away. Pressing her lips together, Hilda took Zelda’s arm and started to probe it, carefully sending healing spells into her as she worked. “Did Eddie do this?” She asked softly, though from her tone it seemed she already knew.

“Perhaps,” she muttered, though her body relaxed as the pain eased in her shoulder.

Frowning, Hilda finished her exam and sat on the edge of Zelda’s bed. “Why not heal it yourself?” Zelda turned away from her sister, not wanting to admit it’d been for petty reasons, an attempt to make Edward feel guilty later. But Hilda knew both her and Edward too well and a long, exasperated sigh left her as she shook her head. “That’s not why you’re leaving though, is it? It’s because of Faustus.”

Shocked by her sister’s perception, Zelda saw no reason to deny that Faustus was a big part of her decision; not that she expected him to follow her. “I’m leaving because Edward keeps trying to control me and I refuse to be. I can see who I want, whether that is Faustus or someone else.” She came and sat next to Hilda on the bed, bumping her shoulder against her sister’s. “Edward and I cannot live in the same house anymore, Hildie. It’s too volatile between us,” Zelda gestured vaguely with her hands, unsure how to convey her relationship with their brother. “And I won’t be controlled.” She repeated firmly, standing and moving to pack up some photos.

To her surprise, Hilda stood and started to help her, folding some of the quilts she’d made Zelda over the years and shrinking them to fit in the suitcase as well. Together they finished packing in a matter of fifteen minutes, magic speeding up the process.

She paused and spun slowly, taking in the room she’d lived in most her life; making sure she hadn’t missed anything. When she stopped, she was facing Hilda who had tears in her eyes. An affectionate smile touched her lips and she pulled her little sister into a hug.

“I can’t tell you where I’m going,” Zelda murmured sadly, “Edward is sure to go through your memories so he can follow me and bring his wayward sister home. I can’t risk that.” She pulled back and framed Hilda’s face, brushing away some of the tears that had fallen. “But I’ll send postcards,” Zelda promised, tone brighter to try and raise Hilda’s spirits. “I’ll send them as I’m leaving a place, so by the time you get them I’ll be long gone and Edward can’t find me.” Stepping away, Zelda picked up her suitcase and slung her purse over her shoulder. “I’ll call you on the mirror when I can. Take care of yourself, Hilda.”

A watery smile spread across her sister’s face and she pulled Zelda into another hug. “Me? I’ll be here, as always. You’re the one that needs to be safe.”

Shaking her head, Zelda broke the hug and took Hilda’s chin in her free hand. “If he comes after you, you contact me immediately. Immediately. You hear me? Use the witching board, the mirror— I’ll have my pocket one on me at all times, alright?”
Hilda took Zelda’s hand in hers and squeezed, “he won’t. We don’t fight like you two do.”

It wasn’t good enough, Zelda knew that, in time, Hilda would do something Edward found less than fitting for the Spellman name and without her there to run interference or to draw his ire with her more inappropriate behavior, he would turn on Hilda. It was almost enough for her to unpack her suitcase right then.

As if sensing this, Hilda tucked a stray lock of hair behind Zelda’s ear. “He won’t. But if, and I mean if, he does… I promise to contact you, okay?”

A shaky exhale of relief left Zelda, and though she still felt guilt at leaving Hilda behind she knew she couldn’t stay. Pulling a letter from her pocket, Zelda handed it to Hilda with a whispered spell, hiding it from Edward’s probing should he go this far into Hilda’s memory. “You know who this is for,” she murmured, releasing the envelope a little reluctantly. Leaving it here made her feel vulnerable, as if she were admitting something better left unsaid. “You’ll only be able to give it to him if he asks.” She added, it was her only concession, the only reason she felt she could leave it in the first place. Because if he asked, then technically he was taking the first step, not her.

With one final goodbye, Zelda teleported away; Marseille, France her first destination.

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He hadn’t seen Zelda in over a week. She hadn’t responded to any of his messages and he was turned away at the perimeter of the Spellman property every time he tried to visit. It was possible Edward had bound her to the house, punishing her as though she were a child and not a witch nearing her first half century.

It wasn’t the first time Edward isolated his sister in an attempt to rein Zelda in, but it was the first she hadn’t immediately defied him in some way. Perhaps it truly had turned physical during the siblings’ last altercation, and that was why Zelda was keeping her distance. Faustus had intended to determine if Edward had hurt her for certain the next time he saw Zelda, but he couldn’t seem to find the chance.

Which was what led to him cornering the youngest Spellman sister at the academy. Taking her elbow and hurriedly leading her into an empty classroom as the rest of their classmates made for the dining hall. “Where is she?” He implored, not wasting any time once the door was shut behind them.

Hilda smiled widely at him, and much to his confusion, she handed him a letter. “I knew you’d ask,” she breathed, eyes twinkling. “Give her my love.” The blonde squeezed his forearm and departed, leaving him bewildered.

Unable to wait, Faustus sealed the room and ripped the letter open, recognizing Zelda’s handwriting at once.

Faustus,

*If you’re reading this, well, you’ve already surprised me.*

He scoffed at the words but was thrilled she’d taken the effort to write a letter. Edward must be monitoring all other forms of communication, forcing her to resort to this mortal means. Turning back to the letter, Faustus read on.

*I cannot remain in Greendale any longer. Living with my brother, he, he has become superior; intolerably so. I refuse to allow him to try and dictate my life and I refuse to endure his tantrums when I do not follow his commands.*
So, I left. I suppose there are some who would call it running away. I considered it running towards something. And though I do not expect you to leave Greendale, do not expect you to leave the life you’ve built, have been working towards for years… I leave you this.

A small charm appeared in his hand, a tingling sensation shooting through his skin when it made contact. Images flashed through Faustus’ mind and suddenly he knew exactly where Zelda was in Europe. She’d left him a map. A map that would lead straight to her no matter how often she picked up and traveled. Marveling at the charm, turning it over between his fingers, Faustus drug his gaze back to the letter.

Though I know it is foolish, I hope to see you. Satan knows why I’ve put my faith in us. In whatever it was we were building. But our time together meant something to me. If it meant anything to you, anything… please find me. At least once. At least to say goodbye.

If I do not hear from you, I will assume you’ve moved on. Found some other willing witch or warlock, maybe both, and took them to bed. I won’t begrudge you that. Heaven knows there are easier partners within the coven; ones without Edward as a sibling.

Should this be the case, I wish you well, Faustus.

Zels

P.S. If you need a reference when you become high priest, should Edward truly grow the balls needed to challenge you, I am more than happy to provide one.

Faustus slumped heavily against one of the tables in the room. She was gone. Left without a word. Well, some words, he amended, scanning the letter once more. But she hadn’t anticipated him asking after her, had enchanted the letter so Hilda could only give it to him if he broached the topic first.

Had she really doubted him that much? Truly thought she meant so little to him? Maybe, but maybe not. She’d left him a way to find her; one that she hadn’t even given to her sister based on how the youngest Spellman asked him to relay her love. Zelda wouldn’t have done that if she thought he would reject her invitation.

It was then he realized Hilda had anticipated his approach. That him pulling her aside was only a matter of time in her mind, and her words conveyed that she expected him to chase after Zelda as well. Faustus should be upset. That he was so easy to read, to predict; though to be fair he and Zelda once had a lengthy discussion as to whether Hilda was an empath or not—her actions today only evidenced their suspicions further.

Though it irked him slightly that Hilda could guess his next move, Faustus couldn’t find it in himself to care that much. Instead, he pocketed the letter and the charm, running his fingers over the trinket as he left the classroom and headed for home, joy flowing through him.

Yes, he’d follow the trail Zelda left for him. While he may be the one chasing after her, she’d been the one to lay the path first; offering him the chance, holding out her hand and asking him to jump. Faustus was more than willing to do just that.

But first, he had matters to attend to here in Greendale.

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Three weeks had passed since Zelda had left. In that time, she’d spoken with Hilda often… far more frequently than when they lived together. They were careful, only talking with one another when Hilda was away from the house and only using secure mirrors or witching boards.
Hilda told her Edward had been wroth; that his magical outburst destroyed most of Zelda’s bedroom when he’d discovered it empty later the night she’d fled. Their brother had gone on and on, calling Zelda an ingrate, disrespectful, a whore. But he hadn’t made a move towards Hilda, even when he discovered her part in Zelda’s flight. He’d stopped speaking to her for several days, but aside from that, hadn’t taken Zelda’s actions out against her sister—for which she was immensely relieved.

In all their discussions, Zelda dared not ask after Faustus. Not wanting to know the answer one way or the other. Either he’d forgotten her or he’d asked Hilda about her, read the letter and run; wanting nothing to do with the clingy witch she’d come across as. Whichever it was… she’d yet to hear a single thing from him.

It shouldn’t have surprised her. The silence, the absence… and if she was honest, it didn’t, not really. But that didn’t stop it from hurting. From the ache that developed and settled deep in her chest, one that throbbed whenever she thought of Faustus, whenever she thought she caught sight of his profile in a crowded square, whenever she thought she heard his silky voice.

Her first month passed with little fanfare, she’d moved often, just in case her spells didn’t hold against Edward; though she’d only felt the telltale buzzing in the back of her mind a few times, alerting her that Edward was searching for her. Other than that, he brother was either content to leave Zelda be, which she doubted, or more likely he thought she’d return after cooling down... how wrong he was. Which meant she was currently residing in a little flat she’d rented from an elderly woman who owned a seamstress and tailoring shop with her husband. It’d taken some convincing, not many young women lived on their own in Spain at this time; but a little spell had the woman giving Zelda a fair rent and fewer glares for her chosen lifestyle than others would have.

The day passed swiftly, Zelda spending her time touring the lesser known parts of town and testing out her Spanish on native speaker for the first time in ages. She was returning home when movement caught her eye from one of the dark side alleys.

A spell leapt to her hand immediately, ready to take on whatever dense male saw her as potential prey, ready to show that she was, in fact, the predator in this situation. Only, only when the man stepped from the shadows, Zelda’s hand fell to her side, useless. “Faustus?”

“Zels,” he breathed, closing the distance between them and crashing his lips to hers.

When they broke, Zelda ran a hand lightly over his face, trying to recommit Faustus’ features to memory. “You, you…” She smiled and scoffed quietly in disbelief before kissing him again.

Grinning against her lips, Faustus answered her unspoken question. “Of course.” He lifted her and carried her up into her flat, lips alternating between consuming hers and smiling. Faustus pushed into the flat with a whispered spell and took Zelda to bed.

As they laid together after, Zelda pressed against his side despite the heat and Faustus’ arm wrapped around her tightly as though afraid she’d disappear again, Zelda couldn’t help but voice her amazement at his presence.

“I can’t believe you’re here.” She admitted in a whisper, tracing his tattoos and keeping her eyes on his chest. While she was ecstatic he was, a small part of her wondered if this was just him coming to say goodbye—like she’d requested in her letter.

Faustus’ free hand gently tilted her chin up so she was forced to look him in the eye. “Why wouldn’t I be? You asked—”

Sighing, Zelda rolled away from him and wrapped the sheet around her before sitting up, much to
Faustus’ protest. “I did,” she conceded, picking at the fabric. “But I wasn’t sure you’d even receive the letter, let alone come.” She shrugged, trying to play off how much of herself she’d bared in that damned letter. And despite how pleased she was that he was there, Zelda knew she’d tipped the scales heavily in Faustus’ favor and she was unlikely to ever regain the ground she’d given up.

Stunned, Faustus pushed himself up as well and leaned against the headboard. “You didn’t think I’d even ask after you?” The hurt in his voice had Zelda looking up from her lap and into his eyes, and what she saw there took her breath away. “Of course, I asked after you. Of course, I came. I—” Faustus speared a hand through his disheveled hair in frustration. “This,” he gestured between them, “us, it means something to me. A lot.” He reached over and cupped her cheek, brushing his thumb along her skin.

“So,” Zelda swallowed, knowing she was laying it all on the table, holding nothing back now. “You didn’t just come to say goodbye?” And oh, how she hated how her voice trembled at the question, but she had to know. Had to know if he was just going to leave after sleeping with her one last time.

“No!” Faustus exclaimed, startling her in his volume and he smiled ruefully. “No,” he repeated, much softer this time. “I came to stay. I’m sorry it took so long, but there were matters to attend to in Greendale that I had to get in order before leaving.”

Blinking, Zelda could only stare at him for a moment. “You’re here to stay?” She breathed, not daring to trust her own ears.

Faustus smiled crookedly at her, “yes.”

“But, you’re, you’re training to become the next high priest in Greendale. Your entire life—”

He cut her off with a light kiss. “Is easily transferred to another location, as you’ve found in the process of moving your own.” Faustus lifted a brow. “And you’d be amazed how many Churches of Darkness there are that are in need of a high priest over here.” He quipped, sounding rather pleased with himself and his planning.

Still stunned, Zelda shook her head. “You’d really move here? With me?” There was a pause, though Zelda thought it was more from an internal debate than him reconsidering his actions to uproot his life.

Sighing, Faustus shrugged. “Of course. I mean, I did ask Edward for your hand. I’d already committed to the idea of my life changing because of you; perhaps not in this way, but—”

Zelda reared back, “you what?!” She demanded, gripping his forearm tightly.

A smile quirked the corner of Faustus’ lips. “I asked Edward for permission to marry you. An archaic tradition even by witching standards, but I saw no reason to spurn it when it was supposed to be a mere formality. Not an actual chance for Edward to rebuke me; which he did.” Faustus added in a grumble.

“You wanted to marry me?” And Zelda wanted to curse Edward for making this decision for her, for not even consulting her about it.

Tucking some of her hair back, Faustus leaned in and kissed her slowly. “I want to marry you.” He corrected, leaning his forehead against hers. "Will you do me the honor?"

Laughing a little in disbelief, Zelda closed the limited distance between them and kissed him again. “Yes.” She murmured, her lips brushing his at the word.
Faustus pulled back, eyes bright and smile brilliant. “Truly?” When she nodded eagerly in return, his smile widened in delight and he rolled away from her, hanging half off the bed to grab something. As he sat back up, he produced a ring and slid it onto her finger. “There, perfect.”

She couldn’t help but admire the ring, it was gorgeous. Bringing her eyes back to Faustus, she realized something. “This was your plan, with Edward. This was why he was so furious with me. Because not only had you revealed our relationship, but you asked for this.” She gestured to the ring now snug on her hand.

“To be honest, I didn’t anticipate him reacting so poorly.” Faustus admitted, leaning against the headboard once more, only this time he pulled her into his side as he did.

A slight scoff escaped her, “well, a few things make sense now.” She murmured, hand coming up unconsciously to touch the lip her brother had split with his slap several weeks ago.

Her movement didn’t go unnoticed and Faustus carefully took her hand in his and kissed the back of it. “Did he hurt you?” Zelda huffed and averted her eyes, not wanting to ruin the euphoria radiating through her with thoughts of that day. “Is that why you left? Why didn’t you tell me?” He looked at her imploringly, and when she didn’t answer, he wrapped both arms around her. “You could’ve come and lived with me… in Greendale.”

The words had her pulling back so she could see his face. “I—, Faustus,” she touched his cheek sweetly, “Edward would never have allowed it.” Zelda stated, a sad smile on her face for what could have been their life in Greendale, with her family, if only Edward hadn’t forced them to leave.

Rolling his eyes, Faustus kissed her palm. “I’m sure we could have convinced him, probably still could. Edward brought a mortal into your home, for Satan’s sake. Surely, we—”

“No, we couldn’t have. That wasn’t the first time Edward brought a mortal woman home, certain he’s in love.” She informed him, resting her head back on his shoulder, cuddling further into his side. “Only, so far, every time he reveals the truth to the mortal of the month they panic; forcing Edward to adjust their memories and sever the relationship.” Zelda exhaled slowly and then continued. “Then, then he starts again. If he’s to live what he plans to preach should he become high priest, then he needs to find a mortal mate. That, and he’s desperate to find that love he’s so jealous mortals possess.”

Faustus scoffed and shook his head. “Why? Why envy the mortals so much? Witches have a version of love, do we not?” His arms tightened around her and it set her heart racing.

Carefully, Zelda ran her fingers along one of the arms around her, keeping her eyes down. “Do we?” She asked softly, hoping she was reading the situation properly.

A quiet chuckle emanated from Faustus and he dipped his head to kiss her, bringing up a hand to keep her chin raised when he broke the kiss, making her meet his eyes. “I love you, Zelda. It is strong… it may not match what the mortals have, but—”

Zelda cut him off with a searing kiss, nipping his lip when she pulled back. “I don’t want what the mortals have.” She muttered, pressing closer against him. “I want you, and this, and whatever the future may bring. Because—” and even though Faustus said it first, Zelda found the words still stuck in her throat despite the truth in them. She’d always been told love wasn’t possible for witches, not romantic love, at least. But she found this was one thing about their kind, about their history that she was more than happy to ignore. “I love you too.”

Beaming at one another like idiots, they shuffled further under the blankets and spent the night
exchanging kisses and planning their future—Edward and his rebuke be damned.

Chapter End Notes

I made it some random mortal instead of Diana because this is somewhat Academy Spellwood and Diana wouldn't be around yet. Though I think how I wrote it fits well with this version of Edward.

And wow, 50 chapters! Thank you everyone for sticking with me. For the hits, comments, kudos and prompts. They mean a lot!
Anon Prompt: Sabrina is picked as queen for the Feast of Feasts, what would her family do to stop it?

The paper burned white.

No. No, no, no, no, that couldn’t be. There’d only been a 7% chance. That was the only reason she’d allowed Sabrina to take her place; because the chance had been so small. Her girl couldn’t be Queen of the Feast; but that was exactly what Faustus was proclaiming, drawing Sabrina out from behind the table and presenting her to the coven.

The world went out of focus as Zelda fell to her knees with the rest of the coven, her heart pounding loudly in her ears. Sabrina’s eyes locked onto her, barely concealed terror flitting across her features as she stood trembling as everyone hailed her as the chosen one.

And though Zelda wanted nothing more than to snatch her niece and whisk her away, take her to another country, she forced herself to remain until the rest of the coven filtered out. Finally standing, legs shaking, Zelda pressed a shocked Sabrina into one of the pews and pulled Faustus aside.

“I’ll take her place.” The words are out of her mouth before they’re fully out of earshot, but Sabrina was apparently too stunned her actions had consequences, deadly ones at that, to notice.

Faustus sighed and ran a hand over his face, “you know I can’t let you switch, Zelda.” He shrugged apologetically, “it’d go against all the coven and tradition rules. The Dark Lord picked Sabrina, if I allow you to volunteer it undermines the entire system. There is nothing I can do.” Faustus gave her a pointed look and lifted a brow, giving her hand a reassuring squeeze.

Taking the hint, Zelda nodded and was about to thank him when he cut her off.

Clearing his throat, Faustus straightened his robe, “congratulations, Sister Zelda, the Dark Lord has seen fit to honor the Spellmans at last. You must be proud.”

She blinked and turned to find one of the acolytes hovering in the background, waiting to sweep the church. “Very proud.” Zelda mustered, voice hoarse. “Thank you, Father Blackwood, we will see you tomorrow at the Feast.”

Hurrying to where Sabrina was still slumped on the bench, Zelda gathered her niece in her arms and teleported home. Once home, Zelda ordered the girl to bed, and for the first time in ages Sabrina didn’t argue with her, just stumbled up the stairs in a trance.

Hilda and Ambrose had yet to appear, just as well, Zelda was still hoping to change the circumstances before having to reveal to them what she’d let happen. Moving to the parlor, she lit the fire and several candles, arranging the smaller flames out in a pentagram; kneeling in the middle Zelda began to chant.

Summoning the Dark Lord was a dance with death on any occasion, but to do so in order to ask him
to change his will, to accept her in Sabrina’s place at the Feast… Zelda wasn’t sure she wouldn’t just end up struck dead in the parlor and Sabrina eaten the next night anyway. But she had to try.

The magic crackled around her, building in the air until it was so thick she could see it shimmer. It was time, either the Dark Lord would appear or something else would come in his place to kill her for her audacity to summon him.

Suddenly, the fire surged, licking the sides of the fireplace and threatening to consume the rest of the room. Zelda fell back, a cry on her lips and a hand held up to block her face. Before she could process what was happening, a deep, grating voice echoed in her head; her hands coming to clamp over her ears automatically, even if the gesture was useless.

“Zelda Fiona Spellman,” the voice boomed, bringing tears to her eyes. “My will has been done. It will not be undone with a deal from me.”

And just as suddenly as the fire roared up, it was extinguished, leaving Zelda in the dark. Panting, Zelda scrambled out of the candle pentagram, knocking several of the candles aside for good measure.

She’d failed.

There would be no deal made, no mistakes undone. Sabrina would be killed and devoured because Zelda had taken a risk, thinking to teach the defiant girl a lesson only to learn one herself. A hollow sensation spread through her, infecting every cell. Unsure what else could be done, Zelda made for the kitchen, assuming she’d find the rest of her family there. She was right. Her expression must have said it all because the smile slid off Ambrose’s face and Hilda collapsed into the nearest chair.

“You were picked,” her sister whispered in dread, tears already pricking her eyes.

Swallowing around the massive lump in her throat, Zelda clutched the counter, no longer trusting her body to remain upright on its own accord. “Worse.” She breathed, forcing herself to meet Hilda’s eyes. “Sabrina—”

Shaking her head viciously, Hilda shot out of her seat. “No. No…. how? How could you—”

“She came bursting into the church, declaring that she would draw for the Spellman family. Unless I had a reason to deny her that right, unless I wanted to denounce the Feast.” Zelda tried to explain, though her reasoning now seemed weak. “I thought, her chances were so small…. Had I denounced the Feast, there was no knowing what would happen… the last witch who did…. ” She trailed off wretchedly, self-hate roiling through her; nausea joining it.

Hilda picked up her teacup and threw it across the room in a fit of anger so unlike her that both Ambrose and Zelda stepped away. “You still had a choice, you should have drawn.”

Tears spilled down Zelda’s cheeks now, emotions swelling and cresting inside her. “You think I don’t know that?! That I don’t know I should be the one slated for death?” Her voice cracked as her hysteria grew. “You think I didn’t try to switch with her already? That I didn’t just attempt to summon the Dark Lord himself to make a deal, to save Sabrina?” Zelda pointed towards the parlor where the logs in the fireplace still smoked from recent use. “I know, Hildie. I know I should be the dead one. But I’m not, and I can’t fix it on my own.”

Crying as well, Hilda took several deep breaths and turned to Ambrose. “Get your books, see if you can find a loophole. I’ll whip up a batch of my sour stomachs potion, perhaps we can poison the coven with the stomach flu and we’ll miss the Feast entirely. Can’t sacrifice someone on the wrong
day, can we?”

Zelda leaned heavily against the counter and buried her head in her hands, sobs wracking her body for a minute before she collected herself. “I’ll go talk to Sabrina. Perhaps I can convince her to run if this doesn’t work.”

Nodding, Hilda hummed her support and continued to pull ingredients out from various cabinets and drawers.

Making her way upstairs, Zelda cast a quick glamor spell to hide her distress and knocked on Sabrina’s door. Her niece answered quick enough; likely too distraught to sleep. Walking in and sitting on Sabrina’s bed, Zelda waited for Sabrina to join her; the girl, surprisingly, curling into her side.

“We can run.” Zelda breathed, wrapping an arm around Sabrina. “Pack up and leave tonight. They’d never catch us. We wouldn’t even be the first to run from this fate.”

Sabrina pulled back and wiped her nose, “there has to be another way.” She whispered, face pale and eyes red.

Lips pressing into a thin line, Zelda tucked Sabrina’s hair back and shook her head. “No. Ambrose is searching his books for loopholes, but if there ever was one it’s already been exploited and then fixed. And your Aunt Hilda, well, she’s making her sour stomachs potion, but it won’t work. No one will be eating, wanting to save space for, for the Feast.” Her stomach turned at the idea and she curled her toes in her shoes to hide from Sabrina how anxious she was. “And if no one is eating, well, there’s no way to dose them and make them too sick to go to the Feast.” Tipping her niece’s chin up so their eyes met, Zelda looked at her pleadingly. “We have to run, darling. I’m sorry I put you in this situation. If I’d drawn the paper instead this wouldn’t even be an issue.”

Shaking her head, Sabrina lurched forward and hugged her. “No, I’m sorry. I pushed it, forced your hand. And we can’t run… what about Ambrose? He can’t leave.”

Zelda sighed and held her girl closer to her, having already figured this out on her way up the stairs. “Ambrose will be fine. I’ll be here with him, just in case the church tries to come and exact some kind of punishment. It would be mine to bear, as it should be, not his.”

“Wait, what? You’d stay here? Then how—”

A small smile twitched Zelda’s lips, just for a moment at Sabrina’s concern. “Hilda would go with you. Two excommunicated witches on the run, quite a story to tell. I think you’d likely go to London; it was always Hilda’s favorite place.”

Chin wobbling, Sabrina shook her head once more. “I’m not leaving you and Ambrose here. This is my fault, but we can figure out how to fix it. We can.” And her niece looked so sincere, so earnest that for a second Zelda believed her.

“Get some sleep, sweetheart.” Zelda murmured, kissing Sabrina’s forehead gently. “We’ll see what we can figure out tonight.”

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Only they hadn’t figured anything out.

After bidding Sabrina goodnight, Zelda slipped back down to the kitchen to help Ambrose search his books for any means of saving Sabrina that didn’t involve banishment or running. There was
nothing, just as she’d told Sabrina. Despite that, they all worked until dawn, hoping something would turn up.

When Sabrina came down at 6am with bloodshot eyes and purple half-moons accenting them, the family knew there was no escaping this. They all sat at the table, letting this sink in.

Hilda rubbed her temples tiredly and turned to Sabrina. “We can still run, love.” She offered, eyes shining though no tears fell, not yet. “Just for now, we could come back in maybe 50 years or so. And Auntie Zee can always come visit us, and Ambrose when his sentence is up. There’s always the phone, mirrors and witching board too.”

And it was a testament to how scared Sabrina was, how hopeless she felt, that she nodded. Zelda exhaled slowly in relief. Though she hated the idea of being separated from Sabrina and Hilda, it was what would keep everyone safe.

An hour later, having used magic to pack the essentials, Zelda promising to send more along later, they stood hugging one another in the foyer.

“We’ll call tomorrow,” Zelda promised, resting her chin on top of Sabrina’s head as she held her tight. “To make sure you’re safe and to let you know how everything turned out.” She pulled back and framed her niece’s face, swiping away the girl’s tears gently with her thumbs as she did.

Sabrina nodded solemnly and hugged her once more before stepping back to take Hilda’s hand. They were to teleport to Maine first, then Denmark, Iceland and ultimately London. It would be a long journey, exhausting for Hilda to make so many long distance jumps at once with a passenger; but it was necessary. Exhaling loudly, Hilda gave them a wavering smiled and disappeared.

Only Sabrina didn’t disappear with her.

They all stood there, dumbfounded, Sabrina staring at her now empty hand before raising her eyes and blinking at Zelda and Ambrose. “What?”

Then something dawned on Zelda, she hurriedly cast several scanning spells and found what she should have been looking for from the beginning; a tethering spell. The discovery had a sob escaping her throat and she quickly covered her mouth to smother the sound.

Before she could explain her reaction to the kids, Hilda reappeared, frantic and breathing heavily. “Oh, praise Satan, I thought you got lost in the void for a moment.” Hilda hugged Sabrina hard and then realized Zelda was barely holding back tears. “There’s a reason for this, isn’t there?” She murmured, closing her eyes, “I thought so, though I hoped it was just me being out of practice with long distance teleporting.”

Taking a shuddering breath, Zelda nodded. “Sabrina has been tethered to Greendale. She cannot leave its limits.” She informed them, sitting down on the steps with little grace. “I should have known. Ever since Desmelda ran all those years ago churches have been more careful with their queens. There must have been a spell on the paper itself, so when it burned the magic attached itself to the person holding it.”

Ambrose settled on the steps next to her and took her hand comfortingly, though she certainly didn’t deserve it. “Now what? Sabrina can’t run, we can’t poison the coven, there’s no loophole imaginable…”

An idea dawned on her. A horrible one. One Zelda knew her family wouldn’t like, but it was truly their only option now. Swallowing, Zelda squeezed Ambrose’s hand in thanks and stood. “There,
there might be one last thing to try,” she mumbled, walking towards the door.

“What?” Sabrina asked eagerly, catching her hand to prevent her from leaving.

Shaking her head, Zelda extracted her hand from Sabrina’s and collected her coat. “I’ll be back later. Until then, call Prudence, as your handmaid she really should have been over here last night; it’s suspicious we didn’t invite her over before now. Prepare for the Feast as though all is normal… I’ll, I’ll be back.” With that, Zelda teleported away before her family could question her further.

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Zelda hesitated. Her hand raised to knock on the door and yet she couldn’t bring herself to do it. This was wrong, it was cruel, it was manipulative…. And yet it was what needed to be done to save her girl. Fortifying herself, Zelda knocked loudly on the door, straightened her shoulders and waited.

“Sister Zelda!” The witch exclaimed in surprise when she answered. “What can I do for you?”

Inclining her head in greeting, Zelda clasped her hands in front of her. “Sister Mildred,” she forced a smile onto her face, “there is a matter of great importance I must speak with you about.”

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Thirty minutes before the Feast, Zelda left Mildred’s house and returned home to get ready herself. Purposefully teleporting into her bedroom, Zelda used magic to change, freshen up and to style her hair. Only then did she sit at her vanity to touch up her makeup, doing her best to hide the bags under her eyes.

Once ready, Zelda descended the stairs and found her family waiting restlessly in the foyer, Sabrina looking lovely and Prudence looking annoyed. But Zelda was grateful for Prudence’s presence, it meant no one could interrogate her about her whereabouts; though Hilda was doing her best to burn a hole into Zelda’s skull with her glare.

“Zelds,” Hilda gritted out through a clenched smile, “we didn’t realize you were home.” Her tone had some bite to it, and Prudence eyed her sister oddly.

Shrugging as nonchalantly as she could, Zelda adjusted her jacket and placed a hand on Sabrina’s shoulder. “Only just got in, last minute preparations at the church. I couldn’t have anything messing up Sabrina’s moment.” She did her best to sound proud, haughty, and if nothing else Prudence seemed appeased by her performance. “Come now, ladies, the Queen cannot be late to her own Feast.” With that she teleported the three of them away.

They’d gotten there early, praise Satan, and Zelda ushered the girls to their spots and then went to find Faustus, under the pretense of finalizing details.

When he saw her, his eyebrows flew up. “I wasn’t sure you’d come. I half thought you’d broken the tethering spell and spirited your niece away.”

She scoffed, “nonsense, this is a moment of honor for the Spellman family.” And despite her confident and righteous tone, she knew Faustus didn’t believe her. It didn’t matter, all that mattered was that he let what was about to happen play out. “There may be a slight disturbance during the ceremony. If you could do me the favor of letting it play out, I would be indebted to you.”

Eyes narrowing in suspicion, Faustus examined her. “I make no promises, Zelda. But I will see what I can do.”
Tilting her head in gratitude, Zelda went and bent over Sabrina where she was sitting stiffly on the throne of skulls. “Darling, all you have to do is sit here, alright?” She murmured, voice barely audible even in her niece’s ear.

Sabrina nodded, and turned to catch her eye. “I’m sorry, auntie.”

“Yes, well, lets just get through this, hmm?” Her girl nodded again and Zelda quickly placed a kiss on her forehead and went to find her seat, Prudence on one side of her and Mildred, who’d come in as Zelda was speaking to Faustus, on the other.

The ceremony began and proceeded as normal, though Sabrina certainly made the most reluctant Queen to ever sit the throne. As the time for the sacrifice neared, Mildred stirred next to Zelda excited, and she saw a flash of silver in the woman’s palm.

A blade.

If anyone else saw it, they’d merely think Mildred had brought her own utensils for the Feast—it wasn’t uncommon; but Zelda knew better and exhaled shakily.

Just as Faustus moved towards Sabrina for the final act, Mildred shot up from her seat, proclaimed her worthiness, her true place as Queen and though Zelda wanted to look away, she forced herself to witness Mildred slitting her own throat. The witch deserved at least that from her.

The room fell silent, shocked at Mildred’s actions, when Zelda dared to meet Faustus’ eyes, he was staring at her, stunned. But he recovered remarkably fast and addressed the rest of the room.

“Hail Mildred, true Queen of the Feast!”

Everyone echoed back the cry and surged forward, eager to partake in the celebration. Zelda remained frozen in her seat, chest heaving and adrenaline pulsing through her as she watched Mildred get torn open, a ghost of a smile still etched onto the dead witch’s lips.

Shaking herself, Zelda slipped from her spot, grabbed Sabrina’s arm and teleported them home before her niece could see too much of the coven ripping a woman open to consume her.

No one noticed their departure; all to fixated on Mildred.

Hilda and Ambrose were waiting for them on the front porch. When Hilda caught sight of them a sob escaped her, and she flew down the steps and pulled Sabrina into a hard hug. “Praise Satan,” she cried, breaking the hug to give their niece a once over for any damage and then embracing her once more.

Coming down the steps a little slower, Ambrose looked at her with awe. “How did you manage it?” He asked, hugging his cousin briefly and then turning his full attention onto Zelda.

Ignoring them, Zelda pushed past them and hurried up into the house. She was part way up the stairs when Sabrina’s voice stopped her.

“You didn’t seem as surprised by Mildred’s sacrifice as the rest of us.” Sabrina called after her, and Zelda turned to find the three of them huddled at the bottom of the stairs.

Sniffing, Zelda attempted to shrug, though it likely appeared as more as a spasm. “No, I wasn’t surprised.” They’d figure it out soon enough, better they hear it from her, know her reasoning.

Sabrina blanched a little, “why not?”
Anxiously spinning the rings on one hand while the other gripped the railing tightly for support, Zelda licked her lips. “Because I convinced Mildred to do it.” And the admission had Zelda's thoughts suddenly back to the events that had occurred that morning.

Mildred frowned, but stepped aside and ushered Zelda into her home. “What ever could be the problem, Sister? Is this about the Feast?”

“Indeed it is, Sister,” Zelda replied demurely, taking off her coat and hanging it. “To my deep regret, there has been a mistake.” She murmured, doing her best to look disappointed.

Taken aback, Mildred placed her hand over her heart, “a mistake?” She repeated, leading Zelda further into her home and into the sitting room. “Whatever do you mean?”

Zelda took a seat and twisted her hands in her lap, the perfect picture of distress, though not for the reason Mildred would soon believe. “The, the Dark Lord came to me, in a dream, last night. He, he said,” she made a show of averting her eyes and dabbing away some tears. “He said that there’d been a mistake at the drawing.”

At this the witch in front of her sat up straighter and leaned forward in her seat. “How so?” Mildred demanded, eyes wide.

“It appears my family was not supposed to be the one honored. A Spellman wasn’t supposed to be selected as Queen of the Feast…. ” Clearing her throat, Zelda turned back to the woman in front of her and threw her last, desperate pass. “It was meant to be you, Mildred. The Dark Lord was saving you all this time, but it is finally your turn.”

Tears of joy slid down Mildred’s face, a wide smile stretching her lips. “Is this truly so, Zelda?” She asked eagerly, reaching across the gap between them and clasping Zelda’s hands.

Nodding solemnly, Zelda swallowed past the rock in her throat. “Yes, Mildred. But the Dark Lord does not admit mistakes often, which is why he bid me to come to you directly. The rest of the coven cannot know he chose wrong.” She gripped Mildred’s hands tightly, hating herself but knowing this must be done for Sabrina’s sake. “It would discredit our Dark Lord, the flawless system he has in place for the lottery. You must help him rectify this error.”

“Me.” Mildred breathed happily, eyes drifting away from Zelda and focusing on something she couldn’t see; likely her death via cannibalism. “Why not come to me himself?” She turned her attention back to Zelda.

She gave the witch a simpering smile, “our Dark Lord was ashamed, he could not admit fault in person. He wronged you, and though he wants to right it, he could not come to you, Sister.”

Mildred stood, nodding furiously and crossing her arms over her chest. “No, of course, how silly of me to assume...” She stopped her pacing and pivoted back to Zelda. “If we cannot let the rest of the coven know our Dark Lord blundered, how am I to claim my rightful place as Queen?”

Standing as well, Zelda came to a stop in front of Mildred and placed her hands on the witch’s shoulders. “It will be as it was in the beginning,” she told her, locking eyes with the woman as she lied. “When the strongest volunteered, made the decision and sacrificed herself. There was none of this selection nonsense, where there was room for mistakes. You, dear Sister, will be the Queen most like Freya, taking the burden upon yourself for the good of the coven... for the good of our Dark Lord. In order to, to convince the coven of this, you must tell no one of your true status as Queen. And when the time comes for my unworthy niece to be sacrificed, you must stand in front of the coven, declare your right and, and slit your throat. A sacrifice fitting of a Queen.”
A wild gleam entered Mildred’s eye as she soaked up all Zelda told her, more than willing to believe that this ‘honor’ had been meant for her all along.

“I—” Zelda faltered, but forced herself to continue. “I am to act as your handmaiden for the rest of the day. I am to bring you the sweetest of foods and bathe you in sweet milk to prepare you for the Feast. I will help you with your dress as well, Queen Mildred.” Though she hated the idea of spending the entire day with Mildred, it was the least Zelda could do for the trick she was playing; giving this woman the pampering she deserved.

Beaming, Mildred hugged her tightly, happy tears still leaking down her cheeks. “Oh, Zelda,” she murmured, “thank you. Thank you for delivering this glorious, glorious news.” Pulling away, Mildred settled back onto the couch and sighed contently. “Handmaiden,” she giggled, “please bring me lemon tea and sweet fruits. I must prepare for tonight.”

Zelda bowed her head and made for the kitchen, sickened with herself. While Mildred may be more than willing to play the part, had likely prayed for and dreamed of just this for decades, Zelda knew she’d just murdered this witch.

When she reached the kitchen, Zelda set the kettle on and then pulled out her witching board to contact Hilda; letting her sister know that she’d found a solution and to make sure Sabrina was ready for the Feast.

Though Hilda bombarded her with messages back, Zelda ignored them and prepared everything else for Mildred.

Sabrina’s voice broke into Zelda's thoughts. “You what?!” The tone was a bit shrill for Zelda’s taste and she could have done without the judgmental stares. She already knew she was horrible; she didn’t need them confirming her feelings.

The seemingly ungrateful responses lit a bit of fire inside her, something Zelda needed, something other than guilt and queasiness. “It was either her or me.” She noted, turning to go back up the stairs.

Blinking, Sabrina took a step forward, now partially on the stairs. “You?” She repeated softly, confused.

“Well, you certainly weren’t an option.” Zelda retorted, spinning back around and throwing one hand in the air. “So, though I didn’t like the idea… Mildred was ecstatic when I told her the Dark Lord came to me saying he’d been mistaken, and she should have been Queen instead. That in order to right that wrong, she needed to pull the stunt you and the rest of the coven just witnessed.” Zelda trailed off, unable to continue, Mildred’s dead smile flashing through her mind and she had to swallow the bile burning up the back of her throat.

Ambrose came closer now, fear evident in the lines of his face. “You’d have sacrificed yourself, Auntie Zee?” He whispered the question, though Zelda could tell from the way he was looking at her that he didn’t doubt she would have done just that.

Straightening her jacket, Zelda nodded. “Of course, if it came to it. If Mildred changed her mind, had Faustus really gone to slaughter Sabrina…” She produced a wicked knife from her sleeve and held it in her hands. “I was Plan B,” she admitted softly, turning the blade over in her hands, careful of the edge. “I could hardly let Sabrina die, not when it was my fault she drew in the first place.” When she brought her eyes up again, there were tears streaming from Sabrina and Hilda’s eyes while Ambrose dabbed at his. Clearing her throat, Zelda vanished the knife with a flick of her wrist. “But it didn’t come to that, so it doesn’t matter. It was a happy ending for everyone after all, Mildred was finally Queen, as she’d always desired and Sabrina is still alive.”
With a curt nod, Zelda marched upstairs, needing to be alone, needing a drink, needing foxglove and a dreamless sleep. But of course, her family couldn’t give that to her, they charged up the stairs after her and engulfed her in the middle of a group hug. Murmuring apologies, gratitude and love.

Closing her eyes, Zelda allowed herself to absorb as much of this as she could for several minutes (far longer than she normally would have) and then she broke away. Yes, everything had turned out well, Mildred was happy, if dead, and Sabrina was alive and unharmed; but this was no guarantee the Dark Lord wouldn’t truly come for her in her sleep tonight. He’d be enraged she’d meddled with the Feast, denied him his chosen Queen and falsely represented his will for her own gain.

Zelda pulled each family member into an individual hug, kissed their cheeks and expressed her love before retreating to her room. Fully expecting that, come morning, she’d have joined Mildred in Hell. The price for the blasphemy she’d committed.
Coven Parties

Chapter Summary

Combo prompt:

ANON Prompt 1: There’s a party at the Academy and High Priest from another coven is hitting on Zelda. Faustus is furious and becomes very possessive. He finally summons Zelda to his office for a word and it turns out... well, hot ;)

ANON prompt 2: Zelda dominating Faustus in bed, not necessarily with ropes and hips, just dominating

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the hiatus, July was crazy. Hope you still enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Faustus watched them with a dark expression, not listening to a word Shirley was saying. Though he should at least pretend to be paying attention to his faculty member, he couldn’t manage even an ounce of interest for the witch next to him.

Not when Father Michaels from the Church of Shadows was flirting shamelessly with Zelda just across the room. To her credit, Zelda didn’t appear to notice—perhaps she was just so used to witches, warlocks and mortals alike falling over themselves around her that it didn’t matter to her.

But it did to him.

It mattered that the high priest was standing too close to Zelda, that he was touching her far too much and growing bolder with each one. It mattered that he was practically undressing her with his eyes, that he looked as though he were going to latch his lips onto Zelda’s neck each time she tipped her head back in laughter.

And when Father Michael placed a hand on Zelda’s hip, letting it linger there for some time, Faustus’ grip tightened on his glass to the point that it cracked ominously in his hand. It was this, and Shirley placing a hand on his arm, that brought Faustus out of his spiraling jealous thoughts.

“Father, is everything alright?” Shirley asked, giving him a simpering smile.

Lips tugging into a slight sneer of disgust, he shook her off. “Of course, Sister. Excuse me.” And without offering an explanation for his sudden departure from their conversation, Faustus set down his cracked glass and made for where Zelda and Father Michaels were chatting.

Before he could reach the pair, though, Zelda stepped away and made for the refreshments table. He heard her claiming she’d get a refill for Michaels as she moved away. Seeing his chance, Faustus
stalked over and came to a stop next to the warlock, seething.

Oblivious to Faustus’ mood, Michaels let out a low whistle. “Heaven, Faustus, no wonder you wanted to be high priest of the Church of Night so badly. If I had parishioners like her,” he groaned a little and Faustus knew the man’s eyes were glued to the mesmerizing sway of Zelda’s hips as she walked away.

Clenching his fists and pressing his lips together to stop himself from cursing his counterpart, Faustus remained silent. Not trusting himself to speak as they watched Zelda get the drinks and stop to converse with another witch on her way back.

She was in her element. As the highest-ranking witch in the Church of Night, Zelda was playing her role; talking with everyone, smiling, laughing, generally drawing all the light and attention in the room to herself effortlessly.

Normally, Faustus loved to watch her work a room. Loved how much she enjoyed the power, the awe others felt in her presence. But tonight, he couldn’t appreciate her power and poise, not when Michaels was so blatantly doing it as well. And while others admired Zelda often, most weren’t in a position like Michaels, most didn’t pose an actual potential threat.

Unable to stop himself, Faustus cast a small spell under his breath before Zelda could rejoin them. Blinking, Michaels turned and looked at him, stiltedly stating he had to leave before confoundedly wandering off.

Smirking to himself, Faustus quickly moved away as well, not wanting to confront Zelda just yet… not when his blood was boiling with lust and jealously. But he couldn’t continue to move around the party in the state he was, it would draw unwanted attention. So, Faustus discreetly slipped out of the party and made it to his office.

Faustus paced the room and attempted to collect himself. Then, he found that he didn’t want to collect himself, and there really was no need. Not when the witch he desired was just down the hall. With a quick spell, Faustus summoned Zelda into his office as well.

She appeared before him, blinking in confusion and a drink still in her hand. “Faustus? What—”

He was on her before she could finish, lips crashing into hers, spilling her drink a little in their collision. His hands immediately found her hips and drew her closer, pressing them into his where she could feel his need.

To his irritation, Zelda smiled into the kiss at the revelation of his desire and broke the contact between their lips.

“Eager tonight, are we Faustus?” She arched a brow and took a sip of what was left in her glass. And despite her calm teasing, her pupils had dilated.

In no mood for her games, Faustus knocked the drink from her hand completely before covering her mouth with his once more as he spun her and lifted her onto his desk.

Gasping involuntarily, Zelda curled her fingers around the lapels of his jacket to keep him close when she broke the kiss once more. “What has you so worked up, darling?” She purred into his ear as her legs opened, dress hitching up to accommodate him stepping between her legs.

Hands sliding up and down her body, Faustus nipped at her neck. “You. In this damned dress,” he growled, unwilling to admit his jealousy, to give her the power of knowing she’d undone him simply by talking to another warlock.
“Liar.” Zelda smirked, and suddenly he was standing several feet away from her, dumbfounded by the change. Zelda appeared entirely unaffected, sitting primly on his desk, her dress fixed, and legs crossed as she examined her nails. “Though I know I look good enough to eat in this dress, that’s not why you summoned me here. Appearances are important, and you wouldn’t have taken us both out of an inter-coven party because of my dress. You have more control than that,” she cocked her head to assess him, “or I thought you did.”

It was a petty insult; one Faustus knew she’d thrown to bait him into telling her the truth. And even though he knew what she was doing, Faustus couldn’t help but step into the trap. “I certainly have more control than that.” He retorted, perhaps a little petulantly, but Satan he wanted her, wanted to mark her as his for all of his coven and every coven to see. And here she was, still calmly playing their usual game when he had no head or patience for it.

Smiling wickedly, and knowing she had him exactly where she wanted him, Zelda leaned back on the desk, her palms flat on the wood behind her. “Then why summon me here?”

A low growl rumbled through him. “Is it so hard to believe I wanted you?” He tried to avoid truly answering, tried to play to her ego and vanity, knowing if he stroked them correctly, she’d forget his motivations.

“No. You always want me, Faustus.” She answered cockily, clearly relishing her upper hand. “But you also always know when that lust needs to wait. Tonight, would have been one of those nights to wait, what with the entire Church of Night and Church of Shadows here. Why didn’t you?”

It was apparent she wasn’t going to let anything happen least he explain himself, and Faustus loathed the idea of going back to the party and watching Zelda flit around for the rest of the night without some indicator that she was taken, that she was his.

Lips twisting, Faustus speared a hand through his hair. “I was jealous.” He spat, somewhat hating how Zelda’s expression lit up with delight at the admission. “Father Michaels was devouring you with his eyes, his intents were hardly subtle.”

Preening slightly, Zelda bit her lip. “You summoned me here because I was talking to another warlock?” Her tone was light, if a bit condescending. “Faustus, I thought you were a bit more secure than that.”

Closing the distance between them, he pinned her to the desk, his arms on either side of her, hands on top of hers. “Not just a warlock,” he sneered, irritated her insinuation that he’d be threatened by any warlock, no matter how lowly in the coven. “A high priest. And one from a prominent church.”

Practically beaming at his response, Zelda took a deep breath. “My, someone’s feeling possessive.” And how she remained so calm, how there was a slight laugh in her voice burned Faustus in the most gloriously painful way.

Lifting a brow, Faustus let his eyes sweep over her. “Well, when our Dark Lord is so possessive, how can we be anything else?” He muttered, dipping his head to bite her collarbone which was just peeking out above the collar of her dress.

And finally, finally a shudder ran through her and Zelda arched her back into him.

His victory lasted only a moment. He found himself across the room from her once more, livid. “Zelda…” He growled in warning, moving towards her again.

She held up a hand to halt his progress. “I appreciate your desire and possessiveness, Faustus, I do.
But if you are to mark me as yours in front of not one, but two covens, then I deserve more than a quick fuck on your desk.”

Eyes darkening with lust, Faustus inclined his head towards her. “And how would they know? That I was ‘marking’ you?”

Zelda smirked. “We’ve both disappeared during an inter-coven event... And for those who are less astute, well, I have no intention of being quiet.” She lifted a brow and it sent heat straight to his groin.

And, in that moment, Faustus was sure he’d promise her anything if it meant others knew she belonged to him. “What do you want?”

“Sit.” She indicated to the couch with a jerk of her chin.

Faustus happily complied and watched as Zelda leveraged herself off the desk and slowly undressed as she advanced on him. His body was practically vibrating in anticipation as one article of clothing fell to the floor after another.

“I deserve to be worshipped,” she breathed, now down to her lingerie and heels, and all he could do was nod. “Will you worship me, Faustus?” She slid a hand into his hair gently, then gripped a handful and tugged back so he was looking up at her.

Not caring whether it was blasphemy to pledge worship to anything other than the Dark Lord, Faustus licked his lips. “Yes,” he managed, hands flying to her hips and tugging her onto his lap as he spoke.

Zelda preened at her victory and allowed herself to be drawn in, straddling him. She took her time, settling in, not letting him pull her much closer than she already was. Grinning wickedly, Zelda leaned in and nibbled on his ear. “I’m leading here, darling. I told you, I deserve more than a quick fuck…. So, stop trying to rush things, you did promise me worship.” She murmured throatily into his ear and Faustus’ hips bucked up involuntarily at her tone, her proximity.

“And worship you I shall,” he purred, one hand sliding between her legs and swiping against her through her underwear. He was rewarded with a sharp intake of breath and Zelda’s hips surging forward, desperate for more contact. For all her cool exterior and control, she was just as wound up as him. “Tell me, my dear,” he growled the endearment as he left a trail of sucking kisses down her neck and to her chest. “How can I best serve you?”

Without a word, Zelda guided his hand back to her center. Taking the hint, Faustus went to work, stroking her through the fabric, the material quickly becoming sodden under his ministrations; especially when he dipped his head to lavish her breast, taking a nipple into his mouth and sucking it through the lace of her bra.

Tipping her head back at the friction, a soft mewl escaped Zelda which soon turned into louder moans of pleasure.

Deciding they were both overdressed, Faustus flicked his free hand and freed them both of their clothes. Zelda gasped at the sudden direct contact and ground herself harder onto his hand, his fingers having slipped inside her and crooked just so to find his favorite spot. The one that made Zelda sing his name. The one that would tell everyone at the party that she was off-limits, that she was his.

Suddenly, Zelda sank her teeth into his neck, enough that she drew a bit of blood. She lapped the
spot with her tongue and sucked the sting from it; eliciting groans from both of them. Wanting to
give as much as he got, Faustus tangled his free hand in Zelda’s hair and tugged it back, exposing the
creamy length of her neck. He happily gave her a mark that matched the one he’d just received,
increasing the speed of the fingers buried inside her as he did; her walls fluttering deliciously around
his fingers at the efforts.

She came gloriously, head thrown back, clenching tightly on his fingers as she called out his name
for everyone to hear; even Father Michaels in his spell altered state. Gasping, Zelda pulled his hand
from between her legs and sucked the fingers into her mouth, stunning Faustus and turning him on in
equal measures.

“Zelda…” he muttered, mouth dry as she licked between his fingers, chasing what remained of her
climax. “Why—?” Though he certainly didn’t mind, she’d never, never done that before.

Releasing his fingers with a sinfully wet pop, Zelda licked her lips. “Your mind is still on Michaels. I
can see it in your eyes. You’re wondering if he heard, if he knows I’m yours yet or not.” She slid a
hand down his chest took his cock into her hand, stroking up and down its length, making him
shudder. “And if your mind is on him, it’s not on me. And that won’t do.”

Eyes widening, Faustus swallowed. “Zels, I—”

“Will just have to be distracted better.” She cut him off, and before he could think of a response, she
guided him inside her and sank into his lap so that he was swiftly sheathed to the hilt.

Faustus barely had time to acclimate to the sudden, wonderful, change. Before Zelda was moving
above him, her nails raking across his shoulders, his back, his forearms as she clung to him for
purchase as she rose and fell in his lap. And then her lips were attached to his neck again, his
collarbone, biting and sucking, punishing and soothing. Crying out, it was all Faustus could do to
cling to her, roll his hips to meet her, to occasionally get in a love bite of his own between her
onslaughts.

She continued to ride him loudly, greedy in her search for another orgasm. And Faustus was no
quieter as he chased after her, looking for a climax of his own. Surely everyone could hear them,
whether they were in the building or not, surely that was how loud they were being.

Knowing he wouldn’t, couldn’t, last much longer, and also knowing Zelda would likely flay him if
she didn’t finish first after his promise of worship, Faustus maneuvered a hand between them and
pinched her clit; roughly rolling the little bundle of nerves between his fingers. The result was
instantaneous, Zelda arched above him a loud, wordless cry falling from her lips.

Faustus surged forward, whispering filthy and encouraging things in her ear, still moving helping her
ride out the high. Praise Satan she didn’t last long, collapsing against Faustus moments later and he
finally allowed himself to finish.

As they sat there, sated, exhausted and tangled up in one another, Faustus pressed light kisses along
the top of Zelda’s shoulder before he rested his head there. “Do you feel worshipped, Zels?” He
intoned, a little breathless, his hands skating up her sides.

She huffed in amusement, and swung up and off him, landing indelicately on the cushion beside him.
“Oh, darling, I’m thoroughly sated.” Zelda purred, touching his cheek sweetly.

A smile tugged Faustus’ lips and he caught her hand as she pulled it away and kissed the knuckles.
“You’re mine.” He murmured, turning her hand over and kissing the palm.
Laughing, Zelda caught his chin and lifted it, so he met her gaze. “That’s where you’re wrong,” Zelda murmured, tone dangerously sweet. “You belong to me. And now the entire coven knows it.” A sinful spread across her lips and Zelda stood, waved a hand to dress, fix her hair and makeup and she left his office; leaving the door open behind her.

Dumbfounded, Faustus stood and followed her lead, making his way back to the party once dressed and his mussed hair tamed. It was only once he was there, that Faustus realized what Zelda had meant.

She was smirking at him from across the room, already nursing a new drink and seemingly in deep conversation with a group of witches. And while she was getting some attention because of their little display, most eyes were on him. It was then he caught sight of his reflection in one of the mirrors on the wall.

It appeared that while the party had heard both of their screams of pleasure, only Faustus still bore the marks from their session. Without him noticing, Zelda had erased the love bites he’d decorated her neck and chest with… while also enchanting his so that they couldn’t be magicked away.

Effectively marking him as hers, just as she’d promised.

Adjusting his collar, Faustus grabbed a new drink and took a swig. Well, two could play at the game of one-upping the another. Swaggering over, Faustus boldly wrapped an arm around Zelda’s waist and kissed her chastely on the lips as he joined her conversation.

This caused an even bigger stir; a ripple going through the room.

It was a different kind of mark. It wasn’t just a love bite or scratches, animalistic ways of marking one’s territory and warning others off. It was a public proclamation that they were more. More than sex in not so discreet places and polyamory. It meant they were official. Zelda blinked at him and a faint flush crept up her neck and dusted her cheeks. Faustus beamed and continued to chat with the witches in front of him. He’d made her blush; Zelda Spellman, who’d just purposely had loud, rough sex in the other room for all to hear, was blushing at this public display of affection.

Not saying a word, Faustus tightened his hold on her minutely, squeezing her hip. And if Zelda slipped her arm around him a few moments later, hiding it under his suit jacket but still doing it, well, Faustus tried not to show how excited the gesture made him.

She’d accepted his proclamation. Returned it. They were officially a couple.

And even though Zelda had outwitted him in his office, left him floundering and marked as hers when they finally emerged, Faustus found he quite liked having won this round instead.

Chapter End Notes

I am working through all the prompts I have in my inbox on tumblr and in the comments on here. Sorry if you've been waiting on yours :/
Egyptian Tombs

Chapter Summary

Anon Prompt: Could I possibly prompt you to write something about Zelda and Vinegar Tom? She must have loved him a lot to keep a stuffed version of him so many years after his death. I’m just kind of craving a scene between them right now

Chapter Notes

Alright, a little vague so my brain needed a little extra time to come up with something.
But I hope you like it, I certainly do 😊

It was the first time Zelda truly understood what a familiar was for.

Not just a companion, or a symbol that she’d come into her full powers. There was so much more to it than that.

She’d heard the stories, of course, read up on the great deeds of the familiars of famous witches and warlocks. But Zelda had never considered she and Tom would be in that kind of situation. Never anticipated she’d need saving. Believing she was powerful enough, more powerful than most. And that this would be plenty to keep them both safe.

And in any case, Zelda never wanted Tom to be lauded as one of the ‘greats’ among familiars. Great was a relative term. And it appeared as though all the ‘great’ familiars were granted the title because they’d died saving their witch. A noble end, or so the books all claimed. But it wasn’t an end Zelda wanted Tom to meet, never thought he’d ever come close to meeting.

Until she got too arrogant.

They’d been traveling. Had been for over a decade now, going wherever they pleased and picking up odd jobs or projects that sparked Zelda’s interest. The most recent one being curse breaking; specifically curse breaking on the ancient Egyptian witch tombs hidden within the mortal pyramids.

The first week had been exhilarating; one curse after another fell before her with relative ease. The locals were stunned and promptly hired Zelda on for another week, asking her to work on the darker, more powerful curses in one of the more remote tombs.

Only too happy to continue, Zelda and Tom made for the new tomb the next day, eager to see what it held. They went alone; the locals long scared off the place and Zelda not having the patience to babysit a novice curse breaker who would only screw things up.

Breaking through the first few levels of general protection and mortal deterrent spells was easy. As they made their way inside, Zelda held an enchanted torch aloft, letting it spread its light throughout the antechamber.
Zelda gasped in delight moments later, the torch revealing a four-armed skeleton—the trespasser having sprouted extra limbs before suffering an excruciating death. Digging the torch into the ground, Zelda examined the skeleton, casting various spells and making notes of her steps and findings to share with her employers.

Tom walked slow circles around her, sniffing the air as he went. His voice sounded in her head as she continued look at the mutated skeleton. “You know, if this is what we find in the entrance, imagine what we’d find if you stopped fiddling with that pile of bones and moved on.”

A snort escaped her, and she lifted her head to look at him. “Bored already, are we?” Zelda teased, arching a brow. “It’s a four-armed skeleton, Tom, aren’t you the least bit excited?”

Sitting down, Tom yawned widely, his tongue curling a bit at the end.

The response had Zelda laughing despite herself and she stood, dusted off her pants and grabbed the torch. “Fine then, impatient, lets carry on.” She cast a quick spell to mark the location of the skeleton so she could find it later and moved deeper into the tomb.

She moved further and further into the tomb, disabling a spell here and there, growing bolder with each one—unsure why the locals found this particular tomb so troublesome. Yes, there was the skeleton in the front chamber, but aside from that there was nothing daunting in this place at all. Nothing even magically challenging. From what Zelda could tell, the curses that were in place were rather weak. Perhaps the witches who’d charmed it had simply put the skeleton up front to scare away others so they wouldn’t have to go through the effort of actually making the place a fortress.

Or, a self-satisfied voice murmured in her head, perhaps Zelda was just that much stronger than the others and so it seemed like nothing to her. Tom, who was padded next to her and stopping to sniff one spot or another, looked at her then; sensing her internal gloating.

“Zelda,” he warned, his voice ringing in her head.

Waving a dismissive hand, Zelda scoffed. “What? I’m allowed to acknowledge my own power, there’s nothing wrong with that. I merely—”

“Zelda!” He cried, bowling into the back of her knees and knocking her to the ground. Just as she hit, sending up a cloud of dust, a screech sounded from where she’d been standing.

Scrabbling to her feet, though staying in a low crouch, Zelda’s hand snatched the torch back up from where she’d dropped it in her surprise; praising Satan she’d charmed it to never go out unless she said the right spell.

“Tom,” she whispered, scuttling back and trying to see through the dust. But only another screech greeted her, and Zelda practically fell backwards away from the noise, heart pounding in her ears. “Tom!” She hissed, peering through the gloom. Just then both Tom and the creature came into the sphere of light her torch was giving off.

It was a reanimated corpse, a mummy come back to life. And there was her familiar, hanging off the cursed thing’s arm, clamping down and shaking with his whole body as he snarled.

Zelda attempted to blast the thing, aiming for central mass so Tom wouldn’t be hit. The spell went right through the beast, if anything it only angered the being further. Screeching once more, it clawed at Tom, ripping him off and flinging him to the side so it could advance on Zelda once more.

But Tom got back up, in goblin form this time, and rushed the corpse, slamming the thing into the wall and sending up another blinding cloud of dust. Zelda was forced to cover her face, the gritty dirt
filling her lungs and sending her into a harsh coughing fit.

When she recovered, the dust had somewhat settled and she could just make out Tom back in his usual dog shape, laying broken on the ground. The mummy in pieces off to the side, twitching slightly but no longer a threat.

A panicked sob tore itself from Zelda as she lurched forward, trembling hands hovering over her familiar unsure how to help, not wanting to touch least she cause more harm. "Tom? Tom?!" When he still didn't respond, Zelda hiccupped. "**Vin!**" Her voice cracked but still he didn't move.

Desperate, and seeing blood starting to pool underneath him, Zelda scooped up her darling Vinegar Tom, the only sign he was alive a soft whimper at her touch, and Zelda did the only thing she could think of—she teleported home. Home to Greendale. Home to her sister; Hilda the best healer she knew and the *only* one she trusted with Tom.

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The jump nearly killed her. She hadn't prepared for it, hadn’t left from a designated teleportation spot which were created to make international trips easier, safer.

By some unholy miracle Zelda arrived in the Spellman kitchen, swaying dangerously and Tom’s limp body clutched to her. “Hildie!” She bellowed, bursts of color filling her vision even as the edges went black as she swayed.

Her sister came barreling into the kitchen, confused and spell in hand. “Zelds?! You’re supposed to be in—,” she stopped, registering the state Zelda and Tom were in. “Oh Satan,” Hilda gasped, “what —?”

“Save him.” Zelda whimpered, collapsing into one of the chairs next to the table as she held out Tom. “Please, Hildie, you **have** to save him.” She begged, tears streaking through the grime covering her face.

Nodding vigorously, though slightly pale, Hilda carefully took Tom and hurried into the greenhouse where her medicinal plants resided along with the rest of the first aid kit.

And though she desperately wanted to follow, act as Hilda’s surgical nurse and heal Tom, the buzzing in Zelda’s head had grown stronger, and her vision was dipping and fading in and out as she sat there. Before she could summon something to restore her energy, Zelda passed out.

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Some time later, Zelda woke up, tucked into her old bed, with a rough tongue rasping against the back of her hand. “Tom?!” She exclaimed, voice thick with emotion. The dog nuzzled her hand and pushed his head underneath her arm so that it was draped over him as he rested his head on her stomach.

Chest heaving, Zelda gently tugged Tom completely onto her lap and laid his head on her collarbone. Cradling him to her, Zelda stroked Tom’s ears as she cried in relief.

The door opening a few minutes later caught her attention; Hilda was back, a basket of potions and bandages slung over one arm. When her sister saw they were awake, a small noise escaped the back of her throat.

Slumping against the vanity, Hilda shook her head. “Don’t **ever** do that again. You understand?”
Lifting her eyes from Tom completely, Zelda furrowed her brow. “Do what?”

“Teleport like that.” Hilda admonished, pushing off the vanity and coming to sit next on the edge of Zelda’s bed. “You nearly did yourself in, making an international jump like you did. The exhaustion and magical depletion almost had you. Had you been even a few miles further away you wouldn’t have made it!” She was practically in tears by the time she finished, undermining her lecture a bit.

Grimacing in apology, Zelda shrugged. “Tom needed you.” She murmured, tracing a finger up her familiar’s nose, in between his eyes and over the crown of his head. “I wasn’t going to let anything happen to him.”

Softening, Hilda reached out and pet Tom’s head before starting to unpack her basket. “He got hurt protecting you, didn’t he?” And it wasn’t really a question, there’d have been no other reason for Tom to be in the state he was, nothing else could have caused it except a fight to protect her.

Licking her lips, Zelda nodded. “Yes, so it was only fair I take the same risk to protect him. To save him.” She breathed, dropping her eyes back to Tom and framing his head in her hands, playing with his ears; Tom’s tail thumped lightly against her legs in response.

Hilda rubbed the back of her neck and sighed tiredly. “Well, both of you need to be more careful. Take better precautions,” she scolded, handing Zelda a potion. “And you’re going to tell me the whole story, but first you need to rest. Drink this, it’ll help restore your energy and magic faster.”

Zelda drank the potion while Hilda gingerly changed Tom’s bandages, dipping the new ones in a potion before wrapping them around Tom’s various injuries. “Thank you, Hildie.” Zelda took her sister’s hand and squeezed hard. “So much, I don’t know what—” And tears clogged her throat, leaving Zelda unable to finish her sentence, that she didn’t know what she’d do without Tom by her side.

A small smile tugged Hilda’s lips and she nodded, leaning forward to kiss Zelda’s forehead. “Of course, Zelds. Now rest, and when you wake up again, we can talk. Just be glad Edward isn’t here, he wouldn’t give you a moment, would demand answers right now.”

Huffing, Zelda inclined her head in agreement, grateful Edward wasn’t home. With that, Hilda got up and left the room, shutting the door softly behind her.

“That was a stupid thing to do,” Tom’s voice chimed in her head, reclaiming Zelda’s attention.

Taken aback, Zelda blinked. “What? Teleporting here? What other choice did I have? I knew Hilda could save you. That was the end of the matter.”

“And if you’d died?” He cocked his head at her, ears lifting up just a bit.

Sniffling, Zelda shook her head and wrapped her arms around Tom. “Stop that. It didn’t happen so it doesn’t matter. And don’t go interfering next time.”

Tom sighed and rested his head on her chest heavily. “Zelda, what if I don’t interfere and you get hurt?”

Scoffing, Zelda shrugged a shoulder. “Then I get hurt. There are more resources to help witches than to help familiars. If you get in the way again, you could die.”

“Then I die.” Tom countered, taking her words almost verbatim. “That is the job of a familiar. To protect his or her witch, in all ways, from all things.”
Swallowing hard, Zelda shook her head. “No. That isn’t your job. Your job it to be here for me. To understand me when no one else does. To counsel me. To know me better than any other living thing. Your job is to be here, so I’m, so I’m not alone.” Tears slipped down her cheeks. “So, you have to promise, promise you won’t interfere again. So you can be with me for centuries.”

A low, soft whine emanated from Tom’s throat and he snuggled against her closer. “Zelda, I cannot promise you that. I want to be here for you always, but what you and I want might not matter.” His little eyebrows rose a bit. “And just as you could not stand to see me hurt or dying, neither could I do the same.” And she must have looked ready to argue further, because Tom huffed. “And if you die, I die. So, if we are looking at future scenarios logically…”

She hated that he’d used logic on her. Hated that it made sense and that he’d wriggled out of promising her he’d stay safe and with her always. But Tom was right, if something happened to her, well, he wouldn’t be far behind. It wasn’t fair, but it was the truth.

Instead of responding, Tom knew he’d won the argument already anyway, Zelda just cuddled him closer and shut her eyes to rest.

Today was the first time Zelda realized and truly understood what a familiar was for… not to be her closest companion and confidante; but to be her protector, her guardian. And, Zelda swore to herself as she drifted off, that she’d never put them in a situation like that again. Tom, her Vinegar Tom, would be with her for centuries to come, she’d make sure of that.
A Niece Resurrected

Chapter Summary

HyperPersonAndCheese & ANON Prompt: Zelda’s reaction to finding out Sabrina died while she was on her honeymoon

Chapter Notes

No Caligari spell

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

They’d gotten back too late. Frantic messages had come through their witching boards, fragmented sentences mentioning witch hunters. They’d have gotten home faster if they hadn’t been traveling with Judas. But they were back, even if it was too late to deal with the hunters at least they were back.

Zelda burst through the ruined front doors of the school, eyes scanning the damage to the entrance in horror, these had been no ordinary hunters… not to have taken on an entire witching academy. Before she could process everything, Sabrina rushed past her, arms full of plants from the school greenhouse.

“Sabrina!” She exclaimed, grasping the girl’s arm and spinning her; relief coursing through her in rough waves.

Blinking, Sabrina registered her presence, shocked they’d made it back so quickly. “Auntie!” She replied, giving her a one-armed hug before pulling away and resuming her previous speed. “Sorry, but Auntie Hilda needs these for the wounded students.” Sabrina explained, hurrying out of sight and towards the infirmary.

She made to follow immediately, wanting to help though she was often useless with healing spells, but Faustus caught her elbow and held her in place. “We need to figure out what happened. Make sure that was all of them. They can’t get back in here, not without another hand, which I doubt they have.” And Zelda glanced back and saw that while she’d been talking to Sabrina, Faustus had been repairing the door. “But we can’t risk them going after anyone else in the coven.”

Nodding, Zelda looked at her husband. “Agreed, look into it. I’ll go—”

Faustus shook his head. “I need your help interviewing those who don’t need medical attention.” He gave her an apologetic smile and gestured in the other direction.

With a longing glance down the hall Sabrina had just disappeared down, desperately wanting to see the rest of her family, Zelda turned and followed Faustus. While she may want to see Hilda and Ambrose as well, she knew they were safe; Sabrina would have said otherwise.

Besides, she was the high priest’s, interim Anti-Pope, she corrected herself, wife now, which meant
certain duties came before others. It’s what she’d eagerly signed up for, and Faustus’ request for her help evidenced they were partners in this marriage. So, while she wanted to see her nephew and sister, Zelda knew there were more important things to address—especially since she was already certain of their well-being.

Exhaling slowly, Zelda rearranged the chairs in Faustus’ office so they could interview the students who weren’t hurt; only a small round table between her and Faustus’ chairs and the students instead of the usual desk. She hoped this would make it less intimidating, seem less like the interrogation it truly was.

They called in the first student, Melvin. The boy had barely sat down, a question not even asked when he blurted out.

“I died.” Melvin said this mechanically, staring at them but not seeing them.

Brow furrowing, Faustus leaned forward. “You what?”

Still not seeing them, Melvin recounted the events that led up to the students being in the desecrated church. “The hunters said if we converted, we would live. They’d already slit one person’s throat for refusing and they were threatening to burn Dorcas and her sisters. I, I thought I could help spare them… buy us some time, if I agreed.” Melvin shuddered, clearly reliving the events in his head. “I, I tried to say the false god’s prayer, as they ordered…” He stopped then and his eyes finally focused on them as his shoulders hunched, anticipating punishment. “I broke out in boils as I recited it… so they knew I was lying, that I didn’t want to change. I’m sorry I even tried, Father and Lady Blackwood. I was just trying to help, to protect Dorcas.” He dropped his eyes once more. “I spurned them in the end, and they slit my throat. Next thing I know, I’m awake and Sabrina is floating in the air, arrows sticking out of her. They told me she killed the hunters and brought us back to life.”

A choked noise escaped Zelda. “Sabrina was what?!!” Her hand clamped onto Faustus’ leg under the table and he covered it with his own to try and calm her.

Melvin winced, “I’m not sure what happened, I was dead for part of it. You should ask someone else…” He hedged, clearly unwilling to talk about the incident further.

Dumbfounded, Zelda immediately summoned the Weird Sisters, all of them at once. But Zelda couldn’t find her voice, her throat constricted with worry.

Faustus squeezed her hand where it still rested on his leg. “Melvin told us he died…” Dorcas averted her eyes at the comment, mouth pressed into a thin line and clasping Agatha’s hand. Not missing the reaction, Faustus leaned in, directing his next questions at the young redhead. “What happened?”

“She died.” Prudence answered instead, looking shell-shocked.

Blanching, Zelda stiffened in her seat, nails biting into Faustus’ leg making him wince. No. No, no, no. Her girl was safe. She’d already seen her in the hall, hugged her, spoken with her. Sabrina wasn’t dead, she wasn’t even hurt.

Well, she had been covered in blood, but Zelda had assumed it belonged to someone else. Her vision was starting to swim, her blood pressure rising dangerously. Sensing her distress, Faustus drew her chair closer to his and wrapped an arm around her despite the company, rubbing his hand along her upper arm in an attempt to soothe.

“Explain.” Zelda croaked, voice hoarse and eyes slightly wild.
Between the three of them, the Weird Sisters were able to give a full account of what happened a few hours earlier. Down to Sabrina bursting into the church to save them only to be defeated herself.

Zelda swallowed hard and closed her eyes at the retelling of Sabrina’s alleged death; unable to keep herself from wishing her niece thought things through a bit more, was a bit less rash in her decision making.

“And then,” Prudence hesitated and looked at Zelda warily. “Then Sabrina woke back up, suddenly no longer dead. She levitated into the air, spoke with a voice that was not her own, killed the hunters and brought the others back to life.”

Agatha and Dorcas nodded in agreement, both paler than usual. “Then she collapsed, we brought her back here, to Sister Hilda. She wasn’t sure what to do, both Sabrina and Ambrose so horribly injured. But—”

Shoving out of her chair, unable to handle any more, Zelda glared at them. “Ambrose is hurt?!” She shouted, voice shrill. She should have checked, shouldn’t have relied on Sabrina’s lack of mention of any family injuries as proof.

“He was. Sabrina healed herself completely, pulled the arrows out as if they were nothing and then stood over Ambrose and healed him as well.” Agatha informed them in a breathless whisper, her eyes locked on something in the middle-distance. Shaking herself, the girl looked at them. “They’re both fine now, as is everyone else.”

“Because of Sabrina.” Dorcas added, a little fearfully.

Whipping around to look at her husband, Zelda gripped the back of the chair she’d just vacated. “Faustus, I—”

“Go,” he cut in, inclining his head to the door. “I’ll join you soon.” He added as she flew out the door, hardly listening to the rest of his sentence after he’d released her from her duties.

She barreled towards the infirmary, pushing past the growing crowd of people in the entrance hall; including the high council members who’d somehow managed to rouse themselves for the aftermath but not the ordeal itself.

Zelda reached the infirmary in record time and found her family sitting on two beds, facing each other and talking quietly. They were all in one piece.

An aborted sob escaped her throat and Zelda strode forward to gather the three of them into her arms at the same time. “Praise Satan,” she breathed, pressing kisses to their foreheads and cupping their cheeks, looking for injuries.

And though she didn’t see any injuries, both Ambrose and Sabrina were covered in blood; confirming what the Weird Sisters had told her. “They told me you died,” she nearly cried, releasing Hilda so she could hold onto the kids a bit better. “And that you nearly died,” she added, glancing at Ambrose before crushing the two to her once more in an almost suffocating embrace. “What in the heaven happened?!” She demanded in a panicked tone, pulling back to assess the kids for wounds once more, not trusting they were whole and healthy.

Sabrina bit her lip, looking unsure. “I’m not entirely sure what happened, but I felt a surge of power take over me, and I just, I just let it have control. I trusted it and the next thing I know I’m here and healing Ambrose.” The girl looked down at her hands where they lay, palm-up in her lap, flexing her fingers gently. “I don’t know how I did it, I didn’t use any spells … it just happened, Auntie Zee.”
From the expression on Hilda’s face when Zelda glanced at her, her sister had no more answers than that. But Zelda held back her concern, her worry about these newfound abilities, how Sabrina gave them control. Because her niece feared them too, or so it sounded like, and Zelda didn’t want to concern her further by pushing the issue; not yet.

“I—, heaven, I don’t even know what to say.” She managed, finding it a bit difficult to breathe and her vision starting to blur.

Hilda must have noticed and came forward, gently disengaging Zelda from the kids and guiding her to the bed. “Zelds, how are you feeling?” She asked tentatively, fingers placed gently on Zelda’s inner wrist.

Placing a hand to her head, Zelda shook it. “I, I suddenly have a horrible headache,” she gasped out, still unable to take a full breath. “And I can feel my heart pounding in my head… it’s so loud, Hildie.”

“Well, your heartbeat is so erratic I’m not surprised.” Hilda huffed, looking at Zelda in alarm. “How about you lay down, just for a moment?”

Shaking her head, Zelda pushed Hilda’s hands away. “There is far too much to do. The high council is here, I need to help Faustus. And Sabrina—” She stood, the room tilted dangerously and then everything went black.

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She woke some time later, the rest of the infirmary cleared out with Faustus was sitting on the bed next to her hip, holding her hand.

“It was her blood pressure, you’re sure?” He asked someone off to the side in a soft voice, clearly trying not to disturb her. Zelda cracked her eyes open a bit more and found Hilda standing at the foot of her bed, Ambrose and Sabrina hovering awkwardly in the background.

Nodding, Hilda twisted the hem of her cardigan. “I’m absolutely certain, Father Blackwood. Zelda’s had high blood pressure for about a decade and a half now, I know the signs. So does she, for that matter, she just chose to ignore them today. It was the stress that ratcheted it up, I’m positive.”

Her niece stepped forward then, arms crossed tightly over her body. “It’s my fault. She heard I died, came back with new powers…. I saw it in her face, how much it scared her, but she was being calm and brave for all our sakes.” A tear slid down Sabrina’s cheek, “it’s my fault,” she repeated.

“No. No, sweetheart, it isn’t.” Zelda managed in a hoarse voice, causing all of them to jump. And before they could start fussing over her, Zelda pushed herself into a sitting position, making sure to lean on the pillows, and gave orders. “Faustus,” she lifted the hand he was still clinging to and kissed the back of his. “The high council is here, and I doubt they appreciate waiting; especially given the circumstances—”

Faustus growled in the back of his throat, low enough that only Zelda heard. “The most current and pressing circumstance is that my wife collapsed. I had to ensure you were alright. That it wasn’t something the hunters left behind that harmed you.”

A soft chuckle emanated from Zelda. “Or so you told the high council.” She quirked a brow and Faustus shrugged lightly at being caught in the lie. “Thank you for checking on me darling, for making up an excuse so the high council would allow you to check on me… But you need to go and deal with them, I will be there soon. I promise.”
Lips twisting, Faustus nodded and stood and kissed her chastely on the lips. “I will hold you to that,” he murmured, squeezing her hand tightly before releasing it and leaving the room. But not before sharing a look with Hilda that Zelda was sure meant her sister wasn’t to let Zelda out of bed if it appeared she might have another fainting spell.

Rolling her eyes at his protectiveness, Zelda turned to the rest of her family. “Ambrose, darling, they’ll want to interview you as well. Since you were the one to first encounter the hunters and warn everyone else. And because you stayed and fought when you could have run, we might be able to get you back on house arrest until we figure out this Anti-Pope business.”

“Auntie, I didn’t kill him, not willingly. I swear, I—”

She held up a hand, “I know, darling. But until we can find some evidence, all we can do for now is get you safely back home until the trial.” Shoulders slumping a bit, Ambrose nodded, kissed her and Hilda on the cheeks, and squeezed Sabrina’s shoulder as he made after Faustus. When he was at the door, Zelda called after him. “Ambrose, I am so happy you’re alright.”

He gifted her with a small smile and a wink before leaving the room entirely.

Shifting her attention back to the others, Zelda adjusted her position in the bed to get more comfortable. “Hilda, I’d like a moment with Sabrina.” When her sister looked ready to argue, Zelda cut her off. “I will not do anything that may impact my blood pressure.”

Eyes narrowing, Hilda lifted her chin to assess her. “Don’t get out of bed, you hear?”

Waving a dismissive hand, Zelda agreed and Hilda left the room as well, glancing backwards once before shutting the door behind her.

Once alone, Zelda held out a hand to Sabrina who eagerly took it and climbed onto the bed next to Zelda, curling into her side and resting her head on Zelda’s shoulder. “Auntie… what’s happening to me?”

Zelda untangled her hand from Sabrina’s in order to wrap her arm around the girl protectively, her other hand coming up to hold Sabrina’s hand instead. “Do you remember? What happened in the church?” She asked softly, peeking at Sabrina from the corner of her eye.

“I remember going in, only I could, because I was baptized in a Christian Church. I remember a crown of thorns being placed on my head, robbing me of my powers… and then pain. Auntie, it hurt so much, those arrows. I tried to keep helping, but I, I couldn’t. It all went black.” Sabrina snuggled into her side a bit further, pressing her face into Zelda’s collarbone.

Rubbing her hand up and down Sabrina’s arm, Zelda rested her cheek against her niece’s head, trying to suppress the roiling in her stomach at the thought of Sabrina dead. “And you don’t remember the rest? Prudence told me you rose from the dead, spoke with a voice that wasn’t yours, claimed you were the ‘sword of Satan’ or some such nonsense. You then killed the hunters, revived those who’d been killed and collapsed.”

Sabrina pulled back, pale. “I what?” She gulped, looking shaken. “No, no. I remember everything going black, a surge of power, giving it control and then, then waking up here and just knowing what to do. It seemed like nothing to pull out the arrows, they were splinters, and for Ambrose… again I just knew what to do, how to heal him.” Her niece looked at her earnestly, “what does it mean, Aunt Zelda?”

Mouth open a bit in shock, Zelda shook her head minutely. “Oh, sweetheart, I’m not sure. It’s
possible something may have possessed you. It has all of the monikers of possession: levitation, another voice and personality coming to the surface, memory loss of the event itself, not having control, abilities that are not your own…”

“And when I woke up here? When I saved myself and Ambrose?” Sabrina pressed, shaking slightly against Zelda’s side.

Exhaling slowly, Zelda tightened her hold on Sabrina. “Darling, I wish I knew. I wish I understood and could give you the answers. But if something did or is possessing you, there are spells we can use to find out. Spells we can use to rid you of the thing… we’ve already had one successful exorcism, what’s another?” She tried to joke, and Sabrina laughed softly as she cuddled back against Zelda.

They laid there for a few minutes in silence, soaking up the other’s presence and comfort.

Sabrina broke the silence, shifting slightly so that she could make eye contact with Zelda without lifting her head from her shoulder. “I’m scared, Aunt Zelda.” She confessed, eyes glazing over.

Chin trembling, Zelda clutched Sabrina to her harder. “I know, darling, the unknown can be very scary. And while I wasn’t able to protect you from the hunters, I swear to you that I will protect you from whatever is coming our way. I will never let anything harm you again. I swear to you.” She whispered vehemently, pressing kisses into her girl’s hair.

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A few weeks later

“Over my dead body.”

Ambrose took a step closer to her, looking shaken. “You’ll stand against the Dark Lord, Auntie?”

“To defend Sabrina, certainly.”

Chapter End Notes

A little short, but I hope you enjoyed!
They’d postponed the wedding. The death of the Anti-Pope rocking their coven and covens worldwide. Faustus apologized for the wait, but he’d been selected to return the warlock’s body to Rome. A great honor, and not one lightly given.

Zelda understood, and though she wanted to join him on the trip, bolster him as she’d promised (and perhaps make a case for Ambrose while she was there), it would be unseemly to go without an express invitation.

So, she stayed behind. Faustus kissing her goodbye, lingering and promising to wed her the moment he returned and they straightened out this mess. Zelda couldn’t help but give him a ghost of a smile and peck him once more on the lips before he left.

In his absence, Zelda promised to stay at Blackwood manor and watch over Judas. Though she did pop over to her house regularly with the boy, unable to stay away from her family during yet another tumultuous time.

But the past day and a half, Zelda hadn’t made it back to the house, Judas suffering from an earache and needing her full attention. She’d just managed to get the boy to bed, instructing the nanny to keep an ear out should he cry while Zelda was taking a much-needed nap, when the mirror in the hallway pinged.

Sighing, Zelda hurried over and answered it, hoping it was Faustus but assuming it was yet another coven member asking after Anti-Pope. She was stunned when Hilda and Sabrina’s faces filled the glass; talking over one another as they tried to tell her about hunters, being attacked and needing to get to the academy to warn the others but none of them had access.

“‘I’ll meet you there.’ Zelda interrupted them, ending the call and rushing out of the house with a brief call over her shoulder to the nanny not to let anyone inside. With that, she cast an extra protective spell over the manor and teleported to the academy.

Hilda, Sabrina and Nick arrived moments after her, with Harvey Kinkle in tow. Zelda didn’t bother
to question why the mortal boy was there, with a shotgun no less, they had more pressing matters.

As she opened the front doors, Zelda had a spell ready in her hand. “They planned this well,” she muttered, as they slowly progressed down the hall. “Faustus and I would have both been gone on our honeymoon. If things had gone to plan, you wouldn’t have been able to get into the school, to warn or check on anyone.”

“Well, I do have my hands of glory,” Hilda murmured, right beside Zelda as they made their way further into the building; a spell ready in her hand as well. “So, we’d have gotten in, it just would’ve taken much longer. And with hunters—”

“Time is of the essence,” they finished together darkly. It was then they reached the main junction in the hallway, the statue of the Dark Lord utterly destroyed and smears of blood covering the floors.

Blanching, Zelda did a sweep of the room and found nothing. “Satan, we’ll have to search the whole place room by room.” When Sabrina looked as though she were going to suggest something, Zelda cut her off. “We’re staying together. No one is going off by themselves and becoming a potential target for the hunters.” Her niece’s mouth clamped shut and she nodded in agreement.

Just then, a crash sounded from one of the side halls. Zelda led the way over, wanting to rush in case it was a student, but forcing herself to be vigilant in case a trap greeted them instead. What she found had her abandoning any caution.

“Ambrose!” She exclaimed, hurrying forward with Hilda on her heels to where their nephew had apparently just collapsed, a vase cracked and broken next to him where he’d knocked it off a side table.

Pale and sweaty, Ambrose opened his eyes. “Aunties,” he managed a weak smile and reached out to touch Zelda’s cheek, leaving a smear of blood there. “Hunters attacked. Some of the students let me and the other Judas boys out of our cells when it became apparent the Weird Sisters couldn’t take on the hunters. We ran to help, but, they’re—” Ambrose gasped and his back arched slightly in pain.

Hilda was already running diagnostic tests on him, casting spells that seemed to have little effect. “I know, love. I’m sorry, I’m doing all I can.” She whispered, placing a comforting hand on Ambrose’s brow.

Not wanting to push Ambrose too far, but needing more information, Zelda clasped his hand between hers. “The hunters are what, Ambrose?” She urged.

“They’re angels, Aunties. Strong ones too. They killed someone, got their hand so they could enter the school. And then…” His eyes drifted over the destruction inside the academy.

Taken aback, Zelda glanced at the others who’d formed a semi-circle around Ambrose. “Angels,” she breathed, thanking Satan Sabrina and Hilda had made it through their encounters with the horrible creatures unscathed.

With some effort, Ambrose nodded in the affirmative. “They hurt and killed a few students, myself included,” he swallowed hard, “and took the rest to the Church of Night.”

“The Church? How?” Nicholas asked, stepping closer.

A pained chuckle escaped Ambrose. “They converted it. Blessed it with holy water.”

Zelda gasped, hand flying to cover her mouth. “Planned this well indeed.” She spat, the idea of her beloved Church of Night being desecrated by angels filling her with even more rage—and
considering she’d already been rather full of fury at their audacity to attack, this was impressive. “We’ll have to work around that somehow.”

“Work around it?” Harvey cut in, confused. “What do you mean? Can’t we just go in, guns and spells blazing?”

Scoffing, Zelda stood, giving Hilda more room to work so that she could heal Ambrose. “No. If the angels really have converted it, witches cannot enter. We’ve not been baptized in the false god’s holy water,” she paced away, trying to think. They could hardly abandon the students to their fate, but the angels had clearly planned ahead, made it so it was nearly impossible for witch reinforcements to come in and help.

“I can go in,” Sabrina breathed, drawing all eyes to her. “I was baptized in the Catholic Church, I can go in, I can help.” She nodded vigorously, almost to herself, already turning to leave.

Zelda caught her niece’s arm. “Like Heaven you’re going.” She stated, grip tightening on Sabrina. Huffing, Sabrina tried to shake Zelda off. “Who else is going to do it? You can’t. Aunt Hilda can’t, Nick can’t. Only Harvey… or me.”

And oh, how she hated that Sabrina was right. There was little they could do, in terms of infiltrating the church; their only options were Sabrina or a mortal with a gun. Lips twisting, Zelda shook her head. “You’re both children, I’m not sending you in to face Beelzebub knows how many hunters on your own.”

“Zelds,” Hilda’s voice captured her attention and she turned to her sister. “It’s the only way. No witch can enter except for Sabrina. I hate it as much as you do, but we can’t let the others die.”

Desperately wishing she had time to smoke a cigarette, Zelda speared a hand through her hair. “Alright,” she acquiesced, unwillingly but knowing it was the only way; just as Hilda said. “But I’m coming with you. These hunters don’t know the church like I do. It’s possible they didn’t convert the old catacombs that run underneath, they’ll be expecting a frontal attack if they expect one at all. We might just be able to get the jump on them.”

She turned to where Ambrose was still whimpering quietly on the ground, his injuries no better than when they arrived, torn. Torn between putting her niece in harm’s way and abandoning her badly injured nephew in order to save witches that did not mean nearly as much to her and staying here. Staying here and protecting her family at the cost of the coven.

It was horrible, she knew. To even consider staying. To even consider keeping her family close and safe at the expense of so many others. But she’d lost too many family members already, Zelda couldn’t lose any others.

Sensing her dilemma, Hilda reached up and took her hand, gripping it hard. When she brought her eyes to meet Hilda’s, a look of understanding passed between them and they nodded at one another.

“Alright,” she repeated and then turned to the others. “Hilda is staying here to care for Ambrose. Nicholas, you will stay as well. It appears the hunters have abandoned the school in favor of the church, we’d have been attacked by now otherwise. But I want you to secure the building, search every room looking for lingering intruders and survivors. Bring the survivors to Hilda at once in the infirmary, then continue your sweep. Once you’re done, help Hilda with the injured.”

The young warlock nodded and set off at once, stopping only briefly to kiss Sabrina chastely on the lips and tell her to be safe.
Zelda then turned to her niece. “To be clear, if I were able to enter the church myself you would not be coming. But seeing as how I need your and Mr. Kinkle’s help, you’re coming along. But,” she held up a finger and pinned the two with a glare. “You are to do everything, everything I say when I say it, as I say it. Am I clear?”

The two teens nodded at her, and with a final look at her sister and nephew, Zelda teleported them to the edge of the clearing surrounding the church.

“Stay.” She ordered in a whisper, pointing to a large patch of trees and brush the two could hide behind. When they complied, Sabrina somewhat unwillingly, Zelda crept forward. There was light spilling out of the open church doors, leaving a patch on light on the grass.

Arrogant, she thought, slipping closer and peering inside. These hunters were good, but they were also arrogant, flaunting their victory. They’d left all the students they’d dragged from the academy alive, though; Zelda could see Prudence and her sisters tied to wooden posts while the others were forced to kneel on the ground.

Hurrying back to where she left Sabrina and Harvey, Zelda put a finger to her lips when Sabrina looked ready to talk. “Everyone’s alive, for now. They’ve left the catacombs unguarded, as I suspected, you’ll be able to come up behind the pulpit out of sight. Once you’re there, I’ll cause a distraction. You need to then untie the other students and usher them out through the tunnels. Signal me when you’re all out.”

Frowning, Sabrina bit her lip. “And what kind of distraction will be big and long enough that I can get everyone out?”

“You’ll see. But Harvey will be helping you untie them, it’ll go faster. Here,” she conjured two brutally sharp knives. “Don’t hurt yourselves, and don’t hurt anyone you’re cutting free. Take your time, speed is needed, but efficiency more so.”

Nodding, Sabrina glanced around, “how do we get in?”

With a wave of her hand, a fallen tree slid to the side, revealing a stone staircase. “It is a straight shot, no chances of getting lost, praise Satan this is the one we need, the other tunnels under this church are a maze. Now go, take care.”

She turned back and glanced at the church, flexing her hands. When she shifted back around, Sabrina surged forward and hugged her briefly. “Be safe,” her niece murmured before taking Harvey’s hand and leading him down the stairs and into the catacomb.

Swallowing, Zelda rose and rolled her neck as she approached the church. Making no attempt to be quiet this time. A shadow darting across the small segment of light on the ground told her they knew she was there, was coming and were getting into position.

“This won’t be pleasant,” she muttered to herself, straightening up and calling out, her voice booming across the dwindling space between her and the church. “You have made a grave mistake, hunters. You thought you could come here? Attack my family?” She took another few strides, “attack my students, my coven and my church.” Zelda stopped just short of the light, now able to see everything inside, and the relief on the students faces when they realized she was there. “You thought you could come here, attack everything I hold dear and get away with?” Her eyes sparkled maliciously, “oh, no. You’ve made many mistakes tonight, hunters. And they will be your last.”

An arrow flew out the door at her and Zelda deflected it with a spell. They hadn’t marked the entire property with their holy water, just the building itself. Sloppy, arrogant work. It left them weak, as
the catacombs evidenced. The building itself was off limits to Zelda, but everything surrounding, above and below, it was still unholy ground, and therefore Zelda could still use her magic.

“You cannot enter, witch.” A taunting voice called back and another arrow raced towards her.

Zelda batted this one aside just as easily. “And who says I need to enter to defeat you?” She retorted, concentrating hard on the face of the one hunter who’d darted across the doorway as he’d shot at her.

The young man was suddenly standing in front of her, blinking in confusion. Taking advantage of his shock, Zelda knocked the weapon from his hands, bound him with a spell and spun him around to show off to the others.

Angry rumblings sounded inside the church, the hunters cursing her and gathering around the door to see for themselves that their comrade was indeed now her hostage. Just behind them, Zelda could see Prudence and her sisters slide down the wooden posts they’d been tied to.

And if she listened hard, she could hear the soft rustlings of students escaping into the woods as they exited the catacombs. Sabrina’s signal sounded behind her a moment later, a long, low howl and a savage smile came to her face. Finally, she could slaughter these insolent creatures for coming for her family.

“You kill him, we kill one of yours!” One of the hunters finally called out, coming to their senses.

A harsh laugh escaped Zelda then. “One of mine?” She intoned, cocking her head but keeping behind the hunter in her grasp in case one of the others felt confident enough to try and shoot at her around their friend. “Are you sure about that?”

Several of the hunters whipped around and, in their outrage, cried out. Their hostages were gone, the way out sealed, and they were trapped inside a church with no provisions.

A series of insults were thrown her way, overlapping, but the essential message Zelda received was that she was a ‘devilish bitch who would die a thousand painful deaths’.

Smirking, Zelda snapped the neck of the hunter in front of her. “I will die? Oh, no,” she chuckled darkly, putting up a shield charm and stopping the volley of arrows that flew at her in response to the man falling limply to the ground. “You, on the other hand, you will die. Horrible, horrible deaths.”

She grinned at them, and even in the limited light she could have sworn a few of the hunters stepped back in fear. “You attacked children before this. Now,” she shot a concussive spell at the church, and it collided, doing no damage but forcing the group of hunters back from the door instinctively.

She knew she couldn’t harm them while they were in the church, but perhaps she could bait them into leaving… it would be so much easier than trying to teleport them out one by one. And if they were truly angels, they’d likely be able to block her from summoning one of them again; the false god giving them enhanced abilities.

Then they started to chant, joining hands, a painful ringing started in Zelda’s head. Hurriedly, she summoned another out to her and snapped this one’s neck as well, but before she could do anything else, the chanting brought her to her knees; clasping her hands over her ears, Zelda barely took note that her ears were bleeding.

“NO!” The sound broke through the prayers of the angels, and Zelda focused long enough to realize Sabrina had snuck back into the church using the catacombs and was now standing behind the hunters. “You leave her alone!” She shouted, and several pews lifted into the air and shot at the hunters, forcing them to scatter and killing one who didn’t move fast enough.
Gasping, Zelda surged back to her feet and rushed the church. Like Heaven she was going to let her niece take on a group of angels alone. But she slammed into an invisible force when she tried to enter, the hunters’ seal still in place.

Staggering back from the collision, Zelda looked around desperately, trying to recapture the hunters attention and bring it back to herself. Trying to summon another one out to her, but the spell was blocked, just as she’d suspected—their prayer working in two parts, to hurt her and stop her spells.

Just then a scream sounded from inside the church.

“SABRINA!” She bellowed, darting forward once more and caught sight of Sabrina falling back, trying to find cover, an arrow protruding from her side. She was so focused on her niece’s retreat that Zelda didn’t notice the hunter creeping up the side of the church and raising her crossbow until it was too late.

The impact knocked the wind out of her, sending Zelda reeling back, the pain pinballing through her body. Another arrow punched her just below the first seconds later.

But she didn’t have time to fully register the pain, Sabrina was still trapped inside, getting cornered and her shield spells wouldn’t last long against the hunters’ powers. She stumbled back to the door just in time to see a hunter raise his crossbow again, ready to shoot her girl point blank.

Something dark swelled within Zelda, something unholy and raw and beyond anything she’d ever felt in all her decades of life. One hand pressed between the arrows protruding from her side, the other was suddenly out in front of her, magic flowing freely, without thought.

The church started to shake, dust and rubble falling from the rafters of the old building and distracting the hunters long enough for Sabrina to disappear back through the trap door leading to the catacombs. But just because Sabrina had escaped didn’t mean Zelda stopped; they’d hunted her girl, intended to kill. Zelda would return the favor. The shaking intensified.

Maybe she couldn’t enter a holy place, maybe she couldn’t touch them while they were inside a holy place. But they’d been sloppy and arrogant and hadn’t converted the entire property. Meaning, the rules about entering a holy place no longer applied if there wasn’t a building left. If there was nothing holy standing around them, protecting them.

A wordless scream ripped itself from Zelda’s throat as the building falling in on itself; the stones tumbling down with heavy thuds and the hunters screaming inside. When she finished, nothing left of the church but rumble and nothing left of the hunters but crushed bone and blood, Zelda collapsed in exhaustion and pain; each breath feeling like fire.

Vision going in and out, Zelda just made out Prudence and her sisters running to her, Harvey standing behind them, propping up a half-conscious Sabrina before she passed out.

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She woke later, gasping and hand flying to her side in search of the arrow. Hilda started at her side, crying out in delight. “Zelds, oh, thank Satan. I wasn’t, I couldn’t… the damned arrows were tipped with holy water, my spells didn’t make a damned difference…”

Slightly disoriented, Zelda turned to focus on her sister. “Sabrina? Ambrose? The other students?” She demanded, already sitting up despite Hilda’s protests.

Waving her hands, Hilda brushed away her concern. “All safe, all okay.”
“But the arrows…” Zelda’s head snapped up from where she’d been probing at her side, but it was as if the arrows had never been there. “You didn’t heal me?”

Hilda shook her head, tears in her eyes. “I tried, Zelds. But one pierced your lung, that and the holy water and the amount of magic you used to destroy the church and the hunters… I thought I lost you.” Hilda whispered, tears now falling freely.

Brow furrowing, Zelda stood on somewhat shaky legs; but she’d always hated vulnerability and laying in a sick bed made her feel dreadfully weak, so she stood. “Then how?”

Just then Sabrina appeared, parting the curtains shielding Zelda’s bed from the rest of the infirmary. “Me,” she whispered, eyes wide and unsure, twisting her hands.

Blinking, Zelda gaped at her niece, not a hint of evidence that she’d been injured either. “You?”

Sabrina nodded. Turning to look at Hilda, Zelda raised her brows, waiting for an explanation. “She healed Ambrose too,” was all Hilda added, looking just as lost as Zelda felt.

Returning her gaze to her niece, Zelda exhaled slowly trying to hide her fear. Whatever the meaning, whatever the origin of this sudden endowment of new powers would not end well… for anyone. Satan help them all.

Chapter End Notes

I changed what happened at the church because, let’s be honest, no one would know the church better than Zelda and she definitely wouldn’t let Sabrina go by herself. Hope this still meets your expectations :)
Sticks and Stones

Chapter Summary

Anon Prompt: pre-CAOS Spellwood, maybe them at an event of the Church of Night where they talk and do some flirty banter? I imagine them being that couple that pick on each other as foreplay.

Chapter Notes

Short and sweet, hope you enjoy!

Zelda quickened her pace just a tad, wanting to enter the party ahead of her siblings. It wasn’t that she was ashamed or embarrassed by them, at least not usually. It was just, if she got there first then she could find the person she wanted to talk to and delve into a conversation before Edward dragged her off to meet yet another boring council member or Hilda glued to herself to Zelda’s side while waiting for one of her own friends to appear.

Breezing into the academy lobby, Zelda tossed her hair and gazed around the room. Her eyes immediately drawn to the corner of the room where Faustus stood. They locked eyes and he smirked.

“Hey Spellman, in a hurry?” He called out, voice easily carrying over the din of the party.

She rolled her eyes and sauntered over, putting a little extra sway in her hips, knowing all eyes were on her, and knowing it’d make Faustus jealous. “To see you?” She snagged a drink from a passing floating tray, “hardly.” Zelda scoffed, giving him an unimpressed once over, though internally she couldn’t help but admire how striking he was in a suit.

“Then what had you rushing in here? Another warlock perhaps?” He arched a brow and gave her a cocky smile, knowing he outshone any warlock in the room.

A wicked smile stole over her lips. “A witch, actually.” She mused, turning away from him and letting her eyes sweep over the room, purposely avoiding his gaze which practically burned into her. “A rather beautiful one, I wanted to see if she was interested in going out to ‘eat’ with me.” Zelda’s eyes flicked to Faustus as she took a sip of her drink, her tone leaving no room for misinterpretation of what she meant, and he was looking at her with blatant lust.

He took a step closer, his chest pressing against her arm as he bent to murmur in her ear. “Well, you’re the most beautiful witch here, I don’t know who you could possibly be looking for.”

Struggling to suppress a smile at the compliment, Zelda barely inclined her head. “If only the same could be said for you.” She replied smoothly, lifting her glass to her lips once more, a teasing glint in her eye.

“Your words wound me, Spellman,” he breathed into her ear, a hand coming up to trail a finger lightly down her bare arm.
A shiver went through her at the touch; trying to play off her reaction, Zelda shrugged. “Sticks and stones, Faustus.”

He growled deliciously. “I’d prefer whips and light bondage myself.”

She swallowed at the comment, the heat that’d already been pooling in her abdomen intensifying. “That so?” It was all she could manage, not that she minded much, whenever one of them reached the point of a loss for words it meant their little cat and mouse game was almost complete.

Humming, Faustus ducked his head to kiss her neck, his lips lingering. “I could show you,” he offered, arm slipping around her, taking her drink and setting it aside.

Finally turning to face him, Zelda smiled. “Can you now?”

Faustus didn’t answer, just grabbed her hand and pulled her away from everyone else.

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Hilda hadn’t been able to catch Zelda before she entered the party and zeroed in on Blackwood; forcing her to stand with Edward and his stuffy friends until hers arrived.

Not that she blamed her sister, if she had a boyfriend she wouldn’t be wasting time with her siblings either. But as she caught a glimpse of the two of them, Zelda standing with her back to Blackwood and the warlock murmuring in her ear, Hilda couldn’t help but shake her head. “I swear, they do this every time.” She muttered and when Edward inclined his head towards her and hummed in confusion Hilda gestured to the pair with her drink. “Why they don’t just skip whatever game it is they play and go sneak off to an empty classroom straight away, I don’t know.” She clarified, taking a large drink.

Edward nearly choked on his. “What?! No, no, no. They hate each other, they’re rivals. Competition.” Though his expression turned doubtful when he caught sight of the duo.

She gave him a soft, pitying look. “Maybe if you say it enough times you’ll convince yourself. But you’ll be the only one believing it.”

Now openly glaring at Blackwood, Edward frowned. “No, they hate each other.” He stated with conviction, clearly trying to convince himself. “Every other word out of their mouths is an insult, they’re always sniping at each other.” He arched a brow in triumph, knowing she couldn’t contradict him in that.

Huffing in amusement, Hilda gave his forearm a squeeze. “Oh, Eddie. I have so much to teach you big brother.”

Just then Faustus grabbed their sister’s hand and hauled her off down the hall, Zelda beaming, laughing as she allowed herself to be towed away. They caught a brief glimpse of her pressing Faustus up against a door in a passionate kiss before the door fell open behind them and the two disappeared.

“See,” Hilda remarked knowingly, “insults are like foreplay to them.” She then pressed her lips together when she saw that Edward was quite red in the face.

“Blackwood thinks he can just... with MY little sister?!” He blustered, turning around a bit aimlessly before he found a spot to put down his drink. “Well, I don’t think… put an end to it...” His exclamation turned to mutterings as he set his drink down hard enough to splash the contents over the side and made for the classroom.
Grabbing the back of his coat, Hilda shook her head. “You really don’t want to go in there, believe me. I’m still trying to scrub certain images out of my brain.”

Edward pivoted then, turned his thunderous expression on her. “How long, exactly, has this been going on?” He demanded, the red in his cheeks deepening a shade.

Mouth opening and closing a bit, Hilda stepped back. “They’re hardly subtle, Eddie, I mean, look at where we are,” she looked around the room. “They’re not trying to hide it. I thought you knew...”

Her brother just shook his head, looking lost. Just then, Hilda caught sight of her friends. Patting Edward gently on the shoulder, she moved away. “I’ll let you process that, though I must insist you don’t go anywhere near that room. Sometimes, sometimes they forget the silencing spells.”

With that, she ran away, Edwards face going purple.
She performed the spell four times, and then went out and bought a mortal test as well. Just to be sure. They all said the same thing.

Pregnant.

Exhaling shakily, Zelda brought a hand up to her mouth, covering the wide smile growing there. She was pregnant.

When she and Faustus first discussed children, first considered starting a family, Zelda had been honest. She wasn’t sure she was still fertile. Though most witches were capable of pregnancies long into their third or fourth centuries, there were those who lost the ability in their second century.

And seeing as how she’d diligently taken precautions since her dark baptism, Zelda truly had no idea if she were one of the unfortunate witches who could no longer reproduce after they hit 200... and here she was, nearing her 238th birthday.

Faustus had brushed away her concerns, telling her not to worry before there was a reason. That it was the first time her midwife knowledge was working against her. Then he’d kissed her sweetly and said there were many ways to have a family, as she, Hilda, Ambrose and Sabrina knew.

The statement nearly brought her to tears, to hide the fact Zelda insisted they start trying for a baby right then—much to Faustus’ pleasure. And now, looking back, her husband had been right. She’d been worked up over nothing. They were going to have a baby.

Though she wanted to teleport to the academy where Faustus had stayed late to grade papers right then, Zelda restrained herself; wanting to do something special for the reveal. Standing, Zelda couldn’t help but smile as she moved around the room, straightening things up to hide the evidence of her tests and trying to figure out the perfect way to share the news.

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Faustus came home an hour later, somewhat cranky. He poured himself a glass of scotch almost immediately and slumped into his favorite armchair in the living room.

When she walked in, he smiled tiredly. “Zels,” he greeted, tipping his chin up when she sat on the armrest next to him and pulling her in for a short kiss. Faustus kept an arm wrapping around her hips when they broke apart, wanting to hold her close and help her balance. “How was the rest of your evening?” He asked, thumb stroking along her hip absentely.

Trying to contain herself, Zelda pressed her lips together and then smiled. “I actually did a little shopping. Here.” She conjured a small bag into her hand and held it out for him.

“Got me something did you?” He perked up, setting his drink on the side table and testing the weight
of the bag. “Not heavy, is this a gift that you’ll wear for me?” Faustus eyed her salaciously, pupils already dilating at the possibilities that were likely running through his mind.

Rolling her eyes, Zelda leaned into him a bit, resting her forearm along his shoulder. “Just open it,” she instructed.

Smirking, Faustus did as he was told and pulled out a shirt. Face creasing in confusion, he unfolded it and frowned. “What?”

Sighing, Zelda turned the shirt in his hands, so he could see the lettering printed across the front. ‘Daddy’

Faustus chuckled uncertainly. “I know I’m technically the Father for the Church of Night, Zels. But you’ve never called me daddy before…”

And Satan help her, it’d gone right over his head. Exasperated, she shoved off the armrest and paced away from him, throwing up her hands. “For the love of Lucifer, Faustus, I’m not into ‘daddy’ kink. I’m pregnant.”

He blinked at her blankly for a moment the shirt slipping from his hands and then a huge smile stretched his lips, “really?” He asked, looking at her tenderly.

Huffing, embarrassed she’d gone through the effort of a reveal, Zelda nodded. “Yes. Why else would I—”

She didn’t finish her sentence. Faustus up and out of his chair and sweeping her up into a hug and spinning her around. Surprising a laugh out of her. “Zels, this is marvelous. I, I—” he didn’t finish just stopped spinning and kissed her, her feet still off the ground. “This is wonderful news.” He murmured when he broke the kiss and lowered her to the ground, forehead pressed to hers and arms wrapped around her tightly.

And Zelda couldn’t help but smile back, her earlier irritation at his obtuseness gone in the face of his enthusiasm.

“It’s too early to tell the gender, but I was thinking, perhaps we could come up with some names for a boy or a girl…” She suggested, biting her lip and looked at him hopefully.

Grinning, Faustus kissed her, pulling her bottom lip from her teeth and nibbling on it with his own. “I’d love that,” he breathed, ushering her to the couch. Settling in a half-reclined position, propped against the armrest, Faustus pulled her into him, her head on his shoulder while his hand stroked along her side, the other covering her stomach protectively.

Dropping another kiss onto her head, Faustus held her closer. “How about Cain? For a boy.”

A snort escaped her. “Absolutely not. We are not jumping on that band wagon; nearly every child of night in the past two decades has been named Cain. Besides, then he’d think the pit in the mortuary garden was named for him.”

Faustus laughed, likely having known what her response was going to be before he even made the suggestion. “Alright then, what do you think of…”

Cuddling closer and still trying to wrap her head around how full her life was, Zelda happily bickered over baby names with her husband for the rest of the night.
The sound of the horn died down and a malicious smile spread across Lucifer’s lips. His daughter was weak, so attached to these ‘aunts’ of hers, to her ‘cousin’ who still lay unconscious several yards away. But he would teach her, mold her, into something stronger; even if it took centuries.

Content with his manipulation, Lucifer turned to drop the daggers, intending to keep his part of the bargain… when a small flash of black caught his eye.

Lilith.

He’d suspected she was drifting, her little stunt in encouraging Sabrina’s resistance of him evidence enough. But Lucifer thought he’d quashed that particular streak of rebellion out of his servant. Apparently not. Apparently, she’d been the one to aid the Spellman’s in their murderous attempt.

Well, this was something he couldn’t disregard. Lilith needed to be punished, in a way she wasn’t like to forget. Turning to look at the Spellman women once more, an idea came to him. With a flick of his wrist the dagger at Hilda’s throat fell to the ground, harmless.

The dagger at Zelda’s throat, though, dropped with more purpose—slicing her thigh deeply before it thudded on the leaves.

The witch cried out and crumpled to the ground, the magical wound immediately sapping her strength and leeching her blood; despite her fruitless attempts to stem the bleeding. He’d hit the femoral artery; just as intended.

Sabrina pushed past him, quickly joining her aunt on the ground, small mutterings of “no” repeatedly falling from her lips as her hands fluttering uselessly above the gash—likely she was regretting her rash decision to rid herself of the powers he’d so generously bestowed upon her. “What did you do?” She whipped around to face him, tears streaming down her face before turned her attention back to her aunt—who was already rapidly losing color in her face. “Auntie Zee, I tried. I didn’t want—”

Always a strong woman, Zelda hushed the girl and hugged her hard, leaving bloody handprints visible even on the red leather of his daughter’s coat. “It’s alright,” she murmured, shaky even with Hilda frantically casting healing spells. “I said over my dead body, didn’t I?” Zelda chuckled weakly, lips starting to tinge blue as she leaned up and kissed Sabrina’s forehead. “It appears that will be the case.”

At these words, Lilith abandoned her hiding place and rushed forward, crowding his daughter out of the way, her eyes wild. “No. It’s not that bad.” She exclaimed, eyeing the wound and then paling when she saw the extent of the damage. “No,” a wretched whisper came next. “No,” she repeated
once more, dumbfounded, hands fluttering uselessly over the wound—she’d never been particularly good at healing spells. “This should have worked…. It was a solid plan.” Lucifer smirked as Lilith’s voice cracked in her panic.

“Oh, darling,” Zelda whispered between labored breathes, “if only fate was beholden to our plans.” The witch managed a sad smile and touched Lilith’s cheek, leaving a smear of blood. Zelda leaned forward then, and pressed a light kiss to Lilith’s lips, fingers trembling against his servant’s cheek at the effort. Turning to her sister, Zelda clutched the woman desperately. “Hildie, take care of them. Be safe, lo—,” Her strength flagged completely then, and Zelda slumped to the ground, unconscious.

Lucifer watched with interest as Hilda continued to work furiously. But he’d inflicted the wound himself and a wound from the Dark Lord could not be healed with average spells. “You cannot save her, Sister Hilda. You’re not strong enough.” He informed the blonde, thinking he might save her some energy, some effort. No point in pouring magic into a dead woman, an almost dead woman, he corrected in his head.

Magic crackled through the air unexpectedly and Lilith surged upright and turned on him. ”No!!” She bellowed, blasting him back.

Despite her efforts, he only stumbled back, laughing. “Oh Lilith,” he intoned, “as if I didn’t know. Imagine my surprise when Stolas informed me that you cared for not one, but two beings. First Adam, though he was a man, a mortal with the very name of the one meant to enslave you, you grew fond of him. His appreciation, near worship of you, it bolstered you. And, as you know I couldn’t have that, so I got rid of your pet. But before you eviscerated the crow, he told me about another. One you cared about on another level, perhaps loved? A certain red-haired witch.” He glanced at Zelda, where Hilda and Sabrina were still frantically working and chuckled. “She, and her family, were giving you ideas, like you could defeat me.” The mirth slipped from his face, a stoniness taking over.

“So, really, killing her accomplished several things. It took away the most powerful member in the Spellman family, removed the biggest obstacle in my path to making Sabrina my queen,” he stepped forward and let his fingers graze over Sabrina’s hair, ignoring how his daughter jerked away and continuing to address Lilith. “Killing Zelda will keep the rest of the Spellmans in line for the future, unless they wish to meet similar fates…. And lastly, and most importantly, it hurts you Lilith. You belong to me. No one else. How dare you think otherwise.”

Suddenly an iron collar appeared on her neck, the chain attached to it landing in his hand. He yanked it hard, bringing her back to her knees—her rightful place. “It’s time you relearned yourself, Lilith. I’ve apparently given you too much freedom. For the next several centuries you will be where you’ve always wanted… by my side. But only to serve my queen and I, in any manner. You’re a handmaiden, nothing more.”

Gasping, Lilith clawed at the collar. “Dark lord, please,” she beseeched, eyes flicking back to Zelda who’s breaths were getting shallower by the second—only Hilda’s spells prolonged her meager life. “Save her.”

The plea amused him. “Why?” He scoffed, following Lilith’s eyes to the dying witch.

“I’ll serve you willingly if you do.” Lilith offered, desperately.

Arching a brow, Lucifer smirked. “You’ll serve regardless,” he retorted, relishing in her distress.

Sabrina spun then, covered in blood and tears running down her face. “I’ll marry you without objection. I won’t fight it, or you, ever again.” And here she was, finally submissive, truly on her
knees and understanding she was at his mercy, always had been. Before he could reply, Hilda was shouting.

“No!” The blonde grabbed Sabrina’s arm. “Your Aunt Zelda didn’t want that. None of us want that. Which is why we were here. Don’t you make her death be in vain. She’ll be furious if she’s brought back at the price of you.” Despite the tears streaking down her cheeks, there was steel in Hilda’s voice.

Deciding he’d save them all some time and arguing, Lucifer cut in. “The marriage will happen no matter what, daughter, the wheels are already in motion and can’t be stopped.” Lucifer watched them all with amusement and then his brow furrowed. “Such a fuss over just one witch.” He walked closer and peered at Zelda; who was moments from death. “What did she do to garner such loyalty?”

All their voices overlapped, anger and tears constricting their throats.

But it was Ambrose’s words, the young warlock finally stirring, dragging himself painfully over to his aunt, that captured Lucifer’s attention. “Family comes first.” He croaked, clutching Zelda’s hand tightly and a fire in his eyes.

Giving him an appraising look, Lucifer nodded. “Quite right. And Sabrina, they aren’t your family, not really. Not by blood. I am.” He held out his hand, “now come.”

When Sabrina didn’t move, face hard and tears still spilling down it he sighed.

Waving a hand, Sabrina was drug across the ground and brought to her knees next to Lilith in front of him. “Daughter, this can either be easy, or it can be very hard. But it is happening one way or another. You are powerless, having forsaken my gifts to you in order to try and stop me. It was a bold choice, a poor one certainly, one that some advised you against and yet you didn’t listen. Perhaps, in a few centuries, after some good behavior, I’ll give you your powers back. Until then…” A matching iron collar appeared around her neck, “remember you did this to yourself.”

Fighting against the collar, Sabrina arched to try and see her old family. “But Aunt Zelda—”

“Is dead.”

Everyone whipped around to determine for themselves. The redhead was no longer breathing. Hilda sobbed and clung to her sister, Ambrose sat stunned and silent, a vacant expression on his face. Lilith, though, screamed and the trees themselves seemed to shake in response to her grief, but Lucifer remained unaffected.

Sabrina struggled against the chain even harder, trying to reach her old family. “No! You said if I blew the horn you’d spare them!” She sobbed, “you said—”

Tired of the entire affair, Lucifer sighed. “I am the Father of Lies, Sabrina.” He informed her, eyeing her pitifully for believing him. “You’ll learn. For now, just be thankful I didn’t kill the rest of them as punishment.” He gripped the chains and yanked Lilith and Sabrina to their feet, picking up the Horn of Gabriel with his other hand, he smiled and nodded at Ambrose and Hilda where they were kneeling next to Zelda’s corpse. “Goodbye Spellmans, enjoy Hell, it should be here soon.”

And he disappeared, Lilith and Sabrina in tow.

Chapter End Notes
Couldn't help myself, I thought of the phrase, "if only fate was beholden to our plans" and it ran from there. Hope you enjoyed :)

Coming Back Home

Chapter Summary

3 for 1! I got prompts from littlest-moon-girl (aka MoonshineMadam), littlesparrow1 and an anon that I figured I could combine. Hope you enjoy!

1. In 1943, the 2nd world war is raging on and slowly all the Spellmans are gathering back in the safety of Greendale. Then Edward comes back with Ambrose in tow, house arrested. It's quite a change for him to have someone looking after him and quite a change for the siblings to not be on their own anymore.

2. An Ambrose and Zelda moment? I feel like all the Spellmans have had a moment but those two. It's my head cannon that Zelda taught him different things to help him be less bored like dancing or she regularly helps him learn a new language and tells him about the places she’s been when he was imprisoned in the house

3. Something where Zee is being maternal or comforting Ambrose or them bonding in some way?

Ambrose knew, on some level, that he was lucky. That his sentencing could have been far more severe than a century and a half of house arrest. As his Uncle Edward was only too happy to remind him of as they traveled through Europe on their way to collect his Aunt Zelda in London.

When they arrived at Auntie Zee’s, she smiled at him.

“Hello sweetheart,” she greeted warmly, bringing Ambrose into a tight hug and holding on a beat longer than she normally would have. “How’re you doing?”

He shrugged. “Alright, I suppose.” Ambrose mumbled, looking down to avoid her eyes.

Uncle Edward scoffed. “He has no reason or right to complain. The felon.” And there it was again, the label, thrown into his face with such a acidic tone it could burn… as it had periodically throughout their trip here.

Ignoring her brother, Zelda pulled back and framed Ambrose’s face, giving him a once over. “Well, ‘Alright’ is all that can be expected, given the circumstances.” She placed a hand under his chin and brought it up gently, so he met her eyes once more. “You’re safe and with us, that’s what matters.”

The comment wrangled a smile from Ambrose. It alluded to his luck in his sentencing, but unlike Uncle Edward, his Aunt Zelda was focusing on him, his safety and well-being and was merely glad he hadn’t been tortured or sentenced to worse. He nodded, but before he could respond, Edward cut in once more.

“Why is nothing packed?” He demanded, striding around Zelda’s flat.

Arching a brow, Zelda released Ambrose and moved to the kitchen to take a now whistling tea kettle off the stove. “Because I’m not going with you.” She informed them calmly, handing Ambrose a cup of tea and he smiled after his first sip, she’d remembered his favorite kind.
Groaning, Edward speared a hand through his hair. “Zelda, the mortals are waging another war! Germany has been bombing Britain for a good three years now.”

“And yet my building is unaffected. My entire block, as a matter of fact.” She remarked, waving a hand to indicate the lack of damage. “Why do you think that is?”

Ambrose ducked his head, hiding a smile behind his cup. Zelda was the only one he knew that defied his uncle to blatantly. And he loved it.

Mouth gaping for a moment. Edward regained himself. “Zelda, the mortals—"

Sighing, Zelda set the kettle down and placed a hand on her hip. “Waged one war and are now waging another. Likely there’ll be another after this. It’s their nature, brother. Why should I uproot my life every time a group of them gets violent on a larger scale?” She gave him a look and then turned to rummage through a cupboard, emerging with a box of cookies. Zelda offered him one with a wink, clearly aware she was pushing Edward’s buttons and loving it.

It made Ambrose snort as he took a cookie and he had to cover it with a cough. If only he could be so defiant, if only he weren’t going to be trapped in his uncle’s childhood home for almost two centuries. But he was going to be stuck, and so Ambrose held his tongue, knowing Edward could make his sentence worse if he wanted.

But for now, his uncle was focused on his sister. Frowning and shaking his head hard, Edward paced the room. “No. This isn’t like the others, Zee. Germany is doing awful things. We must get out. We’re going back to Greendale, all of us. Hilda is already home and we’ll meet her there.”

“Lovely for Hilda.” Zelda intoned sarcastically, crossing her arms and leaning against a counter. “Poor Ambrose here, he has to go with his high priest uncle, he doesn’t have a choice; but I do. I am not going back to Greendale.”

Closing the distance between them, Edward stood toe to toe with Zelda, using his height to tower over her. “You will even if I have to force you.” He gritted out through clenched teeth.

“A scoff escaped his aunt, and Ambrose’s eyes widened as he took a few steps back sensing what was about to come.

“I’d like to see you try.” She muttered, giving her brother a once over.

Running his tongue over his teeth, Edward sneered. “I’ll paint a magical target over this neighborhood if you don’t come. Your building will remain untouched, but the rest…” He trailed off, letting the two of them picture the carnage. “Think of all the children who would die from the bombings because of your obstinance, Zelda.”

She snarled at him and slapped him so hard across the face that Ambrose winced for his uncle. “That’s low, even for you, Edward.”

His uncle shrugged. “I’ll give you an hour to pack. I have an associate I want to meet with before we leave. I’ll be back soon. Ambrose, stay here.” And with that he teleported away.

Zelda stormed around her home, muttering to herself and waving a hand here and there to pack certain belongings while others fly into a cardboard box by the door. Ambrose knew better than to offer help, and stayed out of the way—sitting on the kitchen counter, drinking tea and munching on cookies.

She finished in thirty minutes, hefted the box into her arms and jerked her head for Ambrose to
follow her. He trailed after her down the hall and hung back when Zelda balanced the box on one hip and knocked on a door to another apartment.

A small child answered the door. “Miss Zelda!” She beamed, opening the door wider. “Mama, it’s Miss Zelda! Please come in.”

Zelda beamed and walked inside, Ambrose following her uncertainly. “Claire,” she addressed the only adult in the room. “This is my nephew, Ambrose.” Zelda introduced him as she kissed Claire’s cheeks the best she could with the box in her arms. “He and my brother are here...”

The smile at their presence slipped away. “You’re leaving, aren’t you?” Claire breathed eyes falling to the box Zelda set on the table as the kids, five by Ambrose’s count, gathered round to peek inside.

“Yes,” Zelda murmured, glancing up at Claire apologetically. “I had hoped to wait it out. But my brother, he lives in North America. He’s making rounds and gathering up all the family and bringing them back to the states. He thinks it’s best.”

Chin trembling, Claire roughly brushed tears away. “Of course, you must do what is best for you. I’m sorry for my reaction. I just, I don’t know how we’ll manage without you.” She said, glancing at Ambrose and coloring at the admission that she needed help.

“Nonsense, you’re a strong woman, Claire. And Charles will be home soon to help with these rascals.” Zelda ruffled the hair of the closest child who giggled. “In the meantime, Amelia is a wonderful help,” his aunt smiled at the eldest girl, who ducked her head at the praise. “I just wanted to bring some things over to you before I left.”

Claire walked over to the table and as she shifted through the box her eyes widened. “Zelda, we can’t possibly take all this,” she gasped.

Smiling sadly, Zelda took Claire’s hands in her own. “You can and you will. My brother is keen on leaving tonight, which means I must pack only the essentials. And besides, his house has most if not all of these. I’d have no use for them. Keep what you want and sell or trade the rest, yes?”

More tears streamed down Claire’s face but she nodded and hugged Zelda hard. When she pulled back, she turned to Ambrose who’d been watching the entire exchange in stunned silence. Amazed his aunt had formed such a close bond with her mortal neighbors. “Your aunt is quite the woman,” she told him, wiping away her tears once more. “I know,” he replied softly, inclining his head a bit.

Tearful goodbyes were exchanged, safe travels wished. And as Aunt Zelda hugged them all one last time, Ambrose didn’t miss the slight shift in magic in the air as she cast quick protective spells over each of them.

Ambrose led the way back to his aunt’s apartment and once inside Zelda poured them both drinks. “To mourn their loss of freedom,” she toasted bitterly, and Ambrose clinked his glass to hers.

After a moment, Ambrose swirled the whiskey in his glass. “Auntie,” he murmured, not looking at her. Zelda hummed in reply. “Those people—”

“I only helped out a little bit.” Zelda interrupted him, as though worried she’d be accused of more. “Charles, Claire’s husband, was conscripted a few years ago and ever since that woman has been doing everything she can to keep her family together and above water. It was the least I could do.” She added, taking a sip of her drink and sighing deeply.
Lifting a brow, Ambrose turned to her. “You going soft on me, Auntie Zee?”

She playfully shoved his chair away from her at the comment and Ambrose laughed for what felt like the first time since he’d been arrested.

“I got rather close to a mortal, not long ago.” Ambrose shared, unsure why he was telling Zelda. “His name was Harry Houdini, and he had an affinity for mortal stage magic. He was clever, a stunt master and could escape from almost anything. We got on well, I taught him a few things here and there to help him make a name for himself.” Ambrose sighed, wishing his friend was still around. “We can’t help but get attached to a few.” He finished, smiling sadly and taking another drink, knowing the only mortals he’d get attached to in Greendale were the corpses his uncle said he’d be working with in the mortuary.

Aunt Zelda inclined her head in agreement and placed a hand on his arm, giving it a comforting squeeze. “Just don’t tell Edward I grew fond of a few mortals, I’d never hear the end of it.” She intoned, winking at him.

“My lips are sealed auntie,” Ambrose chuckled and topped off their drinks.

Edward appeared in Zelda’s living room then. “Don’t tell me what?” He asked suspiciously, eyeing them.

But the two of them just sat there, bland smiles on their faces and eyebrows raised as though they didn’t know what Edward was talking about. It was petulant, Ambrose knew, but it was nice to have a secret, no matter how ridiculous, with someone right now. Especially considering he’d been denied contact with any of his former friends as part of his sentencing; the judges claiming they couldn’t be sure which of them were co-conspirators and unless he told on the others he couldn’t contact anyone who’d been in his regular contact before the incident.

When they weren’t forthcoming, Edward scowled. “No matter. We leave in five minutes. Finish your drinks.”

Rolling his eyes, Ambrose turned to share a knowing look with Zelda only to find her gazing around her flat with shining eyes; saying mental goodbyes. While Ambrose had blown up his own life, brought this exile to Greendale on himself, Aunt Zelda had been under the impression that she’d get to keep her life here. It was only Uncle Edward’s dirty, underhanded play forcing Zelda into exile with the rest of them.

And as they stood to teleport to their first jumping spot, Zelda’s belongings sent ahead, Ambrose felt a twinge of guilt for being glad Aunt Zelda was coming back with them; that he wouldn’t be alone in feeling that Greendale was a prison.

Taking his aunt’s hand, Ambrose squeezed tight, trying to comfort her and himself about what lay ahead. The tiny squeeze back seconds before they teleported away gave Ambrose hope that this sentence wouldn’t be as bad as he’d been predicting.

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Greendale was torture.

Not that he knew much of the town itself; Ambrose was restricted to an even smaller corner of the world for his sentence, the ancient house that had been in the Spellman name for centuries.

Praise Satan his Aunt Hilda had been at the house for a few days before they arrived, otherwise the building would have barely been habitable.
Uncle Edward did little more than to escort them to the property line before teleporting away, claiming church business. Zelda scoffed and led Ambrose up the winding road towards the house. When they arrived in the front yard, the sky overcast and the surrounding graveyard doing nothing for the dismal atmosphere, Ambrose sighed. He could already feel the boundaries weighing him down, invisible magical manacles binding him to this horrid place. Sensing his distress, Zelda wrapped an arm around his shoulders as they trudged up the drive, Hilda appearing on the porch as they got closer.

“Ambrose, love!” She beamed, pulling him out from under Zelda’s arm and into a crushing hug. Despite the depression already starting to swallow him, Ambrose couldn’t help but smile at her infectious cheerfulness.

Pecking Hilda on the cheek, Ambrose greeted her quietly. “Hello, auntie.” He then stepped aside so his aunts could greet one another.

“Zelds!” Hilda breathed, pulling her older sister into a hug. “I was so worried you would stay in London. It’s so dangerous there.”

Aunt Zelda broke the hug with her sister rather quickly. “Yes, well, Edward didn’t give me much of a choice.” She remarked stiffly, eyeing the house in disgust. “I’d rather be in a warzone then back here. Why do you think I didn’t leave until forced?”

A huff escaped Hilda. “Oh, don’t be so melodramatic. It’ll be nice, all of us living together again.” She turned and led the way inside. “Don’t judge it too harshly by it’s cover, Edward has been living the bachelor life and hasn’t properly cared for it. I’m making progress though; the kitchen and the bedrooms are ready to go.”

Eyes sweeping over the foyer, Ambrose’s spirits fell further. _This_ was to be his home? No, he corrected himself, his prison…… How fitting.

Days passed and they settled into the house, Ambrose picking the attic for his room despite there being spots on the lower level open. If he was to be stuck in this house for the foreseeable future, he’d need a space that was completely his own.

Not that it mattered right now; it’d only been a few days and he already wanted to climb the walls.

His Aunt Zelda was equally as restless, stalking through the house she hadn’t entered in decades. At least she got to leave; Ambrose begrudged his aunt this ability—and she used it liberally. The first month, aside from the first two days, she was barely in the house. Where she went, what she did or who she saw was anyone’s guess.

It drove his uncle crazy, not knowing. Ambrose started to suspect his uncle would keep them all cooped up in the house if he could; preferring to control what everyone was doing than to let them roam free. But Edward even tried to control Ambrose, who couldn’t roam anywhere.

He’d been laying listlessly in his bed (for the third day in a row), simply staring at the ceiling and trying to picture any European city when his uncle barged in. Ranting about if Ambrose was going to stay under Edward’s roof, he’d live by his rules, and not give into bouts of laziness.

Feeling combative, needing to experience something other than melancholy or nostalgia, Ambrose leveraged off his bed and glared at his uncle. “Surely since the false god condemns laziness our Dark Lord Satan rewards those who partake in it.”
The glib comment earned him a backhand across the face. Stunned, Ambrose cupped his cheek.

“If I am forced to have you here then you **will** work and make it worth the trouble.” Edward growled, expression darkening.

Anger boiled up inside Ambrose. “If you are forced?!” He exclaimed incredulous, lips twisting. “I’m the one being forced here. And what changes have my presence caused that ‘trouble’ you so, dear uncle.”

Edward took a step closer to him then, face thunderous. “Listen, felon—”

Before he could go further, the door opened. “Ambrose, sweetheart, you won’t believe what I found…” Zelda trailed off, brow furrowing at their proximity. “Have I interrupted something?” She asked carefully, walking further into the room, her eyes locked on Edward.

“Merely telling our nephew his new place in this world now that he is housebound.” Edward muttered, stepping away but eyes throwing daggers at Ambrose all the same. “Something you need to learn as well, your new place, now that you’re living here again.” He turned his angry glare onto Zelda.

Lifting a brow at her brother’s tone, Zelda came to stand next to Ambrose. “Ambrose has decades to learn where he fits in here, no need to rush it, Edward.” She said, voice clipped. “As for me, you have no more authority over me now than you did when I first left for Europe. You’re not my keeper, brother.” She took Ambrose’s arm, and started to lead him out of the room. “Come, darling, I brought something back for you.”

His uncle blocked the door then. “I am his keeper.” Edward snarled, pointing a finger at Ambrose and he didn’t miss how Zelda stepped partially between him and her brother. “And if I say he needs to earn his place here, then he will.”

Not taking her eyes off her brother, Zelda addressed him. “Ambrose, dear, go downstairs and help Hilda in the kitchen. She’s just brought in a new batch of produce that needs canning.”

“Auntie,” he murmured, not wanting to leave her alone with his uncle.

She squeezed his arm and then released it. “Go on now, earn your keep.” She propelled Ambrose out the door, magic starting to filter into the air.

The door had barely closed behind him, Ambrose only making it down a few steps when the shouting started.

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Over an hour later, Zelda joined him and Hilda in the kitchen, lip split, several bruises forming on her arms and a horrible one spanning her cheek.

Seemingly unperturbed, Zelda breezed in and poured herself a cup of tea. “How’s the garden coming along?” She asked peering at the progress they’d made, carefully taking a sip of tea. Ambrose just gaped at her, horrified. He should have known Edward would get physical, after being struck himself. He **never** should have left his aunt alone.

Hilda, who’s back was still to her sister, smiled. “Wonderfully, though I must say it took some finagling on my end. Edward let it go into near disrepair as well.” She turned at last and gasped. “Zelda!”
Raising a brow, Zelda looked at her. “Yes?”

Hand over her heart, Hilda took a few deep breathes. “Is Edward in the Cain pit, then?”

A smirk tugged at Zelda’s lips. “Perhaps.” Her expression sobered then, and she looked at Ambrose. “He won’t bother you like that again. Though you do need to start contributing to some work around the house. Whether it’s chores, the mortuary or my midwifery practice… you’ll not linger in bed all day—though Hell knows how this place can make you want to do that.” She nodded at him and turned to the greenhouse.

“The bruise tincture is in the first aid kit by the Venus Fly-Trap in the corner,” Hilda called after her, turning back to canning the remaining food on the table.

Shocked, Ambrose looked between his two aunts for a moment and then pushed away from the table and followed Zelda into the greenhouse, shutting the door behind him.

“Aunt Zelda,” he breathed, “I’m so sorry. I had no idea he’d, that Uncle Edward would…” Ambrose trailed off, unsure how to word it.

Zelda turned back to him, a smile on her lips despite how it must have painfully pull at her bruised cheek. “I did. I knew he was angry, I just incited him into taking it out on me instead.” She then pivoted to dig through the extensive first aid kit she’d found.

He must have made some kind of noise at that, because Zelda face him again, dabbing the tincture on her arms. “You, you knew he’d, he’d…” Ambrose gestured to her bruises, his own face still aching a bit from the blow he’d received—which now proved to be just the tip of his uncle’s rage.

“Of course, I’ve known my brother my whole life, after all. This is hardly the first time we’ve gotten into physical fights. Though he is provoked much more easily these days, which is a bit concerning.” She muttered the last part under her breath. “In any case, better me than you,” she closed the distance between them and cupped his cheek before carefully swiping some of the tincture across it, dulling and then ridding it of the ache.

At a loss for words, Ambrose took the tincture and carefully applied it to his aunt’s cheek in return. “You knew? You weren’t even in the room when he—”

A soft sigh left Zelda and she took his hand between hers. “I knew what your stunned and scared expression meant when I walked in. I won’t stand for it. If he ever comes after you like that again, he shouldn’t not after our ‘conversation’ today, but should he, you protect yourself magically and then summon me immediately. Understand?”

“I’m not going to put you in danger, Auntie Zee. I—”

“You are my nephew. It is my job to protect you,” she cut in vehemently. Then repeated it more softly, “it’s my job.” She leaned in and kissed his forehead. “Now, did I get them all?” She asked casually, referring to her bruises as though she were asking if she got all of a mess or stain off her after a spill.

Unsure what to say, Ambrose nodded. He then hugged Zelda hard, surprising her, but she returned the gesture, running a soothing hand up and down his back. His parents had died when he was younger, and ever since Ambrose had been looking after himself for the most part. So, to have someone suddenly taking over the position as though it were the most natural thing in the world… he just tightened his arms.

As though she’d read his thoughts, Zelda murmured into his ear. “I’ve got you, my dear felon.” And
the label fell off her tongue as an endearment and not a curse as it did from Edward’s and Ambrose found he no longer minded it if that was how it was said every time. “Hilda and I, we’ve both got you.” Zelda added, pulling back and framing his face. “Now, I did bring you a present back from my trip, but I think getting you set up as my assistant first is needed.”

Ambrose trailed after her once more as she left the greenhouse and made for the office. “Assistant?”

Glancing at him over her shoulder, Zelda grinned. “Indeed. I can hardly run a midwifery business by myself. And Hilda will be too busy helping deliver babes to do the lab work.” She arched a brow at him as she entered the library and pulled a few books off the shelves. “Think you can handle it?”

A challenge. Exactly what he needed to take his mind off his sentence and the odd and slightly scary dynamic between his aunts and uncle. Nodding eagerly, Ambrose sat down next to his aunt as she began to explain the intricacies of the different tests he would need to learn to run and the various potions she’d need him to master.

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After the incident with Edward, Zelda never left for such long periods of time again. She claimed it was because she couldn’t get her business off the ground if she were gone all the time… but Ambrose had a feeling she wanted to keep an eye on his uncle as well.

While his Aunt Hilda could diffuse almost any situation, Zelda was there for the few her sister could not; when his uncle felt especially righteous and would not hear a word against his point of view. His aunts were his guardian demons.

During this time, under Zelda’s careful tutelage—Hilda often too busy trying to make the house habitable and more welcoming for clients and Edward clearly seeing himself above teaching Ambrose how to do anything in the mortuary—Ambrose learned not only all about running labs and creating potions for pregnant clients but also how to dissect bodies, how to take body parts for potions without leaving a trace, and how to plan funerals.

It certainly wasn’t the future he’d planned for himself. But it kept him busy if nothing else.

When Zelda did leave, it was only for a few days at a time and only when she was unable to stand living in the same house as her siblings any longer. The three constantly sniped at one another, even Hilda. They hadn’t lived under the same roof in ages, and being back together, especially with Edward telling them what they could and couldn’t do, made things bumpy to say the least.

Ambrose found himself hating it when Aunt Zelda left, though he loved his Aunt Hilda dearly, Zelda was more like him, understood him better. She could pull him out of a depressive state faster than anything with her wry humor and wild stories he was never sure if she exaggerated or not.

So, Ambrose hated it when she left, but Zelda always returned with something for him; books, ancient puzzles, painting materials. He felt half a child, getting so excited about what she might have brought him—but there was so very little for him to look forward to these days, so little contact with the outside world that he shook off the shame and enjoyed what he could.

And Zelda did all she could to help distract him, to help him enjoy the little things.

One morning he woke up to smelting equipment—he’d mentioned wanting to take up the hobby in passing the week before. Another morning he found a box of cannoli and pastries from his favorite bakery in Rome sitting on the breakfast table a few days after commiserating with Zelda about the lack of decent restaurants in Greendale. Ambrose knew better now than to outright acknowledge the
gesture, his aunt prickly when it came to that, but he enthused loudly about how wonderful they were, how much he’d missed them and how they’d made his day, no his week!

He glanced at Zelda and caught her smiling behind her paper before she adjusted it to better hide behind.

Not only had his aunt taken to ‘spoiling him’ as his uncle liked to put it, with gifts. She also started inviting her old friends and colleagues over; ones from the academy, ones from overseas, ones of questionable backgrounds that made Edward and Hilda blanche—but Ambrose adored the company and the new topics of conversation. He even became pen pals with a few, going back and forth discussing various shared interests and hobbies. Zelda even encouraged them to bring their younger friends as well, so Ambrose could be around people his own age every now and then.

And Ambrose found that, whenever Zelda was home, he could forget he was housebound. Could forget the weight of only seeing the walls of this house; he could even ignore his uncle’s pious disapproval and condescension.

The first year of his sentence passed in a blur. And then Aunt Zelda was gone.

Gone for almost two months. Having received a letter one day, she raided the greenhouse and teleported away in such a rush she didn’t tell them what was happening.

Those were dark months. And Ambrose came to the realization that his Auntie Zee had become his best friend and without her, well, life as a housebound felon was far more difficult.

She returned, haggard and thin, during dinner one night, her sudden appearance in the kitchen making Hilda shriek.

“Auntie Zee!” Ambrose exclaimed, shooting out of his chair to steady his aunt and ease her into a chair—he could feel how low her magical levels were, she must have teleported from too far away. “Where were you?”

Before she could answer, Hilda put a potion in front of her. “Drink. Before you pass out in my kitchen.”

Once she’d recovered a bit, Zelda explained that she’d been in London. Hilda gasped, hands flying to cover her mouth—London had been hit very hard by bombs in the past few weeks.

Her old neighbor, Claire, had written though, stating her oldest daughter Amelia was horribly sick, and she worried for her daughter’s life. Claire had meant nothing more than to put to paper her worries, seeking advice from a friend. She’d been thoroughly surprised when Zelda showed up at her front door, with potions disguised as medicine.

His aunt stayed to ensure the girl would fully recover, and then had been forced to stay longer because of the bombings. Food had been scarce with the rations, Claire and Zelda eating less so the children would have enough, and sleep had been scarcer—the air raid sirens going off almost every night, even if bombs didn’t fall.

Wiping tears from her eyes, Hilda pushed a plate of food in front of her sister. “Oh, Zelds. What an awful risk that was. To go back, to stay so long.”

Ripping a roll of bread in half and stuffing it into her mouth, Zelda shrugged. “I couldn’t let the girl die, Hildie.”

Hilda smiled, “always a soft spot for children, Zelds, always a soft spot.” She glanced at Ambrose as
she said this and he ducked his head, a warmth creeping up his neck.

Before either of them could say anything, Edward burst into the room. “And where the bloody Heaven have you been?!” He demanded, though from how his eyes sparkled dangerously it was clear he knew she’d been in the warzone he’d dragged her from.

Ambrose sat, stunned, as Zelda rolled her eyes at her brother and continued to eat. “Darling,” she turned to him, “please take your Aunt Hilda out to the garden. Your Uncle Edward and I need to have a word.”

But he’d left before and then seen the damage. Ambrose refused to leave again, especially when Zelda was in such a weakened state.

“No.” He stood and face his uncle, a spike of adrenaline and fear going through him.

Zelda grabbed his arm. “Ambrose, don’t. It’s my job to—”

He placed a hand over hers and held tight, eyes still on his uncle. “No, no it’s not. We’re family. Family looks after one another.” Ambrose stood firm between them, eyeing his uncle; Hilda drifting back over as well, putting another potion in front of Zelda.

The defiance, and an audience, took some of the menace out of Edward’s expression.

A snarl tugged Edwards lips. “Sister, from this moment you are tethered to the house until I deem fit. Clearly, you cannot be trusted to remain where I told you to otherwise.” With a wave of his wrist, he cast the spell and then disappeared.

Zelda stood, still rather unsteady, and hugged Ambrose. “Thank you, my champion.” She intoned teasingly, but her hug tightened around him. “It looks that we are to be cellmates, whatever shall we do?”

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The first night they drank until they blacked out, toasting their house arrest and laughing. They spent the next day in the dark, curled up on the couch watching horror movies together, trying to survive their hangovers. Hilda stubbornly not making her hangover curative potion to try and teach them a lesson.

The day after that, Zelda decided he needed to learn how to properly dance; claiming it a shame he never did in the first place. The two of them pushed all the furniture to the side in the parlor so his aunt could teach him to waltz, tango, and a number of other dances Ambrose couldn’t quite distinguish. But by the time they were down spinning around the room hours later they were both breathless, laughing and cracking jokes about his two left feet.

Of course, they worked here and there. But most of their time was spent on much more intriguing matters.

As Aunt Zelda’s house arrest continued, Ambrose asked her to help him learn another language. He knew the Romance languages, but there was so much more to know and when he was finally free, Ambrose didn’t intend for language to be a barrier to him going anywhere.

Zelda smiled and readily agreed. The next few weeks had them sprawled on the floor in the parlor. Fire crackling, in their pajamas and robes books spread out in front of them with tea refreshing itself regularly. They started with German; spending a few hours a day practicing, with Zelda only speaking to him in German until he was passably fluent. Chinese came next.
Then, suddenly, the war was over. And Edward saw no further reason to tether his sister to the house, three months had been pushing it as it was already.

Anxiety ate at Ambrose and he began to withdraw. Worried his aunts would be off again, this time for good, leaving him alone with his cold, distant uncle who had no time for the felon he’d taken in.

To his astonishment, though, they both stayed. Zelda traveled a bit more often, though never for as long as before and while Hilda took the occasional trip as well, one of them is always there. Always with him.

Despite their company, their efforts, as the years passed the strain of only seeing the same walls, the same yard over and over became overwhelming.

He confessed as much when Aunt Zelda returned from another trip. She’d shown him all the pictures, told him all the tales so vividly Ambrose could almost pretend he’d been there and they were laying out in the garden; the telescope she’d just brought back for him sitting abandoned off to the side, as they stared at the stars.

“I hate it here.” He breathed, feeling horrid, especially when Hilda did everything she could to make him comfortable and happy, when Zelda did everything she could to entertain and challenge him.

But, instead of consoling him, giving him empty platitudes about how when it was over it would feel like no time at all, Zelda reached over and took his hand, giving it a squeeze. “Oh, my dear felon, I know. I’m sorry.” She rolled her head so she was looking at him. “Perhaps we can do some research and try to lessen your sentence? Not in time, but in boundaries. We could work on extending it to Greendale…” Zelda offered, her hand still engulfing his in comfort.

The idea buoyed him, and Ambrose grinned. “That would be amazing, auntie. You think we could manage it?”

Smiling widely, Zelda winked. “Oh my boy, I think we could accomplish quite a lot together.”

Unable to stop a smile from spreading on his face in response, Ambrose turned his attention back to the night sky. Thinking that while being housebound was one of the worst things to happen to him, it had also brought him one of the best. This close bond with his Aunt Zelda. And he wouldn’t trade the past several years of that for freedom, or anything else.
Wedding Bells

Chapter Summary

Sabrina/Nick prompt. Anon, anon from Tumblr, and Ella, Andrea and Jewelz1642 on ao3. Pure fluff.

Chapter Notes

Apparently, I really really struggle to write Nabrina. Apologizes for the extremely long wait.

Asking Permission

He asked Zelda and Hilda for permission, of course. Hilda had beamed and tittered, immediately saying yes and standing from the kitchen table to fetch celebratory drinks. Zelda, she’d taken a long drag of her cigarette and leaned forward, eyeing him as she blew the smoke out of the side of her mouth.

“If you hurt her—"

“Zelda!” Hilda admonished, setting down glasses and whiskey. “Nicholas wouldn’t do such a thing.”

Zelda just arched a brow and sat back, crossing her arms but holding her cigarette aloft to one side. “Of course, he won’t. Because he knows what I’ll do to him otherwise. Don’t you, Mr. Scratch?”

Swallowing slightly, Nick nodded, aware that this woman shouldn’t still intimidate him so much after 50 years—but it was good to know Sabrina was so well loved. “Absolutely, Zelda. I love Sabrina, I’ll do my best never to hurt her.”

A ghost of a smile touched Zelda’s lips. “Smart boy, you know better than to make absolute promises like ‘you’d never hurt her’,” she inclined her head. “You have our permission.”

Hilda scoffed, shaking her head, as though her permission hadn’t counted until Zelda agreed as well. “So generous of you, Zelds. Now can we celebrate this amazing news?"

“Lets.” Zelda poured them all a drink and they sat, chatting happily. Zelda pressing for details on when he’d propose and Hilda asking how he’d do it, mortal or witch. The question brought up a point he hadn’t considered before.

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The Proposal

Nick had wanted to propose for months now. But it’d taken him ages to find a ring that was fitting.
The two turtledove hearts were easy enough to acquire—though a little difficult to hide from Sabrina in their apartment. The ring though, the ring was hard. He wanted it to be perfect, and when he visited the same jeweler for the fourth time, scanning the same rings, the owner had thrown her hands up and gone into the back and returned with a small box in hand.

“I normally wouldn’t even offer such a piece to a warlock your age,” she began, arching a haughty brow. “But I can see you’re bound and determined to get something special for your partner.” She set the box down. “What would they think,” she paused for effect, opening the box, “of this?” She turned it around, revealing a stunning ring with various colored gemstones embedded in the band and a beautifully cut diamond set on the top.

A smile spread across Nick’s face. “She’d love it. It’s perfect! How much?” He looked at the shopkeeper eagerly, hoping he hadn’t tipped his hand and just sent the price skyrocketing.

Thirty minutes later, having haggled the price lower and promising in return to banish a ghoul inhabiting the store’s basement, Nick walked out of the store with a perfect ring in his pocket. Rushing home, Nick got to work right away inlaying various spells into the ring.

The spells ranged from durability, stain-proof, protection, and tracking. Tracking not only in case the ring was ever lost, but in case the wearer was ever lost as well; they’d lost one another too many times for Nick to want to risk it.

In the past, they’d had a penchant for danger—summoning high demons, his familiar attacking, his time in Hell as a vessel for the Dark Lord… to name a few. Nick wasn’t going to risk losing Sabrina again; which, praise Lilith, wouldn’t as often as it used to be.

Sighing, Nick was admiring his handiwork when the front door opened.

“Nick?” Sabrina called out, and he could hear Salem padding across the floor to greet her happily.

Hurriedly, Nick placed the ring back into its box and stuffed it into his pocket just as Sabrina walked into their bedroom where he’d been working.

Brow furrowing, she gave him a questioning look. “What’s going on?”

Licking his lips, Nick tried to look nonchalant. “I was just thinking, it’s supposed to be a clear night out tonight. Do you want to go for a night hike and stargaze?”

A smile tugged Sabrina’s lips. “That’d be so nice, we haven’t gone on a night hike in ages. Let me change and eat and we can go.”

Nodding, Nick changed as well, slowly though, waiting until Sabrina left the room before digging out the turtle dove hearts and burying them, along with the ring, deep into his jacket pockets.

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They were deep into the Greendale woods; the hike having ended in a small clearing that afforded them a beautiful view of the sky. The entire thing reminded him of their first Lupercalia, how they’d laughed and grinned at each other like idiots that first night… even then he’d known she was the one.

Sitting up, Nick turned to Sabrina who’d propped herself up onto her elbows at his sudden movement. “Sabrina, I love you. So much, you taught me witches are capable of love, of sacrificing for the love. You’ve made me a better warlock, a better man. And if you’d have me,” Nick tried to
pull both boxes out of his coat at once and fumbled them. “Shit. Sorry, I—”

Sabrina picked up the larger one, opened it. Seeing the turtledove hearts, her eyes widened, and she sat up as well. “Nick? Are you…?” she breathed, bringing her eyes back to him.

Trying to salvage the situation, Nick snatched up the smaller box and opened it. “Will you marry me?” He blurted out before he could mess this up any further.

Lips spreading into a brilliant smile, Sabrina clutched the turtledove hearts to her chest. “Yes! Yes!” And suddenly, she was kissing him the best she could with the two of them smiling so widely.

Pulling back, Nick carefully removed the ring from the box and slid it onto Sabrina’s finger. Sighing in relief when it fit perfectly.

“Oh, Nick.” Sabrina murmured, gazing at the ring, the turtledove hearts still pressed to her chest. “This is perfect.” She touched his cheek tenderly, “I love you too. So much.”

They laid back down, Sabrina curled into his side, the turtledove hearts still cradled in her arms, and went back to gazing at the stars.

After a few minutes, Sabrina lifted herself up a bit to look him in the eye. “Thank you,” she breathed, leaning in to kiss his cheek.

A small chuckle escaped Nick as his hand swept over Sabrina’s back. “For what?”

“Doing both traditions.” She murmured, a tender smile on her face. “For honoring my duality.”

Nick smiled and kissed her forehead, holding her closer. “Of course, it’s who you are. I’m assuming our wedding will be a mix as well.”

Sabrina huffed in disbelief. “How did I get so lucky?” She asked, setting the box aside and rolling on top of him for a proper kiss.

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Wedding Bells

Standing by the altar, Nick waited anxiously, bouncing slightly on his toes as he waited for the final part of the proceedings.

Next to him, Ambrose gave his shoulder a comforting slap and squeeze. Prudence peered around Ambrose and winked, making Nick smile. Across the aisle, Roz, and Theo finished taking their places, completing the bridal party. Which meant...

The music swelled and reached its peak, indicating that Sabrina will be making her way down the aisle next. Clasping his hands to hide their shaking, Nick turned back to the front of the Church of Night, his stomach flipping nervously.

A vision entered the church then. A vision in her mother’s wedding gown, redone in the traditional black and red. Nick exhaled sharply at the sight of his bride as she made her way towards him.

Zelda and Hilda walked on either side of Sabrina, their arms looped and fingers intertwined as they made their way to the front—the two aunts turned parents now giving their daughter away.

When they reached the front, Sabrina faced her aunts, tears in her eyes. “Thank you, she whispered,
smiling tremulously. Zelda adjusted Sabrina’s veil slightly and nodded, though she was beaming, Hilda handed over the dagger she’d been carrying for Sabrina, tears already leaking down her cheeks as she placed a careful kiss on Sabrina’s forehead.

The rest of the ceremony continued in the same emotional, but very happy manner. Though they drink the blood from the chalice handed to them, they tied their hands together with cloth instead of a strip of dead skin; neither of them big fans of that particular tradition.

Sealing their union with a kiss, Nick led Sabrina back down the aisle, now husband and wife, their hands still bound together. As they strode out of the church, cheers followed them and the witching attendees sent up sparks of light from their fingers while the mortals threw flower petals in their wake.

As they exited the church and made for the car that would take them to the reception, Nick glanced at Sabrina, his fingers still linked tightly with hers and couldn’t believe his luck. He’d married his best friend, his first love. How many warlocks could say that?
They were safely sequestered in Faustus’ office. The door was locked, and classes had been over for an hour, so the likelihood of them being interrupted should have been zero.

Which was why Zelda thought nothing of the fact that she was sitting next to Faustus on the couch, bent over and pleasuring him with her mouth. While they may age slower than mortals, it didn’t mean kneeling on the ground for long periods was good on her knees. Faustus didn’t care that she was next to instead of in front of him, not based on the noises he was making, on how his hand fisted in her hair occasionally.

No, Zelda thought nothing of it. At least, not until she heard a soft click and a sharp inhale. Bringing her eyes up, Zelda found Shirley standing there, eyes wide and frozen. Damn this woman and her ability to break the locking spells, though why she’d broken the ones on the high priest’s office was something Zelda stored away to think on later.

For now, though, Zelda could finally use the information Faustus had given her the other week; that Shirley wanted her, was jealous.

Maintaining eye contact with Shirley, Zelda continued to pleasure Faustus; her hand working the base of him while her mouth handled the rest. She hummed around him, relishing in his responding groan.

“Satan, Zelda, you’re glorious.” He gasped, oblivious to their guest, eyes still closed and head laying back against the couch.

Shirley still hadn’t moved.

Wanting to play with the woman a bit, Zelda inched her dress up more and spread her legs so she could slide her free hand between them. Eyes still locked with Shirley’s, Zelda dipped her finger in; first one, then two, then finally a third. At the third finger, Zelda couldn’t help how her eyes closed at the sensation.

When she opened them again, Shirley was flushed, and her chest raising rapidly as her eyes stayed glued to where Zelda’s fingers were working. Fighting a smile as her head continued to bob over Faustus, Zelda opened her legs a little wider and swiped at her clit; making her groan around Faustus who made a corresponding sound.

Shirley licked her lips, an involuntary shudder running through the woman that even Zelda could see from her position.

Making sure to coat her fingers thoroughly in her own juices, Zelda pulled her head back just enough
to only be teasing the head of Faustus’ cock. As Faustus gasped her name, Zelda wiped her fingers off along his shaft and then lowered her mouth to encase him fully once more; the taste now an intoxicating mix of both her and Faustus.

Faustus was getting close, but Zelda was only half paying attention to him; eyes still on the witch in front of her who’s legs were now pressed together in a desperate attempt for friction after Zelda’s latest little display.

Her attention was only recaptured by the warlock under her when he grunted. “Zelda, I’m, I’m going to—”

Ever the gentleman, Faustus normally tried to warn her when he came; she took it all every time, not minding, but it was nice to not be surprised. Returning her attention to where it probably should have been this entire time, Zelda doubled down, losing sight of Shirley.

It was only when she finished, raising her head and licking her lips to capture some errant drops, making Faustus smirk, that Zelda noticed Shirley had vanished.

No matter, she knew where to find the woman. But first… she leaned in and kissed Faustus, letting him taste himself and a little bit of her as well, and guided his hand between her legs so he could finish what she’d started.

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Just as she’d thought, Shirley was in her office. In just the state Zelda expected her to be in; skirt hiked up to her waist and fingers buried deep inside herself.

Zelda couldn’t help but smirk. “What a wanton hussy we have here.” She intoned, Shirley’s head snapping up, eyes wide when they met hers—not that this shamed the witch into stopping. “Masturbating in your office. Why, Shirley,” Zelda purred, stalking closer. “Whatever has you so… worked up?” She placed her hands on Shirley’s exposed thighs spreading them a bit further and the woman whimpered with want and her hand moved faster between them.

“Please, Zelda.” She begged breathlessly; pupils blown wide with lust.

Unable to suppress it, a wicked smile spread across Zelda’s lips. “Please what, Shirley?” She dropped her hands and Shirley’s free hand shot out to grab Zelda’s.

“I want,” she panted, “I need—”

Stepping back into Shirley’s space, and then a little closer still; Zelda stopped when she was standing between Shirley’s legs, her arms bracketing the woman where she was sitting on her desk. She then dipped her head as though she were going to kiss the woman’s neck. “You will stop spying on Faustus and I.” She breathed in Shirley’s ear, pulling back just enough so they were now eye to eye, inches apart. “You will stop breaking locking spells.”

One of her hands came up and squeezed Shirley’s hip and the woman gasped, fingers pumping furiously. Zelda flicked her free wrist, freezing Shirley’s efforts. “I need you to focus, Shirley,” she took the woman’s chin in her hand and lifted it, so she was looking Zelda in the eye. The woman mewedled in desperation but remained stuck. “Stop spying, or we will have problems, and you don’t want that, do you?”

Shirley shook her head the best she could with her chin still in Zelda’s grip.

“Be good for me, help me out here at the academy and I may just reward you for it.” Zelda let her
eyes sweep over Shirley as she freed her from the spell, the woman’s hand resuming its earlier frantic pace immediately.

With one last appraising look, Zelda turned to leave and Shirley grasped at her again, voice raw with emotion. “Zelda, please, please don’t go. I—”

“She hasn’t done anything to earn a reward yet, Shirley.” She arched a brow and shook herself free, breathy gasps and moans following her out the door.

Faustus stood waiting for her at the end of the hall, eyebrows lifted. “Get what you need?”

Just then Shirley’s cries of release filtered through her door and down the hall.

“I believe all of us did.” Zelda grinned wickedly and Faustus wrapped an arm around her waist as they made to the front of the building to leave. “She won’t be bothering us anymore. Or snooping.”

She informed him in a self-satisfied manner. “I even managed to turn her into a lackey.”

Eyes glinting darkly, Faustus’ nails bit deliciously into her hip. “And what did you promise her in return?”

Zelda turned, walking backwards a few steps, a sinful smile on her lips. “A reward, for if she was good.” Faustus smirked and took a few predatorial steps towards her. “Do I get a reward?” She asked demurely, lowering her eyes a bit in faux submission as he continued his approach; desire and anticipation building inside her at his expression. “For being good? For dealing with our Shirley problem?”

A growl escaped him, and Faustus closed the remaining distance between them, his lips marking her neck. “It’s only fitting.” He murmured, nipping her ear, before teleporting them to his house.
My Sister's Keeper

Chapter Summary

Prompt: sequel one shot to the one shot you had posted about Hilda talking to Zelda about her PTSD and it’s Hilda confronting Blackwood about what he did.

Chapter Notes

Sequel to chapter 34 'Recovery'

It’d taken them a bit longer than expected. To capture Faustus Blackwood. But Ambrose and Prudence had proven to be quite the team; saving the twins and bringing the former high priest back alive.

Zelda was taking the high road. Bringing Faustus before the reformed high council for his crimes against the coven. She wasn’t seeking anything for herself, for the atrocities she suffered at the wretch’s hands. No, Zelda preferred to act as if those days never happened, as though she’d never been subjected to the Caligari spell and Blackwood’s cruelty. Just because Zelda was working through it in the way she needed, didn’t mean Hilda couldn’t step in and handle things though.

She’d done it before; with Shirley Jackson. Though the witch had hardly been her first murder. Blackwood... he would be her first torture victim.

Hilda wished she could kill him. Strip him of life in the vilest way she could imagine. But she understood what her sister was trying to do, what she was trying to achieve. So, Hilda would respect that. Would respect Zelda’s choice to spare the man until the high council came to a decision. But she couldn’t let the matter rest entirely, not after what he’d done to her big sister.

Which was how Hilda found herself opening Blackwood’s cell, walking inside and closing the door behind her with a resounding boom.

Almost unrecognizable, he looked up at her. Face thin from being on the run, his normally immaculate hair now long, greasy and disheveled, Faustus Blackwood was a far cry from the refined warlock who’d been their high priest for decades. And even in this state, this magicless, defeated state, he had the audacity to smirk. “The coven must have fallen on even harder times than I thought, if they’re sending you in here to do their bidding.”

She held back. Though she’d come in here with the sole purpose of hurting him, Hilda wasn’t going to let Blackwood provoke her. She wasn’t going to let this happen on his terms.

“We’re under new leadership, Zelda’s high priestess, Lilith the queen of Hell and half the high council is made up of witches. The coven has been reborn in a better, brighter image. No thanks to you.” Hilda sneered at him, flexing her fingers. “Hard times are a thing of the past, a thing of your and Lucifer’s reign.”
Blackwood scoffed before spitting onto the ground. “Reborn? You defiled the very basis of what we pledged to do when we signed our names in the Book of the Beast. To obey our Dark Lord, do as He commanded. That is all I ever did.”

“So, He commanded you to put Zelda under the Caligari spell?” Hilda interrupted his tirade, uninterested in whatever zealot excuse the man might try and provide for most of his actions.

Realization dawned on him, why she was really there. And he huffed in disbelief. “Oh, no. That was for my convenience. We’d have made an incredible partnership, bolstered one another and the church.” He moved into his knees and brushed his hair out of his face. “Can you imagine, what we could have accomplished? How amazing we could have been? But your nephew and niece,” he spat the words, “they got in the way. Ambrose tried to kill me and Sabrina, well, we know what she’s been doing. If they hadn’t interfered... it’d have been glorious. But I knew Zelda would never side with me over them, over her family. So, I did what I had to.” He shrugged, as if to say anyone else would’ve done the same.

Though she intended to be methodical, to take her time, his nonchalance over the whole ordeal pushed Hilda over the edge. She hit him with a spell that burned him from the inside, the pain must have been excruciating—if the way he writhed on the ground and screamed was any indication.

When she lifted the spell, Blackwood looked at her in astonishment, chest heaving and eyes watering. He hadn’t expected this from her, hadn’t thought her capable. It was useful, being underestimated by so many. And Hilda intended to take full advantage of his misjudgment.

“You can’t do this...” He managed raggedly, trying to back away from her the best he could in chains. “Zelda decreed I be left alive for my trial with the high council.”

A dark chuckle escaped Hilda then. “Indeed, she did. And I have no intention of breaking my sister’s ruling. But being alive and being whole are not the same. And you only need to be one of those to be brought before the council.”

Blackwood blanched as Hilda approached him once more, magic cracking through the air.
Zelda settled into her favorite armchair, watching as Faustus moved smoothly around the room putting the finishing touches up before he cast his spell. As with all things conjuring, it wasn’t just the words themselves, but the circle drawn on the floor and the wards placed around the room that kept the demon in place.

From what Zelda could tell, Faustus was ready to try the new spell he’d developed. One that would hopefully make conjuring infinitely safer for beginners. She was only there for emergencies; not that either of them expected her to have to do anything. Faustus was nothing if not meticulous.

Except...

Except in his translations. Eyes widening as she scanned the finalized spell for the first time, Zelda held up a hand. “Don’t start that spell unless you want to be a toad.”

Brow furrowing, Faustus stepped away from his circle. “What are you talking about? This is for demon banishment—”

“I’m well aware of your intents, darling, but you incorrectly translated a sentence.” Zelda turned the paper slightly to point out the section.

He scoffed. “Unlikely. And in any case, I’d never misinterpret something so poorly as to change the outcome of the spell. You must be confused.” He waved a hand dismissively.

Eyebrows shooting up, Zelda cocked her head at him. “Oh, I’m confused.” She repeated, laughter in her voice. “Faustus, you’ll be the confused one when your brain is roughly the size of walnut, and that’s being generous.”

Crossing the room, Faustus braced himself against the armrests of her chair so that he loomed a bit above her. “You are so wrong, my dear. I’ve been working on this spell for several months. I think I’d have noticed if I’d mistranslated anything; especially an entire sentence.”

Tipping her chin to meet his eyes, Zelda shrugged. “Fine, complete the spell then.” She leaned back in her chair and folded her hands in her lap, watching Faustus expectantly.

Some of his confidence faltered. His wife was acting far too smug and if, Satan forbid, he was somehow wrong... Faustus knew she’d let him suffer as a toad for some time just to make a point
about listening to her.

As if sensing his doubt, a smirk played on Zelda's lips as she waited, watching to see what he'd do.

Lips twisting, Faustus snatched the paper from her; reading over the document until he came across the section she'd pointed out. A chuckle escaped him then and Faustus raised a brow of his own. “Oh Zelda, I thought you better than this. You’re the one mistranslating, not me.”

Eyes narrowing, Zelda huffed in amusement. “Darling, please. I’ve always been more skilled at languages than you. Don’t question me.” She said with a haughty tone, shaking her head in what might have been determent.

If anything, the gesture spurred him on further. “Better at languages, hmm?” He backed away; confidence restored. “We’ll see about that.”

A wicked smile spread across Zelda’s lips. “Indeed, we will.”

He hesitated again. “I’m right.”

“Then go ahead,” she indicated to the circle he’d drawn.

Straightening his shoulders, Faustus resumed his place from before. “I will.” He muttered to himself, glancing down at the paper once more, studying it closely.

A beat passed.

“I’m waiting.” Zelda intoned, lips pursing as she tried to control her smile, sure it was part of what was giving his doubt. While she’d wanted to help before, now she found she’d be quite content with a toad for a husband; at least for an hour.

Finally, her husband cleared his throat. “You know, I don’t think I have enough sage. This will have to wait.”

Laughter burst out of her then. “Sage! That’s the problem?” Huffing, Faustus moved to leave. Standing quickly, Zelda blocked the door. “Oh, I don’t think so darling. You’re not leaving this room until you admit you’re wrong.”

He tried to side step her but she moved with him, keeping him trapped. Exhaling slowly, as if he were indulging her, Faustus’ mouth pulled to the side. “Fine. I was wrong about the amount of sage needed for this spell. Happy?”

“Not in the slightest,” she murmured, eyes glittering with amusement. “You know that’s not the problem. It’s the translation.” And Zelda could almost see him contemplating which would be worse; admitting he was wrong or being stuck as a toad for a bit.

Instead of deciding, Faustus pressed her against the door and kissed her hotly. Both of them forgetting about spells, translations and conjurings for a time.

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Half-dressed and breathless, they laid on the ground of the study; the circle he’d so meticulously drawn now smeared on the floor and their persons.

“Don’t think this distracted me.” Zelda managed, lighting a cigarette and taking a puff. “You still can’t leave this room until you admit you were wrong about the translation.”
Groaning, Faustus rolled onto his side to face her and bit her shoulder lightly. “I was wrong and you were right.” He sang in a childish tone, though he didn’t meet her eyes.

Laughing, Zelda shifted so they were facing one another. “And don’t forget it.” She teased, brushing his hair back from his face with her free hand. “Now, let’s see what we can do to fix it.”

She stretched over him and snatched up the paper where it had fallen during their earlier activities. She gave it to Faustus to hold as she settled her head on his shoulder, taking the occasional puff of her cigarette as they read through the spell once more; Faustus’ free hand stroking along her back.
Unexpected Deliveries

Chapter Summary

Anon Tumblr prompt: Hilda is very pregnant and her water breaks during an important coven meeting at the church of night and Zelda is helping her as the midwife and Faustus is somehow magically nice because it’s a boy

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

She’d had some light cramping throughout the day. Nothing severe, just, uncomfortable. Hilda had been a midwife long enough to know Braxton Hicks contractions when they happened. Besides, she still had another two weeks until she was due, this was just the little darling getting settled.

Placing a hand on her stomach, Hilda looked down at the babe. “You need to calm down, love, mum’s got an important coven meeting she’s going to and she can’t have you causing these cramps, you understand?” Something hit her hand, whether it was a knee or elbow Hilda wasn’t sure, but she grunted softly at the jab. “Oh, so you’re going to be a little heaven raiser like your aunt and cousins, is that it?”

Just then Zelda popped her head into the room. “Hilda are you ready? We need to leave now if we’re driving.”

Rubbing a hand over her swollen stomach, Hilda nodded. “Coming, Zelds. Little Edward is just feeling especially feisty this afternoon.”

The mention of her nephew brought a smile to Zelda’s face. “Ahh, well he must realize it’s almost time to join us. But right now, it is time for us to join the coven meeting. We’re discussing the celebrations for Witch Epiphany, come.”

Nodding, Hilda followed her sister out of the house, grimacing every once in a while at the cramps.

Halfway through the meeting Hilda was seriously beginning to doubt her previous notion that these were Braxton Hicks contractions. Shifting to try and get more comfortable in her seat, when she felt a slight pop and suddenly her skirt was sodden as was the cushion of the chair underneath her.

“Oh. Oh my...” Zelda glanced at her, brow furrowing at her soft exclamation. Turning as calmly as she could, Hilda licked her lips. “I, Zelds, my water just broke.” She informed her sister with a whisper.

Eyes going wide, Zelda lifted the table cloth partially hiding Hilda’s lap and her quiet gasp was an additional confirmation to what Hilda already knew... the baby was coming now.

Standing, Zelda started to assist Hilda up, everyone’s eyes turning to them.

Father Blackwood petered off, unsure what was happening. “Sister Zelda and Sister Hilda, may I ask why you are disturbing—"
“Her water just broke, Faustus.” Zelda cut in, already ushering Hilda into one of the adjoining rooms.

“Oh, oh, well,” he adjusted his collar, like most warlocks he was uncomfortable with the notion of childbirth, finding it messy, loud and a bit of a mystery. “Take her to the academy then, the infernal infirmary will have all the supplies you need.”

Thankfully, Zelda answered for her, Hilda too focused on breathing through a contraction to form words. “Too late, if her water’s broken, I can’t teleport her. Once a witch’s water breaks the babe comes within the hour if not sooner. The magical stress of a teleportation could cause her to give birth right then, between destinations. The results would be disastrous and tragic.”

Taken aback, Faustus blinked and cleared his throat. “Alright. Then take the car, you surely don’t need to deliver the child in one of the rooms here…”

A groan pain escaped Hilda, and it was all she could do not to double over as the stronger contraction hit.

Checking her watch to see how closely this contraction was to the last, Zelda shook her head. “And have the child be born in the back seat of a car on the side of the road far from any assistance? I think not.” Zelda huffed and finished leading Hilda into one of the side rooms. “Besides, do you really want a child of the Path of Night to be born in the middle of nowhere?” She arched a brow and Faustus swallowed hard.

“No, of course not.” He finally rounded the table to help escort Hilda into one of the side rooms. “Who can I send in to help?” He asked, agitatedly smoothing his robes, once they were out of the main conference room.

Zelda couldn’t help but laugh. “Oh, you’re not staying?” He blanched at the suggestion. “I’m kidding, Faustus. Send Mildred in if you can spare her.”

“Mildred?” He repeated skeptically.

Arching a brow at his doubt of her judgement, Zelda transformed one of the chairs in the room into a bed and helped her sister lay down. “Yes. She’s levelheaded year-round except when the Feast of Feast occurs. I’ll need her steady hands.” Placing her fingers on Hilda’s wrist to check her pulse, Zelda timed it. Pressing her lips together, she turned back to Faustus. “Get me towels and hot water, as well.” She instructed, Faustus nodded and practically ran away—apparently being in the same room as a witch giving birth was one of the few things that frightened their high priest.

Another groan escaped Hilda recapturing Zelda’s attention. Gently wiping her sister’s brow, Zelda ran a few diagnostic spells. “Won’t be long, will it?” Hilda asked, fists unclenching as the contraction passed.

“No,” Zelda soothed, urging Hilda to lay back so she could check her sister’s progress. “Little Edward will be with us soon.” Just then Mildred came in, sleeved already rolled up and looking at Zelda expectantly. Not wasting time with niceties, Zelda turned to the witch. “Teleport to my house and get my medical kit, it’s just inside the front door.” Mildred nodded and winked out of sight. “I should have brought it with me, so stupid when you’re this close. I’m sorry Hildie.”

Between pants, Hilda shook her head. “Little demon wasn’t supposed to come for two weeks, Zelds, not your fault.”

Faustus came back then with the other supplies. And though Zelda had angled the newly
transformed bed away from the door to preserve her sister’s modesty, Faustus averted his eyes—looking everywhere but at them. “I’m just, going to,” he set the supplies down and waved a hand, magic filtering into air; Zelda recognizing a silencing spell. “Just in case, so the sound doesn’t, doesn’t filter down the hall and—”

“Yes, yes, very good Faustus. You can leave.” Zelda dismissed him with barely a glance; though from the glimpse she had caught confirmed that she’d never seen the high priest move so fast. Huffing in amusement, Zelda lifted her gaze to Hilda’s face from her place at the end of the bed. “How are you feeling?”

Before Hilda could reply, Mildred reappeared. “Here’s the kit. And your nephew also gave me this to bring.” She handed over a chain of charms.

Hilda grabbed it, more relaxed now than she’d been before. “Praise Satan,” she grunted, eyes squeezing shut at another contraction. “I worked on this for months, would hate for all the work to have been for nothing.”

A soft smile touched Zelda’s lips as Hilda ran the chain through her hands. It contained everything from good luck charms, wards against evil spirits to overall protection charms. A bit superstitious, but each expecting mother had her own coping methods, so Zelda said nothing when it came to her sister’s.

Instead, she beckoned Mildred over and the two of them got to work mixing potions to make the labor shorter, more bearable and to ease the process of the babe coming out. Once these potions were administered the labor went relatively smooth.

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Twenty minutes later a baby’s cries filled the room.

“A boy. Just as your spells predicted Sister Zelda.” Mildred murmured, carefully wrapping the babe in a blanket and handing him to Hilda for skin-to-skin contact while Zelda finished up below. “Congratulations, Sister Hilda, what will you name him?”

Voice thick with emotion, Hilda beamed. “Eddie. Well,” she chuckled and ran a finger lightly across the boy’s head, “Edward Paul Thornton. One name after my brother and one after Cerb’s father.” She lifted her eyes from the boy to look at Zelda who was trying to blink back her tears when suddenly Hilda’s eyes went wide. “Zelda… we have to tell Cee! I can’t, I can’t believe, I didn’t think—”

Huffing in tired amusement, Zelda cast a few spells to get rid of the afterbirth and all the dirty towels and turned to wash her hands and forearms in the sink. “Mildred,” she turned to the witch, though she was still scrubbing her hands, “I have one more favor to ask of you.” When the witch nodded, Zelda shifted to rest her hip on the sink, shutting off the water and drying her hands. “Will you kindly, and discreetly, go get the mortal-demon hybrid Cerberus in town? He’s at the store called Dr. Cerberus’ Books.”

Mildred eyed them a moment and then nodded, teleporting away once more.

She started to pack her medical kit back up, one eye on the babe and Hilda, ensuring they were alright. “Well, you can say one thing about Mildred, she knows how to hold her tongue.” Zelda remarked, screwing lids back onto the jars with the potions and stowing them away.

Ignoring her observation, Hilda shook her head. “Why do you always emphasize that Cerberus is
possessed by a demon?” She groused, eyes still on the babe in her arms.

Zelda rounded the table and smoothed her sister’s hair back. “Because it makes it easier for the coven to accept him than if he were just mortal.” She informed her, gently tracing a finger across the babe’s brow.

Unable to argue, Hilda muttered something under her breath and then lifted her eyes to Zelda. “Thank you, Zelds. For being my midwife. I don’t know how I’d have done this without you.”

Waving a hand, Zelda squeezed her sister’s shoulder. “Nonsense. You would have just as excellently regardless of my involvement. Though I am pleased that you asked me to help.” She hesitated a moment and then sniffled. “I’m proud of you. Mom, Dad, Thomas and Edward would be proud of you too, Hildegard. I wish they could see this, you being a mother.”

Tears sprang to Hilda’s eyes and she covered Zelda’s hand with hers. “Me too. But you’re here and —” Before Hilda could say something that would have likely had Zelda sobbing, Mildred reappeared with a clearly disoriented Cerberus clinging to her arm.

Smiling, Zelda led him to a chair next to the bed, knowing teleportation was still difficult on mortal bodies even with a demon inside. “Congratulations, Cerberus, your and Hilda’s son is perfectly healthy.” The man didn’t sit right away, as Zelda expected, instead he turned and engulfed Zelda in a bear hug, thanking her for keeping his loved ones safe before turning to his wife and child.

Taken off guard, Zelda cleared her throat and directed Mildred out of the room, wanting to give the new family some time to themselves. Shutting the door behind her, Zelda thanked the witch for her assistance.

As Mildred walked off, Faustus appeared around the corner. Surprised, Zelda leaned against the wall next to the door. “You still here? The coven meeting must have ended soon after we made our exit.”

Absently nodded, Faustus came to a stop in front of her. “It did. With the three of you missing and most of the details ironed it, it made no sense to continue. How is everyone doing?” He asked, indicating to the door behind her.

“Very well, mother and babe are perfectly healthy. The hybrid my sister married is in there now.” She added to deter Faustus from asking to see the babe, though he didn’t seem to have much of an inclination to do so.

Rubbing his chin, Faustus leaned on the wall next to her. “You ever think about doing it?”

Confused, Zelda furrowed her brow. “Doing what?”

A small smile appeared on his lips. “Marriage, kids.”

Now her eyebrows went up, along with her pulse. “Faustus, what are you…”

His hand brushed hers, the spark the touch elicited skittering along her skin and up her arm, making her shudder—a response that didn’t go unnoticed by Faustus. “Just, just testing the waters.” He murmured evasively, smiling at her more fully now. “Congratulations, Zelda. Another babe born safely, and so your record of never losing a child remains intact.”

And before she could turn the conversation back to what he called ‘testing the waters’, Faustus disappeared. Biting her lip to contain a smile and to try and temper the excitement his words had caused; Zelda shook herself and went to find a mirror so she could call Ambrose and Sabrina and tell them they had a new cousin.
Does Cerberus have a last name? I don’t think it’s even been fully confirmed that Cerberus is his real first name… but anyway, I made one up. If I missed his canon last name, please let me know and I’ll edit this. Thanks!

It was also brought to my attention that I didn’t explain who Thomas was. I have a head canon (an unoriginal one) that there was a second brother, since Ambrose has the Spellman name. And they never mention his name, ever. So, I just decided his name was Thomas in a different fic a while ago and have just continued to use this name whenever I need to mention the guy. It’s just easier for me than coming up with new ones each time.
Too Busy

Chapter Summary

Tumblr prompt: Few weeks after the Caligari spell Zelda discovers she’s pregnant. It’s a boy.

Chapter Notes

I wanted to try something different, so I did base Zelda post-spell on Miranda Otto’s comment that her character won’t be fazed by the incident (I guess you could call it), and that she’s given as bad as she’s got.

In this fic I took unfazed at face value and applied it in all senses to Zelda post-spell; so please be warned moving forward. A kind anon explained how they interpreted my above warning (which was the only one I had previously) differently than I did. So, I've added this in here as well. Thank you for taking the time to share your insight, anon, and I hope this prevents further confusion that led to the comment I discuss in the end note.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Zelda looked at the results and sighed. The bastard. It’d be one thing if they were still together. If they’d talked about children. Likely, Faustus hadn’t even considered it a possibility; they’d been having sex for decades and never had a scare. But that’d only been because of her diligence in taking her precautions; berries, potions, charms. Under the Caligari spell though, she hadn’t been able to take any of those and Faustus, the imbecile, hadn’t thought of it. Which meant... she read the slip of paper again.

Pregnant.

It wasn’t as though she didn’t want children. In actuality, having one with Faustus was a fantasy she’d indulged over the years. But now? It couldn’t have come at a worse possible time.

She was swamped. Trying to hold the coven together, trying to build up the Church of Lilith as the new high priestess, trying to manage the academy as the new headmistress, trying to keep Sabrina from running off to Hell to rescue her boyfriend and freeing Satan in the process.

Really, she was far too busy to be pregnant. And yet, here she was. Despite the circumstances, Zelda couldn’t help how her heart fluttered in excitement. A baby. She was going to have a baby.

If she still weren’t furious at Faustus for his short-sightedness and moronic actions, she’d thank him. For this gift.

She could’ve forgiven him the spell, as mindnumbing as the experience was, Faustus had his reasons. He’d just been named interim antipope and he couldn’t have his authority undermined from the start by not punishing Ambrose for his attempted murder during the wedding and his possible role in the former antipope's death.
Fearing her interference, Faustus had cast the spell. He'd told her, as he sat down her newly enchanted body, that he’d lift it as soon as the high council dealt out the punishments. Then they could be the power couple the Church of Night and all the other Churches of Darkness needed to usher them into a new era.

All this she could have forgiven. It hadn’t been his decision to sentence Ambrose to death, the high council had chosen that; Faustus merely the one to see the sentence carried out. And even then, she hadn’t been worried, trusted Hilda to fix things—and she had.

No, what she couldn’t forgive were his rash decisions to reform the church. He’d let the power go to his head and without her there to balance his ambition with logic and patience he’d run ahead of himself. Stupid, stupid man. They could have had everything, and he’d ruined it.

Though Zelda found she rather enjoyed being high priestess—positions of power suited her—she didn’t appreciate losing her husband, didn’t appreciate losing Judas and Leticia, and she certainly didn’t appreciate all the other tasks that had somehow become her responsibility. Satan.... No, Lilith, Lilith knew how Faustus had done so much.

And now, now she was pregnant on top of it. Placing a tentative hand on her stomach, Zelda exhaled slowly. “Well, little one, you’ve decided to bless us in a most turbulent time. Your father,” she lifted her eyes to the ceiling searching for patience, “Lilith love him, is on the run with your siblings. But I have a feeling you’ll meet them all soon enough. Ambrose and Prudence are nothing if not capable. Until then, I suppose I should start preparing for you. Hell knows if I don’t start doing a little here and there now that I’ll get swept up in other things and run out of time.”

Thirteen months normally seemed like an eternity when you were the one carrying the babe to term; but Zelda knew her new responsibilities would make the time fly. Keeping her hand on her stomach, Zelda made her way down the hall to Hilda’s room and knocked on the door. Deciding to get the first baby item checked off her list.

There was some scuffling and then Hilda answered, looking ruffled and flushed. “Yes, Zelda?”

Arching a brow, Zelda peered over her sister’s head and saw man’s clothing on the ground. Cerberus was over again. Huffing in amusement, Zelda refocused on Hilda. “I didn’t realize I was interrupting,” she smirked and Hilda’s flush deepened. “I'll get straight to it then, don’t want to keep you. I’m pregnant and will need your services as a midwife as I progress. We can discuss details later.” Nodding, Zelda turned to go downstairs, she had a pile of applications to go through to fill a few empty positions as the academy and she wanted to finish them before dinner.

She was almost at the steps when Hilda seemed to process her words. Her sister caught her arm, holding her bathrobe together with her other hand. “Preg-, pregnant, Zelds! Are, are you certain?”

Handing over the card with the results, Zelda watched her sister’s face for a hint. Suddenly weary of how Hilda would react. A smile bloomed across Hilda’s lips. “You’re going to be a mum.” She murmured, bringing her eyes to Zelda’s, tears shining in them.

“For the love of Lilith, Hilda.” Zelda rolled her eyes and moved to go down the stairs once more. “You’d think you were the pregnant one with all those emotions.”

A chuckle emanated from behind her and she could hear Hilda’s steps following her down the steps. “Oh, don’t be like that Zelds. I know you’re excited.”

Zelda glanced over her shoulder and caught Hilda shimming a little bit, unable to contain herself. A smile tugged at Zelda’s lips, glad her sister was so excited, so accepting. She kept her enthusiasm checked though, presenting a stoic face as usual. “Of course I am, Hilda. Being blessed with a child
of night is no small thing. But I am busy, so I will need you to be my mid—"

“Midwife! Of course, of course. Oh, this is so wonderful.” Hilda tittered, still trailing Zelda as she made her way to the office to review those applications. “Do you know the gender yet?” Hilda looked at her eagerly.

Feeling a twinge of guilt for performing that test as well and not letting Hilda do it, Zelda nodded. “I, I do. It appears I’m to have a boy.” And though she was itching for a cigarette, she placed her restless hand on her stomach instead.

Hilda squealed and clasped her hands together. “A boy! How lovely. Oh goodness, a little baby boy.”

Unable to suppress a smile any longer, Zelda inclined her head in acknowledgement. “Yes, well, let’s hope he has Faustus’ looks and my brain. Hell knows we can’t have another Blackwood boy running around halfcoocked.” She huffed a little, shaking her head.

“He’ll be perfect no matter what!” Hilda rounded the desk where Zelda had settled in the chair and hugged her hard. “I’ll start getting things together right away.”

Lifting a brow, Zelda smirked at her sister. “Oh? And leave poor Cerberus a bit... blue?” Her eyes flicked pointedly to the ceiling and then back to her sister.

Hilda swatted at her playfully. “You know what I mean. But oh Zelds, this is, this is truly wonderful.” She exclaimed once more before leaving the office and heading back upstairs.

Looking down at her still relatively flat stomach, Zelda smiled softly. “Wonderful indeed.” She breathed, tracing her fingers gently across her dress before shaking herself and getting back to work.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I got a rather aggressive anonymous comment about this fic on tumblr. I, of course, love feedback, whether you like or dislike a piece. But the comment I received was not civil in its disagreement and took it as far as to say I was excusing rape and “sick”. So now I feel the need to add this.

I am sorry if this particular one shot upset or offended anyone.

However, I did place a note at the very beginning of this fic for a reason. To warn readers that I was challenging myself and taking a different approach based on comments made by the actress who plays Zelda. Miranda Otto herself said (and I am paraphrasing) that Zelda was/will be unfazed by what happened, that they are witches, and that she has given as good as she’s gotten. It’s a dark, twisted world, but it’s the one the show is set in. This is what I based this particular fic on.

I have expressed in previous posts/fics that I do not condone what happened concerning the Caligari spell in the show, how they made light of it and likely will continue to do so in part 3. I also have other fics where Zelda’s trauma is addressed. So, I can understand a negative reaction, how visceral it was.

But I do not appreciate being attacked.
These are imperfect characters. We’ve been shown that Zelda can be blinded by her desire for power and status, I was building on that.

She could have overlooked it, because she doesn’t see it as rape as the fandom does (based on M.O. comments). She could have overlooked it because she knew ambition was a flaw in Blackwood. She could have overlooked it because she trusted her sister to protect their nephew and she was right to do so (and does she canonically know Blackwood was to blame?). She could have done those things if it meant she still got what she went into the marriage for; power, status and glory of her own. I am not saying it’s right. But it is a possibility given the direction the showrunners have taken show and I was exploring that.

A reminder that these are pieces of fiction. I have other fics for this fandom that involve harrowing, torture and ritualized cannibalism, that doesn’t mean I condone or excuse these things. But they are part of the CAOS world just as the Caligari spell is.

As a writer it can be difficult sometimes to ascertain what prompters want, in terms of tone of the story, light/dark, fluff/angst, I’ve even had people send secondary prompts with a bit more direction when I don’t get it quite right the first time—that’s fine with me.

Sometimes that’s what’s needed when it’s an anon ask on tumblr and I can’t ask follow-ups for clarification. So I go with what I can and redo later if there’s an ask.

Me not getting this prompt ‘right’ still does not give someone the right to attack me.

Sorry for the novel end note, but I felt it needed to be addressed. I know, I know most of you are wonderful and even when you disagree you’re civil when stating it. But this angered me. That someone would take a piece of fiction, about magical characters, and accuse me of something horrible and ugly like excusing rape.
Flirting 102

Chapter Summary

Sequel to chapter 42 Flirting 101, Lilith trying to flirt with Zelda again, this time using Hilda's advice.

Chapter Notes

Requested by: @evil-regal-vampire, @eyesofanangelongueofthedevil, @conejobron, @isingonly4myangel on tumblr and ohdaam, djdfhjsjxu, BelivetAndAird(rcks) and JuJuChick30 on ao3.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lilith knocked on the door quietly and peeked her head inside, not wanting to disturb Zelda if she was still on the phone.

But Zelda had already ended the call and was doing paperwork. When she looked up at the knock, she blinked in surprise. “Lilith, I’d thought you left for the day already. Was there something else you needed?”

Exhaling slowly, Lilith slid into the room and shut the door behind her. “Nothing too serious,” she murmured, approaching the desk. “Just wanted to see if you might be free to meet me for lunch later,” she stopped next to Zelda; Hilda’s words running through her mind play with her hair.

Nodding to herself, Lilith brought a hand up to fiddle with a lock of Zelda’s hair, her hip lightly brushing against Zelda’s shoulder. It took a bit of effort not to do more, not to let her voice dip into huskier tones, not to brace herself on the armrests of the chair and loom over Zelda before ravaging her mouth. But she resisted, Hilda said she needed to be subtle... to not ‘accost’ Zelda.

To Lilith’s surprise, Zelda leaned into her hip and smiled up at her. “That sounds nice. What were you thinking?”

She faltered, she didn’t actually have a plan; it’d been a thin excuse to come and test out the techniques Hilda suggested. To buy herself time, Lilith moved behind the chair Zelda was sitting in. Just, little touches. Light kisses on her neck, Hilda’s words echoed through Lilith’s mind once more. Bending over, she whispered in her girlfriend’s ear. “Oh, there are many things I’m in the mood for,” she placed a light kiss under Zelda’s jaw. “Maybe you could help me narrow down my choices?” Lilith let her lips brush the shell of Zelda’s ear at this and delighted in the way the redhead shivered in response. This was going much better than she’d anticipated.

Zelda hummed pleasantly and lifted a hand to cover the one Lilith had rested on her shoulder, playing with Lilith’s fingers—stunning her further. They’d never playfully touched one another before, it’d always had a purpose, typically the goal to get the other into bed. These featherlight touches, the casualness behind them, it had Lilith’s stomach flipping. Not that she minded.

“We, we could stay in for lunch.” Zelda’s voice broke into her thoughts. “Hilda will be at the
bookstore and the kids will be at the academy…” She tilted her head and caught Lilith’s eye, biting her lower lip just a bit.

Grinning, Lilith let her free hand leave the back of the chair to following Hilda’s advice once more; a hand on her back. Her hand came to a rest on Zelda’s upper back, her thumb swiping along the skin on her neck. “That sounds nice,” she breathed, kissing Zelda’s jaw once more before pulling back. Not wanting to overdo it and wanting to save a few techniques for later; she didn’t want to play all of her cards right now, not when she knew they worked.

And, well, Lilith knew if she didn’t leave now, she wouldn’t keep it light and then it wouldn’t count as flirting anymore, then it’d be sex... maybe? She wasn’t sure where one definitively stopped and the other began, maybe she could ask Hilda. Next step figured out, Lilith gave the Zelda’s skin one last swipe with her thumb. “I’ll be back around lunch then,” she moved to leave, her hand trailing along Zelda’s shoulder, when the witch caught it, pushed her chair back from the desk and tugged Lilith into her lap in one fluid motion.

“Oh you could stay.” Zelda murmured, an arm wrapping around Lilith’s waist while the other buried itself in her dark hair.

Did it count as taking it too far if Zelda was the one to instigate it? Or was it a sign that her flirting worked? Wanting to press her luck a bit further, Lilith started to pull away. “Some of us have papers to grade…” She teased, unable to suppress her smile when Zelda’s hold on her tightened, preventing her from getting up.

Smiling wickedly, Zelda captured Lilith’s lips, drawing her in closer. “Hmm, whatever could I do to convince you to stay?” She intoned, her hand dancing along Lilith’s hip while the other tugged her hair, forcing Lilith’s head back, leaving her neck exposed to Zelda’s hungry mouth.

A gasp escaped Lilith at the contact and her hands came up to bury themselves in Zelda’s red waves to keep her there. Her last thought before she lost herself in the moment completely was that she’d have to come up with a way to thank Hilda. For surely this kind of outcome meant that she was good at flirting.

Chapter End Notes

short and sweet, but I hope you enjoyed. I also added an index at the very beginning (chapter 1) to make the chapters easier to navigate based on some helpful anon feedback on tumblr.
Zelda sat in her new office at the academy, elbows on the desk, rubbing her temples. Though she was well suited to the position of high priestess, Zelda couldn’t help but feel a bit overwhelmed. Where before select coven members and staff at the academy would have handled many of the everyday tasks that went into running the church and school, they were greatly depleted. She still couldn’t fathom what Faustus thought he’d accomplish by poisoning the coven, they’d have followed him anywhere... even off a proverbial cliff, it appeared.

Regardless of Faustus’ motives, Zelda was left short staffed in cleaning up his mess. Meaning most responsibilities fell to her and her alone. She hadn’t slept in a week, the pep up potions she kept nicking from Hilda, her black expressos, cigarettes and a staunch refusal to fail the only things keeping her going.

But even those could only take her so far. And Zelda could feel the beginnings of a headache at the base of her skull; already knowing it’d grow into a monster if she didn’t address it now. And that meant eating a full meal, drinking something that wasn’t caffeinated and getting some rest.

Though she felt a twinge if guilt for taking time for herself when there was still so much to do, Zelda reasoned that perhaps she’d get a bit more done if she took a break. Pushing back from her desk and looking over to where Vinegar Tom was perched in his basket by the fireplace, Zelda ran a hand through her hair with a sigh. “What do you think, Vin, time to go home?” She asked, slowly standing and wincing at the stiffness in her joints; she’d been at her desk for almost the entire day.

Before she could go more than a few steps, the fire roared to life; Lilith’s calling card. Pinching the bridge of her nose, Zelda leaned against the front of her desk and tried not to look as worn as she felt as the new Queen of Hell emerged from the flames.

“What can I do for you, your highness?” She arched a brow, too tired to do more than pay the bare respects.

Inclining her head, Lilith walked over to where Zelda kept the whiskey and poured them each a glass. “I need to not be surrounded by demons seeking favor for ten minutes,” she exhaled loudly, slumping in a chair in front of Zelda and holding out one glass while she drank deeply from the other.

“Why can I do for you, your highness?” She arched a brow, too tired to do more than pay the bare respects.

Not one to pass up alcohol, even if it wouldn’t help her headache, Zelda took the glass and half saluted the witch in front of her before drinking as well. “Being Queen not all it was cracked up to be?” She asked impertinently; she’d had a healthy fear for Lucifer, built up over centuries of tales and firsthand experience to his cruelty... but Lilith? Lilith was still half school marm in Zelda’s mind and an interfering one at that. Which meant she had much less of a problem talking to the woman and speaking her mind.
The comment had a bark of laughter escaping the brunette. “I could ask you the same.” Lilith gestured around the office, indicating to the piles of papers and books that covered nearly every surface. “You look exhausted, being high priestess taking its toll?” She inquired over the rim of her glass.

Seeing no reason to lie, Zelda shifted a bit until she was sitting on the desk instead of leaning against it. “Yes. Though if I had more witches, I don’t think it’d be an issue. We’re severely low in numbers, the ones that didn’t follow Faustus were poisoned. Despite Prudence’s efforts we were only able to save about three quarters of them. Some of the survivors fled, wanting to avoid the drama and the new knowledge that the Gates of Hell are at our front door scared more than it emboldened. I have my hands full, to say the least.”

“What if,” Lilith murmured, swirling the remaining liquid in her glass and not meeting Zelda’s eye. “What if I could get you some help?” She glanced up at Zelda who scoffed.

Peering into the fire where it was still going, Zelda shook her head. “If you can find it where I could not, then you truly are the Queen of Hell. I’ve checked and reached out everywhere; other witches and covens are keeping their distance, afraid to provide assistance. They are sure Lucifer will return and punish us; they don’t want to be included in that punishment for helping.”

Lilith hummed and set her drink down. “What do I get,” she asked, the corner of her mouth curling up, “when I find you some help?”

Rolling her eyes, Zelda brought her gaze back to Lilith. “I’ll invent some new holiday celebrating you.” She remarked, sarcasm dripping from her lips.

Unimpressed, Lilith stood and walked over to the fire and placed a gentle hand on Vinegar Tom’s back and whispered a spell. Her familiar twitched, then blinked, then stepped partially out of his basket, stretching, his tongue curling as a soft whine left him.

“Vin?” She whispered, tumbler still half full of whiskey slipping from her fingers and landing with a dull thud on the carpet, spilling its contents as it rocked to a stop. He finished stretching and bounded over to her, his entire body wriggling in excitement. “Oh, oh, Vin!” Zelda dropped to her knees to hug the restored dog now eagerly trying to lick her face. “Beelzebub, I’ve missed you so much. Oh, there is so much to tell you, oh Vin.” Tears were forming in her eyes as she clutched at her familiar who she’d thought was lost to her forever. “Oh my dear Vin,” she whispered, burying her face into his fur to hide the tears in her eyes, not wanting to cry (even happy tears) in front of the Queen of Hell.

Finally bringing her gaze up to Lilith, Zelda couldn’t help but beam. Standing, Zelda shook her head in disbelief. “I can’t, you really, I, thank you.” She kissed Lilith briefly on the lips in her excitement and gratitude, not even thinking of the action until Lilith’s hand was suddenly on her elbow, stopping her as she’d bent down to lavish Vinegar Tom with more attention.

“While this may not be the help you asked for,” Lilith breathed, drawing Zelda back towards her. “Returning your familiar to you, to ensure you are caring for yourself...” she arched a knowing brow and her other hand came up to tuck some hair behind Zelda’s ear. “That’s the help you need. I cannot lose you; especially not to yourself if you continue pushing your body this far.” She murmured, hand sliding from next to Zelda’s ear to the back of her neck, bringing Zelda even closer. “Besides, I had to reward my most devout witch,” Lilith leaned in and Zelda’s breath hitched a bit at her words and proximity. “The one who helped put me on the throne, who is helping build up my regime.” She stepped a bit closer, their noses brushing each other as her nails scratched softly and deliciously against Zelda’s neck and scalp. The contact had her heart pounding and electricity crackling up her spine. “It was the least—” Lilith closed the distance between them, touching her lips.
to Zelda’s, “I—” another short, soft kiss, that left Zelda wanting more, “could—" another kiss, this one longer, “do.” She murmured, sealing her mouth over Zelda’s completely, hungry.

And Zelda returned the kiss eagerly, her hands snaking around the brunette to pull her closer and angling her head to deepen the kiss, their tongues dancing and hands clutching at one another. When they finally broke, it was only because Vinegar Tom was butting his head against their legs, whining.

Still in Lilith’s embrace, Zelda laughed as she looked down at her familiar. “Yes, I’m sorry, I should have realized you’d be hungry.” Lilith took advantage of her distraction and planted several long, slow kisses along her neck, making Zelda stutter. “Dec—, decades spent frozen will do that, won’t it?” She managed, head tilting on its own accord to give Lilith better access. The brunette hummed her approval and pressed her body harder against Zelda’s making her gasp. “Perhaps we could continue this at the house? I could feed Vin and we, we could....” She petered off as Lilith found her favorite spot just under her jaw.

Halting her ministrations, Lilith pulled back and arched a brow. “We could.” She agreed, giving Zelda a wolfish grin but then stepped away completely. “But we won’t. You need to rest.”

Zelda swallowed and smoothed her dress down. “Of course, your highness. Excuse my assumption.” She turned away to hide the disappointment and embarrassment sweeping through her.

A pair of hands bracketed Zelda’s hips and tugged her back, so that they were slotted against Lilith’s. “Don’t misunderstand me, Zelda.” She purred, tipping her chin up to rest it on Zelda’s shoulder. “I want this,” her hands squeezed Zelda’s hips deliciously before they roamed her curves and she nuzzled Zelda’s neck. “And had I known bringing your familiar back was all I needed to do for a kiss,” she sighed dramatically and dropped her hands. “But as much as I’d like to…” and Zelda turned to face her again, face now carefully neutral until she saw the raw lust in Lilith’s eyes. “As much as I’d like to,” Lilith repeated, as though convincing herself as well as Zelda that they shouldn’t continue. “You need to care for yourself first... only then,” she captured Zelda’s lips in a slow, sensual kiss as she ground their hips together. “Then I will take care of your… remaining needs.”

With that Lilith stepped away once more, winked and disappeared into the flames and back to Hell.

At a loss, Zelda stood there, staring into the flames with a hand on her lips and the other in her stomach where heat was pooling. Not entirely sure what had just happened but pleased about it nonetheless. Vinegar Tom barked at her and sat at her feet, head cocked expectantly.

Regaining herself, Zelda chuckled and knelt to pet his ears. “I don’t know, Vin. That was the first time. I, I don’t know what else to tell you except that I’m looking forward to exploring whatever it might be.” With one last look at the fire, a smile coming unbidden to her lips, Zelda teleported the two of them home.

Chapter End Notes

I’m working on these instead of studying. Someone yell at me to get my ass in gear to study for this certificate at work
Chapter Summary

Anon tumblr prompt: Spellwood prompt based on the line "don't torture yourself, darling. That's my job."

Chapter Notes

Okay, going to admit I jumped ahead in the prompt list to write this one. But it’s October and it’s fitting!! Anyway, hope you enjoy, sequel to Mon Sauvage (chapter 32). Set a year after the first.

Samhain was only days away and though she and Faustus were to spend the first night together as they had the year before, Zelda didn’t want to put off this particular surprise until then… what could she say? Patience wasn’t a virtue of hers.

Making the final adjustments to her dress, Zelda couldn’t help but smile wickedly at her reflection in the mirror. Though the get up was more suited to the dark television seductress Morticia she’d been introduced to the year before, Zelda thought she pulled off the dress rather well and Faustus would likely agree.

With a final touch up of her lipstick, Zelda teleported to Faustus’ house and let herself in.

As she approached his office, she could hear him talking. Peeking her head in, but making sure her body was hidden behind the door, Zelda found him pacing, arguing with someone on the phone about arrangements for this year’s celebration. As always, October 31st was a free for all, witches doing as they pleased while November 1st was when the coven came together for bonfires, feasts and offerings to spirits. It was details for the first that were giving Faustus trouble, the warlocks he’d hired to play music causing problems—or so Zelda gleaned from the half of the conversation she could hear.

Faustus must have felt the wards go off when she arrived, for he wasn’t surprised when he saw her as he hung up the phone and slumped into his chair. “I swear to you, Zels,” he raked a hand through his hair, “if I can’t pull this off the high council will be calling for my head. Or at the very least they’ll demand I self-flagellate in penance for my inability to coordinate other buffoons.” Faustus gestured to the phone where it now sat on his desk.

She tsked and slipped into the room completely. “Don’t torture yourself, darling. That’s my job.” She purred, leaning seductively against an armchair in front of his desk and delighting in the way Faustus’ eyes went wide at the sight of her dress.

Recognizing the line—it’d become a tradition of theirs to watch the movies throughout the month—Faustus pushed out of his chair. “Cara mia,” he growled, picking her up and depositing her on his desk so he could ravage all the skin her dress left exposed.
A bit breathless, Zelda grinned, a hand on the back of his head to keep him in place while the other moved lower towards his belt. “Does the council know you find the act of flagellation... arousing?” She murmured huskily in his ear, her hand slipping inside his pants as she said the last word.

His hips bucked into her touch and Zelda smirked only to have him wipe it off her face with a deliciously harsh bite to her collar bone. “No,” he muttered, soothing the spot with a lap of his tongue, “and I see no reason to enlighten them.”

Zelda hummed. “Clever high priest.” She praised, pumping her hand along his length. Taking her hand from his hair, Zelda flicked it, a riding crop suddenly appearing. “Faustus,” she breathed, nipping his ear to get his attention on her face instead of her chest. When he brought his gaze to hers, she held up the crop and his already dilated eyes turned nearly black at the sight.

“Oh, Zelda.” He moaned, reaching for the crop and she held it off to the side away from him.

“Oh, ah.” She admonished lightly, lifting a brow. “What did I say when I came in here?” Faustus just smiled sinfully in response, clearly wanting her to say it again as his hand dropped down to her breast to tweak her nipple through the fabric. Gasping despite herself, Zelda’s back arched into his touch. “It’s my job,” she stilled the hand she had down his pants, “to torture you.” She withdrew her hand much to his dismay. “Off with your clothes and on your knees, your excellency.” She ordered a bit breathless.

Faustus stripped his clothes hurriedly and kneeled, facing her, his face lifted to her eagerly. And oh, how she loved him like this; so undone by her that he’d do anything. Pushing off the desk, Zelda walked around him, brushing her hand over his shoulders as she went, making him shiver deliciously in response.

Once behind him, Zelda cocked her head to admire his tattoos and how his muscles shifted underneath them for a brief moment. “You ready?” She asked, trailing the tip of the crop up his spine. Faustus shivered again and it was then she realized he’d taken himself in hand in anticipation. She snapped the crop against his bicep in warning, just hard enough to dance that line between pain and pleasure. She bent over, “torture first darling,” she bit his ear, “then pleasure.” She straightened once his hands were back at his sides.

“One in the same with you, cara mia.” Faustus looked at her over his shoulder with such desire that Zelda almost abandoned their game to pounce on him.

Restraining herself, Zelda pressed her thighs together for more friction. Soon, they’d get to that soon, the wait would make it all the more glorious. But first... “Oh, mon sauvage,” she touched his cheek gently and then raised the crop; Faustus turning his head and licking his lips in greedy anticipation.
Chapter Summary

Tumblr prompt: Spellwood prompt: Zelda witnesses one of the rare times Faustus cries and comforts him.

Chapter Notes

Light angst

Warning: Mentions of miscarriages

She’d heard, of course, through the coven grapevine that the Dark Lord had called his unborn child to Hell early. This being the second time such a thing happened.

At Black Mass, she’d noticed the tired slump of his shoulders, how the sermon focused on how the Dark Lord had plans for everything and despite the beautiful message, it wasn’t delivered with Faustus’ normal charisma and enthusiasm.

So, though she was no longer a midwife, no longer involved with Faustus beyond that of a coven member, Zelda went to him after the rest of the coven left the church.

Knocking gently on his office door, Zelda peeked her head in and what she saw stunned her. He was sitting on the couch against the wall, elbows on his knees and the heels of his hands pressed against his eyes. His ornate robe had been shed and left haphazardly on the floor, so unlike his usually fastidious self.

“Faustus?” She breathed, hurriedly entering the room and closing the door behind her with a sealing spell to keep anyone else from interrupting.

A beat passed in silence before Faustus lifted his head. His eyes were wet when he finally met her gaze.

Taken aback, Zelda hesitated by the door, unsure what to do. She’d never seen Faustus cry, or even get close. Not when his parents died, not when his sister was selected for her coven’s Feast over a decade before. Zelda didn’t know how to handle a distraught Faustus. But she couldn’t leave him either; while they weren’t together by any means, that didn’t mean she didn’t still care deeply for him.

Crossing the room, Zelda sat down on the couch next to him, her side pressing reassuringly against his. He turned partially towards her, lips forming such a thin line they were white from the effort to stop his trembling chin.

Softening further, Zelda reached up and cupped his cheek. “Faustus?”

“He took another one.” Faustus mumbled, tears slipping down his cheeks as his hurt eyes locked
with hers; Zelda couldn’t have looked away even if she’d wanted to. “I know, I know it’s the Dark Lord’s will, that my children were called home because it is Satan’s wish. But,” he swallowed roughly, voice hoarse, “but why does He keep taking my children, Zels?” The tears came a bit faster and she didn’t think he was even aware of them.

At a loss, Zelda stroked her thumb over his cheek, catching some of the tears and wiping them gently away. She’d never thought Faustus had much of an interest in children... let alone would cry over them. Then again, she’d been much the same until Ambrose and Sabrina. And if anything happened to them Zelda couldn’t say what she’d do. So, why would it be any different for Faustus in concern to his children?

When it appeared that Faustus hadn’t meant for the poised question to be rhetorical, Zelda wet her lips nervously. “What other child could He take, would want to take, but yours? The child of a powerful high priest of one of the most prominent Churches of Darkness. What other child would deserve the honor of being by the Dark Lord’s side even before it was born?”

Frowning, Faustus turned his head, his body practically humming with repressed grief. “So, must I leave my post? If I desire to have a child? Would the Dark Lord force me into retirement, to abandon my calling so that I may have a family?” One hand came up and roughly scrubbed over his face, trying to hide the evidence of his pain that he’d just realized was there.

Zelda’s heart cracked a bit at his broken tone. The hand she had on his cheek slid onto his back and rubbed soothing circles; Faustus unconsciously leaning into her and her touch. “I doubt the Dark Lord would use such round about ways of having you step down. He chose you, darling, for high priest. Why would He change His mind?”

The endearment fell off her tongue naturally and without thought. But she found she didn’t mind and neither did Faustus, if the way he’d reached over to take her free hand was any indication.

“And my children?” He whispered, peering at her from the corner of his eye, face still mostly turned away from her to hide what he likely deemed weakness.

Shifting slightly, Zelda removed her hand from his back and took his chin in her hand and made him look fully at her. “Are loved. Loved and being cared for in their new home. You will have one soon, when the time is right. The Dark Lord has plans and things need to go along with His plan. It just isn’t the right time yet, that is why the Dark Lord brought your children home to Hell so early.”

“Timing.” Faustus repeated, eyes brightening slightly, and Zelda could see some of the weight of these losses dissipating. “Yes, of course, timing. It isn’t just that the Dark Lord has plans, it’s the timing of those plans. How foolish of me to forget.”

Zelda smiled at him softly. “I think you could be forgiven, considering the circumstances.”

Faustus leaned forward and rested his forehead against hers, hands taking and holding hers tightly. “You’re a Hellsend, Zelda. Wherever would I be without you?”

“You’d be a mess and the coven would fall apart.” She deadpanned, earning a smile and a barking laugh from him as he pulled away; just as she’d intended. This put them back on solid, familiar ground, the intimacy from seconds before had her once more wishing for things that could not be.

His hand on her cheek recaptured her attention. “Too true. I’d be lost without you.” He murmured, a tender look in his eye and Zelda didn’t think she could handle a soft Faustus on top of a grieving one.
Clearing her throat, Zelda stood. “How about, the next time the Dark Lord sees fit to bless Constance with child I act as her midwife? I’ve—"

“Never lost a babe.” Faustus interrupted her, eyes wide. “Zelda, you’d truly…”

“Of course. I—"

And before she could finish, Faustus was standing as well and pulling her into a tight embrace. “You truly are a Hellsend, Zels,” he whispered, clutching her tighter. “I only wish…” Faustus cut himself off and slowly pulled away, a hand coming up to brush her hair back. Clearing his throat, Faustus leaned in and placed a lingering kiss on her forehead. “Thank you, Zelda.”

Nodding, Zelda gave him a small smile. “Of course, Faustus. I’m here if you ever need—,” need what? A shoulder to cry on? She knew such an offer would be spurned on principle alone. “I’m here.” She finished, squeezing his forearm and stepping away, needing to break the spell settling over them because of their proximity.

With that she slipped out of the room and only got as far as the confessional booth before she had to hide. Ducking inside, Zelda rested her head against the back of the booth and took several long, deep breaths; trying to center herself. He wished.... what did he wish?

That they’d never ended things? That they’d never had that stupid fight? That they’d never let Edward convince them it wouldn’t work? That they were the ones married, trying to have kids?

Sniffing and pushing out of the booth to go home, Zelda shook herself. Yes, he wished.... well, so did she. And how little good that did.
Prompt: Continuation of chapter 62. Shirley finally gets what she needs, if you know what I mean ;)
yet.” She wagged the cock back and forth a bit, Shirley’s eyes tracking the movement as she leaned into Zelda’s touch. “You have to work your way up to this,” she lowered the toy and traced it along Shirley’s outer thigh, the witch’s legs opening in response. “You work your way up to me pounding you until first you scream my name and,” she paused for effect, bending so her breath ghosted against Shirley’s cheek, “and then pounding you until you can’t even form a coherent word.”

A shuddering exhale left Shirley as Zelda backed away, and she was certain the woman’s cunt had just clenched around nothing at her words. Smirking, Zelda put the strap on aside and turned her back to Shirley to rummage through the drawer once more.

Suddenly, Shirley was up and behind her, pressed bodily against her and rubbing like a cat in heat. “Please Zelda, I’ve been so good, please—”

And if she’d known it would be this easy to get the witch in line, Hell, Zelda would have done it ages ago.

She allowed Shirley another moment of grinding before spinning and pressing Shirley against the desk, her leg lodged between the brunette’s. Shirley gasped and began to rut shamelessly against Zelda’s leg, her hands coming up to grasp Zelda’s shoulders for stability and leverage; nails digging into her dress and the skin underneath.

Slipping an arm around Shirley’s waist, Zelda pressed against her, rather enjoying how Shirley was reacting to even her simplest touches. “This can’t be all you want for your reward, can it Shirley?” She purred in the woman’s ear, nipping it lightly as she pulled back. Shirley’s pupils were blown wide as she shook her head vigorously.

Grinning, Zelda lifted the witch onto the desk and pushed her skirt up, Shirley only too happy to assist by lifting herself up.

Licking her lips, Zelda brought her eyes back to Shirley’s. “Is this—,” she raked her fingers over Shirley’s sodden underwear, “what you wanted?”

Panting, Shirley nodded, hips jerking forward at Zelda’s touch.

“Ah, you’ve been such a good girl, Shirley, don’t stop now. I need to hear you say—”

“Yes!” Shirley blurted, voice strained. “Yes, this is what I want, please.”

Placing a chaste kiss on the brunette’s neck in reward, Zelda flicked her wrist and Shirley’s core was bared to her. Keening, Shirley grasped at her, hips canting against the air in her eagerness.

Though Zelda didn’t mind a bit of buildup, a little torture before pleasure, she didn’t think Shirley would feel the same. In fact, it was possible the woman just might explode if her needs weren’t addressed promptly, so Zelda took just enough time to coat her fingers in Shirley’s juices before plunging them in. Shirley arched against her immediately, a long drawn out moan emanating from her throat.

Zelda hardly had to work at all, the witch was so wet already at just the anticipation that the sounds her fingers made sliding through the brunette’s folds were almost obscene. Not that she was going to use that as an excuse to be lazy; she needed Shirley to be thirsty for more when she left. Had to make sure the sex in real life was as good as Shirley’s fantasies or the woman wouldn’t come back.

But she did have things to get to this afternoon, so to hurry things along Zelda altered her pace and crooked her fingers until Shirley was all but singing her name. Curious as to how the woman would respond to verbal teasing during the act, Zelda pressed closer once more, and nipped Shirley’s ear
before purring. “Is this what you’ve been waiting for, Shirley? Is this what you’ve been aching for? My fingers up your absurdly eager pussy?”

Shirley whimpered in response and her walls were suddenly clamping onto Zelda’s fingers. The witch’s climax didn’t last long and when Shirley finished, she was gripping Zelda tightly, a low whine resonating in her throat.

Slowly removing her fingers, Zelda licked them clean, much to Shirley’s surprise and delight.


“Oh, no, Shirley.” She swatted the witch’s hands away good naturedly. “I’m to reward you.”

Eyes still practically black with lust, Shirley licked her lips. “But it, it would be a reward, Zelda, it would. Having your taste on my tongue.” She exhaled shakily at the thought, hands reaching for Zelda once more.

Quirking a brow, Zelda smiled widely. ”Maybe for your next reward. But until then...” she let her eyes drift to the door. Getting the hint and excited at the possibility of more later on, Shirley nodded, cleaned herself up and left; if a little unsteadily.

The door had barely swung shut when Faustus stepped out of the gloom in the corner, his cock in hand as he stroked it slowly.

“Enjoy yourself?” Zelda asked, turning to face him, brow raised, and her tongue flicked over her lips at the sight of him still slowly stroking himself.

A sinful smile on his lips, Faustus lifted a shoulder, unconcerned. “I always love watching you play with your prey,” he reminded her, releasing himself and picking her up and placing her on the desk Shirley had just vacated.

Shifting to pull her dress up, Zelda eagerly spread her legs, she’d been wet and wanting for half this ordeal, Shirley’s noises stroking her ego and libido in equal measure.

Faustus paused right at her entrance, though, his cock teasing her folds. When she bucked her hips in protest, he chuckled and reached behind her. “Make sure to tell me when you finally see it fit to reward Shirley with this,” he picked up the strap-on. “I’d love to watch you work.” And before Zelda could reply, he dropped the toy back onto the desk and thrust into her, both of them moaning at the sensation.

Chapter End Notes

I know I’m not writing all of these in order, I’m sorry, but I promise that unless I’ve responded specifically that I am NOT working on your idea for one reason or another that I am getting to it! Thank you for your patience and for trusting me with your ideas :)
Somethingwicked19 prompt: Zelda putting herself in danger to protect Hilda.

Chapter Notes

During the Spellman sisters’ academy days.

Her sister didn’t quite have a knack for demonology. Ask her about potions, herbology or healing spells and she’d never shut up. But demonology and all that came with it? Not exactly her sister’s strong suit.

But it was part of the required curriculum at the academy; to be able to summon and then banish a demon safely. So, she’d been helping Hilda practice.

She told her friends it was because she couldn’t allow Hilda to embarrass the Spellman name when it came time for her practical exam. But, truthfully, she didn’t want Hilda taking on the attempts alone and something going wrong. They’d already lost their parents; Zelda couldn’t stomach even the thought of losing Hilda as well.

Recently, her sister had accomplished the summoning, completing that aspect with consistent results. The banishing, however, well, Hilda continued to struggle with it. Because once the demon appeared Hilda got flustered, lost concentration and the demon would almost always get loose—Zelda having to wrangle it each time.

There were only a few days left until Hilda’s practical exam, and her sister wanted to spend the Saturday practicing again. Zelda told her they could work on the spells that afternoon, she had to assist Edward and Faustus with preparing the church for an inter-coven event.

They ran late. Edward and Faustus were bickering over the smallest details and Zelda had decided she had enough. Rolling her eyes, she teleported home around 4:00pm and made for the kitchen to grab a late lunch/early dinner before finding Hilda. There was still plenty of time to practice.

As she perused the fridge, though, a tremendous crash sounded from above her, a scream immediately followed. Sprinting upstairs, Zelda burst into her and Hilda’s bedroom to find her sister cowering from a demon, having been cornered by the beast.

Without a thought, Zelda launched herself at the demon, landing on its back. Grasping at its horns, Zelda managed to wrench its head back. Only, only she didn’t account for the sudden weight shift and suddenly she was on the floor with the beast on top of her. It somehow wrested its head free and flipped over so it could claw at her, gnashing its teeth and it was all Zelda could do to hold it far enough away that its teeth didn't sink in, though it’s claws did enough damage.
She and the beast were both growling and shouting. By some unholy miracle, Zelda was able to bend her knee enough to plant her foot on the creature’s stomach and launch it off her. The reprieve was brief, the thing gripped her ankle and yanked, its nails slicing into her leg. But her hands were now free to blast the demon back, which she did readily.

Before Zelda could collect herself completely, the beast burst into dust.

Breathing heavily, Zelda rolled to her side and pushed her hair out of her face to see Hilda standing with her hands up, trembling and tears streaming down her cheeks. Grinning, Zelda looked between her sister and what was left of the demon. “Hildegard! You did it!” She crowed, flopping back down to catch her breath. Then she realized Hilda wasn’t moving, but remained frozen in place, her hands still in front of her.

Brow furrowing, Zelda leveraged herself off the ground with a wince and limped to her sister. “Hildie?” She breathed, carefully lowering her sister’s hands and guiding her to the bed to sit. When Hilda still didn’t move, Zelda took a step closer to stand in front of her and cupped the younger witch’s cheeks. “Hildie,” she patted her cheek lightly and her sister finally broke from her trance. “What happened?” Zelda probed softly, looking Hilda over for injuries while trying to ignore her own.

“I,” Hilda swallowed and dropped her eyes to her lap. “I wanted to try it by myself. You won’t always be here, and I have to learn how to do these things if I’m to be a proper witch.”

A smile tugged Zelda’s lips and she tipped her sister’s chin up to meet her gaze. “I’ll always be here to protect you, sister. And you’re already a proper witch. Being able to banish a demon is just another notch on your broomstick, you already have the broomstick. But adding notches can take time, practice... safety.” She winked and a small smile formed on Hilda’s face. Turning serious, Zelda looked at her sister imploringly. “Promise me you won’t be so reckless again.”

Tears welled once more in Hilda’s eyes and she nodded. “I promise.” Her chin wobbled and Zelda exhaled in relief and pulled her into a hug, Hilda wrapping her arms tightly around Zelda’s waist and burying her face against her collar bone.

Resting her cheek on top of Hilda’s head, Zelda gently rocked her side to side, shushing her sister’s muffled sobs as she stroked her hair. It was all Zelda could do not to cry as well.

She almost hadn’t been there to protect Hilda.

What would she have found? Had she been even five more minutes in getting home? What would have been left of her baby sister? Zelda shuddered at the very thought and tightened her hold on Hilda, pushing away the thoughts and focusing on her very real, very much alive sister. She hadn’t lost her. She hadn’t failed in protecting her. She hadn’t.

After several long minutes, Hilda sniffled and pulled away, wiping her eyes on the cuff of her cardigan. A sheepish smile graced her lips until she got a good look at Zelda. Then her eyes widened. “Satan, you’re hurt! How could I ignore...” Hilda didn’t bother finishing her sentence, just popped off the bed and, despite Zelda’s protests, forced her to sit so Hilda could tend to her injuries.

“What would she have found? Had she been even five more minutes in getting home? What would have been left of her baby sister? Zelda shuddered at the very thought and tightened her hold on Hilda, pushing away the thoughts and focusing on her very real, very much alive sister. She hadn’t lost her. She hadn’t failed in protecting her. She hadn’t.

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“Honestly, Hilda, it’s only a few bruises and some cuts—”

Shaking her head, Hilda snatched her first aid kit from the trunk at the foot of her bed. “Gashes more like, and those are from demon claws, Zelds, those get infected easily. Please, just let me heal them.” Hilda looked at her earnestly and Zelda sighed in exaggerated exasperation and nodded.
Practically sagging with relief, Hilda started to apply potion enhanced creams and whisper spells to heal her wounds; apologies falling from her lips the entire time.

Zelda took her sister’s hands and squeezed them when they were finally empty. “Hildie, stop apologizing. If I’d known being attacked by a demon was all you needed to motivate you to successfully banish one, I’d have done it ages ago.” She remarked, a teasing smile on her lips.

Huffing, Hilda shook her head. “I never wanted that kind of motivation.” She muttered, turning away and packing up her kit.

“Well, no one really does,” Zelda acknowledged, carefully standing up and smiling when there was almost no pain thanks to Hilda’s attention. “But, Hilda, you banished a demon! By yourself, turned the thing to dust. Quite impressive,” she observed, lifting a brow.

Hilda blushed and peeped at her. “I did, didn’t I?”

Happy to see the incident hadn’t scarred her sister, Zelda nodded and looped her arm through Hilda’s. “Indeed, you did. And that, dear sister, warrants a reward.” Zelda flicked her free hand to restore order to the room and clean the floor before leading Hilda downstairs. “What do you say to a shopping trip?”

Eyes lighting up, Hilda nodded and went to grab her purse.

Zelda smiled after her sister and cast a quick spell to fix and clean her clothes. Though she was a bit stiff, she didn’t regret what she’d done.

It’d been a bit thoughtless, in hindsight; she should have hit the creature with magic first, not her own body. But her baby sister had been at risk and she hadn’t thought of anything beyond getting the demon away from Hilda. Watching as Hilda practically bounced back towards her, coat on and chatting about where she wanted to go, Zelda couldn’t help but smile widely and think that she’d take on an entire hoard of demons if it meant keeping her sister safe and with that sweet smile on her face—not that she’d ever admit as much.

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to 'close' down my inbox here and on tumblr for a bit. I love you all for the ideas and for trusting me with them. But I have 40+ right now between ao3 and tumblr and no matter how quickly I write these that number magically increases and never decreases. The sheer number is getting a little overwhelming.

So if you sent me a prompt before 10/23/19, it is on that list of 40+ and I will eventually get to it. Once I make a sizeable dent in the list (hopefully once I get to the teens or even single digits--which I can't even imagine right now) I'll take more prompts.

Thank you all again for the ideas and support! <3
Chapter Summary

Anon prompt: Methuselah actually takes advantage of Hilda and Zelda helps her through the trauma.

Chapter Notes

Please, please take note of the prompt. This piece is full of potential TRIGGERS, read at your own discretion.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There wasn’t any other way. Ambrose was awaiting death, Zelda forced to walk back into a nightmare, and Satan knew what was going on with Sabrina.

It was her turn.

Her turn to make the sacrifice for their family.

So, instead of shoving the man away, cursing him, killing him like she wanted, for the assumption that he could take advantage because of his position in power, Hilda closed her eyes and gripped the armrests of her chair until her knuckles turned white as she let Methuselah’s hand continue its path up her leg.

She did her best to pretend it was Cerberus’ touch, that it was his hand trailing up her thigh while the other started to bunch up her skirt. But they hadn’t gotten this far yet; Cerb had been a gentleman. He’d taken everything slowly and sweetly for her, so it was incredibly difficult to imagine her gentle, loving boyfriend as the one now manhandling her out of her chair and onto the floor.

Trembling and several tears leaking out, Hilda turned her head and tried to fill her thoughts with Cerberus.

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He slumped against her when he finished. Panting, his hot breath against her cheek and it took everything in Hilda not to rob him of that very breath just to save herself from the horrid sensation. After everything she’d just endured, she hadn’t thought this would be one of the worst parts. Why did he have to linger? Why could he not just get up and leave?

Eventually he did.

Groaning playfully and complaining about his joints, Methuselah stood, tucked himself away and zipped his pants. “You were good,” he commented, taking his robe off the back of the chair where he’d discarded it and pulling it back on. “I’ll deal with Blackwood, free your nephew. And who knows, once I’m done maybe I’ll come back for a celebratory encore.” He gave her a lecherous wink.
and bile rose up the back of Hilda’s throat; she was still on the floor, not having moved a muscle since the entire ordeal started. With a final nod, he was gone; teleported away.

Once alone, great heaving sobs wracked Hilda’s body and she stumbled in her hurry to right her clothes and get upstairs. When she reached the bathroom, wrenching her clothes off as she made a dash for the shower, Hilda hiccupped.

She’d caught sight of herself in the floor length mirror.

Her back was rubbed raw from the friction of her cardigan, dress and the cheap office carpet, mascara was streaked down her cheeks from her tears, and blood was smeared along the inside of her thighs.

Casting a spell to fog the mirrors so she wouldn’t have to bear the sight, Hilda practically threw herself into the shower and under the scalding hot spray.

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“Hilda?” Zelda called out, moving through the house. Where in Heaven was her sister? She walked up the stairs and heard the shower running. Grinning, Zelda strode into the room she shared with her sister and threw open the bathroom door. “Hilda! Stop screaming it’s me. The high council moved against Faustus and freed Ambrose! They—” she opened the curtain to speak directly to her sister and paused when Hilda didn’t screech in protest about modesty as she usually did when Zelda couldn’t wait to tell her something. It was then she realized Hilda was curled up on the floor as the shower water beat down on her, arms wrapped protectively over her head. “Hildie?” She breathed, kneeling down and tentatively touching her sister’s shoulder.

When Hilda didn’t respond Zelda shut the water off and shook her sister. “Hilda what happened? Why are you sitting in freezing cold water? What, Satan you’re scaring me. What happened?!”

Hilda finally lowered her arms and looked at Zelda directly. “The high council moved against Blackwood? Freed Ambrose?” She asked, chin trembling.

Snatching a towel from the rack and wrapping it around Hilda, Zelda nodded. “Yes. He’s in custody and Ambrose is out with Sabrina and Nicholas to celebrate. I don’t know how you managed, but I —”

Her sister burst into tears and turned her back to Zelda, clutching the towel to her. “Hildie. Please, what, what is going on? You can talk to me. Please.” Zelda was begging and she didn’t care, Hilda had never acted like this before, not even when they’d lost Edward. Hilda always talked through her feelings, to the point that it usually annoyed Zelda to no end. For her sister not to speak... it horrified Zelda. “Did, did someone hurt you?” She asked, voice thick as she struggled to hide her growing panic.

A jerky shrug was the only answer she received for an agonizing minute.

And then Hilda peeked over her shoulder. “It was the only way. And it paid off, was wor—” her voice broke and she shuddered. “Was worth it to protect you, to protect Ambrose.”

“What are you talking about?” Zelda demanded grabbing another towel and draping it over Hilda’s legs when she started to shiver.

Lips twisting, Hilda dropped her gaze. “I, I went to the high council for help. They said no.” Though taken aback, Zelda held her tongue, not wanting to interrupt. “Methuselah came here about an hour later. Said he wanted to help, but he’d, he’d...” Hilda turned her head and stared at the shower wall.
Smoothing back the wet strands of hair still clinging to Hilda’s cheek, Zelda leaned against the lip of the tub, trying to be as close to her sister as she could without climbing in as well. “He what, parum soror mea?”*

“He needed something from me first.”

It was said so softly Zelda almost didn’t hear it. And as the words registered, all the pieces fell into place. “I’ll kill him.” She snarled, the lights flickering as she shoved off the ground and moved to figure out where Methuselah was.

Hilda’s hand clamped, vice-like, onto her wrist. “Don’t leave me.” She whispered, tears trekking down her cheeks.

Dropping to her knees once more, Zelda hugged Hilda to her tightly despite the bathtub wall between them. “Let’s get you to bed and I’ll brew you some healing draught and foxglove tea. Would that be okay?” She framed Hilda’s face with her hands and her sister nodded and allowed Zelda to assist her out of the tub, allowed her to help dry her off and tuck her into bed once she was in her softest nightgown.

When Zelda came back upstairs, she had a small tray with the healing draught, the foxglove spiked tea and the decanter of whiskey. She handed Hilda the draught and then let her sister pick which of the other two she wanted after she drained the potion.

To her surprise Hilda picked the alcohol.

Waiting a bit longer, Zelda slid onto the bed next to Hilda and slipped an arm around her sister when Hilda cuddled into her side. “What made you think you had to protect me, Hildie?” She breathed, unable to stop herself from asking as she stroked her sister’s hair.

Startled, Hilda pulled back just a little. “Blackwood, he, he put you under that awful spell. Made you dress like, like this,” she gestured to the dress Zelda hadn’t changed out of yet— she’d been so excited about Ambrose’s freedom and Faustus’ downfall that she’d thought only of coming to tell Hilda the good news. “I assumed he was, was having his way with you as well.” Hilda whispered, dropping her eyes. “I couldn’t, wouldn’t, let him keep hurting you like that; especially, especially now that you were technically awake to endure it.”

Tears pricked Zelda’s eyes. Though Faustus had put her under that mind numbing spell on the first night because she wouldn’t stop pleading Ambrose’s case, by the next morning he’d been on too much of a power trip with his new responsibilities as interim antipope to pay her much attention other than the occasional order to fill tea, rub his shoulders or clean something up.

But as much as Zelda knew the news would relieve Hilda of the burden she’d likely been carrying for not freeing Zelda sooner, she also knew the news would be a weight of its own as well. Because her sister had made a tremendous sacrifice for her, to save her, and Zelda hadn’t needed saving.

So, she started with the only good thing to come from this. Swallowing, Zelda pulled Hilda back against her. “I can never repay you.” She murmured hoarsely, resting her cheek on top of Hilda’s curls. “I, I cannot thank you enough for saving Ambrose. You saved our boy. I wish—” she faltered, and Hilda’s arms wrapped around her waist; clinging tightly. “I wish we had come up with another way. That you didn’t feel, didn’t think, hadn’t had to... I wish.” Zelda finished, unable to say the price her sister had paid to protect their family.

Hilda pressed against her harder. “At least mine had a purpose. At least I had a modicum of control. Yours...” her voice trembled, “I wish too, Zelds.”
The tears that had threatened before came pouring down her cheeks now. She couldn’t mislead Hilda about this. Though it may be cruel, Zelda felt it would be crueler to act like a survivor of something she’d never endured. “Hildie,” she stammered, “Faustus didn’t, once I was under the spell, we never.... He didn’t.” She informed her sister and Hilda pulled away from her.

Relief washed over Hilda’s features. “He didn’t?” Zelda shook her head, guilt coursing through her at what Hilda had endured, at what she thought she had to endure for her family. “Praise Satan.” Hilda breathed, lurching forward and hugging Zelda hard.

“You’re, you’re not upset?” Zelda asked, returning the hug.

Blinking, Hilda broke the hug and touched Zelda’s cheek. “How could I ever be upset that you weren’t, weren’t hurt?” She still couldn’t say the word, that would make her own too real; and she wasn’t ready to do that just yet.

Lips twisting, Zelda floundered for a moment before finding her voice once more. “Because, because Methuselah... if you hadn’t thought I needed help—" And she hated herself for somehow twisting this to be about how insecure she was. How worried she was about Hilda one day realizing she hated her and leaving.

Pain flickered through Hilda’s eyes and she pulled away; Zelda knew better than to touch her just then.

“You still freed Ambrose. Saved him and this family. Who knows what Sabrina might have attempted, likely putting herself at risk in the process. You saved our children. I just, what he did—” Zelda rushed to add.

Hilda leaned back against her, resting her head on Zelda’s shoulder. “It... it was technically my choice. I could have said no, turned him away.”

It was Zelda’s turn to pull away, forcing Hilda to look her in the eye. “If it helps you to look at it that way, I won’t disagree,” Zelda murmured, watching Hilda’s face closely. When her sister pressed her lips together so hard they tinged white, Zelda knew that that line of reasoning wasn’t helping her. Carefully tucking a strand of hair behind Hilda’s ear, Zelda shook her head slowly. “He didn’t give you a choice. He abused his power, forced you. If you hadn’t been cornered would you have made the same decision? Would you have said yes?”

The answer didn’t need to be said; they both knew.

“Then he was wrong. He hurt you. And I’d still like to kill him.... Or help you kill him.” Zelda amended and a small smile tugged at the corner of Hilda’s lips at the statement.

Exhaling slowly, Hilda shimmied down under the covers further and rested her head on Zelda’s lap, arm draped over her legs. “How do I make it better?” She whispered, tears dropping softly onto Zelda’s dress and soaking into the fabric.

Heart breaking, Zelda gave the only advice she could; and even then, she was unsure how much it would actually help. “You don’t have to do anything but take it one day at a time. Whatever helps you in that moment, you do it. You need to scream, scream. Break things, retreat to the greenhouse to be alone if company is overwhelming, invite the entire coven over if being alone is too hard, bake, go to work, quit your job—"

Hilda’s head snapped back up. “I don’t want to quit the bookshop.”

Smiling softly, Zelda carded her fingers through her sister’s hair. “Then don’t. No matter what you
choose, I will be there for you every single step.” She promised and Hilda laid back down.

Sniffling, Hilda shuffled closer to her. “Speaking of the bookstore.... What, what do I tell Cee?”

“Everything. Or nothing. Or something in between. It is entirely up to you, Hildie.” Zelda replied, “you don’t owe it to anyone to say what happened.”

Propping herself up, Hilda bit her lip. “I don’t want to lie. I’ve told Cee the truth about everything. About being a witch, how, how I’m a.... was a virgin.” Tears brimmed in her eyes and Zelda quickly poured another glass of whiskey and handed it to Hilda.

She waited a moment until Hilda finished her drink and then took the glass back. “Then you tell him the truth.”

Still worrying her lower lip, Hilda looked around the room, avoiding Zelda’s eyes. “What, what if he doesn’t want me anymore? Now that, that I’m dam-, damaged goods.”

The statement angered Zelda. She grasped Hilda by the shoulders. “You are not damaged.” Zelda exclaimed fiercely, startling Hilda with her response. “You, Hildegard Spellman are strong, intelligent, compassionate and selfless. And if anyone says otherwise they will face me and then the Cain pit—and that’s if I’m feeling generous.” Before Hilda could interrupt, she continued. “Cerberus will not see it that way either. Despite my early.... reluctance concerning a certain trash peddling vampire, he is a good man.” She admitted, knowing Hilda wouldn’t have picked him if he wasn’t. “And he loves you. When you tell him, however much you wish to share, he will understand.”

Hilda’s brow wrinkled, so Zelda elaborated. “Will he like it? Absolutely not. Will he wish he could have done something to prevent it? Protect you? Certainly. But he will not condemn you for it, he will not see you as anything less than you were. He will not see you as damaged. Because you are neither of those things. He will still love you. He will still want you. And he will respect you in how you decide to proceed with your relationship. Am I wrong?” She arched a brow at her sister whose chin was wobbling.

Burying her face back into Zelda’s lap, Hilda shook her head. “No.” Came a muffled reply. She shifted so her cheek rested on Zelda’s leg once more. “That, that’s my Cee to a tee. He’s a good man.”

“Better be if you’re going to keep him.” Zelda quipped making Hilda huff in amusement. They sat there for several quiet minutes when Zelda spoke up. “Would you like your tea now?” She asked softly, not wanting to disturb her sister.

Hilda nodded and sat up a little so she could drink it. “You’ll stay with me though, right? You won’t go off on some crusade to avenge me?” She spun the now empty cup in her hands, once more not meeting Zelda’s eyes.

“No crusades, not tonight.” Zelda took the cup from Hilda and set it aside before clasping her sister’s hands between her own. “I’ll always be here for you. In everything. I’m sorry I wasn’t here before to protect you. I should—”

Squeezing Zelda’s hands, Hilda shook her head. “No use in wishing the past were different.” She murmured, though they both knew they’d wish for just that for a very long time. “I’m just glad you’re here now.” Her eyes began to droop as the foxglove took effect. “Thank you, Zelds.” She mumbled before laying down half in Zelda’s lap and falling asleep.

Still stroking her sister’s blonde curls, Zelda sniffed back some tears. She wasn’t worthy of Hilda’s thanks, not now. Not when she’d failed to protect her baby sister. Not when she’d chosen to go back
to Blackwood undercover to try and minimize the damage he was causing.

She should have been here.

She should have been around to protect Hilda. She should have put her family first, not the coven. So, no, she wasn’t worthy of Hilda’s selflessness, of her forgiveness, of her thanks. But she’d do everything in her power to be worthy of it. Placing a careful kiss on top of Hilda’s head, Zelda whispered several protection spells. “I love you, Hildie.”

Chapter End Notes

I know there’s a lot of debate on what Zelda did or did not endure during her time under the spell. I wanted this piece to be about Hilda's trauma which is why I took the route I did.

* parum soror mea—Latin for my little sister
They’d only been in charge for a month.

A tumultuous month at that. Other covens and warlocks had tried to swoop in and swallow their little
group up. Claiming it was for the best, but she and Zelda knew they just wanted the glory of saying
they were now in charge of one of the more prominent Churches of Darkness.

They’d held them all off, whether with negotiations, partnerships or blunt threats; their coven held
their own and grew.

Despite the progress and smooth sailing for the past week, Lilith insisted that Zelda summon her
should another threat appear, not wanting to lose the precious ground they gained.

She also didn’t want to be like Lucifer who had made her terrified of summoning him simply for
instructions. He’d started to lose her loyalty some time before that, then his pursuit of Sabrina
alienated Lilith further. And when he’d decided to punish her because she’d summoned him,
questioned him... well, Lilith didn’t intend to make the same mistakes as her predecessor and lose her
greatest ally.

And.... and perhaps there was another motive behind it as well.

A more personal one Lilith refused to acknowledge. One that whispered that she cared, rather
deePLY, for the strong, intelligent, secretly compassionate woman.... who also happened to be
absurdly beautiful.

Prior to her revealing her true nature, Lilith had few interactions with Zelda. The witch intrigued her,
certainly, especially after Zelda had burst into the room, crackling with power and finished the
exorcism. But beyond that, Lilith had little reason to think of her.

Until Zelda helped Lilith onto the throne.

Until she became the first high priestess in the Church of Lilith. Until they fought side by side in a
variety of ways to protect what they’d both worked so hard to achieve. Until they spent hours
together pouring over texts and making sweeping revisions and raising witches up within the church
to the same level as warlocks. Until Lilith got to know her, hear her biting wit, learn what her laugh sounded like, acquit herself with the curl of Zelda’s lips when she smiled.

Until she came to relish the time they got to spend together.

So, perhaps her motives for asking Zelda to summon her should trouble arise weren’t as transparent as the witch imagined; but she didn’t want any harm to come to one of the few living beings she trusted and cared for—she’d already lost too many.

First Lucifer—when he transformed into Satan, then Stolas—when he betrayed her to Lucifer and forced her to kill him, finally the sweet mortal Adam, he’d truly been Mary Wardwell’s, but Lilith had come to trust and care for him in her own way only to lose him as well. And now, well, now she had Zelda and while there was no Lucifer to steal her away, Lilith still worried something else would harm Zelda.

Zelda rarely summoned her, regardless of Lilith’s assertions. When she did summon her, the spell was always tinged with the implication that Lilith could come when she chose, that Zelda wasn’t in great need of her new Queen, she merely needed to discuss something when Lilith had the chance.

Which meant, when Lilith was lounging in her new throne late one night, going over a series of documents Zelda had recently given her, she was startled when a summoning spell came through that demanded Lilith’s immediate attention. Flying to her feet and not bothering to put her heels back on, Lilith teleported to the Spellman home, ready to lay waste to whatever had frightened Zelda enough to call her with such urgency.

Appearing in the foyer, Lilith made straight to the parlor where a fire was going, spell already in hand. Bursting into the room, she was stunned to find Zelda draped on the couch, drink in hand.

Cautiously approaching, Lilith crouched next to Zelda. “Where is it?” She whispered, thinking the woman must be in some kind of spell induced stupor.

Head lolling over, Zelda’s mouth spread into a wide smile. “Lil,” she breathed, clumsily sitting up.

Placing a steadying hand on Zelda’s shoulder, Lilith cast a quick spell to reveal anything harmful in the house and it came up empty. Confused, she turned back to Zelda. “What happened?” She insisted, checking the woman for injuries or residual magic.

“I missed you.” Zelda admitted, attempting to whisper and failing.

She blinked, nonplussed. “What?”

Slugging back the rest of her drink, Zelda set the glass aside, almost missing the side table, and took Lilith’s face in her hands, sending thrills through Lilith’s body. “I. Missed. You.” Zelda repeated, biting her lip as she stroked her thumbs over Lilith’s cheeks. “I haven’t seen you in two weeks, Lil, I wanted to see you.”

It was then Lilith registered the words. Zelda had missed her, wanted to see her, had given her a nickname... and she couldn’t fight the blush and smile that crept across her face in response. Then she realized something else.

Zelda was drunk.

There was a glaze to her normally sharp green eyes and her cheeks were rosy from the alcohol. Some of Lilith’s excitement at Zelda’s declarations and physical affection waned, it wasn’t that Zelda felt the same, she was just intoxicated…. Extremely so.
Sighing, and gently taking Zelda’s hands between her own, Lilith stood. “Zelda, how much have you had to drink?”

Face scrunching adorably, Zelda cocked her head at Lilith. “What does that have to do with anything? Can’t I just want to see you? Spend time with you?”

Carefully leveraging the redhead up and ignoring how the words made her heart ache—for surely it was the incredible amounts of alcohol speaking and not Zelda—Lilith slipped under Zelda’s arm and wrapped her own around the witch’s waist to prop her up.

“We can do that when you’re sober.” She murmured, leading Zelda to the stairs. It was slow going, the stairs, Zelda stumbled, giggled and spouted soft, sweet sentiments the whole time they made their way to her bedroom.

Once there, Lilith waved a hand to change Zelda into the nightgown laying on the bed and gulped when she saw the dark blue silk contrasted on Zelda’s pale skin; the depth of the neckline didn’t help matters either.

Grinning, Zelda stood up from the bed where Lilith had parked her. “So eager to see me out of my normal clothes, are we?” She teased, running a finger along Lilith’s cheek and standing far too close.

Biting back a flirtatious remark, Lilith let out a strained chuckle instead. “You should sleep, Zelda.” She guided the woman back to bed.

“Oh, but there are much better ways in which this bed could be used.” Zelda purred, her hands finding Lilith’s hips and squeezing deliciously.

And Lilith almost let a ‘Satan, help me,’ fall from her lips out of habit. But she’d overthrown her old master and now had no one to pray to when she needed help resisting the tempting witch in front of her.

Deliberately removing Zelda’s hands, Lilith pulled back the covers and helped the redhead slip under the covers. “I’ll go mix up a hangover potion for you for when you wake.” It was easier to avoid Zelda’s comment completely than to try and address it without making the situation worse.

As she turned to leave, Zelda’s hand shot out and grasped her wrist. “Stay. Please?”

She paused for a moment, but finally nodded and rounded the bed to climb on top of the comforter Zelda was tucked under. Lilith laid there stiffly, unsure what to do. Normally she wouldn’t hesitate to follow someone’s lead, but this was Zelda and she didn’t want to ruin anything. The witch meant more to Lilith than a quick, if satisfying, romp.

Zelda who was on her side and facing away from Lilith, blindly reached behind her until she grasped Lilith’s arm. Zelda then tugged until Lilith rolled over and spooned her; once her arm was draped over Zelda’s waist, the redhead interlaced their fingers.

Humming contentedly, Zelda settled more heavily against Lilith. “Feels better than I imagined,” she murmured.

The comment had Lilith perking up. “What does?” She asked tentatively, scooting closer until her knees were notched behind Zelda’s completely.

Wriggling a little, Zelda adjusted her hold on Lilith’s hand and pulled her more tightly in. “This.” She sighed, drifting off almost immediately, the alcohol assisting the process.
Heart pounding, Lilith could only assume Zelda meant being held by her. Exhaling slowly, Lilith buried her nose into Zelda’s hair and tried to match her breathing with the witch’s in her arms.

At some point she must have fallen asleep as well. Because the next thing Lilith knew, she was waking up to sun streaming through the window.

It was then she noticed that during the night they had shifted. Now on her back, Lilith was stunned to find Zelda sprawled half on top of her, face pressed almost into her neck. For a moment, she considered teleporting away, avoiding the whole ‘morning after’ and hoping Zelda didn’t remember what happened. Just as she’d made up her mind to do just that, the arm Zelda had draped over her abdomen tightened.

“Don’t even think of moving.” She mumbled, her breath ghosting along Lilith’s skin making it hard to concentrate. The redhead then surprised her further by tipping her head up and placing lazy kisses along Lilith’s neck.

Swallowing roughly, Lilith loosed a shuddering exhale. “Zelda....” she managed in warning, though her hand had come up and wound into her high priestess’ red locks on its own accord.

“Hmm?” She placed a few more choice kisses along Lilith’s skin. “I already made a fool of myself last night. It seems I said many things and when I woke up next to you, I found I didn’t want to take them back.” She pulled back then to look Lilith in the eye, and, really, no one should be allowed to look so deliciously rumpled in the morning—it did things to Lilith. Zelda’s next words recaptured her attention. “Do you want me to stop?” And from the arch of her brow and the glint in her eye Lilith could tell Zelda already knew the answer.

Not one who enjoyed being predictable, though, Lilith suddenly rolled them, so Zelda was trapped beneath her. “Not at all.” She purred, leaning in to wipe the smug smile off Zelda’s face with a kiss.
The night before her first class as the Directrix of the Unholy Choir, Zelda sat up in her bed pouring over song choices she could use to determine her students’ ability to sing read and their vocal range.

There were a number of options, a staggering number, if she was honest, and Zelda was having a bit of trouble selecting a song. Oblivious to her dilemma, Hilda breezed into the room, humming to herself as she got ready for bed.

Zelda froze. “What song is that?” She demanded, sitting up straighter.

Cocking her head, Hilda spun away from her vanity slightly. “Hmm?”

“That song, what was it?” Zelda repeated, a little impatient.

Brow furrowing, Hilda faced her completely. “Oh, just the Sound of Music, you know, from the movie about...”

But Zelda wasn’t listening anymore, she was digging through the sheets of music in front of her. Of course, how could she have not considered it before? The ranges would certainly test her students and it was unlikely Constance had ever seen the mortal movie and therefore never would have given any of the songs to the students to sing. It would be perfect to determine their sight-reading abilities.

Finally finding the paper, Zelda grinned. “Got you.” She murmured, eyes scanning the piece in front of her eagerly.

Still peering at her, Hilda arched a brow. “Are you going to explain what just happened?”

Standing, Zelda swept over and kissed the top of her sister’s head. “You just helped me find the perfect piece of music for tomorrow.” She smiled widely and left the room, heading downstairs to put the piece with her things so she wouldn’t forget to bring it with her in the morning.

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It truly was the perfect piece. Zelda was able to identify several of her weaker leaks and to rearrange a few of her sopranos—honestly, what had Constance been thinking?
When Faustus slipped into the room to see how things were going on her first day, Zelda was confident she now had everyone where they should be. Once more directing the students to sing the piece that would showcase each of their abilities best, Zelda smiled as they harmonized beautifully.

Yes, Do-Ri-Me was the perfect song to challenge her students and for her to assess them on.

It was merely a bonus that it was from a mortal movie where a postulant abandoned the false god and his ways to pursue her own lustful desires. It was a message Zelda could get behind wholeheartedly.

Chapter End Notes

Disclaimer, I've never seen the Sound of Music, I had to google the plot. So, if I made a glaring mistake, please let me know :)

Converst pt 3

Chapter Summary

Anon prompt: Continuation of Ch. 45 and 48, Converts with Spellwood.

Chapter Notes

Not sure if this is what you had in mind, but I wanted it to be in line with my other ones. This one is a bit... more descriptive. Hope you still enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Knocking on the door to Lilith’s cottage, Faustus rubbed the back of his neck, already dreading the conversion he was about to have.

Lilith swung the door open and groaned. “It’s the high priest.” She called over her shoulder, giving Faustus a once over before turning and walking deeper into the house, leaving the door open for him to follow.

Closing his eyes, Faustus took a deliberately slow breath and then followed. Zelda came out of the kitchen to greet him, cigarette in hand. “What can we do for you, Faustus?” She asked, leaning against the door jamb with her hip, cigarette held aloft.

“The mortals of Greendale are getting suspicious. Complaints about the Spellmans,” he gave her a pointed look, “and now Mary Wardwell.” He added, turning his gaze to Lilith. “I know you deal with mortals on a much more regular basis than most witches, but could you at least attempt to be more subtle?” He asked, exasperated. “Because if I’m hearing of their complaints then all of Greendale certainly has as well.”

Dramatically flopping onto the couch, Lilith lifted one shoulder in an unconcerned shrug. “Don’t be such a spoil sport, Blackwood. They came to convert us, what did you expect us to do?”

Arching a brow, Faustus came to stand in front of the fireplace. “They came to convert the Spellmans,” he corrected. “The Spellmans who are established in the community as Satanists. It’s not them the gossip is about, well, no more than usual.” He glanced at Zelda and she smirked, undisturbed and joined Lilith on the couch. “No, it’s Mary Wardwell, the woman who was a devout Evangelical Christian until recently, that they’re concerned about.”

“And an oversight when I took the woman’s appearance,” Lilith admitted with a grimace. And it was likely as close to an apology as Faustus would ever get.

He pinched his nose and exhaled slowly. “Well, now you know. So, act accordingly. Or at least,” he waved a hand, “better.”

Lilith made a face but at least appeared as though she’d listen. Zelda, however, a smile crept across her face and Faustus knew it would only mean trouble. Not one to disappoint, Zelda stubbed out her

An appalled look morphed Lilith’s features as she shifted to face Zelda. Before she could protest, Zelda leaned over and whispered in the demoness’ ear, and Lilith’s eyes lit up. “Really?” Zelda hummed in affirmation, giving Faustus a sidelong look and biting her lip in a way that sent heat straight to his groin. Damn the woman and the power she still had over him. Recapturing his attention, Lilith turned an appraising look into him and smiled wickedly. “Indeed. Well then, I’m in.”

Faustus stared at them blankly. “You can’t be serious. I’ve come over to scold you both, two fully grown witches about exposing our kind and this is how you behave?”

Ignoring the chastisement, Lilith let her eyes drift over him once more. “He does look the part. Oh, Mary Beth would be beside herself.” She remarked gleefully, sitting up straighter on the couch.

“And you haven’t even seen his tattoos yet,” Zelda murmured, quirking a brow, her expression positively hungry as she eyed Faustus as well.

An involuntary shiver raced up his back as their implication sank in. No, he shouldn’t, couldn’t. He was the high priest, it was his job to ensure everyone in his coven, or peripherally connected to it in Lilith’s case, acted in the best interest of witching kind. Taking part in whatever game they were playing with this mortal Mary Beth would mean undermining himself.

But... but the way the two witches were gazing at him... it was sinfully delicious, and Faustus desperately wanted to participate in whatever their plans were.

Licking his lips, Faustus tried to act nonchalant. “What did you have in mind?”

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The doorbell sounded just on time. The little summoning spell Lilith had used to bring Mary Beth to her cottage working perfectly. Though they could have waited for the woman to reappear on her own accord, none of them possessed much patience.

Faustus answered the door, as planned, wearing only a pair of boxers. “Yes?”

The woman in front of him visibly swallowed. “Sweet Jesus,” she breathed, clutching her bag to her.

A dark smirk danced on Faustus’ lips and he eyed the mortal. “Well, I can’t attest to the false god’s spawn, but there are certainly sweet things in here. Mary would agree.” He arched a brow and moved back to the bedroom, the woman trailing behind him as though drawn by a magnet.

And though he knew what awaited them in the bedroom, the sight still stole his breath away. Zelda was spread on the bed, writhing with Lilith’s head buried between her thighs; both women stark naked.

Composing himself, Faustus entered the room further. “Thank you for keeping her warm for me,” Faustus murmured, nudging Lilith aside. “You can go back to your other spot.”

Taking one final lick, Lilith stood and climbed back onto the bed. It was then she ‘noticed’ Mary Beth. “Decide to join us after all?” She asked huskily, smoothing Zelda’s hair back.

Mary Beth just gaped, eyes flicking between where Faustus had taken Lilith’s place between Zelda’s legs—his arms looping under the redhead’s legs to help keep them open while murmuring about ‘sweet things, indeed’ before eagerly getting to work—and to where Lilith was now positioning
herself; perched over Zelda, her core aligned with the witch’s mouth.

When the woman didn’t respond, Lilith smiled wickedly. “Faustus wouldn’t mind some more attention, if you’re not sure where to start.” She remarked, noting how the warlock was grinding against the edge of the bed as he pleasured Zelda.

The man in question stopped his ministrations just long enough to give Mary Beth a feral grin, his chin glistening, before returning to his task.

Whimpering slightly, Mary Beth’s eyes flew back to Lilith where she was now slowly riding Zelda’s face as the witch’s hands gripped her hips deliciously. “I—” and her gaze roved over them again, and Lilith could swear she saw a spark of lust and desire there. The mortal wanted to join.

She half hoped Mary Beth would. Lilith was intrigued as to what this repressed woman might unleash should she choose.

For half a moment, the possibility was there, Mary Beth reached out and traced a tentative hand over Blackwood’s back as his muscles moved beneath the inked skin. He growled in approval, which created a domino effect—the action sending a wave of pleasure through Zelda who moaned into Lilith’s core eliciting a moan from her as well.

“You’re a natural already,” Lilith gasped as Zelda’s hands pulled her further down and the redhead’s tongue delved deeper inside her. “Just one touch and look at the pleasure you created.”

Temptation and guilt warred visibly on Mary Beth’s face as she watched them, her palm now resting on Faustus’ back completely. “I,” she tried again, taking a micro-step closer. Lilith nodded in encouragement, trying her damnedest to keep a modicum of her focus on the mortal when there were so many other alluring things demanding her attention. Mary Beth took another step closer, legs now pressing against the side of the mattress as her free hand trailed up Zelda’s ribs, stopping just short of her breasts. Faustus helped her reach her destination, one of his hands snaking up, covering Mary Beth’s and leading it to the treasure that was Zelda’s chest.

A gasp left Mary Beth and Faustus flexed his hand over Mary Beth’s, effectively massaging Zelda’s breast with the woman’s hand; he removed his hand moments later and Mary Beth continued the action on her own; breathing heavily as she brought her eyes up to Lilith who was still grinding into Zelda’s glorious mouth.

Seeing an opportunity, Lilith leaned forward and drew Mary Beth into a slow kiss, her tongue tangling with the woman’s. When they broke, Mary Beth’s pupils where blown wide with lust.

“I can’t.” Suddenly, Mary Beth backed away from the bed, shaking her head vigorously. “God would never—, this is… this is…” she trailed off, still watching them as she bit her lip.

Reaching out carefully, Lilith ran a hand through the woman’s hair, not missing how Mary Beth leaned into the touch. “You can’t today.” She corrected, proud of her coherent sentences when Zelda was picking up her efforts. “But you know where to find us when you can.”

Biting her lip, Mary Beth shuddered. “All, all three of you?” She whispered, eyes once more sweeping over the trio.

A triumphant smile spread across Lilith’s lips, but all she could do was nod in reply. Mary Beth nodded as well and spun and practically ran from the house. Before Lilith could dwell on their partial victory, Zelda was coming beneath her, her shouts of pleasure sending vibrations through her core that had Lilith tightening and reaching her peak as well.
Carefully swinging off Zelda, Lilith collapsed on the bed next to the witch. Faustus crawled up and lay on Zelda’s other side.

“Oh, you should have seen her face when she first arrived.” He told them, laughing so hard he had to wipe his eyes. Lilith then described Mary Beth’s face for Zelda’s benefit, how close she’d come to joining in their little orgy. Bouts of laughter swept through them as they laid there recounting the event.

After they calmed a bit, Faustus rolled onto his side and started to grind against Zelda’s thigh; while the two witches had their fun, he hadn’t been sated yet. “Zels,” he practically growled, shifting to remove his boxers.

She cocked a brow at him. “Hmm, yes. By all means.” Zelda smiled lazily and happily spread her legs to accommodate him.

Lilith placed a hand on Zelda’s shoulder. “Do I not get the same invitation?” She faux pouted, and that was when Faustus and Zelda looked down to see the strap-on she was suddenly wearing.

Licking her lips, Zelda only managed a shuddering exhale and a jerky nod.

The two brunettes locked eyes over the witch between them and smirked, coming to a silent agreement about making Zelda come as many times as possible.

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Somehow, they ended up on the floor; limbs entangled.

Lilith raised her head. “So, Father Blackwood,” she drawled his title, “must we really stop tormenting the mortals?”

He could barely think straight, the demoness had just wrapped her hand around his cock, pumping it while Zelda began to lazily grind her core against his thigh, leaving a wet streak, as she sucked and bit her way along his neck and chest.

They’d found a pattern, the three of them. Two of them teaming up to provide the most pleasure possible to the third. And it just so happened that while Lilith was trying to make her case, that it was his turn.

“Answer her, Faustus,” Zelda ordered, sinking her teeth into the junction where his neck met his shoulder hard enough to draw blood just as Lilith gave his cock a glorious squeeze.

A long groan escaped Faustus at the attention. Never one to deny himself pleasure, he shook his head hopelessly and wonderfully lost in lust. “It seems you lovely witches have converted me.”

The women shared a dangerous look and then converged on him completely.

Chapter End Notes

Because Blackwood is indeed a voracious slut and unable to resist :P
Alternate Endings

Chapter Summary

Anon prompt: What if—Zelda didn’t think to ask Mildred to replace Sabrina at feast of feast. How would Blackwood and the Spellmans react and deal with that?

Chapter Notes

Okay, so, since this is kind of a canon divergence from a chapter I already wrote (ch. 52) the beginning is the same and then changes based on the prompt.

The paper burned white.

No. No, no, no, no, that couldn’t be. There’d only been a 7% chance. That was the only reason she’d allowed Sabrina to take her place; because the chance had been so small. Her girl couldn’t be Queen of the Feast; but that was exactly what Faustus was proclaiming, drawing Sabrina out from behind the table and presenting her to the coven.

The world went out of focus as Zelda fell to her knees with the rest of the coven, her heart pounding loudly in her ears. Sabrina’s eyes locked onto her, barely concealed terror flitting across her features as she stood trembling as everyone hailed her as the chosen one.

And though Zelda wanted nothing more than to snatch her niece and whisk her away, take her to another country, she forced herself to remain until the rest of the coven filtered out. Finally standing, legs shaking, Zelda pressed a shocked Sabrina into one of the pews and pulled Faustus aside.

“I’ll take her place.” The words are out of her mouth before they’re fully out of earshot, but Sabrina was apparently too stunned her actions had consequences, deadly ones at that, to notice.

Faustus sighed and ran a hand over his face, “you know I can’t let you switch, Zelda.” He shrugged apologetically, “it’d go against all the coven and tradition rules. The Dark Lord picked Sabrina, if I allow you to volunteer it undermines the entire system. There is nothing I can do.” Faustus gave her a pointed look and lifted a brow, giving her hand a reassuring squeeze.

Taking the hint, Zelda nodded and was about to thank him when he cut her off.

Clearing his throat, Faustus straightened his robe, “congratulations, Sister Zelda, the Dark Lord has seen fit to honor the Spellmans at last. You must be proud.”

She blinked and turned to find one of the acolytes hovering in the background, waiting to sweep the church. “Very proud,” Zelda mustered, voice hoarse. “Thank you, Father Blackwood, we will see you tomorrow at the Feast.”

Hurrying to where Sabrina was still slumped on the bench, Zelda gathered her niece in her arms and teleported home. Once home, Zelda ordered the girl to bed, and for the first time in ages Sabrina
didn’t argue with her, just stumbled up the stairs in a trance.

Hilda and Ambrose had yet to appear, just as well, Zelda was still hoping to change the circumstances before having to reveal to them what she’d let happen. Moving to the parlor, she lit the fire and several candles, arranging the smaller flames out in a pentagram; kneeling in the middle Zelda began to chant.

Summoning the Dark Lord was a dance with death on any occasion, but to do so in order to ask him to change his will, to accept her in Sabrina’s place at the Feast… Zelda wasn’t sure she wouldn’t just end up struck dead in the parlor and Sabrina eaten the next night anyway. But she had to try.

The magic crackled around her, building in the air until it was so thick she could see it shimmer. It was time, either the Dark Lord would appear or something else would come in his place to kill her for her audacity to summon him.

Suddenly, the fire surged, licking the sides of the fireplace and threatening to consume the rest of the room. Zelda fell back, a cry on her lips and a hand held up to block her face. Before she could process what was happening, a deep, grating voice echoed in her head; her hands coming to clamp over her ears automatically, even if the gesture was useless.

“Zelda Fiona Spellman,” the voice boomed, bringing tears to her eyes. “My will has been done. It will not be undone with a deal from me.”

And just as suddenly as the fire roared up, it was extinguished, leaving Zelda in the dark. Panting, Zelda scrambled out of the candle pentagram, knocking several of the candles aside for good measure.

She’d failed.

There would be no deal made, no mistakes undone. Sabrina would be killed and devoured because Zelda had taken a risk, thinking to teach the defiant girl a lesson only to learn one herself. A hollow sensation spread through her, infecting every cell. Unsure what else could be done, Zelda made for the kitchen, assuming she’d find the rest of her family there. She was right. Her expression must have said it all because the smile slid off Ambrose’s face and Hilda collapsed into the nearest chair.

“You were picked,” her sister whispered in dread, tears already pricking her eyes.

Swallowing around the massive lump in her throat, Zelda clutched the counter, no longer trusting her body to remain upright on its own accord. “Worse.” She breathed, forcing herself to meet Hilda’s eyes. “Sabrina—”

Shaking her head viciously, Hilda shot out of her seat. “No. No…. how? How could you—”

“She came bursting into the church, declaring that she would draw for the Spellman family. Unless I had a reason to deny her that right, unless I wanted to denounce the Feast.” Zelda tried to explain, though her reasoning now seemed weak. “I thought, her chances were so small…. Had I denounced the Feast, there was no knowing what would happen… the last witch who did…. She trailed off wretchedly, self-hate roiling through her; nausea joining it.

Hilda picked up her teacup and threw it across the room in a fit of anger so unlike her that both Ambrose and Zelda stepped away. “You still had a choice, you should have drawn.”

Tears spilled down Zelda’s cheeks now, emotions swelling and cresting inside her. “You think I don’t know that?! That I don’t know I should be the one slated for death?” Her voice cracked as her hysteria grew. “You think I didn’t try to switch with her already? That I didn’t just attempt to
summon the Dark Lord himself to make a deal, to save Sabrina?” Zelda pointed towards the parlor where the logs in the fireplace still smoked from recent use. “I know, Hildie. I know I should be the dead one. But I’m not, and I can’t fix it on my own.”

Crying as well, Hilda took several deep breaths and turned to Ambrose. “Get your books, see if you can find a loophole. I’ll whip up a batch of my sour stomachs potion, perhaps we can poison the coven with the stomach flu and we’ll miss the Feast entirely. Can’t sacrifice someone on the wrong day, can we?”

Zelda leaned heavily against the counter and buried her head in her hands, sobs wracking her body for a minute before she collected herself. “I’ll go talk to Sabrina. Perhaps I can convince her to run if this doesn’t work.”

Nodding, Hilda hummed her support and continued to pull ingredients out from various cabinets and drawers.

Making her way upstairs, Zelda cast a quick glamor spell to hide her distress and knocked on Sabrina’s door. Her niece answered quick enough; likely too distraught to sleep. Walking in and sitting on Sabrina’s bed, Zelda waited for Sabrina to join her; the girl, surprisingly, curling into her side.

“We can run.” Zelda breathed, wrapping an arm around Sabrina. “Pack up and leave tonight. They’d never catch us. We wouldn’t even be the first to run from this fate.”

Sabrina pulled back and wiped her nose, “There has to be another way.” She whispered, face pale and eyes red.

Lips pressing into a thin line, Zelda tucked Sabrina’s hair back and shook her head. “No. Ambrose is searching his books for loopholes, but if there ever was one it’s already been exploited and then fixed. And your Aunt Hilda, well, she’s making her sour stomachs potion, but it won’t work. No one will be eating, wanting to save space for, for the Feast.” Her stomach turned at the idea and she curled her toes in her shoes to hide from Sabrina how anxious she was. “And if no one is eating, well, there’s no way to dose them and make them too sick to go to the Feast.” Tipping her niece’s chin up so their eyes met, Zelda looked at her pleadingly. “We have to run, darling. I’m sorry I put you in this situation. If I’d drawn the paper instead this wouldn’t even be an issue.”

Shaking her head, Sabrina lurched forward and hugged her. “No, I’m sorry. I pushed it, forced your hand. And we can’t run… what about Ambrose? He can’t leave.”

Zelda sighed and held her girl closer to her, having already figured this out on her way up the stairs. “Ambrose will be fine. I’ll be here with him, just in case the church tries to come and exact some kind of punishment. It would be mine to bear, as it should be, not his.”

“Wait, what? You’d stay here? Then how—”

A small smile twitched Zelda’s lips, just for a moment at Sabrina’s concern. “Hilda would go with you. Two excommunicated witches on the run, quite a story to tell. I think you’d likely go to London; it was always Hilda’s favorite place.”

Chin wobbling, Sabrina shook her head once more. “I’m not leaving you and Ambrose here. This is my fault, but we can figure out how to fix it. We can.” And her niece looked so sincere, so earnest that for a second Zelda believed her.

“Get some sleep, sweetheart.” Zelda murmured, kissing Sabrina’s forehead gently. “We’ll see what
we can figure out tonight.”

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Only they hadn’t figured anything out.

After bidding Sabrina goodnight, Zelda slipped back down to the kitchen to help Ambrose search his books for any means of saving Sabrina that didn’t involve banishment or running. There was nothing, just as she’d told Sabrina. Despite that, they all worked until dawn, hoping something would turn up.

When Sabrina came down at 6am with bloodshot eyes and purple half-moons accenting them, the family knew there was no escaping this. They all sat at the table, letting this sink in.

Hilda rubbed her temples tiredly and turned to Sabrina. “We can still run, love.” She offered, eyes shining though no tears fell, not yet. “Just for now, we could come back in maybe 50 years or so. And Auntie Zee can always come visit us, and Ambrose when his sentence is up. There’s always the phone, mirrors and witching board too.”

And it was a testament to how scared Sabrina was, how hopeless she felt, that she nodded. Zelda exhaled slowly in relief. Though she hated the idea of being separated from Sabrina and Hilda, it was what would keep everyone safe.

An hour later, having used magic to pack the essentials, Zelda promising to send more along later, they stood hugging one another in the foyer.

“We’ll call tomorrow,” Zelda promised, resting her chin on top of Sabrina’s head as she held her tight. “To make sure you’re safe and to let you know how everything turned out.” She pulled back and framed her niece’s face, swiping away the girl’s tears gently with her thumbs as she did.

Sabrina nodded solemnly and hugged her once more before stepping back to take Hilda’s hand. They were to teleport to Maine first, then Denmark, Iceland and ultimately London. It would be a long journey, exhausting for Hilda to make so many long distance jumps at once with a passenger; but it was necessary. Exhaling loudly, Hilda gave them a wavering smiled and disappeared.

Only Sabrina didn’t disappear with her.

They all stood there, dumbfounded, Sabrina staring at her now empty hand before raising her eyes and blinking at Zelda and Ambrose. “What?”

Then something dawned on Zelda, she hurriedly cast several scanning spells and found what she should have been looking for from the beginning; a tethering spell. The discovery had a sob escaping her throat and she quickly covered her mouth to smother the sound.

Before she could explain her reaction to the kids, Hilda reappeared, frantic and breathing heavily. “Oh, praise Satan, I thought you got lost in the void for a moment.” Hilda hugged Sabrina hard and then realized Zelda was barely holding back tears. “There’s a reason for this, isn’t there?” She murmured, closing her eyes, “I thought so, though I hoped it was just me being out of practice with long distance teleporting.”

Taking a shuddering breath, Zelda nodded. “Sabrina has been tethered to Greendale. She cannot leave it’s limits.” She informed them, sitting down on the steps with little grace. “I should have known. Ever since Desmelda ran all those years ago churches have been more careful with their queens. There must have been a spell on the paper itself, so when it burned the magic attached itself to the person holding it.”
Ambrose settled on the steps next to her and took her hand comfortingly, though she certainly didn’t deserve it. “Now what? Sabrina can’t run, we can’t poison the coven, there’s no loophole imaginable…”

An idea dawned on her. One Zelda knew her family wouldn’t like, but it was truly their only option now. Swallowing, Zelda squeezed Ambrose’s hand in thanks and stood. “There, there might be one last thing to try,” she mumbled, walking towards the door.

“What?” Sabrina asked eagerly, catching her hand to prevent her from leaving.

Shaking her head, Zelda extracted her hand from Sabrina’s and collected her coat. “I’ll be back later. Until then, call Prudence, as your handmaid she really should have been over here last night; it’s suspicious we didn’t invite her over before now. Prepare for the Feast as though all is normal… I’ll, I’ll be back.” With that, Zelda teleported away before her family could question her further.

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She only needed a few ingredients. The effects of the potion didn’t need to last long; just until the Feast ended.

Teleporting to the academy, Zelda began to prepare the potion; she couldn’t very well risk Hilda or Ambrose seeing what she was doing. They would try and stop her. Sabrina, well, Zelda chuckled a little as she crushed up the beetles in her mortar, her girl wouldn’t know what Zelda was preparing even if one of the beetles in front of her suddenly sprang to life and bit the girl. Her niece still had so much to learn, so much to experience and live… this was the only way to ensure Sabrina got to do just that.

When Zelda finished, she carefully packed up the slightly steaming potion and teleported home. Arriving in the kitchen, Zelda quickly prepared a round of drinks for everyone, tipping a bit of potion into all but two and then called everyone to the kitchen.

Her family barreled in, staring at her with wide eyes and poorly concealed curiosity as she handed them drinks. But she said nothing, not only because Prudence had waltzed into the kitchen just then, but also because Zelda had to follow through with her plan without their interference.

They drank and toasted the Queen, strained expressions on everyone’s face as they joined in and drank deeply, each of them needing the fortification. Once the glasses were empty, Zelda turned to Prudence and dismissed her, telling the girl to meet them at the church, that she and Hilda would help Sabrina get ready for the Feast.

Shrugging, Prudence teleported away.

The moment Prudence was gone, everyone rounded on her, questions falling from their lips in rapid succession and overlapping one another. Holding up a hand to silence them, Zelda finished her own drink. “I, I want to apologize.” She managed, throat tight, when all three of them made to cut in, Zelda held up a hand again. “Let me say this.” Her tone had the rest of her family quieting. “This is my fault. I never should have let Sabrina choose. I am very, truly and deeply sorry. I love you all more than anything in the realms. I love you.” She made eye contact with each of them, “which,” she exhaled slowly, “which is why I—”

Before she could finish each one of them slumped over in their seats. Ambrose being unlucky enough to fall forward, his head landed with a dull thunk on the table.

“Praise Satan.” Zelda breathed, unsure how she’d have explained that she’d spiked their drinks.
Standing, Zelda teleported each of them to bed and then magically tethered them to the house just in case she’d gotten the dosing wrong. She couldn’t let them interfere. This was her price to pay.

Tucking each one into bed with a whispered protection spell and a kiss on the forehead, Zelda made for Sabrina’s room last. Smoothing her girl’s hair back, Zelda’s chin trembled as she bent and placed a kiss on Sabrina’s forehead. “I’m sorry,” she whispered again, pressing her lips together as she rushed out the of the room and went to the room she shared with Hilda to get ready.

Once satisfied with her appearance, Zelda went out into the hall and called for Salem. The dark little familiar came quick enough, padding softly from Sabrina’s room, he froze when he saw her. He glanced back into Sabrina’s room then at her, before backing away from her; hissing with his hair on end and back arching.

“Hush,” she admonished, glancing around though a much louder noise and some magic would be needed to wake her family. Momentarily lifting the spell, Zelda revealed herself to Salem. “It’s me.” She let the spell resume and she once more took on the appearance of her niece. “It’s the only way to protect her and I need your help as well.”

Salem trotted forward and wound around her ankles, mewing and rubbing his head against her calves in thanks. Sighing, Zelda bent and picked up the little goblin, carrying him downstairs, she explained to him what she needed him to do.

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She never imagined that walking into the Church of Night would be so difficult, her feet fighting her at each step. It seemed her survival instincts were still intact. They were nearly as strong as her need to protect Sabrina, though, so Zelda managed the walk down the aisle with her head held high.

Her eyes landed on Faustus almost immediately, he was at the front of the church, talking to one of his acolytes about where to place a few more of the candles while the rest of the coven settled into the pews and eyed her with literal hunger.

Wishing she could pull him aside to explain, for one last kiss, Zelda restrained herself and merely continued her march to the front with as stoic a face as possible. She couldn’t say goodbye; it would ruin the whole thing. Besides, she looked like her niece and being friendly with the high priest was certainly something Sabrina would never do.

When she made it to the front, Faustus turned to her, surprised at first and then his mouth pulled into a frown. “Where is Zelda?” He asked, peering behind her, clearly not having expected Sabrina to come alone.

Thankfully, Zelda had thought of that. Before she could reply, Salem, wearing her image in a glamor, strode through the door and took a seat, not looking at anyone. Faustus made to approach what appeared to be her body at once, but Zelda’s hand shot out to stop him. While she could take on Sabrina’s voice, Salem would not be able to mimic human speech.

Eyebrows raised, Faustus looked down at where her hand was clutching his forearm. “Ms. Spellman?”

Swallowing hard, Zelda released him, much as she didn’t want to. “My aunt, she’s deeply troubled by this. I—, I think it’d be better if you waited to talk to her after. Make sure she, she gets home.”

Frown deepening, Faustus shifted to face Zelda completely and gave her an assessing look. Was it
possible he recognized her despite the spell? Zelda almost wished he did, so she could at least say a formal goodbye.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, an acolyte approached them then and guided Zelda, still in Sabrina’s form, to the skull throne in the front of the room. This was also a signal for Faustus to start the ceremony, so with a final glance at the fake Zelda sitting in the pew, he made his way to the front of the church.

She didn’t hear any of it; the ceremony. Her ears were ringing, palms sweating where they gripped the armrests so tightly her knuckles were white; afraid she’d be caught. Afraid she’d be spellbound to the church while the coven went and retrieved, a now drugged, Sabrina and consume her in front of Zelda as punishment for her meddling.

But no one suspected, at least outwardly. Perhaps Faustus was unsure, unsure why she would let Sabrina go through with the ceremony after begging him for any other outcome. Nothing seemed out of place, though, so he continued.

And when the time came, Zelda rose gracefully from the throne, took the knife Faustus offered with steady hands and swallowed. “Like my Sister Freya before me, I offer myself to the coven so that it may prosper.” She exclaimed, Sabrina’s voice still ringing false in her ears, but she alone heard the deception. With a final glance at Faustus, Zelda took the knife to her throat and cut deep and true—she didn’t want to feel anything the coven was about to do to her.

The child’s body slumped to the ground and the entire coven rose as one and converged on the body to feast. Faustus held back, though he normally participated to some extent each year, he couldn’t participate in this one. Not when it was only too easy to imagine it was Zelda in the girl’s place—had she not stepped down the Dark Lord very easily could have taken Zelda instead.

Glancing over to the pew, though, Faustus realized Zelda was gone. Perhaps she hadn’t wanted to see her niece torn apart, understandable, but odd that wouldn’t have stayed to take the girl’s body back with her once the Feast was done.

It was then that Faustus turned back to where the coven was still in a frenzied eating session, bent over the body. Only, only there were now familiar long, red waves of hair spread out on the ground where short blonde ones had been before. Horrified, Faustus’ head snapped back to where Zelda had stood a moment before, it was then he noticed the black cat, Sabrina’s familiar, occupying the spot on the bench where Zelda had been.

Realization dawned on him and Faustus lunged forward to shove the others off the now lifeless body of Zelda Fiona Spellman. A few resisted him, not even looking at him and simply assuming he was an overeager member of the coven. So, Faustus bellowed at them to stop as he fell to his knees beside Zelda; her beautiful eyes now vacant, empty of the spark and intelligence usually filling them.

It was only then that the rest of them realized what happened. Murmurs broke out among the coven; whispers of blasphemy, a second feast with the girl. He couldn’t let that happen though, Zelda had sacrificed herself, he refused to let it be in vain.

Composing himself with the greatest effort, Faustus looked up at the rest of the coven. “This trickery would never have been possible without the Dark Lord’s blessing. Sister Zelda must have acquired His permission for this. Praise Zelda, Queen of the Feast.” His voice cracked a little at the end, but no one seemed to notice, and they merely echoed his statement.

Constance stepped forward then, a smug smile on her lips. “Praise Sister Zelda indeed. Now that the confusion has been cleared, shall we continue—” She indicated for them to resume the Feast.
“No!” Faustus stood and quickly put himself between what was left of Zelda and the rest of the coven. “This year’s Feast is concluded. Go back to your homes.” Several brows furrowed, but they had had their fill and were content to leave without a word.

Constance, however, remained.

Her eyes boring into him as he knelt beside Zelda once more, carefully brushing her hair back from her face. She seemed so much smaller in death—her personality often making her larger than life itself. Without it … the body in front of him was no longer the woman he lov—

A throat being pointedly cleared behind him cut into Faustus’ thoughts.

“So, the witch managed it after all.” Constance observed unnecessarily, rounding Zelda’s body so she stood in his line of sight. “Kept her niece safe. I must admit, I’m impressed, if a bit irritated. I’ll have to find a new midwife now.”

Faustus stood so quickly then that Constance stumbled back in surprise. “You are not worthy to speak of her. Leave. Now.” He snarled, and Constance complied without hesitation.

Left alone, Faustus knelt once more, conjuring a wet cloth, he cleaned the flecks and smears of blood from Zelda’s face and arms which had been left untouched; the coven going for the meatier parts of the body first. That done, Faustus clumsily healed the jagged gash which had exposed Zelda’s organs to the hungry coven. Tears poured down his face as he worked, repairing her dress next and when he finished, she could have been sleeping except for the unnatural dip of the dress where it was far more hollow underneath than it had before.

Scrubbing at his face, Faustus tenderly scooped Zelda into his arms, holding her close to his chest before turning on his heel and teleporting to the only place that may be able to fix this; the Spellman mortuary.

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Hilda woke with cotton mouth and itchy eyelids. Nose scrunching, she sat up and rubbed a hand over her face. It was then she realized she was in bed, and she certainly didn’t remember getting there.

Glancing at the clock next to her bed, a horrifying chill shot through her. The Feast. The Feast would be in full swing by now.

Footsteps thundered above her and then on the stairs. Hilda leapt out of bed and flung open the door in time to see Ambrose jumping down the last few steps. “What happened?!?” He asked, checking her over for injuries as she did the same to him.

Shaking her head, Hilda sped down the hallway and threw Sabrina’s door open. Her niece sat up groggily blinking at them. “What?” She muttered, already rolling over and laying back down. Hilda crossed the span of the room in only a few steps and snatched the blanket off the girl. Now Sabrina sat up again, much more awake. “Wha—" her eyes went wide. Turning over on her bed, Sabrina grabbed the digital clock next to her bed and gasped. “How?”

Unsure, Hilda dropped the comforter onto the floor and spun on her heel. “Zelda?” She called out, picking up her pace when there wasn’t immediately an answer. “Zelds!” She shouted, racing to each of the rooms on the second floor. “Zelda?! Sister?!” Panic crept into her voice and Hilda heard Ambrose and Sabrina scrambling down the stairs to check the lower levels.
Sabrina’s voice called out to her. “Aunt Hilda...” it was tentative, scared, and Hilda rushed down the stairs and found Sabrina in the kitchen. Ambrose joined them seconds later, emerging from the basement shaking his head that Zelda wasn’t there.

It was then Sabrina pointed to a letter propped up against a kettle of tea, a tin of broken heart balm and a decanter of whisky.

Brow furrowing, Hilda picked up the letter and unfolded the pages only to drop them a second later. “She’s gone.”

“What?” Sabrina stepped forward to pick up the letter, carefully smoothing the pages as Hilda sank into one of the chairs and pulled the whiskey towards her. Ambrose eyed her with concern but moved next to Sabrina to read the letter explaining what Hilda was already certain of.

Zelda had sacrificed herself in place of their niece.

My dear, wonderful, amazing family,

I’m sorry.

But I knew you would not stop fighting. I knew you would not accept the solution I had found, would keep trying to find another way until it was too late. And then it would be Sabrina on that gaudy skull throne.

I couldn’t, wouldn’t, let it get that far. The only solution, the only way to ensure Sabrina’s life and safety was to offer myself in her place.

Though Faustus said I could not switch places with her, I discovered that loophole we were all so desperate to find. He said if we switched places it would undermine the entire system. Well, that just meant no one could know I’d pulled the switch until it was too late. And anyway, once they had their fill of meat, no one from the coven would care which Spellman was consumed.

Some sleeping potion and a few glamors was all it took. Or so I’m assuming. If you’re reading this letter it must mean I was successful in my deceit. For which I can only be immensely grateful.

Sabrina, darling, it was never an option for you to be the Queen of the Feast. Had I thought your selection possible I wouldn’t have let you draw in the first place.

It was my arrogance that put us in this situation, and so it was my price to pay. I have no regrets. I died protecting you. And I would die a thousand more times to protect all of you. That being said, no more crazy stunts. I won’t be around to save the day from out of control exorcisms and Feasts gone wrong anymore. Be safe. I love you, my passionate, brave, wonderful girl.

Ambrose, my dear felon, stay out of trouble. You have immense potential, don’t squander it once you’re free of the house completely. If you do, I will find a way to come back and haunt you. And you don’t need, or want, your old, bitter auntie cramping your style. I love you, my sweet, charming, smart boy.

Hildie, sweet sister, take care. Of the kids, of yourself, of that mortal I know you’re sweet on but are refusing to acknowledge for fear of my disapproval. Take care. You were always so much better at it than I was, I have no doubt you, and the kids under your guidance, will achieve greatness. Don’t let me hold you back any longer. Any of you. I’m so proud of you, Hildie. I never said it, and I should have, so many times. I love you, dear sister. I wish I wasn’t leaving you to be the last of the Spellman siblings, but you always were the best of us.
Take care of each other,

With all my love, Zelda.

Tears streamed down each of their faces and Sabrina had one hand pressed hard to her mouth to
stifle sobs. Ambrose stumbled over to the counter and braced himself against it, breathing heavily.
And Hilda knew she should comfort them, should spout off the expected niceties, should hug and
hold the kids, but she couldn’t. Not when all she felt was numb. Staying in her spot, Hilda woodenly
took another drink of whiskey.

A knock on the door interrupted their grief. Hilda considered ignoring it, knowing it’d be some
coven member or another sticking their nose where it didn’t belong. When the knock became a bang,
however, Hilda shoved away from the table and strode to the door, fully intending on cursing
whoever stood on the other side.

When she flung the door open, though, Father Blackwood was there, Zelda cradled in his arms; her
dress immaculate, her face hidden against his chest, her hair hanging in front of it. Salem wound
around the warlock’s ankles a bit before running into the house.

“Auntie Zee!” Sabrina exclaimed, rushing forward.

Faustus took a step back, before Sabrina could get too close. “Your Cain pit.” He murmured, eyes
glistening and voice hoarse.

It was then Hilda knew what they’d see if Zelda’s dress were open. A ravaged body, torn open and
consumed. What Blackwood held was a husk of what had been her sister. Nausea swept through her
and Hilda forced it back down. “Won’t work. She wasn’t murdered.” Hilda snapped, voice hard
despite her wet eyes. Where before she’d been numb, now she was brimming with anger.

Anger at the church for this stupid tradition. Anger at Sabrina for the stunt she’d pulled. Anger at
Zelda for permitting the stunt and then taking it upon herself to fix it. Anger at herself for not seeing
this coming. Just anger.

And Father Blackwood was a convenient target for this anger.

“You ate her! She allowed herself to be eaten! So not murder.” Hilda’s eyes flashed as she ranted at
the high priest. “The Cain pit will not resurrect her.”

Tears trekked down Blackwood’s face and he stepped inside, still clutching Zelda tightly to his body.
“I didn’t eat her!” He snarled, “I’d never, could never. I stayed back, out of respect for Zelda, I
wouldn’t eat her niece. It was only once the coven had made headway, once Zelda died completely
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wouldn’t eat her niece. It was only once the coven had made headway, once Zelda died completely
and her magic wore off that I realized what she’d done. The glamor she’d used to trick us all. The
others didn’t care. They got their Feast.” He spat the word, disgusted. “And I claimed Zelda
wouldn’t have been able to accomplish the switch had the Dark Lord not approved. So, no one will
be coming for Sabrina.”

It was then Hilda realized that while Zelda had sacrificed herself to save Sabrina, Blackwood had
done his part in protecting her family as well. Sniffing, Hilda jerked her chin in acknowledgment.
“Thank you.”

“So, the pit?” He tried again, clearly desperate to reverse what had been done.

Ambrose stepped forward and brushed his hand along Zelda’s arm. “It couldn’t hurt time try.” He
stated thickly and Hilda wanted to stop them, knowing it’d only cause further pain when it didn’t
work. That they’d just have to dig Zelda up only to bury her again. But she also knew if they didn’t try, they would always wonder, always regret.

Sighing, Hilda led the way through the house and out into the garden.

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They waited.

The sun rose and continued to climb, and Hilda wanted to curse the thing for daring to shine when Zelda was gone and they were sitting there as if there were truly hope that she’d return.

When it hit noon and nothing happened Hilda stood up and went inside, unable to continue watching the others stare at the mound of dirt in front of them with unwavering belief. Belief that if anyone could pull this off, it’d be Zelda.

Instead, she busied herself. Hilda made lunch and carried it outside, before going back inside to furiously scrub the dishes, muttering to herself as she sloshed things around in the sink.

“I’m sorry.” A voice sounded behind her and Hilda dropped the pan she was scouring with such ferocity that it likely was missing a few layers and spun around.

Tears already falling from her eyes, Hilda rushed forward to embrace her sister and then stopped and looked out the window. The kids and Blackwood were still positioned dutifully around the Cain pit. “I knew it.” She whimpered, throwing down the towel she’d hanging over her shoulder as she cleaned. “I knew it. I told them....” a large lump in her throat kept her from continuing.

Zelda’s specter approached her, a soft, sad look on her face. “You did, my brilliant sister.” She lifted her hands as if to wipe Hilda’s tears away but pulled back, remembering they couldn’t touch. “I don’t have much time, but I had to be sure.” Her sister drifted over to the window and peered out into the garden. When she saw Sabrina, Zelda slumped in relief. “Praise Satan, I wasn’t sure it would be enough. My sacrifice. Or if the coven would still try to come after her….”

Finding her voice again, Hilda steadied herself on the counter. “We have Blackwood to thank for that. Told the coven you wouldn’t have been able to trick them all without the Dark Lord’s approval. He, he brought you home to us, practically begging to stick you in the pit.”

“He, I knew it. I wasn’t murdered.” Zelda murmured affectionately. “I wasn’t murdered.”

Coming closer and reaching out to touch Zelda despite herself, Hilda huffed. “So I told them.” Her hand passed through her sister’s shoulder.

Shivering at the attempted contact, Zelda turned. “I know,” she acknowledged the need for physical touch, “me too. I need to say goodbye to them one more time, for real. But I had to see my sister first. Make sure it worked. I love you, so much, Hildie.”


“Think you can every forgive me?” Zelda smiled tentatively and lifted a hopeful brow.

A watery chuckle escaped Hilda and she pressed her thumbs to the inner corners of her eyes. “No.” She said, petulantly, and Zelda smiled wider. “I can’t forgive you for leaving me. But I can’t be mad at you either. Not after you saved Sabrina. I can’t ever repay you for that.”

Tears in her eyes as well, Zelda cleared her throat. “You take care of Ambrose and Sabrina, love
them, as you always have. That’s payment enough. I had the easy job; you have the hard one.”

Before Hilda could argue, Zelda’s form faded for a moment and then returned, weaker. Alarmed, Zelda backed towards the garden. “I need to say goodbye to them before it’s too late. Have a seance once a year, will you? Or pull out the Ouija board every now and then, so I can check in...”

Nodding, Hilda stayed behind as her sister’s ghost floated through the back door and called out to the others.

Ambrose and Sabrina barreled towards her, faces lit up, not yet having made the connection. But Blackwood, who’d stood and spun so eagerly at the sound of Zelda’s voice, crumpled to the ground; heels of his hands pressed hard to his eyes. He knew exactly what this meant.

Unable to watch any more, Hilda turned away and stuffed a dish towel in her mouth to muffle her sobs.
Not Respecting Closed Doors

Chapter Summary

Actually got 2 very similar prompts. 1. Zelda catches Hilda and Cerberus having “fun time” and 2. Zelda AND Faustus catch Hilda and Cerberus.

Chapter Notes

short but sweet, hope you enjoy :)

They all froze.

Zelda stood there, stunned at the scene before her. She collected herself quickly, and when she did a wicked smile spread across her lips. Her first instinct was to tease. To wrap one arm around her waist and prop the other up, taking a drag of her cigarette. Remark that she was beginning to wonder if Cerberus actually was an incubus or not; seeing as how it took him long enough to ‘seal the deal’… and in the mortuary office no less.

But she buried the urge, Faustus was standing behind her, gaping at the pair as well. And while Cerberus was inhabited by a demon, he was also technically a mortal and Faustus was unlikely to approve. Quickly schooling her face into a more acceptable expression, Zelda scowled and cleared her throat expectantly.

Hilda unfroze next. Cheeks blazing, she hurriedly tried to push her dress down to hide the fact that Dr. Dracula was still buried inside her where she was perched on top of the desk. Wide eyed, Cerberus was spurred into action by Hilda’s response and made to pull out and tuck himself away.

Smirking, Faustus cocked a brow. “No need to stop on our account,” he drawled, lips fighting a smile.

Taken aback by his candor, Zelda threw him a look over her shoulder as she moved further into the room and opened the desk drawer despite the pair still perched there. “I just need the address book; Faustus and I were talking about an old academy friend of ours and I couldn’t remember where they moved to. Ah,” she picked up the book and slid the drawer shut once more. Zelda let her eyes rove over the two once more. “Make sure you clean up after yourselves.” She arched a brow. “Some of us still work in here.”

Faustus lingered a moment, no longer fighting the wolfish grin on his face. “If you pull her closer to the edge and place your hands under her thighs, you’ll have a much better angle and be able to increase your pace and have her screaming…. Works with one Spellman woman at least,” he observed with a wink as Hilda and Cerberus’ blushes deepened.

Suppressing a snort, Zelda took Faustus’ arm and led him out of the office, closing the door behind them and heading back to the kitchen. Though amused, Zelda couldn’t let the matter go unaddressed. “Honestly, while I’m glad Hilda has finally decided to enjoy herself, did it have to be with, with a
mortal? And one that dresses as a vampire, no less.” She rolled her eyes.

Chortling, Faustus shook his head. “We use more chains than they do... he’s the incubus? Are you sure?”

She swatted at him as they sat back down, though the smile tugging at the corner of her mouth undermined Zelda’s attempt to be stern. “It’s really not funny Faustus, it very easily could have been one of the kids who walked in on them.”

Another guffaw burst out of Faustus. When she shot him a glare, Faustus attempted to control himself only to start laughing once more. “What?” He asked, leaning back in his chair. It’s not as if you and I ever took precautions in our.... pairings.” His eyes glittered mischievously as they roved over her in a way that made Zelda shiver.

“You might not have.” She corrected, pointedly opening the address book and searching for their old friend. “I have always—"

A disbelieving huff interrupted her. “I can name at least five times we were walked in on by some person or another.” Faustus countered, a smirk dancing on his lips.

Eyes narrowing, Zelda clasped her hands on top of the address book in front of her and tried to resist the urge to wipe the smirk off his face with a kiss. “Well, Hilda just doesn’t know when to respect a closed door.”

A knowing look passed over Faustus’ face and Zelda could see he was trying not to laugh again. “It’s only fair, all things considered.” He managed in a fairly even tone.

Nonplussed, Zelda blinked. “What is?”

“That the situation was finally reversed. You walking in on Hilda instead of the other way around.” Faustus grinned at her. “I must admit, it was rather refreshing to be on the other side.”

Before Zelda could reply beyond a smile, the office door opened, followed immediately by hurried footsteps and the front door opening and closing. Unable to help themselves, both Zelda and Faustus leaned to get a look into the foyer, only to find it empty and the office door now open and the room dark.

“Suppose they decided to find more appropriate places for fornicating. Though why she didn’t just teleport them somewhere...” Zelda remarked, shaking her head and turning back to the book and flipping pages once more.

Humming, Faustus shifted his gaze back to her and though Zelda didn’t meet his eyes, she knew what she’d find there when she finally raised her head.

“Aha, here,” she spun the book to face him and pointed out the name of their friend. But Faustus wasn’t looking at the book. Suddenly, he took her hand and they teleported to his bedroom at the mansion.

~~~

Zelda didn’t return home until a little before dinner. An afternoon well spent and all the better because she and Faustus hadn’t been interrupted. As she moved deeper into the house, Zelda heard Hilda humming and followed the noise until she found her sister swaying to music only she could hear as she cooked.
Coming to a stop, Zelda leaned on the counter behind Hilda, who’d yet to notice her presence. “Have a good day, sister?” She drawled, snatching a slice of pepper from the cutting board and popping it into her mouth.

Starting slightly in surprise, Hilda turned to face her, cheeks blushing fiercely. “Zelda, about earlier...” she twisted the towel in her hands nervously.

An impish smile spread on Zelda’s face, she wasn’t going to make this easy for her sister. So, she merely arched a brow. “Yes?”

Hilda straightened her shoulders and looked at her directly, though her face wasn’t any less red. “I apologize for, for—" When she continued to stumble over words, Zelda took a little pity on her.

“For having sex in the office in the middle of the day?” She finished baldly, trying not to laugh at how Hilda’s eyes widened. “As long as you cleaned up after yourself...”

Quick to reassure her, Hilda nodded. “Of course, you won’t find a trace of us in there.”

Stealing another slice of pepper, Zelda shrugged. “Then I say enjoy yourself.” And before Hilda could look too relieved, Zelda added. “Did you take Faustus’ advice concerning placement in the desk? He really is quite knowledgeable about such things.” She winked as her sister’s face went slack, mouth gaping open in. Stealing one more pepper slice, Zelda turned to leave only to pause by the door and look back at her sister. “Just a bit of advice. For your and the vampire’s sake, I suggest you cast some spells in the future. You know how prone our niece is to barging into rooms unannounced.” With a final smirk, Zelda went upstairs to freshen up before dinner while Hilda’s face, neck and chest flushed an even darker red.

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