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Hopelessly Romantic Ficlets

by Chellendora

Summary

Welcome to Hopelessly Romantic Ficlets, where YOU are paired with many wonderful men! ♥

UPDATE: Cullen Rutherford from Dragon Age: Inquisition!
Welcome!

Welcome to Hopelessly Romantic Ficlets!

This will be a collection of ficlets about you and a character! It may be an anime character, it may be a character from a movie, or even one of my original characters. You never know!

There are a lot of categories selected because those are the categories I can PROMISE. But the ficlets are not limited to just those.

Feel free to message me with requests after you review at least one of the stories already posted. :]

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Kurama - This may be his last night.

Chapter Summary

The night before Kurama's battle with Karasu in the Dark Tournament.

Banner: Kurama

This may be his last night.

That thought made your breath hitch in your throat. You couldn’t think like that, even if it was true. You had to be optimistic. He could win, he definitely could. He had an ace up his sleeve; you just knew that he did. But you never wanted to ask him about his plans, especially not this time. He was so sullen…so lost in thought.

But still, it could be his last night. That thought kept bugging you. You climbed out of bed, careful to not wake the sleeping Yukina. You slipped on your flip-flops and a bathrobe and quietly left the hotel room.

You stood outside his door, your fist raised to knock. Finally, you took a deep breath and just quietly rapped your knuckles against the wood.

You heard shuffling from inside and then footsteps approaching the door. You took a step back and waited.

When he saw you there he paused for a moment, seeming to take a minute to process who you were, and then said quietly, “Hana.”

You smiled shyly. He was wearing a white button down shirt that was halfway unbuttoned and untucked from his khakis. “Can I come in?”

He nodded and stepped back so that you could enter the room. Once you were inside he shut the door behind you. You took off your slippers and robe, and walked over to the bed, sitting on the edge. You looked up at him, your large round eyes sad.

“Kurama…Tomorrow…”

“Shh,” he cooed as he moved to stand in front of you. He cupped your face, letting his fingers tangle in your soft hair. He tilted your head so that you were looking up into his eyes. “Don’t think about tomorrow, my love. Think about only tonight.” He leaned forward and kissed you softly on the lips.

This may be his last night, but at least that last night was one you would remember for the rest of your life.
Soris - Prince Charming

Chapter Summary

This story was requested by Cannibalistic Skittles. :) Soris from the City Elf origins story of Dragon Age.

Banner: Soris

You sat on the roof of the old house, your knees pulled up to your chest and your chin resting on top of them. Your hands held each other around your legs. Your eyes were intent on the spectacle below you.

Your sister, Marcia, was getting married today. Your father had chosen a handsome man who had, of course, very readily accepted. Your sister was quite the beauty with her long red hair and turquoise eyes. She was tall and thin; not at all plain looking like you were.

You sighed, watching as they exchanged rings. Once the ceremony was over, you buried your face in your knees. You needed to go down to congratulate her before she moved in with her Prince Charming. But you couldn’t make yourself move.

The sound of someone climbing onto the roof and walking towards you made you look up in curiosity. When you opened your eyes, all you saw were legs. You looked up into the face of Soris, one of your best friends.

“Have you been up here the whole time?” Soris asked. He sat down next to you, so close you could feel the warmth through his sleeves.

You nodded. “One more achievement Marcia has that I don’t,” you said bitterly, glaring down at the now empty stage.

“I’m sure your father will find someone for you soon,” Soris encouraged, laying a comforting hand on your knee.

You turned to look at him, your brow knit together with worry. “I don’t want him to.”

Soris looked surprised. “But…”

You shook her head. “If he does choose someone for me, I already know who I want it to be.”

“Who is that?” Soris asked, his voice a whisper. He had a feeling that he knew, but he feared speaking the answer would curse everything.

“Who do you think, silly?” you said, a worried little smile on your face. “Of course it would be you.”

Soris blushed but a grin spread across his face. You leaned up and kissed him on the cheek as his arm went around your shoulders. You settled against him, feeling like Soris was the puzzle piece you had been looking for.

It was unlikely that your father would choose Soris as your husband. Until then, you could enjoy this
warmth and bliss.


Hiei - Only Love

Chapter Summary

I'm not quite sure if I like this one...we shall see it I write another or rewrite this one.

Banner: Hiei

“Do you only love me because I’m an ice maiden?” you asked the retreating form in front of you. He stopped, his back visibly tense through his black cloak. He turned to look at you. Those fiery red orbs bored into your very soul. You shivered.

“If you ask that, then you must believe it,” he responded simply, and turned to leave again.

Your breath hitched in your throat with fear. He was really going to leave!

“Hiei!” You ran forward and reached out to grab him by the arm, but tripped over a rock that had been hidden in the snow. You fell, unable to catch yourself before you hit the ground.

You sat up slowly, feeling the impact of the ground like a bad taste in your mouth. When you looked up, you caught Hiei’s gaze. He had knelt in front of you, his usually expressionless face slightly twisted in worry. Without a word, he took you under your arms and lifted you to your feet. But instead of letting you go, he pulled you into an embrace.

You had thought that the only interest he had in you was because you were an ice maiden, like his sister. The fact that you had guessed that Yukina was his sister had taken him off guard. Your investigative skills were your strong point. Physically, you were weak.

But instead of killing you as he once would have done, you had somehow fallen in love with the fire apparition.

“If I truly only loved you because you are the same race as my sister, I would be a fool,” Hiei said into your ear. You tried to look at his face, but he held you tighter so that you were forced to bury your face in his neck. He was warm to the touch while your skin was cold.

All you did was smile, knowing he could feel it with your lips pressed against his skin.
Chapter Summary

I said that Fred was tall because I like movie-Fred. >>

Banner: Fred

“Fred, put me down!” you shrieked into the ear of the much taller red headed boy. He had thrown you over his shoulder and was running towards the lake with every intention of throwing you in. “Don’t you dare! Fred!”

Fred only laughed and upon reaching the edge of the lake, tossed you into the water. You didn’t go without a fight though, because before you were completely free of him, you managed to grab a hold of the front of his robes and bring him in with you.

You smiled at the memory, looking up at the sky as you rocked back and forth on your porch swing. Fred had always been a lot of fun, even when you were mad. But looking back on it, being dunked into the lake wasn’t all that bad.

You stood on the tips of your toes and pressed your lips to his. For a moment he was surprised, but in the next moment he had relaxed and pulled your body flush against his. You tangled your fingers in his red hair and hooked one leg around his.

You stood and walked back into the house. You pulled a photo album from the desk and began to go through it. It was filled with the moving pictures you had taken at Hogwarts; of friends, of teachers, of the Quidditch matches. And of Fred Weasley.

There were many of you two together, and a few of you together at his store he had opened with his brother.

“We’re a success!” Fred exclaimed and picked you up, flinging you around as he hugged you tightly. “The students love us!”

“Of course they do,” you laughed, placing a kiss on his cheek. “You enable them to worry their teachers to death!”

You came to the last picture in the album. You were wearing a beautiful black and white dress and had your arms around Fred’s middle. It was at Bill and Fleur’s wedding. That was the last picture that was ever taken of Fred.

You ran to the Great Hall, your heart pounding painfully in your chest. You had a few scrapes and burns, but other than that you were okay. At least for the time being.

Upon entering the Great Hall you ran into George, who looked down at you with a sudden expression of pity. He had been crying.

“No…No!” you shrieked and ran past George, falling on your knees next to the body of his twin. You threw yourself onto his chest, clutching at his sweater and screaming. “No! No! Fred! FRED!”
You swallowed and closed the album as the first few tears fell from your chin. It had been five years since the battle, but it didn’t matter. You would never forget the boy that gave you your last laugh, and who forever would have the last smile he ever wore etched onto his face.
Remus Lupin - Distracting Assistance

Chapter Summary

Remus Lupin is my absolute favorite Harry Potter character. I love, love, LOVE that man! ♥

Banner: Remus

You slammed your book shut and pushed it away from you. Angrily, you buried your face in your arms on top of the table and huffed. You would never understand Ancient Runes. Why had you let him talk you into taking it with him? Just because he was your boyfriend didn’t mean you had to take all the same classes.

You really wished you had chosen Divination now, because all your other friends seemed to really be enjoying it. But nope, you were in Ancient Runes, a subject that made about as much sense to you as most Muggle contraptions did.

But you had a paper to write, and if you didn’t finish it tonight, it would never be finished. You sat back up and reluctantly reached out to grab your book, only to find that it was gone. You looked around, and out of your peripheral caught the sight of someone standing slightly behind you. You looked up to see Remus holding your book open to where you had it bookmarked.

“This is your problem,” he said with a warm smile. “There’s another chapter that has more information on what you need. This just mentions it.”

You sighed. “Let me guess…you’ve already finished your essay.”

Remus smiled sheepishly. He pulled a chair over and sat next to you, as close as the chair would allow him. “I still need to edit it,” he said humbly.

“Ugh,” you groaned and let your forehead fall to land on the book.

Remus chuckled and gently slipped his hand under your chin, using it to lift your face to look at him. You let him, and smiled slightly upon seeing his face. “I’ll help you,” he said and placed a kiss on your forehead.

With the help of Remus, you knew you could pass the essay. But it was really distracting having someone that darn attractive sitting so close to you!
Draco Malfoy - In the end, things will be okay

Chapter Summary

This is based off an RP I was doing with my NeenerNanerNina last night after seeing the first part of the seventh movie. I really do like Draco because he really isn't a dark wizard deep inside.

Banner: Draco

Draco sat on the windowsill of the Owlry, staring out into the distance with unfocused vision. He didn’t see the green pines or even seem to notice the shrieks and laughter from the students playing Quidditch down on the Pitch. He was faraway, back at Malfoy Manor, back in his seat around Voldemort’s table…back in his nightmare.

He didn’t want to become a Death Eater like his father. He had seen what it had done to him, to his mother, and especially to his aunt. He didn’t want to be that way, and he didn’t hate Harry Potter enough to give him over to such a fate. He was almost relieved when he returned to Hogwarts for his last year and hadn’t seen Potter anywhere.

He didn’t turn when he heard the door open. It was hard to open that wooden door because of the accumulation of owl droppings on the floor, so it took you quite a bit of time before you could slip through the crack. You stopped inside, the hem of your Ravenclaw robes being dragged in the mess on the floor. But you didn’t care at the moment. All you cared about right now was that you had finally cornered Draco Malfoy.

“Draco, what’s wrong?” you asked gently as you walked over to him.

He turned to look at you and you could tell he had to force that arrogant grin onto his face. “Nothing. I was only sending an owl to Father. He’ll want to know how well this school is running with Professor Snape as the headmaster.”

You frowned. You knew him too well to know that that was what he was truly doing. You stood next to him and reached out, gently taking his hand in yours. His skin was cold. He was trembling. It was still warm outside.

“What’s going on with you? I want to know something about you,” you said, your voice soft.

Draco’s grin slipped from his face and he stared at you for a long time. Then suddenly you were pulled flush against his body as he hugged you tightly, burying his face in the side of your neck.

“I don’t want to do it…” he said quietly, his body shaking even more violently now. “I don’t want to be one of them…”

Your arms went around him almost immediately and you hugged him to you, tears filling your eyes. You had feared this truth, though deep in your heart you had already known it to be true. You closed your eyes, willing the tears to stay their course, and held him tightly.

“I know, Draco…” you whispered, rubbing his back. “In the end, things will be okay.” You hoped
with all your might that you were speaking the truth.
Gren - Happy Thanksgiving

Chapter Summary

I felt I should write something for Thanksgiving, but I had a hard time thinking of a character. While I was going through my pictures folder, I found a picture of Gren and thought about his story in Cowboy Bebop. I imagine him as the sort who would be thankful to a woman that would love him for him, and not shy away from him because he grew boobs.

Here's a banner I made for this one: Gren

You walked out of the kitchen, using your hips to bump the door closed. Your hands were full with two glasses of the best wine you could find—well, that you could afford. But it wasn’t the wine that mattered.

You sat on the couch next to Gren, holding one of the glasses out to him. He smiled, and after a toast you took a sip.

“What’s the occasion?” Gren asked, leaning forward so that he could look at you more closely.

You smiled. “Don’t you know? It’s Thanksgiving!”

Gren blinked and then smiled. “I didn’t know anyone still celebrated that.”

To be honest, you were unsure if anyone really did other than you. You never could find any decorations or anything about it. But you had grown up on Earth.

“I say it’s a good holiday to celebrate. It’s when you really stop to think about the things that you appreciate, that you’re grateful for having.”

Gren sat closer to you, wrapping an arm around you. You leaned into his embrace. “And what are you thankful for?”

You tilted your head back to look up at him, a small smile on your face. You leaned forward and just before your lips touched you whispered, “You.”

Gren hummed with contentment as he kissed you. When you pulled away, you could see that the expression on Gren’s face had changed. He was still smiling, but he looked sad.

“What’s wrong?” you asked, placing a hand on his knee.

He shook his head and turned to look at you. “To think someone like you would be thankful for…” he paused, and you knew what he meant. He was sensitive when it came to his body’s condition. But it wasn’t his fault it had happened, he hadn’t wanted to take that medicine.

You wrapped your arms around his neck and hugged him tightly. “Don’t even think about that.”

Gren smiled and pulled you into his lap, hugging you tightly. “Happy Thanksgiving,” he whispered.
Mugen - Eyeful

Chapter Summary

It may suck. My brain is literally fried tonight from worrying about this massive paper I have to do. I was leaving out words and writing weird things! I think I got it edited out...

It was your own fault. You had been pestering him. You could tell he was getting irritated—it didn’t take much after all—but you kept pushing it. Who knew you could make him snap?

“Help!” you called from your place on a tree branch. You spotted Jin sitting on the porch of the house you all had currently been staying in, quietly sipping a steaming cup of tea. He seemed to be staring in your direction. With aggravation, you yelled, “Jin, you worthless bastard! Help me!”

“Pretty boy ain’t gonna help you!” Mugen had vaulted over the fence and landed at the trunk of the tree. He looked up at you, suddenly resembling his wanted poster’s demon face. You yelped and tried to climb higher, but before you could pull yourself onto the next branch he caught hold of your ankle and yanked you down.

The sound of twigs snapping, the tearing of cloth and the high-pitched screech of a scared woman filled the air only briefly.

Jin blinked and set his cup down. He stood and lifted himself onto his toes to see better, and immediately a chuckle came to his lips.

When Mugen had pulled you down by your ankle, you had tried to hold onto the branch, but had fallen anyway. Currently, you were on top of him. Your robe had slipped when you fell, and Mugen was getting an eyeful. And boy was he enjoying it.

“PERVERT!” you screeched and smacked him across the face. Within moments you had rushed into the house to hide your shame, but Mugen continued to lie on the ground with a smug, almost drunk grin and red handprint on his face.
Oh my goodness I didn't mean to go this long without updating. Life does that, though, doesn't it? Just so you know, anyone that has requested a ficlet has been put on a list so that I can start to satisfy those.

I believe a Yuusuke ficlet was requested by a NyxHarlot, no? I hope it isn't too...boring. The idea was way better in my head. u_u;

The young man emitted an aggravated sigh as he fell heavily onto the couch next to you. He had just come in after being out for a large majority of the day (helping hunt Makai insects or something like that) and had just gotten home.

You turned to look at him, your lips curving into a teasing smirk around the cigarette in your mouth. You reached up and caught it between two fingers, holding it away as you spoke. “So, not a good day I take it?”

Yuusuke turned to give you an incredulous look. “No, I love chasing down little bugs with the ability to zombify depressed people.” Urameshi, King of Sarcasm.

You pursed your lips, fighting the urge to reach out and smack him upside the head. But you refrained. Instead, you leaned forward and snatched your pack of cigarettes from the table and offered one to him. He didn’t hesitate to pick one out, and you leaned back to draw again.

Youusuke put the cigarette in his mouth and leaned over, his arm sliding around your shoulders as he held the end of his cancer stick to yours and inhaled. His lit and he drew deeply on it before taking it in his fingers.

You laughed, turning so that you fit neatly against him. The room was quiet. You were content to lean against him, attempting to blow smoke rings and enjoying a moment of peace with a man whose life had been very deprived of such moments.
This ficlet was requested by Lorelei Greenleaf. She requested Jareth, the Goblin King, from Jim Henson's masterpiece *Labyrinth*.

You had to cover your mouth to keep from sniggering. If you could manage to stay quiet for just one more minute you would win the game. You had bet the Goblin King that he couldn’t catch you, gave him five minutes, and disappeared into the room which disobeyed physics. Thus far you had escaped him, but you had run yourself into a corner, and you could only hope he hadn’t noticed.

Suddenly, that was the least of your worries. A trap door opened from underneath you, and you dropped into darkness with a startled yelp that morphed into a scream.

In the split second that you fell you braced yourself for the landing. A landing that never came. You dropped into strong, familiar arms.

“I win,” purred Jareth, a smirk tugging at his lips.

“You cheated,” you accused, but smiled despite yourself.

“You didn’t set a single rule, my love.” He leaned close to you, near enough that when he spoke again you could feel his lips brushing against your ear. “There, I have won you, fair and square.”
Spike - Sometimes Plan B is better

Chapter Summary

NyxHarlot requested a Spike ficlet sometime back, and as Spike is one of my favorite anime characters EVER (literally, he's in the top 3) I was all to eager to finally comply.

I hope you enjoy it!

You sat back on your haunches and huffed, the puff of air lifting your bangs to the ceiling before falling back into your eyes. You pushed the offending strands away impatiently, but they were just too short and kept coming back to annoy you.

You were trying to do something nice for Spike—it was his birthday, after all—and since you couldn’t afford to buy him a gift you thought it might be nice to clean his gun for him. Of course, that was easier said than done. His gun was completely unlike yours, so when it came time to put it back together you weren’t sure where to begin. You knew you should have paid close attention to how you took it apart but nooo.

“Does fighting with your hair help concentration?”

You emitted a startled yelp as you whipped around to see that Spike had sat on the couch behind you. You were on the floor in front of the coffee table, his gun in pieces before you. He had just gotten out of the shower. He wore only a pair of slacks and a towel draped over his shoulders. Your eyes lingered on such a generous view of his chest for quite some time before turning back to the gun, huffing again.

“I was trying to clean it. As a surprise…?” you trailed off, afraid that he might be mad.

You heard him shift behind you, but before you could turn around his chin came to rest on your shoulder, his chest against your back as he reached around you to pick up the pieces of his gun and begin fitting them together carefully. “Like this.” His breath tickled your ear and you smiled. You leaned back against him and pressed your lips to his ear lobe before whispering what his “back up” surprise was.

A sly grin crossed his face and he set the parts to his gun down, his hands moving to lift you into his arms. “I like that idea much better,” he said conversationally as he stood and walked in the direction of his bedroom.

You knew you should have gone with Plan B to begin with!
Fenris - Not tonight, not ever again

Chapter Summary

I struggled with this a bit. I'm realizing more and more that I have NO confidence when it comes to fanfiction. Especially romantic fanfiction.

“I—I was a fool. Can you forgive me?”

You weren’t sure that you could. Yes, it had been three years since that night, but you had never felt so hurt before. All the pain in your life had, until that point, been inflicted by darkspawn or the natural cycle of life. No one had ever personally cut such a wound.

Fenris must have been able to read the turmoil in your eyes. His eyebrows knit together and he stepped closer. You swallowed as he gently grasped your biceps in his warm hands. You could feel that he was trembling slightly.

“Hawke—I do understand what I’ve done to you,” he said quietly. He had tipped his head forward so that your foreheads almost touched.

You looked up into his eyes, such a beautiful forest green. The people that tried to interact with the elf all considered him a closed book, someone who kept his emotions locked away inside. You had learned relatively quickly that his eyes were the gateway. As you gazed into them now you could see his sincerity. You felt light shivers traverse the length of your arms and your spine.

Since you hadn’t tensed and moved away, Fenris felt that it was safe to go one more step forward. He released one of your arms so that his fingers could gently cup your chin, tilting your head back. Your breath hitched in your throat as he dipped his head, his lips barely brushing against yours. He hesitated, waiting to see if you would pull away.

You closed the short distance almost hungrily. This moment had been in your daydreams since that night years ago, but you had refused to try to make it happen unless he made the first move. Now that he had, you weren’t sure where the strength for your resilience had come from. You were putty in his hands.

When you broke away, you gazed into each other’s eyes wordlessly. Your arms were around his neck, one hand tangled in his soft, white hair. His arms were around your waist, holding you to him possessively. With a small smile, you laid your head against his shoulder, pressing your forehead against his neck.

“Please don’t leave again,” you whispered.

Fenris led you over to the bed where he gently laid you on your back. He crawled onto the bed, his legs straddling your hips as he bent his head to kiss your neck. “Not tonight.” His voice was like velvet whispering in your ear. “Not ever again.”
With a small gasp you ran up to him and hugged him. He didn’t know you, and you only felt like you knew him because everyone knew everything about his life. He was the most watched person in the Wizarding World, and you knew everything that had ever come out. But you had never met him before.

You were so excited that tears of joy leaked from the corners of your eyes. You felt like you had finally met your hero. You felt you knew Harry Potter as well as Ron Weasley or Hermione Granger did. You loved him and cared about him but there was a significant difference between you and other Harry fangirls—you weren’t in love with him, you respected him and felt gratitude toward him for what he was trying to do.

It seemed that he could feel this, like it was an aura that radiated from you. After a moment of hesitation, he returned your hug. He held you tightly in an embrace of affection. He could tell you were different.

When you stepped back you could care less about the blush on your cheeks. “Thanks, Harry.”

“Y-you’re welcome…” he replied awkwardly. He looked to Ron and Hermione, who stood nearby.

You smiled and turned back to your friend. She was blanching at you, impatiently waiting for you to come and explain to her what just happened. You trotted up to her side and the two of you disappeared over the bridge into Hogsmeade. Harry continued in the other direction with Ron and Hermione, unsure how to answer their questions.
Chapter Summary

I was inspired while reading Trigun fanfiction by Mozart~ ♥

It's really late at night and I probably should be in bed if I'm going to drive four states up North tomorrow BUT I DON'T CARE BECAUSE WINTER IS COMING. /dead

You saw him suffering. Your heart beat with pain.

He sat on the edge of the hotel cot, his elbows on his knees and his forehead against his palms. The trademark red trench coat was draped over the bed’s metal framework head, his shirt was removed to reveal his scars.

You looked at each one in turn, and then closed your eyes. One tear slid over your cheek.

He reached up to grip your arms when you silently crossed the room and stood before him, pulling his head gently against your stomach. He allowed you, despite what he had just been saying.

“You can’t stay with me. You’ll only get hurt.”

The past tortured him, the future tortured him.

“Neither can hurt you, Vash,” you whispered into his hair. It was still slightly damp from his earlier shower, and the wheat-colored locks smelled of soap and gunpowder. “There is only now.”

“No…” he shuttered, but you quieted him softly.

“Focus on the present, my love.” You tangled your fingers into his hair. You could feel his heartbeat pulse against your fingertips, his skin warm against yours. His hands gripped your arms tighter for a moment before they moved to wrap around your middle. “Because the now is all that is ever promised.” You pressed your lips against his head and smiled.

And he was comforted, cradled against your small form. For now.
Riley - Twister

Chapter Summary

I edited the categories for this collection, and I'll just add them as I add the ficlet that way no one is mislead. :) And as much as I loved the ♥ in the title I removed it since it's considered a special character and not relevant.

Anyway, here's a boy who needs more love!

It had been your idea to play Twister. With a fair amount of shameless groveling you had convinced Riley and Abigail to participate, but Ben sat on the couch to watch and laugh; and to work the spinner because at this point in the game none of you could manage it.

“Abigail, left foot yellow,” said Ben, a smirk already tugging at his lips as he watched his fiancé’s predicament.

The blonde huffed, tossing her head to move her hair out of the way as she looked under the tangle that was you and Riley to the yellow dot closest to her left foot. It was on the opposite side of the mat. Very carefully she tried to slide her foot, but in the process she became unbalanced. After a valiant effort, she fell, taking Riley with her, which in turn took you down. Riley yelped but you and Abigail laughed, rolling off the mat to relish a good stretch.

“Okay,” Abigail said as she stood, tendrils of laughter still in her voice. “One game. Now I need to get back to work!” She looked at Ben and he stood, shaking his head and laughing at Riley as he followed her from the room.

You sat up and looked to Riley, who was still lying on his back on the mat. “Hey.”

He turned his head to look at you, and smiled. “What?”

“Wanna play again?” you asked, but this time your smile was mischievous. “But in…our room?”

Riley’s face was scarlet as he quickly rolled up the mat and chased you down the hallway, your laughter echoing on the walls of the old house.
Chapter Summary

I have two more written and a third nearly finished to go up, but I'm going to space them out. Enjoy~

“The Queen of Hell,” you purred as you slowly stalked around the side of the large desk, trailing the fingertips of your left hand along the smooth, polished surface. Heels clicked sharply against marble tiles; you moved toward the man seated in the leather chair on the other side.

It was like a multi-billionaire’s business office, a combination of decadence and practicality, but this was Crowley’s throne room. Here he resided over Hell and her demons, but one. One of his demons was in fact human, but fiercer and cleverer than any under him. But oh, how he loved to have her under him.

He watched you with a hungry look in his eye, a nasty smirk on his lips. You perched yourself in his lap, leaning your chest against his and wrapping your arms around his neck. His arms encircled your waist, strong and possessive. The distance between your noses was barely a few inches.

“The Queen of Hell,” you said again with a gleaming smirk. “Maybe I could get used to that.”

“Maybe?” responded Crowley gruffly and laughed.

That laugh sent an excited chill creeping down your spine. You closed the distance and buried your lips against his, your hands sliding to grip the sides of his head as passion took control.

The Queen of Hell, indeed.
I LOVE LOVE LOVE Jem. It's about time I wrote a ficlet for him. I'd like to do a chaptered story...

Tessa, as understanding as always, agreed when Jem wanted to visit a London cemetery. She stood away from him, close to the entrance and watched as he approached a certain tombstone, a bouquet of wildflowers clutched in his hand.

It had been a while since the marker had been cleaned. With tenderness, Jem carefully removed vines and dust from the granite stone, revealing, “A lover, a daughter, a friend.” After all these years, it still hurt in his heart to read your name.

He set the wildflowers against the tombstone, and continued to distractedly pull weeds as he sat there, remembering the day he had learned why you loved wildflowers so much. The two of you had lain in a field of them under a rare blue British sky and you said, “I love wildflowers, it’s like they’re telling the world, “Never mind your ideas of beauty, I’m wild and free and beautiful! I don’t know, maybe that’s foolish.”

“I don’t think it’s foolish,” Jem had said and he repeated it out loud now, as a whisper. “I fell in love with a wildflower, after all.” The gleam and beauty of your smile that day still burned in his mind with a glow that warmed his soul. Sometimes he was even sure he had felt it as a Silent Brother.

After all, he was the only Brother who had kept vases of wildflowers around the City of Bones.
Chapter Summary

I discovered I have an Alistair (Dragon Age) ficlet written that I never posted. I need to make sure it's actually finished and perhaps it'll go up tomorrow!

The pie had been in the oven ten minutes when Dean appeared at the bottom of the stairs, disheveled from sleep. You stood at the sink, washing dishes, but paused to smile fondly and with amusement at your boyfriend. It was obvious the smell of pie had caused him to wander out of bed and straight to the kitchen, because he was still blinking sleep from his eyes, his hair was sticking up in all directions and he still wore the boxers and undershirt he’d been wearing last night.

“Pie?” he asked, moving in a trancelike state toward the oven where the smell of apples and cinnamon wafted into the air. “Pie?”

You chuckled. “Yes, for after dinner tonight.”

He moved to engulf you in a hug and you laughed, returning the embrace and burying your nose against his neck. Sometimes he was so easy to please.
This one was actually written before the last three, but I had forgotten about it. I added a couple sentences because it didn't feel complete, and here you go!

You lay on your back with your eyes open round as you stared up at the top of your tent. It’s early morning and the camp is still asleep, but you hadn’t been able to get a single blink since the archdemon nightmare and shriek attack.

Your pallet companion rolls back slightly, propping on his elbow. He takes a moment to study you, not saying a word, and then he lied back down. Your lips screw into a frown; he was probably just moving in his sleep, which was creepier tonight than ever.

The blanket is nearly tugged from you as he shifts, rolling onto his back as well. You frown, pulling at it but it’s useless, his weight has it pinned. You sigh in defeat, letting your arms thump to your sides.

A little gasp escapes your lips when you feel warm fingers lace with your long cold ones. You grasped the large hand gratefully and he squeezes back. Now a small smile tugged at your lips, because you were reminded that you weren’t alone anymore, and you were safe.

“It helps to think about cheese,” Alistair mumbled groggily.

“Not all of us are obsessed with cheese, Alistair,” you replied, but you couldn’t fight the smile that tugged your lips toward your eyes.

“Shame,” he lamented, and then started to snore moments later.
This one is longer than the rest and I considered posting it as standalone. Anyway, it's loosely based on a board game my cousin got for me years ago called "Liebrary." Never had anyone to play it with, though it seems fun.

“Let’s play a game!” you suggested to Will, who was sitting by the window in the library, staring outside.

He turned his head just enough to look at you out of the corner of his eyes. “Why would I want to do that?”

You walked up to him, your hands clasped behind your back innocently even though a roguish smirk had claimed your lips. “Because for each round you get, you can have a kiss.”

Will remained stoic for barely a moment before a smirk to match yours spread across his face. “What is the game?”

You walked over to one of the bookshelves and removed the first book that caught your eye. “I’ll tell you the title and the author, but then I’ll either read the first line or make it up. You have to guess which.”

Will stood from the window seat and stalked over to you. “And for each one I get correct I get a kiss?”

“You!” you grinned. “Want to play?” You waved the book back and forth as if it were a tantalizing treat. For Will, it was.

“Yes,” he said and moved past you, brushing his fingers against your neck and running them through a tendril of hair as he did so. He settled into an armchair, both elbows resting on the arms. “First round.” He grinned.

You looked at the book in your hands and decided it was as good as any to start the game off. Opening it to the first page, you said, “Your first challenge is A House of Pomegranates by Oscar Wilde.” You cleared your throat and read over the first line, thinking it through quickly in your head, and then pretended to read, “The young king sat in his parlor, awaiting the beginning of his coronation.”

One end of Will’s mouth tugged upward and a fang glinted in the light. “Fake. ‘It was the night before the day fixed for his coronation, and the young king was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber.’”

You smiled, closing the book. “Do you want your kiss now or do you want to save them?”

“Hm…” His fingertips came together to create a steeple, which he rested his chin on as he thought. “I’ll save them. One for me.”

“All right, let’s try another one.” You replaced the book you were holding and searched the shelves.
You plucked another from a shelf nearly too high for you. “Second round’s from across the pond. *Young Goodman Brown*, Nathaniel Hawthorne. ‘Young Goodman Brown came forth into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife.’”

Will opened his mouth to answer and then thought better of it and slowly closed it. He sat back in the armchair, staring at you intently as he thought. Then after about thirty seconds he said, “Read it again.”

You sighed, glanced down at the book, and repeated, “‘Young Goodman Brown came forth into the street of Salem village, but put his head back, after crossing the threshold, to exchange a parting kiss with his young wife.’”

“That line is missing something. Fake.”

You gaped. You had only left out two simple words in the line, which originally had “at sunset” nestled between “forth” and “into.” You were sure you were going to stump him on that one!

Will smiled at your flabbergasted expression. “Two for me. I like this game.”

You glowered at him and whirled around to grab another book. The game continued in this manner, with you trying to leave out the most inconsequential words to trip him up, or reading the line truthfully, and him guessing correctly every single time. By the time you were ready to give in, he had racked up fifteen kisses.

“I think I’m ready to cash in my winnings now,” said Will as he rose from the chair and approached you, lithe and silent like a panther. He cupped the side of your face in his hand, his fingers tangling in your hair, and tilted your face so that your eyes met. For a moment he just looked at you, half-smirking and half-smiling, and then he leaned down and captured your lips with his. You immediately responded, leaning back against the bookshelf and wrapping your arms around his neck, feeling slick locks of his hair against your skin. The kiss was deep and passionate, and your heart thudded in your chest. When he pulled away, it was as if he drew your breath with him.

His smirk was full now as he leaned his cheek against yours and whispered into your ear, “One down, fourteen to go.”

You shivered.
You sat on the edge of the Patron’s throne, your legs dangling over his. His elbow was pressed to the arm rest, his head in his palm. He didn’t watch the raucous party that writhed beneath the platform, he instead stared distractedly at the pleating in your skirt.

“If you like it so much I’ll get you one,” you teased, leaning over in order to see his face better. He rarely smiled, and when he did they were hollow, like ghosts of true grins. They made you feel sad, deep in your heart, but you believed smiling was better than frowning, always. So you set it as your mission in life to try to make him smile until the end of the world.

“I’m not sure they carry my size,” he answered, his voice a low rumble. His words were light, but his tone was heavy.

“You’re the Patron, Snow, I’m sure they would make one just for you.” You smiled brightly, never taking your eyes off his face.

The corner of his mouth twitched slightly, and the briefest of smiles flashed before you.
Solas - Empress Celene's Ball

Chapter Summary

This is kind of a spoiler for Dragon Age: Inquisition so don’t read unless you’ve gotten to the ball? Also, I'm advancing Solas's relationship with Lavellan further than it actually is at this point in the game.

Leliana turned from you when called to by an Orlesian lady you didn't know — like most of the people at the Empress's ball — and you took that chance to slip out onto one of the open balconies.

A quick glance around confirmed that you were alone and you sighed, allowing yourself to breathe deeply as you crossed slowly to the banister. You placed your hands on the cold stone, the crisp air clearing your mind and easing some of the stress away.

You were a Dalish elf for crying out loud, you grew up barefoot in the dirt. Gold, jewels, and gowns made as much sense to you as provoking a werewolf. But you were the Inquisitor now, a lot was at stake — you would have to put aside your unease and learn to deal with it. That still didn't mean you had to like it.

A pair of warm arms slid around your waist and you yelped, flinching in surprise. Lips pressed against your ear as their owner chuckled, and you recognized the deep tone.

"Solas," you attempted to sound reprimanding, but you had smiled and it was echoing in your voice. "You startled me."

"What are you doing out here alone, Lavellan?" he asked in his gentle way. His hold around you was secure, and you relished in the feeling of your back against his chest, the side of his head resting against the side of yours. You wrapped your arms over his, turning your head until you could press your lips against his mouth.

"That is not an answer," he whispered breathlessly against your lips, his eyes staring into yours with playfulness. “But it will do.”

Solas kissed you deeply, slowly turning you in his arms until the two of you faced each other, chest to chest. His fingers combed into your hair, gripping the thick strands and tugging your head back ever-so-slightly.

The ball fell away. The music, the chatter, the clinking of fine china and fluttering of gowns and capes all melted into the background until it was negligible. You were only aware of the sensation like bursts of light that was his touch, the intimacy of how closely he pressed himself to you, how passionately he was kissing you at this moment.

"Ahem."

Your lips broke from his with a faint smack! And both of you turned your heads to see who had just cleared their throat.

Cassandra stood on the threshold, her arms crossed over her chest and her ever-stern gaze locked on the two of you, namely you.
“Need I remind you that an assassin is trying to kill the Empress, thus we are needed?” Cassandra shook her head, making a disgusted noise as she turned to re-enter the party.

You looked at Solas and his cheeks were tinged pink from embarrassment and all you could do was laugh.
“HELP!” you bellowed for the umpteenth time. Your throat was really starting to hurt. “TONY!” You had snuck into his lab, fancying to surprise the Stark for his birthday. Instead, you had tripped Jarvis’s security protocols and now hung upside down by one ankle. The robot arm holding you had you a good six feet off the ground. “HELP!”

“I’m so sorry miss but I can’t override my own system—” Jarvis had been apologizing profusely since it happened, but you had opted to ignore him after his tenth apology.

Finally you heard the door to the lab open and footsteps approaching. You faced the door, so you had a perfect view of the triad of expressions that flicked across Tony’s face when he entered the room: Shock, confusion, and then blistering amusement. His hands came together in what started as a slow clap and his head fell back with raucous laughter that echoed against the walls.

“Tony! Stop laughing and help!” you scolded urgently. “The blood is rushing to my brain!”

“That’ll probably do it a lot of good, actually.”

“TONY!”

“Okay, okay…hang on—oh, wait,” he paused, looking positively proud of his pun, “you’re already hanging.”

“Tony Stark, I swear to God—”

“Which one?” he mused, tapping his finger against a screen a few times. “Cause Thor can’t help you from Asgard.” He stepped forward to stand in front of your face, which was beet red. You glared as hard as you could into his eyes.

“Jarvis, release,” he said pleasantly and the robot arm immediately let go. With a yelp you fell, but Tony caught you in his arms bridal-style. He looked at you, still smirking. “Best birthday surprise ever,” he announced.

“I’m glad someone enjoyed it,” you muttered sarcastically and then pouted up at him.

Tony laughed and dipped his head, pressing his lips against yours for a long moment.

“Yes, at least it was me,” he answered and then turned to carry you out of the lab.
So I randomly plucked The Outsiders off my shelf last night and reread most of it, and now my heart is broken all over again for Johnny and Dally. This book really affected me when I read it the first time back in seventh grade. Johnny Cade was the first boy, real or fictional, to break my heart.

Originally this was going to be the reader comforting Johnny, but that seemed too overdone. He would be able to empathize with someone better than most anyone, I think. I also left this open a little on purpose: "he" can be a father, boyfriend, brother, whatever you want.

You almost fell over Johnny when you ran into the empty lot, blood dripping from your nose. He grunted something incoherent as you stumbled back, momentarily startled out of your plight.

“Sorry, Johnny—I didn’t know you were here,” you said, sounding lousy, and flopped onto your butt beside him in the wet grass. It soaked through your jeans, but at the moment you didn’t give a shit. You pulled the sleeve of your sweatshirt down over your hand and wiped at your nose, quickly turning the gray fabric red and pink.

Johnny pushed his long bangs from his eyes, but they only fell back over into his way. He must have been asleep, because his hair was more tousled than usual and his eyes were droopy. It took him a minute to piece together what was going on, and then he was sitting close beside you, his arm around your shoulders and his eyes shining with concern.

“He hit you again?” he asked quietly, but you didn’t need to answer for him to know the truth. You swallowed hard a few times, staring up at the stars and focusing on the brightest one, willing the tears forming in your eyes to go away.

“I’m not going back,” you said stubbornly, but you couldn’t feel it with the conviction you wanted. “I’m never going back.”

Johnny frowned, but he didn’t say anything, he knew what you were feeling all too well. He pulled you closer to him until you were forced to lay your head against his shoulder. He placed a quick kiss to your temple and then laid his head against yours, and that’s how the two of you sat for most of the night, quiet tears staining your collar and the warmth of Johnny’s comfort around your heart.
Solas watched quietly as Skyhold’s throne room slowly emptied of mourners. Hawke’s funeral was over, there was no body for a pyre. The weight of her brave sacrifice hung heavy on them all, but more so for the two who had been her friends. Solas sought out the pair, leaned against a wall with a flagon of ale. You were curled into yourself, your head on Varric’s shoulder but turned downward so it was harder to see your tears. The two of you sat in silence, simply comforted in the other’s presence.

When you stood to flee the lingering people, Solas was hesitant to follow. It took a prodding gesture from Varric to move him. After all, he had only known Hawke briefly and didn’t know what to say, but he wanted to comfort you.

He found you on the battlements, tucked against a corner with your face buried in your knees. Your shoulders shook with sobs.

Solas knelt beside you, gently slipping an arm over your shoulders. He felt pained to see you like this, so when he whispered your name his voice wavered slightly.

You didn’t answer, but you leaned against his chest and wrapped your arms around his waist. Solas gathered you to him, his arms encircling you tightly. He pressed his lips to your forehead and closed his eyes. He wished he could absorb your pain and feel it for you, but holding you close would have to do. Quietly, his lips still pressed to your skin, he whispered an ancient prayer for the dead.
The Inquisitor’s party—consisting of himself, Bull, Solas, you, and Sera—had to take a narrow mountain path to their destination in Emprise du Lion. That is why Scout Harding suggested doubling up on horseback, with Bull walking because his girth plus that of the mount it took to support him was nearly double the width, and in some places the height, of the pass.

“Be careful of the ice,” the dwarf warned as the group rode by out of the camp. “Don’t want to go sliding down the mountain without the proper horseshoes on.”

The trek was slow, the snow unyielding, and the companions silent; it was too much trouble to speak and shiver at the same time. You were trembling most of all. You had your arms pulled in close, clutching the horse’s reins tightly. It took everything in your power not to lean back into the warmth you could feel radiating from Solas behind you, and you were trying not to alert him to your current state of freezing to death.

You failed.

“Ayatas, are you cold?” came the smooth, deep tones of Solas’s voice to your ear. He had leaned forward so you could hear him over the wind, and you relished in the warmth of his chest against your back.

“Your perception never ceases to impress me, Solas,” you replied ruefully. You hated the cold, hated being cold, nevermind that you would freeze long before any of them because your armor was so light, just the sheer pain freezing caused made you feel as though you were being driven out of your mind.

You heard him chuckle and then his arms came around you, his hands gently taking the reins from yours as he settled closer to you in the saddle. He held the reins with one hand and, after removing his glove, slipped his free hand up your sleeve to delicately wrap his fingers around your wrist. Immediately you felt warmth radiating from him that spread over your body, quieting the shivers and relieving the tension in your muscles.

You relaxed, allowing yourself to slump against the elf, your arms folded against you beneath his as he controlled the horse. Like this, the back of your head rested against his shoulder, so you turned slightly and nestled it in the crook of his neck. You closed your eyes, blocking out the blinding white of the ice.

“Thank you, Solas,” you said softly.

You knew that he smiled because you could hear it in his voice when he said, “Anything, Vhenan.”

“Ugh,” grunted Sera from somewhere to the right. “You two are nauseatin’. yeah?”
“Aw, come now, Sera. Aren’t you cold?” teased Inquisitor Trevelyan.

“No!”

“Are you sure?”

“Bugger off!”

“I can’t, we happen to be on the same horse, dear.”

“I ain’t your dear!”

“All four of you should get a room!” bellowed Bull, and then he snickered as he added, “With me.”

“Bugger off!” cried the rest of the party, sans a cringing Solas. After that the journey was quiet again, but you rode along much warmer than before, and you felt very content.
Mass Effect is probably my favorite series from Bioware, but I don’t write much for it. That seems kind of strange to me, so I’m attempting to remedy that. Here’s some Kaidan love.

You were the first one in line off the Normandy when she docked on the Citadel. Commander Shepard had a cab waiting to take the both of you to Huerta Memorial Hospital and you had to stop yourself from running through the lobby, ringing your hands as Shepard inquired about Kaidan Alenko and Thane Krios. When you were outside the former’s room the commander laid a comforting hand on your shoulder and offered a strained smile.

“Visit with Alenko, kiddo. I’m going to see Thane,” she said and moved away.

You entered the room slowly, uncertain. His condition was not wholly unknown to you—transmissions to the Normandy had kept everyone appraised—but this would be the first time you had seen him since Horizon.

If you hadn’t known better you would have thought he was dead or dying. He was pale and shirtless, his many wounds and bruises visible. Your breath hitched in your throat when you saw him, and his eyes opened at the sound. Groggily, he turned to look in your direction.

It seemed to take him a moment to register who you were, but when it did a weak grin broke out on his face. He said your name with disbelief, holding his hand out toward you.

“Kaidan…” Your voice came out as a whisper as you moved forward to take his hand in both of yours. Eyes brimming with tears, you held them back with all of your might and squeezed his hand. “When Shepard came back to the Normandy and told us, I…All I could think of was getting to you.”

“What a coincidence,” he said with a chuckle. His voice was not as strong as it usually was and he spoke deliberately. “All I’ve ever done is think about you.”

Heat flushed your cheeks but you pretended it wasn’t there, even though Kaidan smirked slightly. “Kaidan, on Horizon—”

“Wait.” He pulled his hand from yours to push himself up straighter, just that small amount of movement depleting his energy. When he continued to speak he was a little breathless. “I wasn’t fair to you, or Shepard, or anyone that day. I felt betrayed, but…but I was so wrong.” His eyes met yours, and you could see the remorse. Your heart thudded in your chest, speeding up even more when he admitted, “I’ve regretted every day that I’ve been apart from you.”

Gently taking his face in your hands, you leaned forward and kissed him, crushing your lips against his. He matched your desperation, wrapping an arm around your waist and gripping your side.

You pulled away just to press your forehead to his, closing your eyes as you smiled brightly. “I have missed you, Kaidan. So much.”

He tilted his head to kiss you gently on the forehead, the cheek, and then the lips. “Promise to come
see me again?"

“Promise.”
You were exhausted; the mission had been long and cold, and you had barely slept the nights leading up to it. Now that it was over, you sat and leaned against the inside of the quinjet as it made its way to the Avengers tower, a worn brown blanket wrapped haphazardly over your shoulders. Your head leaned back against the hull as you slept, but when the plane made a turn it rolled to the side and you awoke with a slight jolt.

Steve chuckled as he sat beside you, his shoulder and arm pressed against yours. “Need a shoulder to lean on?” he asked with a warm grin.

You smiled up at him sleepily and then placed your head on his shoulder. His arm wrapped around your shoulders as you curled into his body, and within moments you slept again.

Steve placed a lingering kiss to your temple, and laid his head atop yours with an affectionate smile.
You stood alone in front of the Normandy’s memorial, your arms clasped tightly across your ribs as you stared at Shepard’s nameplate. The Normandy was in night cycle and no one else was around, so you allowed the tears you had restrained at the small service to fall silently down your cheeks. When they collected to drop from your chin you impatiently brushed them away with your hand, sniffling.

Absorbed by your mourning, you weren’t aware of Kaidan’s presence until he was wrapping his arms around you, gently drawing you to his chest. You turned into the embrace, your own arms winding around his torso. He was strong and warm, and you were comforted by his familiarity. Kaidan placed a hand against the back of your head, cradling you against his chest as he slowly, slightly, rocked from side to side.

There was no need for words—it was obvious and all that could be said had been. All there was for it now was time.

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Cullen Rutherford - Portrait

Chapter Summary

It's been awhile, no? I hope you had a sweet Valentine's Day, whether you celebrate or not.

A giant literal rip in the sky was dropping demons on Thedas, mages and templars fighting, and the world was on the brink of destruction…but you were sitting for a painting. More accurately, you were trying to sit for it, but Josephine picked the slowest artist in the world. If you weren’t about to fall asleep you were bouncing your leg so restlessly the artist would cluck disapprovingly until you stopped moving. You complied each time with a pout.

But then Cullen entered Josephine’s office from the main hall and your face lit up. He smiled upon seeing you in the situation you were in, and approached. “I see Josephine finally pinned you down for your portrait sitting.”

“A little bird told me you allowed her into my quarters to wake me,” you said evenly, cutting your eyes up at the commander.

He looked sheepish. “My apologies, my dear. But your portrait will be the loveliest in the land.” He bent down, placing a kiss on your cheek and gripping your shoulder for a moment before continuing his way to the war room. You sighed, physically deflating when he left, and then the artist tutted at you again.

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