# The Kid in the Temple

**by** [Magpie Crow](http://archiveofourown.org/users/Magpie_Crow)

**Summary**

A goat! These people left him a baby goat! Remus loved goats, they were horned denizens of bleating chaos. He had quite the collection at his palace. "Splendid!" With a wave, Remus sauntered out of the village, heading towards his temple to collect his goat.

**Notes**

This is a sort-of but not really prequel to Overgrown from the Inktober prompts. It's in the same universe. Mostly.

See the end of the work for more [notes](http://archiveofourown.org/users/Magpie_Crow/works/22092397).

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Remus was bored. It wasn't abnormal, of course, it's just that he actually had to go somewhere or do something to relieve his boredom. Remy had said "no murder without justification, Ree. No, boredom is not a justification."

So he had to pick something else. Maybe he'd pretend to be a mortal and take a stroll by one of his temples. That would be fun, wouldn't it?

He made his way out of his underwater palace, shrugging on a glamor to hide his godly aura. And the tentacles, that was important. Most mortals didn't have extra prehensile limbs. According to Remy, that is. Remus could suck it.
Remus still hid his tentacles, despite his internalized penchant for rebellion. He didn't want to scare the mortals. Much.

To his confusion, for an ocean god, the closest temple was farther inland than the nearest village. He decided to make a detour through there first, maybe there was something interesting going on.

There was something interesting going on. A group of villagers returned to the village at the same time Remus entered, all dressed in festive clothing and with celebratory moods.

"What's the party for?" He asked a passerby.

"See that empty cage?"

There was indeed an empty cage, being pulled along on a cart.

"They took a kid as a sacrifice to the Green God of Destruction this morning. The village should be safe for years!"

A goat! These people left him a baby goat! Remus loved goats, they were horned denizens of bleating chaos. He had quite the collection at his palace.

"Splendid!" With a wave, Remus sauntered out of the village, heading towards his temple to collect his goat.

What met him, however, was not a goat, baby or otherwise. As he drew nearer to the temple, he began to hear the slow drip-drip-drip of blood splashing on his altar in his inner ear. Nearer still and he could hear hoarse sobbing, as if whoever the noise originated from had been screaming for hours.

“Shit. I didn’t think they meant a literal kid.” Remus rushed into the temple and down the dark hallways that led into the earth, into the sacred grounds for offerings. There, chained from the ceiling, was a child dressed in nothing but a thin white robe.

The child’s wrists were bleeding from where it had struggled against the chains in a futile attempt to get free. When it heard Remus’ footsteps, it looked up at him through long, honey blond hair.

It was a boy. Fair skinned and still clinging to the soft cheeks of childhood. His eyes, deep and mysterious as the ocean itself drew Remus in. Through the robe, Remus could see countless whip scars criss-crossing across the boy’s chest, down his legs, and over his arms.

“A-are you here to help me?” The boy’s voice was rough from over-use.

Remus let his glamor drop, reveling in the fear that shone in those ocean-blue eyes. “I am here to end your suffering.”

The chains disintegrated, allowing the boy to fall into the god’s waiting arms.

“No one is going to hurt you, ever again, pet.”

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A few days later, Remus woke from a nap to find the boy kneeling next to him on his bed, hand outstretched as if to remove the sheets over Remus’ nude body. Because of course he slept naked, how else was he supposed to rest?

“What do you want?”
“You didn’t kill me.” The boy was now kitted out in an outfit Remus had found lying in a dusty corner somewhere, brown pants, a blue tunic, and a gray hood the boy had taken a liking to.

He looked every bit the pre-pubescent kid he was. “The village elder, he said- he said that if you didn’t kill me, that I was to- to do my best at… Uh. Pleasing you. And he- he told me how.”

Remus grabbed the sheets and pulled them up to cover his chest. “Nope! Not gonna happen. No way. Nuh-uh. Your job is to be a good pet, nothing else.”

“Wh-what does a good pet do?”

“Uh. What I tell it to do. Go back to your room and try to take a nap.”

The boy nodded, still looking unsure. He still followed Remus’ instructions, though, and pattered out of the room.

It was going to be a long couple of days until the kid got more comfortable with just hanging around.

At least the kid got along well with the goats.

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“I was raised to be a sacrifice.”

The boy’s matter-of-fact tone made Remus spit out the fruit he’d been lazily chewing on.

“My mother and father both died, and my village didn’t have much use for orphans. They told me I’d be perfect for you.”

“Well, pet, I suppose you are. Don’t you have a name?”

“No, they never gave me one.”

Well. What Remy didn’t know wouldn’t hurt him. Remus could wipe the village out, no problem. In fact- boom. Done. No more village. Earthquakes were convenient.

He scooped the boy up into his arms, grinning at him. “Well, I think I’ll call you Patton, then. It sounds enough like pet, don’t you think? Let’s go feed the goats.”

“Okay!”

End Notes

Hope y’all enjoyed! I’m not going to apologize for that.

I set up a Discord server! https://discord.gg/gtWgvQ4
Join me to talk about my writing and stuff! Please, I need friends.

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Works inspired by this one: *Unwanted Sacrifice* by AceOnIce

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