Kuroshitsuji drabbles

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Kuroshitsuji drabbles

by DracoRegno_DragonKingdom

Summary

A Collection of short stories about our favorite cast in a multitude of different ways. I need prompts and such to write more chapters, so comment any ideas!
"Sebastian!" The blue-haired boy shouted from his study.

The raven-haired butler instantly appeared in the doorway, "Yes, young master?"

"I crave something sweet. Make me a cake." The boy said, not once looking up from his documents.

"Now young master, dinner is not long off, and we wouldn't want to ruin your appetite."

But Ciel Phantomhive is not one to be refused, "Did I ask when dinner would be?! I gave you an order, now follow it!"

Ciel's eye returned to his work immediately, so he quite missed the challenging flash in his demon's eyes.

"Yes, my lord."

Three rapt knocks announced his butler's arrival. Ciel didn't look up once.

"Come in."

"Your cake, young master."

Ciel smirked, slowly looking up, "So it's finally- wha?!"

Now it was Sebastian's turn to smirk. Beside him stood a tall, elegant, wedding-type cake. It rose nearly as high as the butler. Ciel could only gape at it.

"You never specified what type of cake you desired, so I thought something like this might appease your sweet tooth. I hope you are satisfied, young master."

This time, Ciel caught the challenge in his demon's eyes, his lone azure orb narrowing in return.

"Hmph. I suppose it will suffice. You are dismissed."

The demon bowed and left the room.

Ciel had been vomiting for hours. Sebastian knelt beside him, rubbing his back in soothing circles, cooing softly in his ear.

"You know, young master… I didn't expect you to actually eat the entire cake."

Ciel simply groaned in response.
Sebastian bursts through the door, "Hide me!"

William's eyebrow twitches, "Lost control of your pet?"

Grell rolls her eyes, leaning on William's desk, "How pissed did you make him this time?"

A roar rips through the air, shaking the office building. William pushes his glasses up and scowls at the demon in his doorway, "You lead him here?"

Sebastian nods slowly.

Grell chuckles, "Well, I guess I'll have to handle this."

"SEBASTIAN!"

Another roar sounds through the office, and the demon dives under William's desk. Grell rolls her eyes once more and jumps out of the window, landing beside a small, raging kitten with glowing red eyes.

The cat glares up at the redhead, "Where is he?!"

Grell picks him up and rubs his head, "Now there's no need to do anything rash, Ciel dear."

"This is the fifth time! He's going to pay!" The kitten shrieks.

Grell smirks, "How? You're stuck like this until the effects wear off."

Ciel growls, "Sebastian, when this catnip runs out of my system, you're dead."

Aforementioned demon shivers from his hiding spot, "Y-yes, my lord."
It wasn't the perfect place to stop, but it had begun to rain and Sebastian refused to carry his young master through a storm.

"It's just a little water, Sebastian. What harm could it do?" Ciel protested, as his demon set him down on the hard stone floor of the cave.

"For one, young master, you could get sick, and with your asthma..."

"Alright I get it. But now what?"

"We shall be forced to stay here until the storm ends." The butler replied, starting a small fire.

Ciel looked around the cave and noticed that it extended farther into the rock than he had first perceived. Curious, the boy crawled over to the small opening at the back, his demon watching him with amusement etched on his face. The bluenette peered into the tunnel, unable to see a thing.

"What do you think is in there, Sebastian?"

"Oh, any number of things: bats, a bear, perhaps even a ghost."

The earl scoffed, "Ghosts aren't real," he paused, eyes doubtful, "Are they?"

"Anything is real if you believe hard enough."

Ciel rolled his eyes, "Really..." He glanced at his butler curiously, "Honestly, though... Are ghosts real?"

The demon opened his mouth, but paused and frowned, "I apologize, my young lord, but there seems to be a small issue I must take care of."

"What issue?"

"A minor one, I assure you." And before Ciel could question him further, the butler was gone.

Feeling snubbed, Ciel turned from the mouth of the cave and returned to peering into the darkness of the tunnel. Suddenly, a voice floated out to him.

"So you're interested in ghosts, boy?" The voice was that of an old man, cracked and warbling.

Slightly frightened, Ciel simply nodded.

"I can tell you a thing or two about ghosts."

Once more the child nodded. The voice drew him in, intrigued him. Where did it come from?

"For starters, ghosts are real, and they don't just haunt houses. Some can come and go as they please, though others are stuck in one place. Those are the ones most likely to be dangerous."

"Why?"

"They can't go anywhere. They're pinned down, and nobody likes to be restrained and restricted. Especially not the dead."
"But what are ghosts?"

"Do you know about Grim Reapers? Shinigami? You know what they do?"

The boy nodded, a few specific people coming to mind.

"Well, sometimes they don't do their jobs perfectly. Sometimes bits of soul can be left around. Bits of memory. Imprints, if you will. Sometimes, they miss a soul completely; maybe it didn't show up in their books, maybe the wrong file was put in the wrong place. But either way, these souls are the most powerful. And the most dangerous.

"Why?" The boy asked once more, feeling like a broken record.

"Because most often they're stuck. And on top of that, they've got all their memories, even of their deaths. And that's enough to drive anyone mad."

"Well, can't they be collected? Even the... the bits?"

"If they're caught early enough. But after a time, the bits become food scraps for weak demons, and the full souls... They find some way to move on... Most of the time..."

"But how do you know all of this? Are you a scholar? And where are you?!"

The voice chuckled, a menacing sound, and for a brief second Ciel was ready to call Sebastian back immediately. Minor issue be damned.

Then it spoke again, "You know those forgotten souls? The full ones?"

The frightened earl nodded cautiously, body tensed and ready to run.

"I happen to be one of them." The voice fell silent.

Outside the storm ceased. Sebastian returned, oddly dry. He observed the oddly tense earl for a moment.

"Still wondering about ghosts, my lord?"

Ciel slowly shook his head, "Just take me home, Sebastian."

"Of course."

As they left, Ciel buried his face in his demon's shoulder, so he quite missed the curious glance he threw at the cave.

"Of course..."

"Sebastian... What was the 'minor issue' you had to take care of?"

Before the demon could answer, the boy began to sneeze. Irritated, and now quite certain he already knew the answer, he pulled back his head and inspected his butler's suit. Cat hair. Everywhere.

"Cats? You left me to find some cats?!"

"They were stuck in the rain, my lord. They were crying."

Groaning in irritation, Ciel growled, "The moment we get home, you will burn this suit and remove
absolutely any cat hair that is on me. Understood?"

The demon sighed despairingly, "Yes, my lord."
Kuro Ficlets1

Stairs and Elevators(1) (Mod AU)

"Must you be so difficult?" the ravenette asked with a sigh, his blue haired companion glaring at the options before them.

"I absolutely refuse. I am not walking up ten flights of stairs." Ciel insisted.

Sebastian smirked, "Let's make it a race then."

The boy smirked, "Deal." And with that they parted ways.

Five minutes later, the elevator doors open and Sebastian is leaning against them, staring at his watch. Ciel's eyebrow ticks in irritation as the older male smirks at him.

"What took you so long?"

Pranks (Mod AU)

With a quiet snicker, Ciel loomed over Sebastian's sleeping form. The male had been stupid enough to fall asleep fully exposed on the couch. The bluenette carefully sprayed the shaving cream into his demon's open palm. With the edge of his sleeve, Ciel gently brushed the dizzy dreamer's face.

Of course, Sebastian wasn't actually sleeping, so Ciel was the one who spent the next twenty minutes cleaning up.

Stairs and Elevators (2) (Mod AU)

"No, I refuse to walk up ten flights of stairs when there is an elevator readily available." A blue-eyed boy grumbled, glaring at his companion.

"Ciel, the stairs will undoubtedly be faster." The ravenette said with a sigh.

Ciel rolled his eyes, "It's utterly ridiculous. I am not taking the stairs. If you're so sure they're faster, we'll make a race out of it."

Sebastian smirked, "You're on."

Five minutes later came the ding of the metal box arriving at the tenth floor. Ciel stepped out, only to be greeted by a smiling Sebastian. The man held out his hand to the defeated teen and smirked, "What took you so long?"

Disney (Mod AU)

"What's a fire and why does it... what's the word? Burn!" The bluenette spins around his bedroom, belting out the lyrics to his favorite song from his favorite Disney movie. Of course, just as his spin has him facing the door, Sebastian walks in, about to ask what sort of sandwich Ciel wanted for lunch.

The boy's face quickly bleeds red, "I... uh... you see... Don't you knock?"

Sebastian chuckles and grabs Ciel's hand, spinning him slowly and singing softly in his ear, "When's it my turn? Wouldn't I love..."
Ciel's blush deepens but he continues, "Love to explore that shore up above!"

Sebastian lifts the blue eyed brat into the air and they sing the final lines together, "Out of the sea... Wish I could be... Part of that...

WORLD!"

**Spanking**

"Sebastian!" "SeBaStIaN!" "SEBASTIAN!" "sebastian..." "Sebastian!" "Sebastian~"

The demon sighed, fingers pinching the bridge of his nose as his childishly master calls him for what feels like the thousandth time today. Although the child's tone this time was seductive, the butler felt no less annoyed at being called excessively throughout the day. In fact, it actually made him even more irritated, if that was possible. He had gotten nearly nothing done because his young master had been overly needy all day. Now, when the boy had finally been put to bed and Sebastian had time to get the day's work done, Ciel wanted to "play". But Sebastian couldn't resist the tug in his gut when he was summoned, so he trudged up from his room to his master's.

"Sebastian, you surely took your time." Ciel said quietly upon the butler's appearance. This needy behavior had also been accompanied by a meek disposition when the two were alone. It was actually beginning to grate on the demon's nerves.

Sebastian sighed, "My lord, I've noticed that you've become far more demanding as of late, and though I might usually tolerate this behavior, it has begun to interrupt my workload. I have yet to get anything done that I needed to today, and that includes scheduling appointments and meetings for Funtom associates. If you continue this, I may have to deliver some form of punishment."

"And what would that be?" Ciel sassily replied.

Sebastian tapped his chin for a moment, "I think a good spanking would be in order."

Ciel smirked, meekness gone, "Is that a threat or a promise?"

Sebastian observed his master for a moment, "Both."

"Then let my punishment begin."
**Fireworks (Mod AU)**

Ciel hated and loved the fireworks. The colors brought back his childish sense of wonder. But the noise turned him off almost completely.

When Sebastian suggested they go, and Ciel told him he couldn't stand the "noisy irritating explosions", the ravenette had come up with an idea, which he refused to share.

So Ciel relented, purely out of curiosity, and they, as well as a hundred or so other people, found a nice place in the park where they would have the best view of the display.

Sebastian had picked a place on a hill, where the fireworks would be practically eye level, but extremely loud. The idea made Ciel nervous, and he was quite eager to learn Sebastian's brilliant plan.

But instead of telling the bluenette, Sebastian pulled him into his lap. An announcement began and told the couple that the display would start in a minute or so and Ciel squirmed in his companion's lap.

"Sebastian..."

"Sssh, love. Patience."

Ciel leaned back into Sebastian's chest, tense. Right before the first explosion, the sound was cut off. Ciel was staring at the miraculous display, without the frightening noise. He reached up to his ears and found Sebastian's hands blocking out everything but the man's own pulse. Ciel smiled up, as best he could, at the ravenette, and relaxed deeply into his chest to enjoy the show.

**Sassy Ghost (Mod AU)**

Sebastian had been on plenty of investigations, after all he was a professional. But this was utterly unexpected. Not only had an apparition appeared, but it was quite clear. Not just that, it was most definitely able to communicate. And it was very rude, actually.

"You aren't going to find anyone else here."

"Are you saying that no one's here but you?"

"Did I say that?"

Sebastian's second-in-command, Grell, rolled her eyes, "I honestly can't tell."

"Well, Scarlet Witch, those words clearly did not leave my mouth. They're quite elusive."

Sebastian's eyebrow twitched,"Then why are you here?"

"Everyone else is super boring. I thought I'd come play with you Fleshies."

William adjusted his spectacles, "We are here for an investigation. We are wasting time "playing" with you."

"Well, I don't care what you came here for, Harry Potter. Besides, I'm talking to your boss, not you."
William's eyes narrowed slightly, and he went back to scanning the area for other signatures. Claude observed the ghost boy with interest, an interest that was beginning to creep the dead child out. "Hey, Charlotte, if you keep staring like that I might have one of my buddies poke your eyes out." Claude simply smirked, which was creepier than the staring.

Suddenly, everyone's equipment started going off. The ghost winced as a high pitched noise reached everyone's ears.

Sebastian glared at the ghost, "I thought you said everyone else was hiding."

"I completely forgot about him."

"CIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEELLLLLLLLLLL!" The scream eventually lowered enough to be heard as a name, or the French word for "sky". The ghost boy scowled deeply as a glowing blur zipped around before stopping beside him and taking shape.

"Alois, what did I tell you-?"

"Oooo, Fleshies!" The new ghost boy noticed Claude and smiled brightly, turning to Ciel, "Can I keep him?"

Ciel groaned, "No, you aren't keeping a living person as a pet. How many times have we discussed this?"

"... Too many?"

Ciel rubbed his temples, "Exactly. Go torment Elizabeth or something."

"But-!"

"GO!" The boy barked. Alois floated around Claude for a moment, and got into everyone else's faces before sinking through the floor, sticking his tongue out at Ciel the whole time.

Sebastian was laughing his ass off, William was checking the equipment, Claude was staring at the spot where Alois had disappeared, and Grell had already given up and was walking out of the deserted building, officially done with dealing with teenage ghosts. Ciel scowled at the rest of the team, flipped Sebastian off, and disappeared.

Once Sebastian had finally caught his breath, he looked up at what was left of his team, "Please tell me someone got that..."

From the back of the room, Ronald and Finnian walked forward, camcorders in hand. Ron gave his boss a thumbs up, "We got everything."

Sebastian smirked, and glanced at the spot Ciel had disappeared from, shaking his head slightly, "Alright, team, let's pack it up!"
Lookout (Random AU)

The two boys quietly made their way through the halls. Ciel carried the candle since Alois was shaking so badly he'd end up spilling wax all over the place. They finally reached the pantry, and as agreed the blonde stood guard as the bluenette collected assorted chocolates, pastries, and varying other sweets from the sweets cupboards. They had agreed that if Alois saw either of their butlers, he would make some sort of noise, but until then he'd have to be silent to listen for the demons.

Ciel quite happily snatched up treat after treat, eating what he didn't want to share, and bagging up everything else. His goal was to collect enough before dawn to have a secret stash in his room. He'd agreed to allow Alois to have a small percentage of his candy, (he was nothing if not a business man) if the boy agreed to stand as lookout.

That night, they executed their (Ciel's) plan. Thirty minutes after entering the pantry, the sound of Alois's throat clearing made the sweet loving earl whip around. He was quite upset (and a little bit frightened) to see a very stern looking Claude and Sebastian, while Alois was standing in Claude's tight grip. The blonde tapped his fingers together, staring at the ground.

Let's just say, Alois would not be joining Ciel on such missions ever again.

Heels (Random AU)

Wide blue eyes took in the menacing sight, so low to the ground the objects of his horror were perfectly eye-level. They were shining in the moonlight, like sharp obsidian, and they seemed so solid in his quickly fading world. They stopped before his face, ever the more menacing now that they could touch him.

Never had he thought boots of all things would leave him trembling, but the evil that accompanied these midnight monstrosities could not be avoided. The heel was long and sharp, with a small crystal orb half way through, in which he could see his own frightened face. The fall from the table had damaged him more than the knife had.

He could not deny the appeal of the shadowy shoes, but the way they seemed to float on the pool of blood seeping from his head made him tremble uncontrollably. Or perhaps that was caused by the pool of blood oozing from his temple; it seemed to cover the whole floor, bleeding into the corpses of his previous tormentors.

What is done can never be undone; from this point on your soul belongs to me. However you may choose to enter a covenant with me in exchange.

No. I... I won't! I won't do it!

Then I will take you now.

Ciel Phantomhive had refused to make a deal with this devil. And now the last thing he would ever see, are those

God

Damned
Under the floorboards

Vincent had once read a story by some poet or other, Ciel believed his name was Poe, about a heart beating beneath the floorboards. That had inspired his secret clubhouse. Beneath Ciel's bed, Vincent had pulled up the floor boards and made a hallow space, large enough for the three Phantomhives to curl up and read stories. It was easily hidden by the wooden panels once they were replaced, and that is where the boy was now. Sebastian had yet to discover his secret, or else he would have retrieved him by now. You see, the young Earl of Phantomhive was avoiding bedtime. This wasn't unusual, or at least it hadn't been. But it had been years since the child earl had fled his bedroom in search of comfort from nightmares. He hardly slept these days, as sleep was no longer a necessity. Now, it wasn't exactly bedtime Ciel was avoiding, but his demon. Although their relationship was no longer filled with rage and fury, the two demons' interactions were still extremely awkward outside of their regular schedule. So the boy had taken to avoiding Sebastian at night, when the elder demon was more apt to try to be friendly.

Of course, hiding wasn't a proper solution, Ciel knew this, but what else is he supposed to do? He couldn't escape Sebastian, he couldn't run from him. He, as a fledgling, was extremely defenseless, even more so than he'd been as a human, because now he drew even more attention from elder demons, if that was possible. He hadn't the slightest idea how to use any of his new abilities, and although his demon had tried to teach him, as usual Ciel was not the best student.

So he sat quietly in his secret clubhouse, trying not to think, and silently (ironically) praying for sunrise.

Swords and Ball Gowns

When Ciel thought of Elizabeth, his cousin and fiance, he usually thought of dresses. He thought of ribbons and frills and bells, and other things that would have the sweet blonde squealing about cuteness. He thought of her favorite dresses, the ones she would wear only when she snuck off to visit him, the ones she had specifically tailored to make her look like the childish girl he’d known in his childhood, before the light had been stolen from his eyes. She was his light now. With her desire to make him bright and happy again with lace and satin and giant bows, she was the happiness he’d lost during that month and on that day. She was what he could have been if everything hadn't been taken from him. He used to hate her for that. Now it only made him love her more. At least, that is what he thought about when he saw dresses or bows.

But after that night, that trip on that boat, when she had drawn blades for him, defended him and truly proved that she, as a Midford and the eventual wife of the Queen's Guard Dog, deserved to be known as one of the Queen's Knights. Ever since then, it was not just ribbons and sparkles that made him think of Elizabeth. Fencing lessons forced the green eyed girl to flash through his mind, spurring him on and inspiring him to work harder. Whenever she visited, he would notice, not just the childish adorable nature of her clothing, but the maturity she carried as a noble woman. And although she thought that revealing her skills would make her no longer appeal to him, he felt that it only made him see her in a new light.

The nature of his love for her could be debated by many people, but the fact of that love could not be denied. So Elizabeth was in his thoughts whenever he saw swords and ball gowns.
Death

Chapter Notes

(Triggers: Major character death/Suicide)
After Season II

It was quite surprising really. What lengths Sebastian was willing to go through to be free of him. He hadn't expected he'd ever try something as extreme as death. But the blue-eyed red-eyed boy fledgling stood over his butler demon unfazed uncaring as the pool of blood trickled towards his black buckle shoes. Ciel walked over and kneeled beside the dying demon. He assumed the poor demon little bastard had been very desperate for escape to return to the island and dig through the rubble just to find the terrible lovely green sword now sticking through his chest. Sebastian was not yet dead, though from the look of the crimson fluid oozing from his mouth, he would not have long.

Ciel knelt beside his demon, smiling kindly coldly and gazing into the bright frightened eyes of his beloved useless servant, "Sebastian," he called softly emotionlessly. "You would really go this far to be free of me?"

The butler stared blankly up at his master, silent.

Ciel's smile grew ever more gentle menacing, "If you had asked, I would have given you what you craved so desperately." The boy demon removed his eyepatch, revealing the horrible glorious mark that had the two bound for all eternity, "Sebastian. I gave you that name many years ago. I take it from you now. Free you from it now. I order you to no longer serve me." A gentle purple glow encased the two for a moment. Ciel could see his reflection in the pool of blood at his feet. The contract mark was gone. He lifted Sebastian's ungloved hand, now unblemished, and waved it in front of the demon's blurring eyes, "See, you're free now. All you had to do was ask." And as the sad boy purring fledgling dropped his demon's next meal's hand, the light finally faded from the elder's crimson eyes.

With a heavy sigh pleased purr Ciel rose, eyeing the sword. He reached towards it and carefully crudely slid ripped it out of the dead demon's chest. He swung the blade to remove the blood, and hung it on his back. Then he turned back to Sebastian that dead thing and began to weep feast.

All you had to do was ask. I would have gladly freed you from this terrible existence.
Letter to my Love (Mod AU)

Dear Blondie,

I'm going mad over here without you. My boss won't give me a proper vacation until the end of the month, but I'm coming for sure. And when I do I'll...

Finn's mind skimmed over the next highly descriptive part of the letter. Of course, he was used to his boyfriend's sexual bluntness by now, but it didn't stop the blood that rushed to his cheeks as he read. Ronald did have a lovely way with words.

They'd decided to write letters, despite both having cellphones and each other's numbers, when Finnian had moved to the United States for work. The gardener had thought the idea was extremely romantic ever since he'd watched *The Notebook*. Ronald quite enjoyed the idea, and figured it'd be something they could give to their children... when they had some.

Finny reread the letter. Or maybe not.

Girl's Night (Mod AU)

Occasionally, Grell would call Ciel up for what she called a "Girl's Night". She'd come over to his apartment and they'd paint each other's nails, style each other's hair, and watch as many of Ciel's old Disney movies, which he had on VHS. These nights would involve either gossip or emotional comforting. Grell had begun to get more serious with her relationship with William, but he was rather insensitive when it came to her emotions (or anyone's emotions at that). So when she was having a hard day, she would call for a girl's night. And these nights would mostly deal with icecream and baking, and when they were sitting comfortably with their sweets, they would watch some of the newer Disney films, featuring independent princesses and not so perfect princes.

Rarely did they ever talk about Ciel's feelings. He and Sebastian had been together for a long time now. Usually their fights were kept quiet. Their problems occurred and were solved behind closed doors. So when Ciel called and quietly said that he needed a girl's night, Grell was instantly at his door with chocolate and cookie dough. He quietly lead her inside, and they made their usual fort on the couch, but he did not put on a movie. Grell gently pulled her beloved blue-haired brat into her lap, and he cried. For a good twenty minutes.

This is what kept their friendship alive. Grell knew when to stay silent. No matter how much she wanted to know what was wrong and what had happened, no matter how badly she wanted to jump up, call Sebastian, and demand that he apologize for whatever he did to Ciel, she sat quietly and stroked his hair while he cried.

And when he had finished, she still did not ask. She just put in his favorite Disney movie, the Little Mermaid, and they sat on the couch, eating chocolate and cookie dough. And later both would agree. It was probably the best girl's night ever.
Jim is my highness. He’s the king in my world. He’s my big brother, and I love him. But Jim’s gotten a bit greedy lately. He’s got to be taught a lesson. But… I still want him to be a bit happy. That’s why she came! I wanted my wish very badly, and we made a contract. Big Brother and me, we’re hated by everyone in town. So our biggest wish, no Jim’s biggest wish, is for everyone to go away, to disappear forever. So I made the wish for him. The price might make him less greedy…

It’s today! She promised: everyone minus one! Minus the kind lady who kept me from being beat up by the other boys when Jim was away. She’s sent me to stay with Jim, in our little shed at the edge of town. Then we smelled smoke. So we ran to town. Everyone is gone! All gone! The whole town is on fire. Big Brother is so happy. I hope the price was worth it.

Jim and I split up, to look for good things to take back to the home. I’m ready to meet her, to pay my price. She took me up in her arms, and everything started to fade. But I have to make sure she knows. How grateful I am.

“What’s a soul good for, anyways?” I whisper out.
Society

I find these social gatherings to be pointless. How am I supposed to smile politely when I really want to shout and call them all liars? These people claimed to be friends of my father, of my mother. They claimed to care about them. Hmph.

Sebastian is constantly telling me to smile at these things. Have I not told him that I’ve forgotten how? Because of people like them, my life was ruined. My family was taken from me, my home was destroyed. I lost every bit of innocence I had accumulated in the short decade I’d been alive. A lot can change in a month.

However, even if that might be the case, refusing to go to these gatherings would be bad business. I’ve got to make relations; I’ve got to be a good representative of the Phantomhive family. As the last one there will ever be, I owe my parents that.

But I cannot smile. Not when I’m so angry. Though what have I got to make me so much better than them? My pride? My status? The power I wield in London’s Underworld? No. I’ve got no reason to think, at these galas and balls, that I’m any better. For in the end, I’m the biggest liar of them all.
I guess I saw it coming. I mean, Ciel and Sebastian were so close, how could I miss it? Even if I was Ciel’s fiancé, Sebastian was the one always by his side. I pretended, for a long time, that I didn’t know about the dangers in his life. That I didn’t know about his job as “The Queen’s Guard Dog”. I put on an innocent face; I became his source of light. And Sebastian wore his dark smirk; he was his darkness.

And so cloaked in the darkness of his duties, didn’t it make sense that eventually that darkness would win? That what little light there was was snuffed out? I wasn’t surprised at all. I knew the whole time, even when they didn’t, what would become of them in the end. I wasn’t at all surprised when one day he invited me to the manor, and then told me he was going on a trip. Of course I was worried. He had come downstairs dressed all in black. Even at Aunt Angelina’s funeral he had worn some lighter colors. I had made my usual airheaded sweet comments about it not being cute, about it not suiting him at all. He had told me that perhaps I was right. He tried his best to soothe me, to make me happy. We danced before the stairs, to a warped and unsettling gramophone. I knew I would never be seeing him again, but I had to keep him from knowing. So when I left to return home, I called sweetly to him about safe trips and good times. And he had smiled.

Ciel had not smiled in four years. Not a true smile. But this dark thing, this menacing baring of teeth was true. This was what became of the boy that I loved, the boy with the bright blue eyes. Shrouded in darkness, as I, his light, left him for the last time with his butler, his darkness, beside him.

I guess I saw it coming. But that doesn’t mean it didn’t hurt.
Betrayal

Sebastian strode into Ciel’s study, his silver trolley entering before him, “Ah, my lord.”

The blue haired boy did not look up, “Hello Sebastian.”

The butler pushed the trolley to line up beside his master’s desk, “I’ve brought your afternoon tea. Today it is Earl Grey with a lemon tart.” He sets the delicate china before the young earl, watching as the boy slowly sips his tea, unconsciously humming softly as the familiar taste passed his lips. The butler smirked, knowing that had at least pleased the temperamental child. A small smile dashed across the pale pink lips along with the citrus tart, and the butler knew he had once again created perfection.

“Not as bad as I expected.” The demon’s eyes flashed at the closest thing to a compliment he could expect from the boy. They followed the movements of the little pink tongue that dashed out to swipe sugar from paler lips.

“I am glad that I’ve exceeded your expectations, my lord.”

“Hmm…” The boy does not look up, afraid that his eyes might give away his feelings.

“Am I dismissed, young master?”

The boy looks up and swallows thickly, bright blue eyes lost and wider than usual.

The demon butler chuckles, “I can see the distress in your eyes. Come, young master, tell me what has you so preoccupied?”

The child bites his lip, “You… I love you, Sebastian.”

The demon leans in, gently tilting the earl’s face. The boy tenses up and his breath catches. The demon grows ever closer, and Ciel slowly closes his eyes. Only to be startled when the demon leans back with a sigh.

“If only there was a way that I could love you…”

The boy trembles.

“Disgusting, falling for a demon, then thinking I could ever return the feeling.”

Tears sting the poor boy’s eyes, “Your right… Y-you can leave.”

“Yes, my lord.”
"Come on, Bassy! By the time we get there, all the cute guys will be gone!" The redhead shouted from her cherry red impala.

"You can't rush perfection, Grell." Her dark haired companion replied, stepping out of his apartment.

It was Tuesday, and Grell had declared ages ago that Tuesdays were club nights. Even after Sebastian got a job that required he be up at six o'clock in the morning. Grell insisted her best friend needed a break, no matter when he had to get up, so the day did not change.

"Come on, Ciel! If we don't leave now, Lizzy will steal every guy there!" The hyperactive blonde skreeched from his foster father's borrowed pick-up truck.

"Alois, if you keep rushing me, I will simply refuse to go. Again." The bluenette stepped out of his house, waving a quick goodbye to his parents.

It was Tuesday, and Alois didn't have class the next morning, while Ciel didn't have classes at all on Wednesdays. So Alois demanded they celebrate their freedom from lessons, although Ciel made the point that the blonde still had classes Wednesday afternoon and the brat seemed to have no idea what his limit was when it came to alcohol. But the older boy would counter with that being why Ciel was there. So the decision did not change.

After arriving, Grell parked behind a tacky navy blue pick-up and rushed to drag her friend out of the car. After fixing his hair and adjusting the collar of his shirt, she deemed the ravenette presentable and the two stepped inside the club, after nodding towards the unintimidating, but surprisingly strong bouncer, Finnian, who smiled brightly back at them.

Once inside, they were engulfed in bright lights and pounding music. Grell noticed a rather attractive group of men and dashed off, leaving Sebastian to walk over to the bar on his own.

Alois had disappeared after their arrival. Ciel's first thought was to check the bar, since his friend seemed to have the characteristics of a raging alcoholic on these nights out.

The two deserted men made their ways over to the bar. Ciel glanced around quickly, not noticing the stranger who was currently checking him out with not a hint of modesty. Red eyes roved the younger boy's form, and Sebastian decided he was actually pleased with Grell's decision not to cancel club night. He reached over and tapped on the blue-haired boy's shoulder, effectively startling him.

He smiled, "Looking for something?"

Ciel sighed, running his fingers through his hair, "Actually someone. You haven't happened to see a hyper, overtly sexual and flamboyant blonde have you?"

Sebastian chuckled, "I can't say I have. Is there a particular reason you're looking for this person?"

"The idiot may very well get himself drugged, kidnapped, and raped if I don't keep an eye on him..."

"Did you come here together?"

"Obviously,"
Sebastian arched an eyebrow at the boy's sassy attitude.

Ciel sighed, "I apologize. But if I don't find him, I will have to explain his disappearance to Claude, and I very much do not want to deal with that creep."

Sebastian chuckled, "Then might I be of any assistance?"

Ciel sighed with relief, "You'll help me look for him?"

"Of course."

"Well... if you see a blonde in booty shorts, just call for me."

"Might I have your name then?"

"Oh, right. I'm Ciel. Ciel Phantomhive."

"Phantomhive... like Funтом Phantomhive?"

"Yes. My father is Vincent Phantomhive."

"I see... well, I am Sebastian Michaelis. If you should find him before I do, let me know. I hope you find him quickly."

"As do I."

So the two parted ways to search around. Meanwhile, Alois and Grell were having a dance-off in the middle of the dance floor. The two flamboyants had quickly gotten into a "who's more of a diva" contest, which eventually led to this dance off, both trying to be considerably more slutty than the other. It was very hard to tell who was winning, because the assigned judges, three men by the name of William, Ronald, and strangely Undertaker, had either gotten bored, completely forgotten they were judging, or were laughing their ass off, respectively. So eventually the pair decided to call it a draw, and went over to the bar to have drinks. Of course, the two decided to exchange numbers, and since they both considered themselves to be a great wing-man/woman, they exchanged numbers for their friends.

Eventually the two passed out, and the bartender had the DJ announce that someone "come collect the two flamboyant fairies passed out drunk at the bar". In the end, Ciel and Sebastian got each other's numbers, although they had to wait a day to call as both spent that Wednesday taking care of their hungover BFF. Needless to say, Sebastian had to call into work, and Alois missed his afternoon classes.
Forgetting to Remember (Immediately following Season I)

Sebastian rolled over in his bed, rising quickly. He reached towards the familiar placement of his wardrobe, only to realize it was no longer needed. Ah yes... he would never dress in that tailcoat again. Ciel Phantomhive was... no more... How could he forget?

Sebastian roamed the halls of the destroyed manor and wandered into the dining hall. His mind drifted on random topics as he made plans for the day. It took him a moment to realize he had set a place at the head of the table, and he had been standing behind the chair for at least ten minutes. With a weary shake of his head, the demon left the room. Ciel would no longer eat at this table.

Sebastian sat in the library, reading a mystery novel. He absent mindedly ran his fingers over the back of his left hand as he turned the page. With a start, he realized he could no longer feel the slightly raised surface of his contract seal. Oh yes, he would never feel the familiar tug in his gut, notifying him of his young master's summoning.

Sebastian felt a cold wind blow through the fire blackened walls. His thoughts went to bringing Ciel more blankets. As he made his way towards the linen closet, the demon stopped. The young earl would never again need his butler to bring extra blankets on chilly nights.

Sebastian strolled around the ruins of his master's home. He heard a strange crackle under his foot and saw a photograph. Upon picking it up, he saw that it was the photo he had had the servants take of the boy while he slept in the large chair in his study. The demon gently rubbed ash from Ciel's face. He would never return the boy to his bed after the earl had fallen asleep in the midst of his work.

Sebastian strolled away from the manor, afraid to adjust the ruins in any way, should the memory of Ciel Phantomhive be washed away as well. The young earl would never again walk these halls. Never again would Sebastian wash curtains, or dishes, or repair the walls, or the garden. He would never bathe or dress or care for the young boy in this building ever again.

As the demon strolled through the remains of London, he caught sight of a shop hardly touched by flames. His master's favorite candy shop. Upon noticing it, Sebastian felt something in him break. Demons, despite what he might tell himself or his prey, could still feel emotions. Before long, the demon felt something wet streaming down his face. For the first time in a long time, he was crying. Crying for the loss of such an interesting soul. He had been loathe to snuff it out. But a deal was a deal.

If only he could have kept him alive longer. Just a little bit longer. Perhaps... but no.

A deal was a deal. Sebastian only wished he would stop forgetting to remember that the earl was no more. He wished he could simply forget.
"That one!"

"No, I think he would look far more adorable in this one!"

"No, no; what about this blue one? Look, it even has ruffles."

Ciel was not quite sure how he managed to end up like this. He was a captive in his own room by two incredibly irritating blondes. Elizabeth and Alois had, somehow, arrived at his manor at the same time, both being surprise visits. And somehow, the two had instantly become friends. Ciel rubbed his temples as Elizabeth squealed about some other fluffy bunch of cloth that he would look cute in. He attempted to smother himself with one of his pillows when Alois responded with another grunt of disagreement, attempting to present some completely different bundle of fluff. He found the pillow lifted out of his grasp as his butler leaned over him.

"I don't think that would be a good idea. Then the two would have another fit attempting to force your corpse into some ruffled garish thing, and I don't think I'd have the will power to stop them."

Ciel glared at his demon, but groaned as Elizabeth, in a light blue gown this afternoon, dashed across his vision followed by Alois, who was decked out in his usual excessively short shorts and a random shirt. Ciel glanced again and frowned. It was actually one of his shirts.

Finally, the disastrous duo jumped on either side of the blunette, each holding a random bunch of fabric.

"Ciel!"

"Look here, Phantomhive!"

The young earl groaned and reached for his pillow, only to have it completely removed from his reach. The boy glared once more at his butler, then turned his azure eye to the excited blondes beside him, "What?"

"Which outfit do you like better?" Elizabeth asked.

"It's obviously mine." Alois said, playfully sticking his tattoo'd tongue out at the young noblewoman. Strangely, Elizabeth had yet to ask about it, although Alois had made no effort in hiding the seal.

Ciel scowled at the two, and they jumped back, holding their outfits. Elizabeth's was in her familiar frilly style, the usual excessively poofed frockery. Ciel's eye rolled over to glance at Alois's choice, and the boy had to do a double take. Ciel was not even sure he owned a pair of shorts that short. Everything else about the outfit seemed very similar to Elizabeth's trademark frills, however the trousers seemed to be cut in Trancy's signature style. Both outfits were garish and he didn't want to wear either.

"I'd rather leave Sebastian to choose my outfits for me." With that said, the earl rolled over, thinking he might now get some peace. However, the two simply turned to Sebastian with their query.

"Alright, Sebastian!"
"You pick!"

Ciel sat up as he heard his butler's familiar, contemplative hum.

"Well..."

"Sebastian, what are-"

"Now, young master you did say that you prefer I choose your outfits."

"Not from what they've already picked out!"

Sebastian shook his head in mock disappointment, "Honestly, young master. You should be more courteous towards your guests."

"But it's not as though I invited them here!"

Sebastian completely ignored Ciel's response and turned away from the fuming boy, "Now, I think it only fair that Lord Trancy-"

"Just call me Alois, Sebastian!"

"... that Alois be given this opportunity-"

The blonde earl turned to his companion, "Ha!"

Elizabeth pouted, "Sebastian, I thought you were on my side!"

"Now, let me finish. I think it is only fair that Alois be given this opportunity to dress Ciel first."

"What?!" Ciel shouted, but his protests were drowned out by Elizabeth and Alois's laughter.

Sebastian smirked, "Invited or not, they are guests, my lord. You wouldn't want to dampen the Phantom-"

"I get it, Sebastian. But you will pay for this." The boy grumbled as he was dragged out of his bed to be forcefully dressed by Alois.

Sebastian smirked, "I am counting on it, my lord."
FULL NAME: Ciel Phantomhive

MY BIRTHDAY: December 14 (not that I'd care to remember) AGE: 13 GRADE: YEAR: Third (If I didn't have Sebastian to tutor me)

MY NICKNAME: "The Queen's Guard Dog"

MY PETS ARE: I have no pets, but I used to have a dog named Sebastian. Well... does a demon count as a pet?

IF I COULD HAVE ANY ANIMAL: Dog? Maybe a rabbit... again, does a demon count?

MY FAVORITE:

Food to eat: sweets, specifically chocolate \[\text{icecream}\]: chocolate of course
Song: Tom the Piper's Son \[\text{game}\]: Chess
Color: I am rather fond of emerald, despite what everyone thinks. No, blue is not my favorite color. Honestly... outfit: I don't particularly care about appearances, though there was the outfit I wore for the curry contest... perhaps my "Smile" costume as well...

Friends (first names): I suppose I could say Elizabeth, Soma, and maybe Sebastian are my friends

Classes in school: Literature, as I am rather fond of reading
Things to do: I do enjoy a good mystery, solving one or reading about one

School activity: Breaks... Sebastian is a very hard tutor...

I DO NOT LIKE:

Food: Broccoli... Spinach... most vegetables... although I do like potatoes
School activity: Well... it's really a lesson, but I can't stand the violin
When I have to: Deal with the idiocy of my servants...
...or kill for the queen...

PEOPLE WHO LOVE ME:

Umm... Elizabeth, Aunt Frances... I suppose Mei-Rin, Bard, and Finny care about me... and Tanaka
I suppose I could throw Soma in there as well...

Maybe I could...

no...

maybe

perhaps

I could

say...

Sebastian?
I AM SPECIAL AND UNIQUE (Sebastian)

FULL NAME: Sebastian Michaelis (at least, at the moment)

- 

MY BIRTHDAY: January 14 (the day I began this contract) AGE: Older than Sin GRADE:

- 

MY NICKNAME: My young master is fond of calling me his "Loyal Dog"

- 

MY PETS ARE: Pluto... and perhaps I'll throw the other three idiots in as well. They are more like children than pets, but what's the difference really?

- 

IF I COULD HAVE ANY ANIMAL: Cats... any cat... any cat at all...

- 

MY FAVORITE:

- 

Food to eat: souls... icecream: I don't eat human food

Song: The Devil's Trill game: this lovely game of butler and master

Color: Sapphire. I am rather fond of rich blues... outfit: My uniform, of course. I am quite fond of it.

Friends (first names): I believe that idiot prince's butler Agni called me friend

Classes in school: Violin. It is quite enjoyable to see my young master suffer so

Things to do: I don't think it's very appropriate to put here... but I am from the Lust sect

School activity: Dance lessons

- 

I DO NOT LIKE:

- 

Food: human foods

School activity: Latin. I can't stand hearing the young master butcher my mother tongue

When I have to: Deal with the idiocy of the other servants...

...or when I will have to take my young master's soul
PEOPLE WHO LOVE ME:

Hmm, as a demon, I don't believe there are many who truly care for me. Had this been a list for those who hate me, I could name an eternity of all the souls I've damned, just in service to this master.

But if I think about it, I could say that there are a few people who are at least a little fond of me. Lady Elizabeth, for one; that girl is far too sweet to be so close to my young master... I am not sure whether that's a good or bad thing...

Perhaps I could count the other servants... I know Pluto is far too fond of me for my liking...

Agni is fond of me to a certain degree, something like the kinship of being butlers

But I can certainly count my young master out as one who cares about me. He would toss me in front of a speeding train before he'd thank me for anything, or reward me for a job well done.

Isn't that right, Ciel?
I AM SPECIAL AND UNIQUE (Elizabeth)

FULL NAME: Elizabeth Ethel Cordelia Midford

- MY BIRTHDAY: April 16       AGE: 13       GRADE: 

- MY NICKNAME: "The Queen's Knight"

- MY PETS ARE: I have a little pony

- IF I COULD HAVE ANY ANIMAL: Maybe a little kitten. I know Sebastian is rather fond of cats.

- MY FAVORITE:

- Food to eat: Strawberry Shortcake       icecream: Strawberry!

  Song: Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies       game: Red Rover

  Color: I like pink, but I also like creme! It's just so hard to choose just one!       outfit: The pretty dresses I wear to see Ciel. I hope he likes them, too!

  Friends (first names): Ciel, of course! And Paula. Oh, and Sebastian!

  Classes in school: I love my fencing lessons

  Things to do: I love visiting Ciel and making him happy!

  School activity: Sewing, I only wish I were better at it!

- I DO NOT LIKE:

- Food: I don't like lamb. I just hate to think that it was once a cute baby sheep!

  School activity: I'm not all that fond of mathematics, all those boring numbers

  When I have to: Say goodbye to Ciel...

      ...or see Ciel so unhappy
- 

PEOPLE WHO LOVE ME:

Mother, Father, and Edward of course, Paula, and... oh, Ciel!

Oh, and I love all of them too!
Little ones, little ones, little ones! I need ideas! I know a few of you darlings have sent me things, but I need more! If you have a request or an idea please send me it! For those of you who have sent me things but haven't seen them, don't worry, I will write them. Probably. I'm trying to figure out how to go about some of your ideas because I want to do them justice. thaliaarche, my dear, I am very thankful to you for your assistance with "The Duke and the Fledgling" and this collection of Kuro shorts. You have a very brilliant mind, and I've glanced at some of your stories (haven't the time to read them yet) and I am proud to say that you are a very good writer. Now then, I believe that is all I have to say for now.

- Mater Draco
Lizzy's Wish

"My lady, I don't think-"

"Oh, hush Paula! This is a brilliant idea!"

The pair's carriage stopped in front of a barely familiar manor.

The young Lady Midford's eyes sparkled with determination, "It looks so much bigger during the day!" She dragged her reluctant servant behind her as she marched fiercely up to the front door and knocked three times. The door opened to reveal a slender butler. His yellow eyes narrowed slightly at the surprise visit. Elizabeth paused, a little shocked by the resemblance this butler had with her fiance's. Shaking her head she smiled, "I've come to speak to your master."

Claude's eyes narrowed more, but he took a step back and allowed Elizabeth to step into the manor, "Is my master expecting you?"

"I should think not. But I should like it if you would bring me to him."

Claude bowed slightly, "As you wish, my lady." He slowly lead Elizabeth to his highness's study, giving her the chance to marvel at the decor. When the arrived, the butler knocked.

The door burst open and a furious Alois glared at his butler, "I thought I told you to get out of my sight!"

"You have a guest, Your Highness."

Alois's furious expression gave way to a curious one, and Elizabeth stepped out from behind the tall butler.

"Oh, you! I know you! I danced with you at my ball. Your Phantomhive's fiancee, Lady Midford."

Elizabeth nodded, "Lord Trancy, I've come to ask for a favor."

"You want Hannah?"

"I would very much like to borrow her services for a few days."

Alois tilted his head and glanced at Claude, who had just finished serving them tea, while Paula stood nervously behind her mistress's chair. The blonde boy leaned into his hand and turned his gave to Lizzy, as she had asked to be called, "Why? Why do you want her? And why Hannah? Why not just ask Phantomhive to borrow his maid? Why come to me?"

"Because I have some questions that I think Hannah could answer. I know Mei-Rin wouldn't know anything."

"What sort of questions?"

"Some... girl questions... I can't ask my mother or Paula, and Mei-Rin would never give me a straight answer."

"If that's the case, then I suppose you can borrow the wench. What do you think, Claude?"
The butler replied in his usual monotone, "If you believe it is the right thing to do, Highness, then I agree."

Alois smiled triumphantly, "Then it's settled. You can have Hannah for a day."

The Trancy maid was quiet as she stepped into the Midford carriage. Elizabeth instructed the driver to return to her manor. The three woman were silent for the entire trip.

When they reached the manor, Paula stepped out first to let help her mistress. But Elizabeth made no move to step out.

"Go inside, Paula. I will be back in a few hours."

"But, my lady-"

"Now, Paula." The young servant shivered as Lady Elizabeth's voice took on a similar tone to her mother's.

"Yes, miss."

Then Elizabeth instructed the driver to take them to Phantomhive manor.

Once they began moving, Elizabeth turned to Hannah.

"What are you?"

Hannah's sad face looked briefly confused, "What do you mean, my lady?"

"You know what I mean. What are you and those purple haired triplets and Claude and... and Sebastian?"

Hannah sat quietly for a moment before speaking, "We are demons, my lady."

Elizabeth nodded grimly and pulled her knees to her chest, "I thought so. Demons make contracts, right?"

"Yes."

"And there's no way to save someone who-" Elizabeth's voice faded off as Hannah began to shake her head.

"He made his choice, Lady Elizabeth. That can only be changed by him and his demon."

Elizabeth nodded again, her eyes losing their spark, "I know..."

"You really do care for that boy."

She nodded again, "I would do anything for him. I want Ciel to be happy. I want him to smile again."

Hannah smiled sadly, "I knew a boy who was like you. He loved his brother so much he called on me to make his brother's dream's come true. He gave up his own soul to make his brother happy."

"Really?"

"Yes. His name was Luka. Luka Macken."
"Could we make a deal, Hannah?"

The demon looked confused. "You wish to make a contract with me?"

"Yes. But... I don't know what to ask for?"

"A way to keep Ciel safe?"

"Yes. I want... I want him to be safe."

"Forever?"

"Forever?"

Hannah stared at the young woman. Lizzy stared back, and the demoness could feel Luka stir at the intensity of that gaze. The desire to protect, to please. It was strong in this girl. Hannah nodded, "I will do this for you, my lady. But I will do it as a favor."

Elizabeth's eyes widened dramatically, "Really!"

"Yes."

There are two possible endings for this one. The first one is a bit of a prequel to my story, "The Duke and The Fledgling".

Hannah and Alois stared at each other as they made their deal. Hannah couldn't help but comply. It was killing two birds with one stone. She could serve her master in this, her last contract. And she could pay back a favor she owed.

And...

It didn't hurt. She had been sure it would hurt. But it was utterly painless. It was extremely hard to tell. If it wasn't for the slight crackling of majik under her skin, Elizabeth would have not realized the maid had done anything. As she stood in her room, in front of her mirror, the young noblewoman marveled at her eyes. She thought about her late aunt. Perhaps she was right.

You can't go wrong with red.
Random Married Shinanigans

Chapter Summary

I am so tired, it's the end of the day, this is my last normal week at school, time to write some implied lemony bullshit! Tell me what you lot think about this take on our lovely little couple.

"Bloody hell, Sebastian! What is this rubbish?!"
"Finny cooked today."
"Why would you let that oaf in the kitchen?"
"He wanted to make up for the bed, love."
"But you couldn't supervise him? This is terrible."
"I didn't want to hurt his feelings."
"Will you make up your mind on your personality, you overstuffed corpse eater?!"
"Why would you say that? You know how sensitive I am."
"Sensitive my ass!"
"That too, as Finny pointed out last night."
"I'm going to rip your bleeding throat out!"
"Little love-"
"What did I tell you about that nickname?!"
"You're awfully irritable this morning."
"Maybe because I ate a shit breakfast!"
"Och, you're overreacting. It can't be that bad."
"That's what you think! You can't enjoy it no matter what it actually tastes like."
"True."
"WIPE THAT SMUG LOOK OFF YOUR FACE AND FIX MY BREAKFAST!"
"Yes, yes, of course, my little-"
"Finish that sentence. I fucking dare you. I will destroy you."
"Is that a threat?"
"A promise."

"Try it."

"I will."

"..."

"...

"Little lord..."

"I'm too tired for your bullshit, Sebastian. Make me pancakes."

"As you wish, my tiny love."

"I'm not tiny."

"Well... you're not wrong."

"Bugger yourself."

"Perhaps I'll be able to make that special syrup."

"I'm going back to bed. Do not ever let Finny cook again."

"I'll have Bard do it next time."

"I do like having my kitchen intact."

"I'm the one who uses it. Besides, I can easily repair any damage they manage to do."

"I don't care; it's the principle of the thing. Our friends can share our television, our bathroom, our couch, even our bed. But they stay out of the kitchen."

"Sorry, love. Won't happen again."

"I feel like our roles have reversed. Usually you give lectures."

"Perhaps I enjoy seeing you in charge again."

"Yup, I'm definitely going back to bed."

"See you in twenty minutes, my little dumpling."

"What did I say about food names?!"

"Sleep well..."

"..."

"Ciel."
And baby makes... four?

Chapter Summary

My current favorite ship have a baby. And Toutetrien is a masterpiece.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"...and then we made a loop-dee-loop. And I fell onto the grass. But Mama said I was getting better. He says that maybe I'll be able to make it all the way to Mommy's house by the end of the month."

"Did he now?" The blunette turned a page in his novel carefully, so as not to jostle the small child perched on his leg. He had never thought he would end up in the situation he was in now. His child sat on his leg, their emerald green and sapphire blue eyes staring like big, bright pools. He kissed them on the forehead.

"Papa, are you listening?" The child huffed, irritated. They seemed to have developed Sebastian's sense of manners. They hated it when their father did not make direct eye contact when they spoke.

"Of course I am. You practiced flying with Mama, and he said that you might be able to reach Mommy's house by the end of the month. If you keep practicing."

"I never said that part."

"Yes, but we both know he did."

"And you forgot about the loop-dee-loop."

"I did not forget. I simply chose to exclude that detail from my summary."

"Oh." The child closed their blue eye and stared wordlessly at their father.

"She is doing better. It was hard for her to carry you for the first half."

"But she hasn't even come to see me yet."

"Mommy cannot move. You took a lot of her strength from her when Mama took over carrying you."

"I needed it."

"We know. Now she's getting it all back naturally."

"Well, take me to see her and I can give her more."

"You know that we can't do that."

The child pouted, their 'Ciel' eye still closed, making their face shift even more into their 'Elizabeth' features.
The young demon rolled his eyes. His child always knew how to pull at his heartstrings. And they had only been capable of conscious thought for about a month now. It was interesting to observe how this hybrid child developed compared to normal human and demon children of the same age. One month old humans could barely move on their own, while Toutetrien* was already running around. Demon newborns were just beginning to develop their abilities, but T already had a strong grasp of the basics. Human newborns could barely think and demon newborns were practically feral, but T had a highly developed moral compass and a strong understanding of multiple forms of verbal and non-verbal communication.

The three parents' relationship was excessively strange. When Elizabeth began to beg for a child, Sebastian was highly opposed. It had caused a great deal of animosity between the two, simply because Lizzy had been so stubborn she wouldn't listen to reason. But eventually Ciel managed to explain Sebastian's side. The demon offspring would most likely kill her.

Toutetrien's eye opened and both green and blue suddenly bled into a bright crimson, startling Ciel from his musings. The child hopped off their father's leg to embrace their parent.

"Mama!"

Ciel's eyes, both violet and sapphire, focused on his once butler. The elder demon's expression shifted into one of pure delight as he lifted T into his arms.

"She's up."

Chapter End Notes

Tout et rien, french for 'all and none'. T is a child born from Elizabeth, Sebastian, and Ciel. Sebastian and Elizabeth took turns carrying them, Sebastian changing his internal sex for the process. Elizabeth's body could not handle the strain of the demon majik. T has, in this fic, no genetalia, as they don't need them. T is one of the weirdest ideas I've ever had for this fandom. I like CielxLizzyxBassy, so I've been experimenting with how to write little ficlets for them.
**SEBETH!**

Chapter Summary

So I wrote this for a reader on ff.net, and totes forgot to put it here... Probably because it's super short...

This is for one of my darling little fledglings, emeraldd30, and I know that it's terrible and because it was written in like... five minutes.

Set far into the future...

It was strange, the relationship between Sebastian and his young master's wife. Perhaps it was because he was a demon; such betrayals were natural to him. Perhaps it was because she, as full of life as she was, was so terribly tempting. Either way, they found themselves betraying the blue-eyed boy night after night. And when he found out, was he honestly surprised? No. Ciel had known, somewhere inside of him, of the happenings between his butler and bride. But he didn't much care. Let them partake in such depravity. This marriage was not his choice. And he only desired to see Elizabeth happy. So if she was content to settle for a butler, let her.

He was just upset because he still hadn't gotten his blasted revenge. Honestly, Sebastian prided himself on his ability to satisfy- oh yes. No wonder nothing was getting done. His servant was too busy satisfying his wife to pay attention to their initial contract. Well... if that was what those two desired... Ciel was sure something could be arranged.

emeraldd30 darling, don't hate me. My mind spits randomness out. I will write a better version...(hopefully, dear, don't hold me to that) when I can. But it needed to be written so... here it is.
The Queen's Guard... Pig

Chapter Notes

Thank you, Lainie (mislainieous), for this idea with your comment on D and F (The Duke and The Fledgling).
I told you I'd do it. A bunch of short little bits all in one.

This is a bit of a rewrite of the familiar scene in D and F, but with a different animal. If you don't know what I'm talking about; go read The Duke and The Fledgling. And if anyone has any particular animals they want to see, I can probably do a chapter for it. Yes, I can see the title now: Phantomhive Familiars. That was almost the name of this chapter, but I saw a little clever wordplay that I could make better use of.

Ciel closed his eyes. He honestly didn't know what traits made him up, so he just waited, and thought of varying memories. It didn't take too long for his body to change. He began with feeling his new body parts. He had for legs, but they were kind of short. He had a large nose, and he sniffed a bit and found that it moved around. He could feel something protruding from is bottom, he figured it was a tail. He opened his eyes to see that he was much lower to the ground than he was used to, as though he were on his hands and knees. He tried frowning, which didn't quite work as his new face wasn't made for that. He sat down and, instead of the huff he was intending, he squealed.

"OH GOD, AM I A PIG?!" he tried to shout, but another squeal was all he could manage. That was when he realized the strange silence. It was like a sound was trying to escape, but someone was holding it back. He looked around the room and made eye contact with Alois. He could feel the silence break as the blonde burst into laughter.

"Ha, ha, I guess, hee hee, your, heh, pigheadedness got, hahaha, the best of you!" The boy managed to gasp out.

~Oh shut up~ Ciel squealed, ~You sound like the Undertaker.~ The blunette turned to glare at Malphas, only to see that the elder was visibly holding back chuckles of his own.

~Really? Really, Malphas?~

The duke laughed, not as explosively as Alois, but the gentle laughter seemed to irritate Ciel even more. The pig looked over at Leviatha, Because, why not?, and she too began to laugh. The young demon simply sat in the middle of the room, staring -- faced as the laughter played itself out.

Malphas was the first to come down, "Ah~ You can't blame us for laughing. Alois made a perfectly valid point. But, I suppose this means I was wrong."

~What did you think I was going to be, then?~

"Oh, I was sure you were going to be a cat."

~Oh, of course YOU would, you cat obsessed idiot!~

"Now, now, there's no need to throw around insults. Besides, it's your fault you're like this."
~What do you mean?~

"I completely attribute this to your eating habits."

~Go bugger yourself, Malphas.~

The elder simply chuckled.

**If they just kept going as demons...**

"No, no, my lord. Not like that." He frowned at the boy's pink face. Ciel looked as though he was concentrating so hard he might pop.

The young demon sighed and opened his eyes. Their blood red color still unsettled Sebastian, but he was getting used to it, "Then what do you suppose I do?"

"You must relax."

Ciel groaned, "You keep saying that! Ugh! Bring me something sweet."

"My lord, this is no time to be snacking." Sebastian said sternly.

"You want me to relax, don't you?" The blunette snapped.

The raven sighed and headed to the sweets cupboard. His young lord had no intention of making contracts himself, or hunting like a lower class demon, so Sebastian managed to lure those eager for death, and collected a nice store of souls. Souls that would have otherwise been wasted, as these dead became Shinigami. He plucked a young soul, his young lord liked the sweetness of depressed youths, and made a cup of New Moon Drop. He brought to snack to the little devil, and the child happily gobbled it up.

"Now, again." Sebastian instructed.

Ciel sighed and stretched. His belly was full, the sweetness of a soul rested on his tongue, and he felt calm, if not a tad drowsy. He closed his eyes and felt his energy align. A gentle light filled the room, and when it faded away, Sebastian could only stare. And the large, pearly pink pig in the place Ciel had been standing stared back.

The young creature looked at himself. His face contorted into a frown, a very strange sight to see on a pig, "I'm a bloody pig?"

"I told you it wasn't the time for snacking."

"Oh bugger off, this isn't because I just ate."

"No, it's because you never stopped eating. I knew it would catch up to you."

"Well, jokes on you. I don't mind this form. In fact," the pig dropped to his side and closed his eyes, "I'm going to enjoy it."

"My lord, you still have your Latin and violin lessons."

But the boy who was a demon who was a pig, was already snoring.
Ciel's had a nightmare, and Sebastian is keeping him company. Random thoughts from a tired child...

"Sebastian, you remember how you came to me as a raven?"

The demon looked up from his knitting. His young lord was sitting in bed, eating a cookie. He'd needed something to eat after his nightmare, so the demon had whipped up a batch of sugar cookies. He knew the warmth and sweetness would eventually draw his young master back into sleep.

"Yes, I do recall that particular detail."

"What do you think I would be? If I was a demon?"

The demon laid his knitting in his lap and put his glasses on the nightstand beside him. He looked Ciel over. The small child was very gentle and precious, but he was very greedy. And with the cookie in his hand, Sebastian could think of nothing more fitting than, "A piglet."

The boy blinked slowly, the gentle candle light illuminating the sapphire and violet of his eyes, "Oh."

There was no more talking then, as the child finished his cookie and the butler finished his knitting. When Ciel was done, Sebastian rose and tucked him in once more. As he began to close the door, his young master's voice rung out once more.

"Sebastian?"

The demon turned towards his little lord, "My lord?"

"Oink." With that the boy turned over and Sebastian closed the door, shaking his head and chuckling softly. He would never figure that child out.
"Sebby, darlin', you're my best friend. But there's a few things that you don't know." Ciel sang along to his favorite song (of the month), changing the lyrics just a bit to make it more personal. "I wanna ruin our friendship; we should be lovers instead. I don't know how to say this, 'cause you're really my dearest friend."

Sebastian stood outside the blunette's bedroom. His time with Ciel during the boy's first few decades as a demon had been torture. He'd been basically forced to repeat the first few years of their contract; they'd been very cruel to each other. But after that, in the next century, they'd become good friends. Best friends, in fact. The elder demon had done his best to help his master adapt to different time periods, which was one of the most useful skills a demon could have. During that training of sorts, they'd grown closer and Ciel had become more expressive, realizing that he could be more open seeing as they would be spending the rest of eternity together.

"Sebby, darlin', you're my best friend. I've been doing bad things that you don't know about. Stealing your stuff now and then. Nothing you'd miss, but it means the world to me."

The younger demon's pleasant soprano voice reminded Sebastian of his little lord's favorite method of expression: music. His favorite song often reflected his inner emotions, and made it easier to tell if the boy was upset. The boy had been listening to this particular tune for a while, but he only switched up the lyrics when he was certain his butler was no where near. And seeing that the red-eyed demon could easily mask his presence, he heard the modified lyrics quite often.

The nickname the boy used had been one he'd developed to irritate his butler. The playful syllables and slightly affectionate manner of the name reminded the demon of Grell, and Ciel had figured out how to use it to drive the elder up the wall. Instead, he'd simply switched to using Bassy, which was Grell's actual nickname for him so it was even more irritating. The only time Sebastian heard his previous nickname was when he heard the boy's modded lyrics.

"Sebby take my hand, 'cause we are more than friends. I will follow you until the end. Sebby take my hand; I cannot pretend why I never like your new boyfriends."

Sebastian smirked. He really must do something about this. He was well aware of Ciel's feelings for him, even before he'd picked up this new song. He had to admit that he'd been feeling similar feelings as of late, and he was quite interested in where this would go once Ciel found out.

"I wanna ruin our friendship; we should be lovers instead. I don't know how to say this, 'cause you're really my dearest friend."

"Well, you could simply sing it, the way you have been for the past week."

Ciel stumbled in his turn; he'd been dancing as well as singing. Sebastian smirked as the boy caught himself on his bed. The blunette whipped around and glared at him.

"Don't you know how to knock!"

"I had figured you knew I was there. You said my name often enough."

Ciel's face bled red, "I... I was... just..." Sebastian stepped a little closer and the boy squeaked and climbed onto his bed.

"Honestly, Ciel. I don't understand why you're so nervous. You've already told me how you feel."

"I was just... singing a song!"

"Indeed."

Ciel scowled. His butler's smirk was starting to grate his nerves, "Look, I was just singing the song."

"I do believe the original lyrics are 'Jenny' not 'Sebby'."

"You must have misheard me."

Sebastian chuckled, "Oh really? So you don't want to 'ruin' our friendship? You do not believe we should be lovers instead?"
"I..."
Sebastian chuckled again, "I wanna ruin our friendship; we should be lovers instead. I don't know how to say this, 'cause you're really my dearest friend. Is that not the line?"
Ciel shivered. It was a little strange, pleasantly so, to hear Sebastian sing that part of the song. "It... I... We... but..."
"Well, Ciel, I'm a little disappointed because I would certainly enjoy ruining our friendship. I fully believe we should be lovers instead. However, I do know exactly how to say it, despite you being very dear to me. But alas..." The demon butler turned to walk gracefully out of the door, "It is not to be..."
"Wait!"
The elder demon paused, smirking to himself before turning around, "Ciel?"
"I... I..."
Sebastian merely arched his eyebrow, a familiar smirk slowly slinking its way back onto his face, "Go on..."
The boy's face burned brighter, but he took a deep breath and forced himself to make eye contact, "Do you... Do you really think we should?"
"Should what?"
Ciel scowled at his companion's false ignorance, "You're really going to make me say it?"
"Say what?"
Ciel's scowl only deepened, "Do you really um... think we should be lovers instead?"
Sebastian's tell-tale smirk morphed into a wolfish grin, "Very much so."
"Well..." Ciel took a deep breath, then adopted a smirk of his own, "Shouldn't we get on that?"
Sebastian smiled and stepped forward, "Yes, my lord."
Ode to the Bouncer

Chapter Notes

So, my little fledglings, I've begun playing Hatoful Boyfriend. I started as a joke, something like "Oh cute, I can date pigeons and doves!". But the game has broken my heart twice with some really sad characters (tsuki... Nageki-kun... TSUKI NA! Why Ryouta... so sad...) and then it really pissed me off as the game gets really dark with some characters (He fuKInG FED ME YUUYA!) But it's inspired me. So, my children, do you want a dating sim type story similar, in certain ways, to Hatoful Boyfriend? If you want I can do a sort of trial chapter in "Kuroshitsuji Drabbles" or a separate trial story to show the layout... I'm simply wondering if any of you would be interested in it. I think I know how I would write it already... Oh and would you like it to be a reader insert or one of the main cast members (probably Ciel) being the "new student"? The next, currently planned, drabble is going to be a lemon... woo... I'm just having difficulty putting my innocence aside to actually write the bloody thing. I was also wondering if anyone would be interested in having me read the drabbles (with my poor voice acting abilities) and posting links to the audio in the chapter summary of each drabble... Anywho, I hope you enjoy this drabble, my darlings! Without her readers, an author is nothing...

Ode to the Bouncer (Mod AU; inspired by Studio Killers' song of the same name)

Ciel sighed. He was absolutely certain that Alois was going to get into a fist fight with the bouncer. He was already drunk, and he kept singing.

"Ooo, let me in or I'll get physical with you. I just gotta dance right now; it's critical to do..."
Ciel groaned. At least they were the only ones waiting to get in.

"No, I haven't had no dope. Lift up the velvet rope. Mr. Doorman, stop teasin', I'm freezin' out here. See, I got friends inside. It's my birthday tonight..."
Ciel was sure he'd heard the song before, probably while he was looking for songs on YouTube.

"Cause all-in-all you're just a... another prick at the door."
There he went again. Ciel wasn't sure whether he was going to punch the man, or if his blonde friend was trying to seduce him.

"Ooo, let me in or I'll get physical with you. I just gotta dance right now; it's critical to do..."
"Alois, let's just go."

"Bouncer, hey bouncer, bouncer. Bounce, bounce, bouncer."
The bouncer didn't seem amused by the blonde's antics. His hazel eyes, more gold than anything, were staring blankly at the younger man. The unamused stare seemed only to rile the blonde up. He threw a punch and, Ciel wasn't quite sure how, they both ended up on the ground. In the next few minutes, the blunette wasn't quite sure whether the two were dry-humping or fighting, but somehow Alois knocked the man unconscious.

"You've forgotten your wisdom. That window to the ladies' room: a whole new possibility for a cat like me."
The blonde had backed up to get a running start so he could jump up to the window. Ciel frowned, "Alois... what are you-"

"Ooo, let me in or I'll get physical with you. I just gotta dance right now; it's critical to do... Bouncer, hey bouncer, bouncer. Bounce, bounce, bouncer."

Ode to the Bouncer (Mod AU; inspired by Studio Killers' song of the same name)
"Alois, you knocked him out. We could just-" But the blonde was already scrambling in through the window.
Ciel sighed and stepped into the club. People were dancing everywhere, but it didn't take him long to find his drunk friend. He was right beside the dj, Ciel's friend Sebastian, who happened to be playing the song the blonde had been singing, dancing ridiculously slutty. Ciel sighed and shook his head. "Well if you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Ooo, let me in or I'll get physical with you. I just gotta dance right now; it's critical to do... Bouncer, hey bouncer, bouncer. Bounce, bounce, bouncer."
**The Survivor's Support Group**

Chapter Notes

This isn't the promised lemon, though it's coming! That one will be called "Mazes". This is actually a request from one of my little fledglings: Lainie (mislainieous), here is the promised support group short, featuring Snake. Sorry it took this long...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Do you want us to get Black? says Emily." Snake hovered nervously around the usually happy boy. He definitely wasn't happy now.

Finn simply curled into a tighter ball.

Black? What is he going to do? The most he could do is yell at him.

Wordsworth is right, Snake.

Yeah, Snake, get Smile!

Oscar and Donne have the right idea. Smile will know what to do!

But shouldn't someone stay with Sunshine?

Well, since you suggested it, Webster, why don't you do it?

Snake nodded at Keats's statement, and Webster reluctantly slithered over to Finnian.

Wilde should stay, too. It's good to use the buddy system.

Why do I have to stay?

Snake just looked at him, and he too reluctantly slithered to Finn's side. With that settled, the Phantomhive footman rushed off to Ciel's study.

The young earl was sitting at his desk, staring down at a number of papers he'd just finished signing. The day was dull, he'd just had tea, and he was terribly bored.

"Not a case in weeks, nothing good to read. Elizabeth hasn't even stopped by. Can't something interesting happen?"

The door to his study burst open and a frantic Snake rushed in, "Smile!"

"Be careful what you wish for," the boy mumbled, "What is it?"

"Something's wrong with Sunshine! says Emily."

The young nobles jumped out of his chair, "What?!"

"Yeah, says Oscar, he's really upset. We left Wilde and Webster with him."
"Take me to him." Ciel demanded, rushing out of his study. Snake quickly began to lead him through the halls. The earl turned to his footman, "Explain to me what happened?"

"Well, says Bronte, he was sleeping in since today is his off day. We went in to check on him, and he was having a nightmare. We tried to wake him up, but he wouldn't listen to us."

"He must have dreamt about the lab... Why didn't you get Sebastian?"

Snake blushed, "He would have been too mean, says Wordsworth."

"Hmph, you're probably right." The pair arrived at the servant's quarters. They stepped inside and found Finny, still curled up on the bed, shaking and sobbing while Webster and Wilde sat defensively around him. The two sentries returned to Snake when they reached the bed. Ciel frowned and looked around. The room didn't have any windows.

"Snake, help me get him outside, but be careful. We may have to call Sebastian for this."

The pair walked on either side of the bed and grabbed Finnian's arms. Immediately the boy began to struggle, easily sending the two holding him flying with his massive strength. Ciel stumbled into a nightstand, and Snake crashed into a wall. Ciel groaned and stood up, "Like I thought, he's too strong. Sebastian!"

Snake frowned, wondering how Black would hear him wherever he was, but soon the door opened and the frightening man appeared, like magic.

"Carry Finny outside. And be gentle."

The butler sighed and shook his head, but walked over to the bed and lifted the young blonde into his arms. Of course, he immediately started struggling again, but Sebastian simply pressed Finnian's arms and legs together and continued walking. Ciel gestured to Snake and they all headed out together.

Surprisingly, none of the other servants crossed their path as they hurried to the front garden. Snake rushed in front of Sebastian to open the door and they stepped out into the sunlight. Ciel gestured over to a patch of foxglove and jacob's-ladder and the butler walked over and set the stunned blonde down.

"I trust you can handle this on your own, my lord..." Sebastian questioned, arching an eyebrow. The young earl waved him off and the butler returned to the manor.

Snake crouched beside Finnian, who was awake but in a daze. Ciel walked next to him and put a hand on his shoulder, causing the blonde to start and stare at his young master.

"Finny, look around. You aren't in the lab anymore. You're here, at the estate."

The boy looked around slowly, seeming to still be in a daze. Then he noticed Snake and started again.

Ciel sighed, "That's just Snake. Remember? He's your friend, and fellow servant. You're the gardener and he's the footman."

"Sunshine! It's me! says Emily." The small snake stretched towards the dazed boy and flicked her tongue against his forehead.

The sensation must have surprised him, because Finny blinked and stared at the snake before
smiling, "Oh, hello, Emily." The young gardener glanced around, "Oh, Snake! Young Master! Uh... what are we doing out he-!" Snake's sudden python tight hug caught the blonde off-guard.

"I'm so glad you're alright, Sunshine!"

Finny looked over at Ciel, "What happened?"

"You worried Snake a great deal. You'd had a nightmare about the lab and he hadn't been able to wake you."

"So-sorry Snake..." Finny stammered.

Snake leaned back and smiled, "Don't worry about it. Says Oscar. Snake can tough it out, as long as you're okay."

"I'm fine!" The young blonde said, jumping up to prove his point, "I think I'll go play in the garden. Why don't you come with me, Snake."

The young scaled boy nodded and the pair ran off.

Ciel rolled his eyes and went back inside.

Not this again!

Be quiet, Wordsworth! This is Smile!

This is bad, we don't know where Black is!

Oscar, Emily, shut up, I'm trying to think!

Oh, wait, Webster! Wilde has an idea!

Bronte, Goethe, go get Sunshine!

What can he do?!

He might be able to help! He might know what to do because of what happened last time.

Snake sat next to the young noble's bed, afraid to touch him again after he'd kicked him earlier. He looked over at Bronte and Goethe and nodded, so the pair slithered off to the servants quarters. It didn't take long for them to return, leading a drowsy Finnian.

"Snake? Wha- Young Master!" The young boy stumbled over to his lord's bed.

"We think he's having a nightmare... Says Wilde. You know... like the one you had a few weeks ago."

Finny nodded, "Young Master?" The blonde had never seen the young Phantomhive like this. But Bard and Mei-Rin had told him the story of what had happened to him, from whispers they'd heard in town. He knew what it felt like to be locked up and treated terribly.

Snake stared at his friend as the blonde carefully climbed onto the young noble's bed. He wanted to pull him back, in case the boy struck out again. But surprisingly, he allowed the gardener to approach him. And sit beside him. And even pull him into a hug.
Ciel was a sobbing mess. Finny sat with him and tried to think positive thoughts to fill the air with happiness. Snake wondered what he could do to help.

**Well, Smile likes sweets. Maybe get him something warm and sweet to drink?**

Yeah... but what?

Warm milk and honey of course!

What makes you think that will work, Emily?

I know it will. Just trust me.

Well, since you're so brilliant, maybe you can teach Snake how to make it.

Wordsworth, stop being so mean.

Well... He does have a point, Oscar. Snake can't really cook.

We've never had to before.

Snake stood, "But I can do it!"

Finny looked over at him, and the scaled boy blushed.

"We'll be right back, says Emily, We're going to go make Smile some warm milk and honey."

Finnian nodded, then returned to gently rocking the young noble. The boy seemed to be slowly coming to his senses.

Snake rushed to the kitchen. Once there, Emily began to direct him.

*Get the milk and a pot. There and there.*

*Here, use these spices.*

*The honey's up there.*

*Use that mug.*

*Make sure you wash everything.*

*Don't forget to put the milk away!*

The others were surprised that she actually knew what she was talking about.

Oscar leaned towards her as Snake rushed back to the master room with the slowly-cooling-to-warm milk.

*How do you know how to do that, Em?*

Well... some nights I get bored. The servant's quarters are so dull. I decide to follow Black around. And some nights, Smile has nightmares and Black makes him... warm milk with honey.

Spying is rude, Emily. Snake quietly hissed.

But it helped tonight, didn't it?
Snake sighed as he stepped into the room.

_Didn't it?_

_Yes... I guess so..._

Ciel was fully awake now, and silently accepted the mug without question. Finny was sitting on the edge of the bed now, no longer holding him. Between sips, the young earl simply stared into his glass. When it was finally empty, Finnian took it and he and Snake prepared to leave.

"Wait, you two."

The pair froze in the doorway.

"Speak of this to no one."

"Not even Bla-"

"No one." The pair turned slightly and both saw that the boy's visible sapphire eye was cold.

"Yes, young master."

"Of course, Smile. says Wilde."

The two servants once again turned to go.

"And one more thing..."

The pair waited patiently. Wordsworth hissed in agitation and Keats shushed him.

"Thank you..." the boy whispered.

The pair nodded, and walked together to the servant's quarters.

_Why won't he open his eyes?_

_He must be thinking about the circus._

_Maybe about when we were in the cage._

_What should we do?_

_We need to get someone._

_Smile!_

_Sunshine!_

_Both of them! Go!_

All ten snakes went into action, Goethe and Bronte staying behind to try to soothe Snake, while the others split into two groups to retrieve Sunshine and Smile.

Snake was startled to see Sunshine's concerned face so close to him when he woke up. He was even more surprised by Smile's grim self behind him. Then he remembered his nightmare and he guessed at what had happened. He'd been thinking about his life before the circus, and then after the circus.
He'd been thinking about what Smile had said about Joker and the others. Could it have been true? Were they, the people who had saved him from a lifetime in a cage... murderers? Abductors of children? And were they even still alive. His dream was going hazy, but he'd seen his old family as corpses. A part of him was certain that everything Smile had said was true, and that the boy that was Ciel Phantomhive had already done his duty and... and when he lost hope... the nightmares came.

"Snake are... are you okay?" Finny murmured concern for his friend coating his voice.

Ciel frowned, "I think something has to be done. We all can't keep just worrying each other with our nightmares... I think we should create a support group."

Snake drowsily sat up, Finny watching his every move, "What's a support group? says Goethe."

"Well, it's when a group of people with similar bad experiences get together to help each other feel better. All three of us have known what it feels like to be trapped, locked up, caged... and abused. We don't have to talk about our actual experiences... but perhaps we could set aside an hour in the evenings to sit together and feel understood."

"Yeah!" Finny said, jumping up, "That's brilliant, young master. And we can share what makes us feel better when the bad memories come back."

"That's a good idea, Smile. says Emily."

And so the P C A, Phantomhive Cages and Abuse support group, began. Finny taught the others how soothing it can be to be held and rocked gently. Ciel taught the others the soul calming warmth of warm milk with honey. And Snake? Snake taught the group lulling sounds of a gentle song...

Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play
Was 'over the hills and far away';
Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, wow I think I ship Finny and Snake now...
Anyways, I always imagined that Snake has his own nicknames for the other servants, as he always calls Sebastian and Ciel, Black and Smile. I like the idea of Finny being Gleam, Sunshine, Sunny, or Glimmer, Mei-Rin being something like Squeak, Wobble, or Eagle (voice, balance, eye-sight) and then Bard is just Chef or like... Boom or something. But Tanaka is always Tanaka. What do you lot think?
Mazes [lemon]

Chapter Summary

Oh my, what a mess I've made. This began with the prompt "You wake up one morning and find that you aren’t in your bed; you aren’t even in your room. You’re in the middle of a giant maze. A sign is hanging from the ivy: “You have one hour. Don’t touch the walls.” Finish the scene."
Oh wow, your Simple Fic has evolved into A Complete Mess.
Well... try to enjoy it, loves.

Chapter Notes

Okay, dearies... this is much more of a mess than I was intending. I seemed to have including a whole lot of sexual tension and goodness, a bullshit plot because I can't just write a normal sex scene, goodness know. There must be a story behind it.
Any who, darlings, and especially my little fledglings who read D and F, I /really/ need feedback on this so I can write more. I want to write more, and a coming chapter in The Duke and The Fledgling is going to have lemon all over the place. So... yes, darlings please do leave a comment with some constructive criticism. Telling me you hated it won't help me write it better next time. Neither will telling me you loved it without pointing out a specific section. This thing is a bloody mess, my fledglings. I need all the help I can get. I'll try something normal after this...

Mazes (Random AU; Weird Lemon)

Ciel awoke slowly, his head throbbing. He rolled over only to find that he was not on his bed and his butler had not been the one to wake him up. He vaguely recalled the sound of a bell, but he couldn't be sure. The young earl stood and found that he was between a multitude of hedges. Looking to his left, he noticed a sign. It stated, in big, solid, black letters "You have one hour. Don’t touch the walls.” Ciel heard another loud chime, sounding more like a gong than a bell, after he had read it. With a sudden rush of panic, Ciel began to scramble out of the dead-end he was in. However, after about fifteen minutes, the boy was thoroughly vexed. He had managed to walk in a circle four different times, always ending right in front of the sign.

Kicking at the ground, Ciel had the sudden urge to call for his demon, but he refused. He would not let this puzzle beat him. Whoever had put him here probably wanted to see him defeated by such a simple thing. It was only a maze. He could manage this without the aid of his butler.

As this thought passed through his mind, Ciel leaned against the hedge behind him. Immediately he felt some moving... thing wrap around his waist, and he was lifted into the air. With a yelp, he was tossed around carelessly by whatever held him captive before it stopped. He was dangling in the grip of... it... from a great height now. He could not see over the hedges, something that further infuriated him, as he was being suspended with his back to the sky and his head was angled towards the ground. His arms and legs were dangling beneath him, and the slight swaying continuously bumped...
his head against the wall. All in all the experience was very disconcerting. He once again desired to call for Sebastian, but he refused. This was simple. He could manage it on his own.

The boy squirmed around, attempting to see what was holding him. After twisting his head and torso as much as he could, he found that he was being held by a vine extending from the hedge he had leaned on. How on earth had this happened? The boy recalled the sign, "Don't touch the walls." Was this the result? If so, Ciel was sure he could get out of this.

Of course that thought was accompanied by an increasingly distressing situation. Additional vines shot towards the struggling boy, restraining his arms and legs. A thorn covered vine rose in front of the earl and slowly reached towards him. Ciel's struggles doubled as the menacing tendril moved toward him, but halted as the vine wrapped gently around his arm. Just as he began to calm, it tightened quickly, piercing him with thorns.

Everything felt normal at first. But slowly his body grew progressively warmer until Ciel became uncomfortably hot. He began to squirm, and the vines restraining his body created strange sensations. As he moved, he became aware of the tightening of his pants around a... certain area.

Another vine wrapped around his torso and slid down his body, then gently began to brush against the bulge, causing a delicious sensation to shoot through his body. The situation was spiraling out of his control, and Ciel was quite frightened by the sudden change.

"Sebastian!" he shouted, acting on reflex. He silently cursed himself, but still hoped his butler had heard his call.

"My, my. It's seems you can't even follow the simplest of instructions." The demon's voice surrounded the boy. It seemed to be all around him and in his head all at once. Smoke, or perhaps shadows, seemed to pour in from all directions. It swirled beneath the captured child before becoming his butler. Sebastian stared up at the boy with a smirk, "You were told not to touch the walls. And yet you still carelessly let your guard down and broke such a simple rule."

"Sebastian, get me down from here!" Ciel shouted, not quite liking the way his servant's eyes kept flickering in and out of a demonic state. The demon's sneer morphed into something less innocent.

"I don't think so, my lord."

Ciel glared at his demon. How dare he; and what was with that expression? The demon looked as though he would readily devour Ciel in this moment. The thought caused the boy to continue his struggling, which rekindled the low burning feeling that had died down while he was distracted by his butler.

The vines slowly lowered the boy in front of his demon, and Sebastian observed the prominent bulge in the boy's shorts with another smirk, "What's this?" The demon's gloved hand reached towards the area, and Ciel felt the heat in his body increase dramatically.

"Don't!" The boy gasped, feeling the brief touch of the gloved hand. He did not like where the situation was going.

"Hmm, I didn't quite catch that. Perhaps it would be better if you could face me."

Ciel was about to shout some furious statement about his current state, when the plants that restrained him slowly brought him into an upright position. From here, the boy was blue-to-red eye with his demon, and it made him even more uncomfortable, if that was possible.

The demon smiled as his master squirmed, and slowly walked around the boy, "Hmm... you must be
terribly uncomfortable in those stuffy clothes."

And at the mere suggestion, Ciel felt himself become far too warm for his vest and knee-highs and, well just about everything else. He began panting, and Sebastian watched his little master struggle once more before gently tugging at the child's clothing. The layers slipped off and fell to the ground.

Ciel still felt too warm, even after the removal of his clothes, "Sebastian..." he gasped, unable to think of anything else.

The demon smirked, already knowing what the next order would be, "What is it, young master?"

Ciel's eyes met Sebastian's again, and he squirmed at the strange feeling the look in his butler's eyes caused in his belly, "Sebastian... this is an order: get rid of this infernal heat!" the boy barked, thinking only of the steadily growing, uncomfortable feeling.

Sebastian's smirk gained teeth, and the demon stepped even closer to his little tamer, "Yes, my lord." The demon then stared deeply into his master's eyes as he removed his gloves with his teeth. Ciel watched, entranced, as his butler removed his tailcoat in a similarly slow fashion. By the time Sebastian was just as bare as his master, Ciel's eyes had widened a great deal, and his member had risen stiffly, pressing against his stomach.

Sebastian allowed his eyes to take in his master, who was panting heavily, before he stepped forward and snapped. The world around them shifted; the hedges faded away and became walls. Ciel dropped as the vines that entangled him vanished into smoke. Instead of catching him, Sebastian simply allowed the boy to fall onto a large rounded bed. Ciel blinked owlishly at his new surroundings, paying no mind to his butler, who was crawling towards him as one might imagine a predator stalks towards its prey.

Ciel became highly aware of Sebastian when the demon gently pulled them together. The butler took his time, allowing his hands to roam his small master's form, before settling in his tamer's lap. Ciel gasped at the gloveless touch, "Don't, don't touch that!"

"Ah, but young master, I must, if you would like me to 'get rid of this infernal heat'."

Ciel squirmed as his demon's grip tightened slightly, "That's revolting."

"Oh really," Sebastian replied smugly, "Then what's this?" As he spoke, the demon swiped his thumb over the slit of his tamer's cock. He chuckled as the action was rewarded with a drop of precum. Ciel squirmed and tried to push his butler's hands away. Sebastian sighed, "Honestly, young master. I can not follow your order with your hands there. We'll just have to fix that." And with a snap of the demon's black-tipped fingers, ropes shot out from the darkness around them and gently bound the young earl's hands above his head. Ciel yelped in surprise and tried to struggle against them, but that only resulted in the ropes tightening, and his yelp became a whimper.

Sebastian observed his young lord for a moment before his eyes settled on the stiff erection standing oh so readily at attention. Ciel couldn't help but keep his eyes on his servant. He watched as the demon leaned toward him. He was still very confused and unsettled, and despite the entire situation being gross and bizarre, he was intrigued. New pleasures were generally limited to foods and cases, so this, he supposed, could be considered a treat, if it turned out to be the experience all the woman and novels claimed it was.

Sebastian glanced up at his little master, not surprised to find a narrowed sapphire eye looking down on him. He smirked and, while maintaining eye contact, wrapped his mouth around the head of the boy's cock, delighting in widening of that blue eye. Never allowing his eyes to leave his master's,
Sebastian lowered his head, drawing more of the throbbing flesh into his mouth with gentle suction. Then he pulled back completely with a lewd pop. Something was bothering the demon ever so slightly. He ignored his young master's minute grumbling and reached up to pull off the small bundle of leather that concealed his mark. With another smug smirk, the butler returned his hand to his lap, allowing it to lightly drag down the earl's body as he did so. His gaze returned to his master's now weeping erection. He placed a gentle hand at the base, and proceeded to drag his tongue along the shaft from top to bottom. It added heat to his own budding arousal as he looked up to find both sapphire eyes, one alighted with his mark, glaring down at him as he teased the boy. He allowed his tongue to slide across the head, dipping into the slit for a moment to lap lightly at the pool of cum that had gathered there. Then his tongue was back against the shaft, his mouth alternating between light sucking and gentle licks.

Ciel squirmed. A new, strange but pleasant feeling had begun to build pressure in his belly. The pleasure of Sebastian's mouth was undeniable, but he wanted to feel that encompassing warmth again, not these teasing licks and kisses. He was sure his demon was teasing him, now that he'd stopped fighting against him. It was infuriating. He was certain that the bastard would give him the pleasure he desired, but he was also certain that he would be made to ask for it. But his pride was too strong for that, so all he could do was glare down at his butler, while the demon's eyes presented his challenge. It wasn't fair. It wasn't as if this had been his idea. Or had it? Ciel found he could barely remember how he'd gotten into this mess. But he knew he wasn't begging. The bastard had started blowing cold air onto the spots he licked...

"Oh, fuck, Sebastian!" the boy called out in irritation.

The demon arched an eyebrow, still never losing eye contact and never pausing. He began to gently nip at the boys weeping cock, but offered no verbal reply.

"Stop all the bloody teasing you arse!"

The earl felt his cock jump at his demon's responding smirk.

"All the teasing? My lord, I wasn't sure if you were quite ready yet... but if that is your desire, who am I to question it?"

Ciel felt his stomach drop. He didn't think this was going to proceed as he had been hoping. His fears were affirmed as he was suddenly flipped onto his stomach.

"Se-Sebastian?" he whimpered.

"Patience is a virtue, my young lord. Let us try to preserve what little we can."

The young boy squirmed to try to get a view of what his butler was doing, but the rope restraints keeping his arms above his head didn't really assist in that venture.

Then he felt a warm, wet pressure, which he could only assume was a tongue, in a place he really hadn't expected. With a jolt he attempted to wiggle away from the sensation, but his hips were suddenly in the his butler's grip and his movement was halted. All he could do was voice his disapproval.

"St-stop! That's d-dirty!" he gasped. There was only a soft chuckle in response, but surprisingly nothing else.

Despite his initial inclination to hate it, the sensation of the warm, probing muscle against his arse actually felt nice. He continued to squirm, but now it was merely a reply to the sensation, rather than
an attempt at escape. A few moments later and the warmth was gone. After a moment it was replaced by a new pressure, as something began to move into him. It was uncomfortable, but not painful.

"What are you doing?" he quietly asked, hoping to get an actual response this time.

"Preparations." was his one-word reply.

"For?"

"A surprise."

"This entire event has been a surprise. Can't you tell me something? You're being uncharacteristically quiet and I'm curious. Besides, I have the right to know what you're planning to do to my body. Especially after all this."

There was a pause and an amused hum, "You want to know exactly what I'm going to do?"

Ciel nodded, "Yes."

"You want to know exactly what I'm going to do?"

The way Sebastian stressed that word made the earl wary, but he was determined to know something, "Yes, I would very much like to know."

The child's breath caught in his chest as he was yanked against Sebastian's chest, the demon's left black-nailed trailing lightly down his front. His right, the boy now realized, was being used for the "preparations". The young noble squirmed, and that wandering left hand was immediately at his throat, gently holding him still. He felt his demon's breath hot against his neck as Sebastian's voice spoke directly into his ear...

"What I'm going to do to you, young master, is fuck you. I'm going to bend you over and push myself into you, until our bodies meet."

Ciel shuddered, partially because of the unexpected lewdness of Sebastian's words, and partly because of the addition of a second finger, the two currently making slight scissoring motions and squirming around as if looking for something. And though he was prepared to leave it at that, a frightening chuckle informed him that his butler was not done speaking.

"And then, my lord, just as your getting used to me, I will pull out completely, leaving you to whine to be filled again. I will make you beg, if only in a near silent whisper. You will beg me to fill you with my cock."

The earl gasped as a third finger pressed against his opening, the slow stretching and slight burn beginning to hurt. But the pain was accompanied by the pleasure that filled him with every coarse word, every hot breath against his ear. His cock had made a small puddle beneath him as it dripped more and more with every syllable. He tensed as he waited for Sebastian's next words.

"Of course, I will gladly oblige. I'll sink my cock into you until there's nothing left, but you'll still be panting for more. So I'll start to slowly drag myself back out of you, as you whine, then suddenly slam into you. Over and over and over again. Picking up speed until you're ready to come. Then I will stop."

So absorbed, Ciel was, that he whimpered softly at just the thought of such torture. Sebastian chuckled, "And I will wait. I will wait until you beg for me. Not in a near silent whisper, but in a loud shout. Until you're nearly screaming my name," The demon pulled his master even closer,
tightening his grip on the boy's neck slightly, before letting go of him completely and pushing him forward.

"Then, and only then, will I enter you. And once I do, I will fuck you roughly and paint the inside of your body white with my cum."

And with that, Sebastian roughly thrust into him, the tip of his cock slamming into something that made Cie see stars. The boy barely concealed his cry of pleasure. The new feeling had been growing as Sebastian spoke, the pressure building. That thrust had been the final push, and Ciel hadn't been able to keep himself from coming. Thick streams of white cum squirted across the bed, and the young lord trembled. He supposed that sex had indeed lived up to his expectations. He groaned, and began to sink into the blankets, when suddenly he was yanked back against Sebastian's chest. The boy glanced up and over his shoulder and froze.

Sebastian's eyes were bright fuchsia, their demonic glow causing the boy to shudder from fear rather than pleasure. The demon looked furious, "Did I say you could come?"

The child shook his head. He was both terrified and aroused, and he wasn't sure which he should be feeling at the moment. So now he was also very confused.

"Did you think we were done? We are not finished until I finish." he growled.

Ciel swallowed reflexively, once again wondering how he'd managed to get himself into this mess, and now completely unable to recall. Hell, he could hardly remember anything before asking about "preparations", never mind when this whole mess started. He felt as though he'd completely lost control of his demon.

He had little time to think, however, as Sebastian had bent him over again. He wasn't quite sure what to expect as the demon began to thrust deeply into him. He felt the pleasure throughout his whole body, and was so distracted by it that he forgot his fear altogether. That pleasant pressure began to build in his stomach again, and his aching cock twitched in response. He could feel it almost ready to blow and tensed his body to get ready for it.

But suddenly he was in his now familiar upright position and Sebastian's left hand dropped down and gripped the base of his cock, while his right arm wrapped around his waist and helped pull him in time with his demon's thrusting. He groaned loudly as his release was denied.

Sebastian chuckled, "I had planned to be nicer about withholding your release, but you are difficult, like always. You will have to beg."

"P-please?" Ciel groaned. It was unbearably hard to think with the pleasure. But now his head was pounding.

"Hmm? What was that?"

"Sebastian, please!" Ciel thought he was going to go mad. He couldn't stand this teasing much longer. His cock was beginning to throb almost as much as his head.

"Yes, my lord? What is it?"

"Oh fuck! Sebastian! Please!" Ciel began to buck against the hand denying his release, hoping there might be some friction to ease the growing pain.

"Such coarse language, young master. I cannot aid you if you do not tell me exactly what you need." Ciel could practically feel Sebastian's smirking as he spoke.
The young noble attempted to struggle out of his demon's grip once more to no avail. He groaned, "Oh, fucking hell, Sebastian! Please! Please just..." his voice dropped to whisper, "just let me come..."

The demon's eyes flashed, and he thrust into Ciel deeply, hitting that problematic spot, just as he released his master's cock. As Ciel once again made a mess of the bed, Sebastian proceeded to fulfill his promise, and painted his lord's insides with his cum. The earl groaned from the sensation, but even that was not enough to keep his eyes open. He could feel himself drifting off, the last thing he heard being a quiet "Ciel..." whispered into his ear.

Ciel awoke slowly, his head throbbing. He looked around. His blankets were a ruffled mess, and there seemed to be a tray laying beside him. He sat up slowly and pulled the tray into his lap. It was nothing fancy, just some dry toast and chicken soup. He tried to bring himself to eat, but he had no appetite. He instead turned his focus to his dreams. They were rather hazy, blurring into each other. The first had been in a green place, the rest it was dark. He remembered Sebastian being there, but not much else. He sighed and wondered where his demon was? The curtains were open, the sun was high in the sky. He probably had mountains of work to get through. Where was Sebastian?

Ciel frowned and called out his butler's name. Or rather he tried. Up until this point he'd been unaware of the pain in his throat. In fact, now that he was thinking about it, his whole body was in pain. It had been easy to forget after waking from a strange dream with a pounding headache, but now that he was aware, he was utterly surprised he'd managed to sit up at all. He was thoroughly confused. He needed answers, and he needed them now.

"Sebastian." he croaked, a broken whisper all he could manage.

"Finally properly awake now, young master?"

Ciel frowned, that hurt too, and glanced at Sebastian's hand and then at his own. Taking a brief moment to interpret the message, Sebastian frowned as well, and placed his master's hand into his own, with his palm facing upward.

*It hurts too much to talk. Everything hurts. Why does everything hurt? And what do you mean by properly awake now?* Ciel tapped his hurried questions out onto his butler's hand. This, at least, hurt much less than talking.

"Ah, I see. You don't remember much of anything, do you? Well, we were returning to the manor after our brief adventure out to sea, when you suddenly collapsed in the garden. You had come down with a fever, and had probably been sick before that. What followed was the most terrifying week of my entire life. You remained in this semi-comatose state for a day or two. Then you would awaken briefly, but it always seemed as though you were having some sort of fever dream. You would say things that didn't make sense, and you would attempt to give me orders, but often times they made no sense, so I ignored them. During those brief awakenings I would manage to feed you something light and give you something to drink. You often seemed very distressed, and I attempted to ease your pain whenever I could."

*So I've been unconscious for a week? What a mess. Has anything happened?*

"Thankfully, no. I haven't gotten so much as a phone call since you fell ill. Even the others decided
to leave me be. They all took a brief vacation and went to the townhouse. I shall have to send for them."

*Not yet. Let the idiots have their peace so that I can have mine. You can send for them once I can walk around on my own.*

"Hm, my lord there are chores that must be done. I'm sure you can have them around without giving them some strange order."

Ciel frowned, it still hurt, tried to think back to this week. He couldn't remember much of anything except for his... dreams. *What sort of strange orders?*

"Well, things like 'get me down', 'let me go', and 'don't' for starters. You often said them at very random times. They were often accompanied by a dazed glare in a random direction."

The dreams were coming back to him, and he was beginning to understand. So they had been fever induced nightmares. That made sense. Except for one thing.

He wasn't that creative, especially when it came to sex. The most he'd experienced was reading the risqué novels Mei-Rin would occasionally sneak him. So...

*You said often my orders wouldn't make sense. What did you do when they did?*

"Well, I attempted to accomplish them as best as I could. An order is an order when you actually mean it, my lord."

*What sort of... orders were they?* Ciel had a bad feeling about the answer to that question...

"Well... Towards the beginning of the week you told me to 'get rid of this infernal heat'. I opened a few windows, removed your blankets and your clothes, and attempted to cool you down. You eventually fell back into your restless sleep, so I had assumed you were content."

*Anything else?*

"Hmm, I suppose there were a few other requests. A few... less than reasonable orders. But," Ciel froze as his demon's gaze turned sultry, "How could I deny you, when you asked so sweetly?" He chuckled and rose from the bed, grabbing the tray of untouched food and turning to leave before pausing at the door to whisper, "Ciel..."
Grellikins

Chapter Summary

Some Grell stuff!
*If you have a character, manga or anime, you want me to write about comment, my darlings!

Canon (Mod Meta Au)

"So, like, are you a guy?"

"No, no, darling. I assure you, I am a woman."

"But you're... male."

"Sadly, yes."

"But is it canon though?"

"What?"

"But is it canon? Like, in relation to the concrete background of the story, what the author actually says is true, not just fan theories. Are you a girl?"

"Oh yes. I explain it in my confessional, darling."

"You're what? Is that a fan made thing?"

"No, no darling. Made by my glorious creator herself."

"I don't... are you sure?"

"Oh, don't worry darling, I'll put it in for you."

"Oh... Thanks. That clears up a lot, actually. Saves me the time of going through and asking all those questions myself."

"I know, isn't it convenient. Ooo, and I snagged this from the wiki."

"Woah, totally meta."

"Look, see: According to Yana Toboso in "Grell's Confessional", in which she had Grell answer personal questions, she only addressed Grell with feminine pronouns and confirmed that Grell is a pre-operation male-to-female transexual."

"Well, I guess if you're mother says you're a mtf pre-op trans then you are."

"My mother?"

"What? I think it's a more appropriate term than creator..."
**How Do You Feel About Humans?**

Hamm:
Well, to be frank, I don't really think anything about them, but if you're talking about a strength, I'd say it kind of feels like they're business partners? For Shinigamis, humans are kind of like customers.

**Do Shinigami Eat Food and Sleep Like Humans?**

We do both. Shinigami are something in between humans and gods, so we have traits surprisingly close to humans. I think we also have similar tastes, but somehow whenever I make tea it turns out awful....... I admire how Sebas-chan manages to make it so perfectly. Also, I really pay attention to sleeping. Because a lack of sleep is terrible for your skin ♥

**Right Now, What Are You Most Dissatisfied With? And What Would You Like To Do Most?**

Even if you say right now, what I think has been my biggest complaint since birth is that I am not a woman. Really, I think God made a mistake....

**How Do You Feel About William?**

Actually, my favourite is will. Being given the cold shoulder is also good~ see, when you're given the cold shoulder, don't you get all fired up by it? Now that I mention it, Sebas-chan is exactly the same type, I wonder if I'm a little in love.......

**What Do You Like In Sebastian?**

That would be his brutal, terribly sadistic side. When he trampled all over me, I was thrilled. NFU.

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**Sebastian:** Just now, I felt a tremendous chill run down my spine.....

**We're Both Butlers... So Hello~**

**Lastly, Please Leave a Message For Sebastian.**

Last time we finished half way, so next time we'll go all the way. I'll longingly wait for it~ "blows kiss"!

**That's Why Right Now, The Thing I Want To Do Most Is Have A Sex ♥ Change ♥ I'm Serious You Know?**
Heels (Mod "Mom of Death--<3" AU; don't question it)

"Men simply can't appreciate the beauty of a pair of rhinestone red bottom ruby pumps."

"It's so Dorothy. Is anyone else getting that feeling."

"More like Wicked Witch of the East. I half expect a house to come flying down to crush her."

Grell put her Skype call on hold, "Give me a moment, Will, sweetie." She stood up and turned around, "You know I can hear you! Eric, Ronald, Get out here, right now!"

Eric poked his head up above the kitchen counter, "Uh... Alan's back here too!"

"Alan, get up. Now!"

The small bespeckled boy stood up, his eyes barely making it above the counter, "Thanks, Eric. I didn't even do anything."

Grell narrowed her eyes and looked around, "Where is Ronald."

There was a tap on her back, "Right here, mom."

"Don't call her that!" Eric said, jumping over the counter. Alan attempted to follow suite, but inclined to walk around it.

Ronald stared at his brother, arching an eyebrow, "Why not?"

"Because she's not our mom! Mom died."

Alan hid behind his older brother and whispered, "Besides she's not even a 'she'."

Ronald frowned at his brothers, then glanced up at Grell's face.

She would not cry. She had heard it over and over again. No matter what and no matter by whom, it always came... Ah, things always feel more like the truth when coming from children. That must be why her heart was breaking. She turned away from the boys and looked out the glass doors onto the patio. She wouldn't cry, not in front of the children.

"Hey! That's not fair!" Ronald barked, stepping towards his brothers, "She is our mom, and she is a she!"

Eric glared at Ronald, and Alan looked abashedly at the ground.

"Just because our birth mom died, doesn't mean Grell can't be our mom. She does everything a mom does. She makes us eat our veggies. She grounds us for being bad. She makes us clean up our rooms."

"Yeah, she does all the mean stuff a mom does. Mom wouldn't have done that."

"How do you know? Like you said... Mom died. But Grell's here. She reads us stories, and sneaks us ice cream, and makes us cookies. She's doing the best she can."
Grell felt her eyes watering. He was so sweet! But no crying in front of the children.

Ronald turned his gaze to Alan, "And what makes her not a she? She dresses like a girl. She looks like a girl. She especially acts like a girl. So what if she doesn't have girl parts? She's got everything else. And she has one more thing."

He turned to Grell and grabbed her hand and smiled, a really dorky smile.

"She can appreciate her fancy red shoes."

"Rhinestone red bott-"

Eric sighed, "We get it... Grell."

Grell looked at him and sighed, "Oh really? Then get this too: I'm not your Mom. I'll never be able to take the place of the Mom who sang you lullabies when you cried as infants. I'll never be the Mom who taught you how to read, how to count, and how smile. But at the moment, I'm all you've got. And you're all I'll ever get. Although I might look the part, I don't have the parts. I'll never get to be a Mom. I'll never know that joy. But even though I can never be your Mom, can I at least be your mama?"

Alan, the most emotional of the three, immediately nodded and ran into Grell's arms. Ronald smiled and put a hand on her shoulder. Eric gave her a dubious look.

Ronald rolled his eyes, and Alan just snuffled into her red and white house dress.

Grell sighed, "Look, you don't have to call me mom or mama. You can continue to call me Grell if you'd like. I'm just asking for... a truce at least."

Eric's frown continued, and Ronald groaned, "Dude, honestly what choice do you have. Besides, Grell sort of plays the role of Mom and Dad since Dad's always working overtime," the boy shivered at the word, "So you haven't really got much of a choice."

Grell rolled her eyes, "Ronnie, don't say that. He does have a choice, that's my whole point."

Eric sighed and scratched the back of his head, "I guess... it couldn't hurt... to call you... Mama."

Grell beamed and waved her free hand for him to join the group hug as she grabbed Ronald with the other. Eric shuffled, and they all shared a group hug.

Grell smiled to herself. She was so glad she had kids like these, even if they hadn't been hers from the start. It just warmed her heart and nearly moved her to tears, but she promised herself no crying in front of the children.

After a few moments Grell sighed and let her arms drop, "So... are you sure you don't want to talk about my brand new rhinestone r-"

"We get it, Mama."

"You really like those shoes."

"I think Mama looks like Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz. And she clicked her heels, and now she's home!"
A mess of the random ships I can think up to write.

Grelliam- The Surrogate part1 (Mod AU)

"Will, dear, have you seen my earrings? I placed them on the nightstand last night!" Grell shouted to her husband.

The other reaper was carefully shaving the slight stubble that had accumulated from a few weeks of self-neglect. He sighed as he heard his clumsy wife stumble around their bedroom, looking for jewelry that he'd carefully put away, "In your jewelry box, Grell. Where I always put the jewelry you leave lying around."

"Thank you, love!" The redhead slid across their bed to nab the velvet box from nightstand. Then promptly fell, allowing the contents of the box to scatter across the floor.

William sighed, knowing that if he let this go on any longer the poor woman would be in tears before they'd even left. The reason his beloved was so flustered was simple; she was excited to have a baby. Of course, she herself couldn't bare the child (although she'd marked her first year as a 'full woman' the month before). So they'd been searching for a surrogate. Reapers hardly ever had children, the life of a reaper was a sad one. But the stern man had not had the will to keep his wife from that joy. They'd gotten the call from the clinic the night before, and Grell had been anxious and frantic since.

The dark haired shinigami stepped out of the bathroom, sighing as he found Grell staring dejectedly at her scattered accessories. He shook his head and walked over to comfort her. The poor woman could only lean into her husband cover her face with her hands.

"Oh, Will... It's finally happening."

"Yes it is. And I think now isn't the time to be crying on the floor. We have an appointment in an hour, and you still haven't decided what to wear."

"Oh, darling you're right! I haven't the slightest idea! Should I wear my housedress? The one with the polka dots? Oh, dear, maybe that's too much. Perhaps my blue jeans and that red blouse you got me for Christmas... hmm... What do you think, dear?"

Will chuckled, a once rare sound but one that was becoming more and more common as the years went by, "I'm not sure, Mrs. Spears. I enjoy seeing you in much less appropriate clothing..."

Grell laughed and smacked his shoulder, "Darling, I'm serious. Now isn't the time to be fooling around."

"Perhaps now is the time," he replied, pulling her closer. He was always surprised by how alive the bratty redhead could make him feel. Especially given their previous relationship.

Grell giggled once more and happily snuggled into her husband's grip, "Of course it isn't. Like you said, we have an appointment in an hour."
"Hmm, but we will have far less time once we have an infant to look after."

"We have months until then."

"Grell, we both know how involved you are going to get when we meet this woman."

"What are you saying?"

"I simply want to make sure you're completely ready for this."

Grell sighed and turned to face William, "Darling, I've had decades to think about this. Over a century to reach this point. I'm fully prepared. Yes, I might be emotional and frantic, but what else can you expect from a woman who is soon going to have the last piece of her dream be fulfilled? What I think is that you are the one who isn't ready."

William tensed up. He'd always been one to turn away from truths he didn't want to see. That was why it had taken so long for him to form a proper relationship with Grell. But he'd been working on that. So he had to admit that, yes he wasn't ready. He was absolutely terrified of being a father. Especially when his own experience with his father had lead to him becoming a grim reaper in the first place.

Grell pouted, and took her husband's face in her hands, "William T. Spears. You were my supervisor, my team leader, my coworker, and now my husband. You have proven time and time again that you can handle a role of leadership. And besides, before you were alone. But you have me now. We'll do this together. That's what it means to be married, right?"

The reaper frowned, "Hmm... perhaps you are right."

"Of course I'm right. The woman is always right, even when she's wrong. Now come on. We've got a lot to do and very little time."

Another chuckle, "As you wish, Madam Spears."

I'm a dork. This is one of my OTPs. I know Will feels very ooc. It makes sense in my headcanon. I have little backstories for how/why all the little reapers killed themselves to become reapers. My thing with Will is that his father pushed him towards perfection and such. One day he snapped under all that pressure, and now has to constantly face death as shinigami (I am not fond of using the term "grim reaper" with this fandom for some reason... probably because there are just some things I associate with words in certain languages)

Sebascliff-The Wedding1 (Mod AU; I don't know what to do for BassyxGrell ship name. Help me, beloved community)

"Bloody hell, Sebastian! What is this mess?" The younger demon grumbled as he stepped into his kitchen. His servant/mentor was leaning over a pile of papers, jumping between stacks of documents with his spectacles perched on the bridge of his nose.

"Oh, my lord. You're up earlier than expected. The music didn't wake you, did it?"

Only now did Ciel hear the faint sounds of the smooth jazz Sebastian was so fond of, "Not in the slightest. I just had a nightmare. Honestly, what in the bleeding fuck is going on in here?"

"A nightmare? Would you like me to fix you something? Full Moon Drop, perhaps?"

"No, what I'd like is for you to tell me what is going on in here!"
"Oh... this.. well.... you see..."

"Sebastian Michaelis, if you do not answer me by the count of three, God so help me I will smack you."

The butler flinched from the threat, not out of fear, but because he was surprised that his little master had jumped to physical violence so quickly. They'd been working hard on that. "It's nothing really important my lord... just... plans forthewedding."

"PLANS FOR THE WHAT?!"

"You see, I didn't really want to tell you quite yet. Because I know you aren't particularly fond of such events."

"Whose wedding?" the child asked with a glower.

"Mine, my lord. Nothing to worry about."

The child immediately relaxed. He'd been afraid Sebastian was trying to marry him off. Again.

"You and the freak are finally tying the knot, huh? Cute. How does he- fuck!- she feel about you making the plans?"

Sebastian chuckled as the boy corrected himself. He had honestly been trying to use the proper pronouns with Grell, even when she wasn't around. It was hard, centuries of knowledge turned on its head, but the elder was glad to see that his charge was making an effort. He shrugged, "I don't think she knows. In fact, I think she's planning the wedding in her own way right now."

"What? Why? You two are strange."

"I know it's common for the bride to plan the wedding, but I'm not going to just let her have complete control. It is my wedding too, after all."

"Hmph. You do have a point. What are you working on now?"

"Your outfit."

Ciel sighed. Over a hundred years later and Sebastian still insisted on picking out his clothes, "Why?"

"Because I want the best man to have something a little different from the rest of my groomsmen."

"Oh." The boy pulled up a stool and peaked over his servant's shoulder, "Wait, I'm going to be your best man?"

"Obviously."

"Shouldn't Will or Ronald do that?"

"My lord, do you really think I want William anywhere near my wedding plans?"

"I thought you were getting on better with him."

"That doesn't mean I'm going to let him help with much of anything. At least for my side of the wedding. Grell might very well make him her Man of Honor."
"Instead of a Maid of Honor?"

"Exactly. I don't care either way. As long as he stays away from my bachelor party."

"Sebastian, how am I supposed to plan your stag party when I don't even look old enough to walk past a strip club."

"You'll figure it out."

"Sometimes I really hate you."

"Then perhaps I should make Ronald my best man."

"Hmph. I didn't say I didn't want to do it."

Sebastian laughed, "That is true."

"Shouldn't you be asking me for permission before you run off and marry someone?"

"Why, are you jealous?"

Ciel rolled his eyes, "Not in the slightest."

Sebastian chuckled, "My lord, it isn't the 1800s. It is 2016, in fact, and I honestly doubt any sort of servant still asks their master for permission to marry. Hell, some children don't even ask their parents."

"Well, some parents ask their children."

"What are you implying?"

"Well... shouldn't you tell me something beforehand."

"I did tell you I was thinking of proposing."

"Yes, four years ago!"

Sebastian couldn't help but laugh, "Ciel, are you afraid that I won't be around as often if I get married?"

"Well... married couples usual move in with each other and all that. I don't know what you two are planning. I just think it would be nice if someone let me know these things before they started planning."

"Young master, I will still be your ever present butler even when I get married."

"Hmph."

"And what were you implying with your comment about 'parents ask their children'?"

The young demon blushed and slid off his stool, "I think I'm going to go off to bed."

"Were you trying to say that you think of me as your father of sorts?"

"I'm awfully tired all of a sudden."

"Ciel..."
The boy paused in his attempt to avoid answering uncomfortable questions by slinking back into his room, "Well... it just.. we're like a little family... and..."

Sebastian sighed and opened his arms. Ciel pouted and shuffled over to his mentor, and the two shared a tight hug.

"No matter what, my lord, you are my first family. Things will change, I will not lie about it. But we will still be as close as we've always been."

The little demon pressed his face into Sebastian's shoulder and mumbled, "Promise."

The elder felt a small burn on the back of his hand. He glanced down at the glowing contract mark, "I promise."

*Ah, yeah these two also feel a little ooc. But, oh well. I'm tired and I wanted to write something cute. Here, y'alls go! I like the idea of those two being a little family. Thaliaarche, I will be playing around with the Sebascliff wedding thing quite a bit more... I love the idea and I'm gonna have a lot of fun with it....*
Oh, yay! We've finally reached 50+ kudos! I had fun writing a father-son Sebastian and Ciel... so I'm gonna be doing that for a bit.

At the Park (Mod AU; After Season II)

Even after more than a century, the little brat had not changed. Of course he had learned, reluctantly, a demon's ability to assimilate as time passed, but his personality was just the same, if only a bit softer. He looked exactly the same, the physical limitations of his once human body making it impossible to actually change his physical form. Only his minor skill with illusions helped him function as an adult in this world.

But he certainly wasn't acting like an adult now.

"Sebastian, watch this!"

The elder demon rolled his eyes as his charge zipped around the playground. There were next to no people here this late in the afternoon, so the demon child was a little more free with using his abilities. It wasn't long before the boy had made his way to the top of playscape, as he balanced precariously on the sloped wooden roof.

"Look, Sebastian. I figured out a new trick!" the boy shouted. He waited patiently for his mentor to look over at him before he jumped.

It took every ounce of Sebastian's willpower to not run over to catch him. Over a century later and it seems he hadn't changed either. He still reacted completely when Ciel was in even the slightest possible danger. He knew he didn't have to worry; the boy was a demon now. But that thought didn't stop his body from reacting the instant it anticipated any sort of danger. Sebastian was so caught up in his instantaneous reaction that he nearly missed the boy's trick. Ciel was changing directions in the air as he fell.

It was a cute little trick, and one that might be able to come in handy if anyone ever say... threw him off of a building. But what the child really desired was praise. No, he had hardly changed. Perhaps he was a bit more childish now, especially at times like these when no one else was around. But he was still the same person from before.

"Good job, my lord." Sebastian said, clapping slightly. He'd long ago decided that making things difficult would just make everything more difficult for him in the end. So he made it his goal to ensure that his little lord was always satisfied. It had certainly made life simpler.

"I'm going to go practice in the trees over there. They're higher."

"Alright. I might wander over in a few minutes. When do you intend on returning to the apartment?"

"When I'm bored of this. Perhaps twenty minutes or so."

"I will be here."
Ciel nodded, and wandered over to the small grove of trees. Sebastian sighed and pulled out his knitting. It was a nice, mind numbing activity to pass the time.

After a few minutes, Sebastian jolted up from his relaxed position. Ciel was calling to him. Immediately he was at the grove, looking around for the boy.

"Sebastian! Help!"

"Aw, calling for your Papa, brat?"

Sebastian heard a muted thud and he knew that it was the sound of his charge hitting a tree. He zipped to where he heard the sound. There, in a small clearing between the trees, a group of teenagers were grouped around Ciel, who was getting up.

"What was that? I've had worse. That didn't even bruise me." Ciel muttered with that smug grin of his. The one Sebastian knew always led to...

The closest boy pulled back to kick Ciel with all his might, but Sebastian had certainly had enough. Before the boy's kick could reach his charge, he was there, lifting the boy into his arms and catching the teenager's foot. The kids closer to him stumbled back.

"Young master, what did I tell you about antagonizing brats like this?"

Ciel smirked, "Maybe if you'd come over to watch sooner, this wouldn't have happened."

Sebastian rolled his eyes, "So I am to blame then?" He viciously shoved the teenager's foot back towards the ground, causing him to stumble.

"Obviously."

"H-hey! Who are y-you calling brats?"

"Yeah! We could take you and that kid easily."

"Just 'cause you're fast or whatever..."

"Doesn't m-mean we can't still kick your ass!"

Sebastian turned and faced the group. There were seven of them, and they were all obviously drunk. He glanced to his left and saw a small fire, with beer cans and bottles scattered about. He sighed and shook his head.

"I am not going to fight a bunch of drunk children. My lord, what did you even do to irritate them to begin with?"

"I stole their drinks."

"And our stash. Our hash stash." The kid who said that, and a couple of others, laughed.

"My lord, just return their-"

"I drank it."

"What?!" Sebastian, and a few of the teens, asked. Sebastian sighed, "I'm beginning to think that you're whole purpose for coming over here was to antagonize these teens."
"They shouldn't be drinking. Or smoking. Or even have a fire near all these trees."

"So? That's none of your business."

"Yeah. Y-you and your dad can just get out of here."

Sebastian sighed, "I am not hi-"

"And you lot can kiss my arse." Ciel taunted.

"Oh, you think we can't get you because you're dad's holding you."

"Fucking brat."

Sebastian frowned, "I am no-"

"You couldn't get me even if he put me on the ground. Sebastian, put me down."

"No. I am not allowing this to go on any further. We are returning to the apartment."

"Hey, wait!" One of the kids grabbed Sebastian's shoulder. He glared at him and allowed his irises to flash. The teen shrunk back but scowled at Ciel, "He still has our weed stash."

"Well consider this a police confiscation, as I am sure none of you have a medical marijuana card."

The group froze.

Ciel smirked and stuck his tongue out, "What are you gonna do? Call the cops to tell them that we stole your illegal weed while you, a group of underaged teens, were drinking?"

"Young master, that is enough. Let's go."

The demon child laughed and waved the small baby food jar containing the confiscated substance over Sebastian's shoulder. He leaned into his mentor's chest as they began the short walk back to the apartment. When they did get home, Ciel seemed preoccupied.

"My lord, the jar." Sebastian said, holding his hand out for it. Ciel absent mindedly dropped it into the elder's hand. Then he hopped up onto a stool by the island in the middle of the kitchen.

Sebastian chuckled and placed the jar up in the cabinet, with the rest of the things Ciel had stolen on previous occasions, "To think, children could be so irresponsible. And they thought was your father, despite than many hints that I am not. It is amusing."

"Heh, heh. Yeah... amusing." Ciel muttered.

"My lord, you seem rather preoccupied. What is wrong?"

Ciel sighed and draped his upper body across the island. Sebastian rolled his eyes, but waited patiently for the reply. Finally, the child frowned, "I was thinking about that. How they all thought you were my dad. And I was thinking about how... I didn't feel like I needed to correct them."

Sebastian tilted his head, "And why is that?"

"Well... I guess it felt like they were right. You are something like a father to me. You have been, even before I became a demon. That's sort of the role that you took on when you became my butler... I've actually been thinking about it for some time now."
Sebastian leaned back against the counter, "Is that so? Well, I have not given much thought to it. It is true that I no longer think of myself as your butler; I no longer play that role. And perhaps you are right. I have played the role of parent to you on a great number of occasions. Would you like to be able to call me Dad or Papa?"

"Not really. I do like calling you Sebastian. But I think it would make more sense if I am able to say that you are my dad."

"Hmm. Alright."

"Really?" Ciel asked, sitting up.

"Well, it is a simple request, my lord."

"Oh? Then I have one more."

"What is it?"

"Can you call me Ciel? That's the one thing you haven't changed as time passes. You still call me 'my lord' and 'young master' even though you aren't my butler any more."

"Well... Ciel... I suppose that too is a simple request. I shall try to remember. Forgive me if I forget. That is a century old habit."

"I know. And... would it bother you if I did happen to call you Dad every once in awhile?"

"Not in the slightest."

"Oh. Alright then. I guess that's it. I'll be going to bed now."

Sebastian chuckled as Ciel slid off of the stool, which was honestly too tall for him, "Then good night, Ciel."

"Good night... Dad." Ciel immediately zipped off to his room.

Sebastian shook his head with another chuckle and went off to his own room. *What an interesting evening.*
Phantomhive Pyro and the Michaelis Hoarder

Chapter Summary

So I was just reading over my comments because they fill me with joy and I was looking for prompts I felt like writing and I saw a little comment convo I had with one of my favorite commenters Lainie (mislainieous)... I saw something about hoarding and pyro not mixing (Hey, I'm Draco... it comes with the territory) So I decided to write something stupid about it. Was going to write something about Bard, but I felt like a pyrokinetic Ciel would be fun... and it is far too easy to imagine Mod!Sebastian as a hoarder...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The door flew open, shooting off its hinges to dive down the hall. The singed front told the man in the kitchen exactly who had sent it flying. The following screech also helped.

"SEBASTIAN MICHAELIS!" The burning eyes of the angry voice's owner were visible even from the kitchen. Despite it being fairly late in the evening, Sebastian was not surprised that he had company. The brat usually showed up late. He supposed his love for flashy entrances had rubbed off on the kid.

"I'm in the kitchen, Ciel!"

"I DON'T CARE! GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE!" the boy shouted. Sebastian was lucky he'd decided to move out to the countryside. Had his dear friend pulled this stunt at his apartment he'd have been immediately evicted.

Sighing, the ravenette set his coffee mug on the counter and carefully maneuvered around the stacks of magazines that were scattered around his kitchen. Then he cautiously stepped over the books and bins in his hall, before finally making it to the front door, or rather front arch now. He could have gone over the counter and walked through the living room, but that was uncivilized, plus he didn't want to wake the cats.

"What do you need, of powerful Phantomhive?" Sebastian greeted the floating teen with an exaggerated bow.

"Don't get snarky with me! Look at this place! How can you live like this!" Tongues of fire appeared briefly in his messy blue hair. They seemed to flare up when his anger got out of hand.

"Live like what?!"

"Like a slob!"

Sebastian looked genuinely hurt, "I keep everything as tidy as possible."

"Don't lie to me, you rat! Do you not pay attention to how carefully you have to move so you don't knock something over?"
"I just don't have enough storage space. Once I get the shed re-built-"

"NO!" The teen's hair was engulfed in flames, "You have too much stuff! That's the problem! I'm not letting you live like this anymore!"

"What?"

"It's taken a toll on your health! And fourteen cats don't help!"

"What are you talking about?" Sebastian's breathing began to pick up. He had a feeling he knew where this was going. The boy had been pressuring him to go through and clean out all of his belongings ever since he met him. Despite the furious fiery god like appearance he wore now, Ciel had always been very gentle about it. He'd understood that Sebastian cherished everything he owned. It was only in the last month, when Sebastian had lost his job and in response became reclusive, that the boy had stopped by every evening to pressure him about it.

"I'm not going to let you do this to yourself. I'm not going to let you live life as a hoarder!" The flames had taken over the blue in the boy's eyes as well. He was beginning to actually look frightening...

Sebastian struggled to remain calm, "Ciel, we've talked about this. It will be fine once I-"

Ciel moved forward and grabbed onto his friend's shoulders, "No it won't! Sebastian, I can't let you... If I just leave you as you are..." The flames began to slowly die down, "I never pressed it because I thought you... you had enough sense... you were able to do it. You could fight it. But I've been an enabler, and I'm not going to leave you alone any more. I'm going to make you better. Even if you won't let me."

"Ciel..."

"So I don't care what you say... we're getting rid off all this junk!" The fire flared again, and Sebastian suddenly found himself in the large tree in his front yard. His arms were pressed to his sides by a ring of flames. He barely managed to catch a glimpse of Ciel running into the house.

"Ciel! Ciel! What are you doing! Let me down from here!"

A faint, "Nope!" was his response. Then, for a while, all he heard was silence. It was broken by the screeching of his cats, as the burst out of the front door. Ciel walked out holding the recent litter of kittens. He placed them in the grass in the front yard, and all the cats gathered there.

"Ciel! Stop! Don't do this!"

The boy looked up at him, "I'm sorry, Sebastian. But I can't let you go on like this." And with that, the boy disappeared into the house.

Sebastian stared anxiously at the front door. He couldn't see too far into the hallway. He caught glimpses of Ciel walking between rooms, often looking as if he was carrying something, but it didn't take long for him to stop appearing. And when that happened, he didn't see him for hours. He could hear him occasionally. The sound of things falling to the floor or the boy's cursing as he tripped and stumbled around the house. But he didn't come out. Sebastian eventually fell asleep.

He jerked awake. He'd dreamed about falling and had awoken just in time to watch the ground zip towards him. He angled himself into a roll and immediately ran into the house. He was unhappily not surprised to find the kitchen, hall, and living room empty. He dashed into the back to check the sewing room. As he ran he caught a glimpse of the analog clock on the wall in the hallway. It was
almost two in the morning. The boy had been at it for almost seven hours. The sewing room was cleaned out as well. He shot up the stairs. The bedrooms were empty as well. Of course, the beds, the dressers, the furniture was still there. But everything else was gone. He had one last place to check. He ran down the hall to the last door. He sprinted up the stairs. But no the attic was empty as well. Sebastian dropped onto the stairs. Everything was gone. But where was Ciel? The boy couldn't have left... He had to be around somewhere.

Sebastian slowly began to stumble down the stairs. It was all gone. The magazines. The books. The photographs. The projects. Half-written manuscripts, broken printers, shattered pottery. Worthless wooden decorations. The Christmas tree. Everything has gone. The ravenette slowly walked to the back of the house. He might as well check the back stairs.

But as the hoarder stumbled out of the back door, the pyro had just finished the last of his work. He'd gone through every box. Anything of value he returned to the box. But everything else he'd tossed into a massive pile in the middle of the backyard. He started when he heard the back door open, but grinned when he saw Sebastian stumbling out.

"You're awake, I see."

Sebastian froze upon seeing the massive junk pile in the middle of his yard, "What... what have you done?"

"I've cleared out all of the junk. Don't worry. I wouldn't throw out your photos and such. Just all the trashy knick-knacks and baubles. Plus all the broken stuff."

"What is this?"

"It's the junk pile. I'm gonna burn it."

Sebastian couldn't really comprehend what was happening, "Years... years worth of-"

"Junk. Old magazines and newspapers. Broken Easter baskets. Junk. And we're going to burn it."

"Burn... what? We?" Sebastian blinked. This was unbelievable.

"Yes, we. Fire is the end of things and the birth of things. We're going to end this part of your life with fire, and start the new chapter with it."

Sebastian slowly walked forward to stand beside Ciel. The boy held out a match. Sebastian took it cautiously.

"Are you ready?"

"I don't... I can't do this..."

Ciel stepped closer and gently placed his hand on the ravenette's arm, "Yes. You can."

Sebastian stared at the match in his hand, and a sense of grim determination washed over him. He nodded, and Ciel lit the match. A ball of flame appeared in the boy's hand.

"Here we go..."

Sebastian readied himself. He was going to burn all of this stuff. Years of collecting it and it was all going to be gone...

"3..."
But he could do it. Ciel was right. He needed to let go of this... junk. Not only the junk, but the reasons he held on..."

"2..."

Because holding on was no longer an option. If he didn't let go, he would never be able to live...

"1..."

It was time to burn that bridge.

"Go!"

Sebastian tossed the match, and Ciel tossed his fireball. The match somehow exploded into flame, its fire growing larger than the fireball. It wasn't long before the pile was shrouded in flames.

The ravenette dropped onto the ground. It was over... All of that junk was gone. He knew of course that his own problems were not so easily solved. But...

Ciel sat down next to him and pulled out a bag of marshmallows and two metal skewers, "Want one?"

The man chuckled, "Why not?"

But, he wasn't alone like before. He had Ciel. And he was sure the pyro would be there for him, and be there to kick him in gear if he fell back into his old ways.

The boy leaned on his shoulder as they toasted marshmallows. The flames in his hair held a much more soothing warmth than the roaring flames before him.

Yes, he could live like this... This was a bridge he doubted he could ever burn. It seemed to like fire...

Chapter End Notes

This was a mass of stupid silliness because I was bored and I read that comment... But it was fun to write. I'm back, my darlings...

I'm back.
Welcome Home

Chapter Notes

I love little ones, so I'm writing Papa M with a little wee Ciel.

**Welcome Home (Mod AU: papa's home!)**

"Papa!" the blue-haired boy screeched, running at the ravenette the instant he made it through the door.

"O-oh, M-mister Sebastian! You're home early." the young maid squeaked. She was still a little surprised to find that she was no longer holding her five year old master.

Sebastian chuckled, lifting Ciel into his arms, "Yes, we managed to wrap up the business transactions with the Chinese branch much quicker than expected. Lau is a genius negotiator. And Ran-Mao seemed to really help as well."

The teen gardener dashed in from a side door, "Mei-Rin, I saw Mister Sebastian's car in the garage! I think he's," Finny cut himself off as he realized that his news was already standing in the front hall, "Oh! Welcome back, sir! Everything went well, I hope?"

Sebastian nodded and chuckled, adjusting his son's position on his hip, "Better than I could have hoped. Has Tanaka returned yet?"

Mei-Rin shook her head, "No, sir, he hasn't. We expected you to be gone longer. N-not that you being b-back is a bad thing or anything!" the girl said, waving her hands to ward off such thoughts.

Finny laughed, "Tanaka will be back from Japan in a few days. We are really glad you're back! Now we can finally have real food again!"

As if reacting to the blonde's words, a terrible smell begin to waft through the front hall. Ciel scrunched up his face and covered his nose with his tiny hands. Sebastian narrowed his eyes, "What on earth is that smell?"

"B-Bard has been trying out new recipes since you left..." the maid murmured.

Sebastian scowled, "Well, I suppose it is time to reclaim my kitchen. Come on, Ciel. Let's go see what mess the cook has made now."

"Yuck..." the child muttered, his hand still firmly clamped over his nose.

The pair made their way to the kitchen, as the smell grew increasingly stronger. Ciel soon had both hands over his nose and his face pressed into his father's shirt.

Sebastian stepped into the kitchen and scowled. The cook was standing by the stove over a pot where it seemed the smell was coming from. Sebastian walked over and tapped on Bard's shoulder.

"Baldroy, what is it you are making?"
"Oh just an old soup recipe my grandma used to make, Boss. It's good for stomach problems. I made it because Finny and Mei-Rin haven't been eating well lately."

"I see. It couldn't be from your inventive cooking could it?"

"Well, I don't think so. Though... they did start once I stopped using the recipes you left..."

"When you what?" Sebastian said sweetly.

Baldroy froze, finally realizing who exactly he'd been talking to, "B-boss! You're back early! I-I..."

"You ignored my instructions?"

"N-no, I... I..."

"I think I will be taking my kitchen back, Bard."

"Oh... of course, Boss." The cook hung his head and strolled out of the kitchen.

Sebastian frowned at the pot and removed it from the heat. He placed Ciel down and the boy ran over to a hook near the pantry. A little apron and chef's hat hung there, and the boy grabbed them and ran to have Mei-Rin help him put them on. He'd seen the glimmer in his father's eye as he began to roll up his sleeves. They were going to make something tasty!

Sebastian rolled up his sleeves and grabbed his apron from a nearby hook. He tied it around his waist and grabbed the large pot. It was a pity to dispose all of the ingredients. He knew Bard meant well, but the man and his inventive recipes did not belong in the kitchen. He could cook, and fairly well, as long as he followed instructions and didn't bring weapons into it. Either, the soup had to go, so the ravenette brought the pot out to the back yard and left it there. The wild pigs in the area would probably come by to devour the soup. With the smell taken care of, he went back inside.

Ciel was already waiting for him, dressed like a little chef. Sebastian chuckled.

"Are you ready to make a feast, little chef?"

"Yes, Papa!"

"Have you washed your hands?"

The child looked shocked for a moment, then dashed off. Sebastian shook his head. The boy was full of energy.

He stood in the kitchen, wondering what he could prepare, and decided on something simple that Ciel would have fun helping with. Speaking of which, the child had returned, hands dripping wet.

"How about fish and chips, Ciel?"

"Oh, yum! Can I cut the potatoes?"

"You can wash and peel the potatoes, and put them into the pot."

The young Michaelis scurried to get his stool and his small knife. The edge was dull enough to make it difficult for the boy to accidentally cut himself but sharp enough to peel the thin skin of a potato, and the tip had been rounded off. Sebastian grabbed two buckets and put a number of potatoes and water into one, and left the other empty. He gave his son a small scrub brush to help him get any dirt off. And as the boy set to work washing potatoes, Sebastian began to prepare the fish. The pair were
quite a team in kitchen. It did not take long for Sebastian to finish the last batch of chips. He had Mei-Rin set the table and everyone gathered in the dining hall. Mei-Rin helped bring out the food, and everyone sat down to eat. It was not rare for the servants to eat with their masters. They were a small family, and as Ciel grew he had begun to ask that they eat together as such. Only when Sebastian had guests did the servants retreat to the kitchen to eat. Sebastian was glad for the closeness. He felt he would not need to worry about the boy being lonely when he grew older because there were people around him that he knew loved him. It made it easier for Sebastian to go off on business trips because he knew his son was well loved at home.

"Enjoy, everyone."

"I peeled the potatoes!"

"This is really good, Young Master!"

"I think I see a bit of skin on one of my chips... just pulling your leg, Little Boss!"

"Y-yes! I'm impressed, Young Master!"

Sebastian smiled as he looked around the table. The servants joked around with their young master so easily. He hoped it would always be this way.
Trust Fall

Chapter Summary

This was a very random idea inspired by the fact that I wanted a trust fall where Ciel gets caught by Grell and they have a subtly sweet interaction that sort of implies that Ciel's sort of forgiven her, then I figured I'd do a shit ton of other characters and set it up so I could practice writing everyone's characters... in omniscient third person.

Pretext: Finny wanted everyone to get along made some calls and now they're all grouped together at the P Manor to do a sort of extreme trust fall exercise. Woot woot. Undy and Madam aren't here (neither is Plu-Plu). This is a weird AU combo of the manga and anime (because I'm gonna make Bard fucking American like he should be... plus I didn't want to put Undy in and this is at a point where Madam is dead [the whole point of me wanting the interaction between Grell and Ciel...]) So yeah... this was fun... Enjoy darlings~ Oh some story questions in the beginning note...

Chapter Notes

Do you guys want a "7 minutes in Heaven" fic? If so, only among the characters (endless shipping/potential crack-ship fun) or reader-insert? Or hell why not both?

Also, I'm thinking about starting another collection like this one called "Draco in Fandomland". It would be a reader inspired thing, to help my readers get to understand the person behind the keyboard (me). It would be essentially me creating little shorts based on reader suggestions of situations, between interactions between me and the Kuro world. Thought it might be a fun reader-author interaction thing (sort of like character asks on tumblr, like when a tumblr for a character answers asks with like a comic or whatever... that's the one thing I can easily compare it to...) Just wondering about what my readers might want to see... or know. Or whatever...

Oh and for my darlings who like lemons... I'm working on a little project right now that I'll tell you lot about in notes on other oneshots.

"Okay... Young Master! You can go first!" Finny shouted exuberantly.

"Damn, I didn't think I'd be chosen so quickly."

The blunette's eyes scanned the faces of those around him. He very much wanted to select someone other than his butler.

"Uh..."

"Go on, pick Sebastian. We all know that's who you want to pick anyway." The blonde earl muttered from his own butler's lap. Alois had no tact, it seemed.
Ciel glared at him. Now he definitely wasn't going to pick his idiotic demon... Who would be utterly unpredictable?

"I pick Grell."

The redhead glanced up from a small notebook, "Did someone call me?"

The young earl nodded, "I picked you."

"Really?" she glanced skeptically at him over her glasses.

Ciel looked mildly uncomfortable with the scathing glance the reaper gave him, "Yes, really..."

"I don't know why you would choose me, brat, but let's get this over with." The shinigami rose smoothly from her seat with a sigh, snapping her notebook shut and dropping it into the small bag by her chair. Ciel walked up the stairs to the point where the banister had been removed and watched as Grell got into position beneath him. He stood there looking down for a moment before she sighed, "You can still choose someone else."

Ciel shook his head quickly, and turned around before he could psych himself out, "Alright... 3... 2... 1..."

The boy dropped. He just lifted his foot up and let gravity pull him down. It was thrilling, the rush he got from the fall, but also terrifying. He wasn't sure if Grell would actually catch him. So when he actually did land in the reaper's arms, he was washed with an overwhelming feeling of relief, and reflexively clung to her. He glanced up at her face, and she was smiling, surprisingly. She shook her head, "Well, you can let go now. You're safely back on the ground, little beast."

Ciel quickly pulled his hands away and cleared his throat. She let him down and he walked back to his seat. Finny smiled and clapped.

"That was good! Now, Mister Grell, it's your turn!"

Grell scoffed but didn't bother correcting him, opting to instead glanced around. Who could she pick? Sure she would love to land in Will or Bassy's arms, but they would most likely let her fall. She sighed and glanced at the rest of the people. She barely recognized a few of the other faces. Some were the brat's servants, like the one running this thing, other's were people she'd seen as a butler, and she recognized the blonde brat and his servants from... well she couldn't recall where but she knew them. But that didn't matter. She decided on picking a fellow strong woman.

"You, the opiate dealer's girl. I pick you."

Lau looked down at his... sister, "Did you hear that, Ran-Mao? You've been picked." He smiled and looked over at Finny, "What exactly are we doing again?"

"You've been here the whole time and only now you decide to ask?!" Alois shouted. The chinese man simply shrugged and smiled as he usually did. Grell shook her head and began to talk up the stairs. Ran-Mao skipped over to her place and held her arms out. Grell leaned back and dropped. She'd fallen many times before, and she knew it wouldn't kill her (almost nothing could anymore...) but it still terrified her as she fell through the air. She landed in Ran-Mao's arms, and found her head resting on something rather soft. She opened her eyes and found she was being held in such a way that her head rested easily against the girl's chest.

"Pillow." Ran-Mao murmured, before setting the redhead gently on the ground. Grell shook her head and sat down.
Ran-Mao glanced around at all of the faces around her. She would not pick her master, she doubted he could pay enough attention to realize he needed to catch her. Not that a fall from that height could hurt her in the slightest, but the whole point was to be caught, and to be able to trust the one you chose to catch you. She decided to pick someone who would think about groping her when she fell.

"Gardener." she murmured, staring at Finny before walking up the stairs.

"Oh, me! Of course, Miss!" the blonde teen scurried to his place beneath the drop point. Ran-Mao dropped backwards without a fuss, and Finny carefully set her back down. Before she walked back to stand beside her master, she kissed him on the cheek. Satisfied with his blush, she returned to Lau's side.

Finnian's hand still rested on his cheek. He was blushing brightly, but he needed to concentrate. He wanted to pick someone he didn't know so he would have a chance to make a new friend. He looked around and noticed a boy sitting next to Mister Grell and Mister William. He hadn't introduced himself, he'd just walked casually beside the other two and dropped into a seat. Finny couldn't help but be mystified by his bright hair. He looked bored.

"Uh... I choose um... You there... next to Mister Grell and Mister William."

The boy glanced over, "Eh?"

"I... uh... picked you, Mister..."

"Oh, I'm Ronald. None of this Mister stuff. Let's get this over with."

Finnian climbed the stairs while Ronald got into position. Finny glanced down and smiled, then leaned back and let himself drop. It was a strange sensation, but he'd jumped off of higher places before, and this wasn't too bad. He was very calm when he landed in Ronald's arms. The boy glanced at him and Finny gave him a big grin before going back to his seat.

Ronald felt his heart jump a bit when he saw that smile. He hadn't really expected to find the blonde to be so cute. Well, he wasn't going to let himself worry too much about uncomfortable feelings like that, so he decided to just pick the hottest girl in the room.

"Um, you. The blonde brat's maid."

Hannah glanced at Alois to be sure it was okay.

"Get up there, Hannah, you cow! We're not going to wait all day!" The blonde griped.

Ronald frowned at the brat, but Hannah silently rose and went to stand in her position. He shrugged and walked up the stairs.

"You ready down there?"

She nodded and held her arms out.

The shinigami shrugged and turned around and let himself drop. He had a bit of a habit of dropping off of things, (ledges, roofs, etc) so it wasn't really much fun for him. But there was nothing more soothing than being held by a woman with a nice rack. He smiled when he landed, and was a bit disappointed to be set on the ground as quickly. But he was sure he'd fixed his little problem.

"Good job, Mister Ronald! You did well, too, Miss Hannah." Finny said, smiling dopily like he had before. Ronald felt his heart skip a beat again and sighed. He walked over to his chair and dropped
into his seat. William was sure to give him a tongue lashing later; he just realized he was going to smell like demon for the rest of the day. Worth it.

Hannah looked at everyone. She wanted to choose someone who would be respectful, and she would not be choosing any of her boys. She looked around and noticed someone she felt had a lot of charm and respect for women.

"I'll pick you there. The Phantomhive chef." she said quietly.

Bard looked up and grinned, "Of course, ma'am. I'd be honored to catch such a lovely lady."

Alois gagged and Ciel rolled his eyes. Claude's eyes narrowed slightly, but he didn't seem focused on Bard at all, only Hannah.

The Trancy maid smiled at the cook's American charm and walked up the stairs, leaving Bard to stand in position.

She was a bit interested in what it would feel like. She was often wondering about different humans these days, especially when she managed to get away from the estate. So she turned and dropped. The fall was uneventful, but she was surprised by the sturdiness of the cook's arms. He hardly moved when he caught her and she, along with her dress, was rather heavy. He smiled at her and carefully stood her up. She returned the grin and walked back over to her master.

Bard glanced around. He didn't want to pick anyone that would think he was too heavy. He didn't really have many choices; there weren't many people left.

"I'll pick uh... Will."

The shinigami adjusted his glasses and stood without a word.

"Uh... okay, then." Bard rubbed the back of his head and walked to the drop point. He glanced down to see William, and the man put his hands out. Bard shrugged and let himself drop. He landed on the man's arms (he was so stiff how else could he describe it) and simply rolled to his feet. He scratched the back of his had and walked back to his seat.

Will looked around. He was not going to pick one of the demons, and he had a feeling the maid wearing glasses would faint. The bratty blonde was out as well. There was only one person left. The one person who'd been rather quiet, calm, and polite the whole time.

"You. The young lady sewing."

Everyone glanced over to see Lady Elizabeth sitting quietly next to Lau and seemed to be working on her sewing. She looked up calmly and set her materials down.

"Of course."

Ciel's jaw dropped, "Elizabeth-"

"Lizzy."

"Lizzy... you can't be serious."

Sebastian chuckled, "My lord, you'd be surprised by the strength of your fiancee."

"What?"
"Just watch."

Elizabeth, or rather Lizzy, took her place beneath the banister and held her arms out patiently. William adjusted his glasses and turned, falling efficiently in one swift movement.

She caught him with ease. The edges of her dress barely rustled. The entire group gawked at her.

Ciel shook his head in disbelief, "I suppose it does no good to doubt the eventual Countess of Phantomhive..."

Lizzy set Will onto his feet and the shinigami adjusted his glasses once more. None of the humans that hung around with the Phantomhive child were even remotely normal. None of the demons were, either. He glanced over at the Trancy butler. Well, apart from one. His eyes turned to Sebastian as he returned to his chair. That one was the least normal of them all.

Lizzy glanced around. She couldn't pick Ciel, that was expected, and he'd been the first to choose, and he very well couldn't choose a second time. She didn't want to pick Mei-Rin, since she knew her quite well. The whole point of this was to connect with everyone. She glanced over at the Trancy servants. Triplets? How adorable.

"I pick one of you three. How about the one with his fringe swept to the left?"

Canterbury stood and, after whispering with his brothers, walked over to his place beneath the drop spot. Lizzy skipped up the stairs and let her momentum carry her down as she turned. She landed giggling in Canterbury's arms, and hopped up of her own accord, returning to her seat and her sewing.

The plum haired demon looked over at his brothers. They'd discussed their options, and they knew one of them was going to have to make Sebastian and Claude be the last two left. So Canterbury would be the one to choose their fellow plum-haired servant (though it was plum-red rather than plum-purple). He pointed at Mei-Rin and walked up the stairs.

The maid blushed, as expected, and slowly walked to her post. Canterbury turned and dropped backwards, prepared for the shakiness of the catch as the poor woman barely managed to keep her cool. The demon carefully slid out of her grip before kissing her hand and returning to his place by his brother.

The frazzled Mei-Rin stared after the plum-haired man. She couldn't choose Sebastian or the butler that looked so much like him. She would have a heart attack. So she couldn't help but pick one of the remaining brothers. She pointed at one of them, she wasn't two sure which but she was shaking so badly that it honestly didn't matter. The triplets whispered amongst each other once more and Timber rose to his post.

Mei-Rin scrambled up the stairs and ended up tripping over the edge instead of dropping. She managed to turn around in the air so... plus for that. She landed with a thump in Timber's arms, heart thumping from the adrenaline. The triplet set her on her feet and kissed her hand, sending her spinning and stumbling back to her seat.

Timber nodded at Thompson. The last piece of their plan would come together. The balanced triplet took his post and Timber climbed the stairs. He dropped casually into his brother's arms and immediately returned to his seat.

It was time. Thompson turned and pointed at his master. Alois jumped up and walked over to where he was supposed to stand. Thompson climbed the stairs and quickly dropped, preparing himself
should Alois not catch him. But the blonde brat was true to the exercise and caught him. Without much fuss, the last triplet rolled out of Alois's arms and returned to his brothers.

Alois scowled. He had two choices left. He could go the simple route and choose his butler. Or he could irritate Phantomhive by picking Sebastian. He sighed. He could go the petty route, but he also wanted to irritate Sebastian by making him have to catch Claude.

"Claude."

Ciel rolled his eyes, "Way to be predictable."

"Oh go bugger yourself, Phantomhive," Alois whined as he climbed the stairs. Claude sighed and stood where he needed to to catch his Highness.

Alois was not so keen on dropping. He didn't really trust the fall! The fall of course. He trusted Claude completely. He trusted Claude with his life. And with that thought repeating in his mind, Alois let himself drop. Claude caught him, of course. See. He had nothing to worry about. Claude placed him on his feet and the blonde confidently walked back to his seat.

Claude was not pleased. He'd requested that Hannah select him to catch her so he would have a better selection of people, but the cow had ignored him. Now he was stuck being caught by that blasted raven. Of course, he could simply refuse to participate, but he, and the rest of the servants, had been ordered to participate. He was sure Sebastian had received the same answer. He glared at the other butler, who smiled politely and went to stand where he was needed. Claude climbed the stairs and let himself drop. He was surprised when Sebastian actually caught him, but then the other butler crushed him tightly and growled in his ear.

"Remember, scum. Ravens eat spiders."

Claude suppressed his shiver. The other could be utterly terrifying at times. Sebastian dropped him tastelessly and brushed off his suit. Claude scowled, but returned to his seat in silence.

Finny jumped up, "Alright, it's the final match! Young Master, you have to catch Sebastian!"

"The Hell I will." the earl responded, sinking into his seat.

"Language, young master, there are ladies present. Come now, can you not complete this simple task?"

"Of course not! You're twice my size."

"That is a bit of an exaggeration, my lord."

"A me and a half, then."

Finny pouted, "But Young Master... we have to complete the exercise..."

"No, Finny. I'm not going to do it just to complete your silly exercise."

"But, Young Master..."

"Enough, Finny. I'm not doing it."

Ciel was surprised to see Finny's eyes well up. He froze, not prepared for the promised onslaught of tears.
"Fine! Fine... I'll finish your bloody exercise."

"Really?"

"Yes..."

"Thank you, Young Master!"

Well... at least the tears were gone.

Sebastian chuckled as he watched his little lord walk to his position and stand awkwardly with his arms out. He slowly walked up the stairs, savoring his master's irritated expression. He dragged his feet as he walked to the ledge and smirked down at his master before turning around. He could feel the boy's nervous anticipation and utter lack of confidence. Don't worry, my lord, I have everything under control. The demon dropped. But when he was about to land in the earl's arms, he made himself as light as a feather and as stiff as a board. Ciel had no issue catching him, and the boy was visibly surprised for a moment. But he managed to conceal it behind false confidence and quickly set Sebastian onto his feet. The demon stretched and returned to his usual state.

Finny jumped up and clapped, "That was great!" he turned to everyone, "I'm glad we did this. I hope everyone feels better about each other! Now, if everyone will head outside, Mister Sebastian has made treats for everyone!" The group rose, breaking off and scattering. Some were prompted to talk with the one's they'd interacted with. Ronald sidled up to Finny, because there was no way he was going to let the cute gardener get away. Bard decided to start a chat with Hannah. The triplets flanked Mei-Rin and the group began to have a riveting whispered conversation, punctuated by Mei-Rin's occasional gasp or squeal. Lizzy began a chat with William, intent on making him smile. Grell waited at the back of the group to have a chat with the young Earl of Phantomhive.

Sebastian chuckled and began to walk off, but Ciel stopped him.

"You did that didn't you? How?"

"Why, how could you not know, my young lord?"

"Oh god... don't sa-

"I'm simply one hell of a butler."

"Go bugger yourself." the child muttered, before catching up with Grell.
Morning

Chapter Summary

Major Character Death warning

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Never lie to me. Never betray me. You are to stay by my side until the end."

His own words bounced around in his brain. Orders he had given time and time again, at moments where he had felt the winds changing, an adventure coming to an end, a new arc beginning in his life. The times where he felt it necessary to re-establish his power over his not-so-loyal knight. Times where he had briefly feared that his butler might go astray, or try to flee from his... responsibilities. Times where he worried his servant might stop being any sort of honest, moments where he feared his attendant might begin to "attend" to his own needs. These orders were spoken in those brief lulls in service where he feared his demon might begin to act like... a demon.

He never thought he could mean them differently. Never did he think that "the end" would be anyone's but his own.

Never had he even considered the slightest possibility that Sebastian could die.

He was a demon. Sure they had had many close calls. But the butler always shrugged it off with a simply roll of his catch phrase. It had never been a point of worry. Never.

But one slash from a real reaper's scythe and all beliefs flew out of the window.

His loyal knight... his eternal night, had ended at last.

And his mourning would begin with the morning.

Chapter End Notes

Ow. Wow I can write some dreary stuff, eh? I just wanted a bit of word play. And major character death.
Sorry my poor little fledglings. I'll write something funny next, yes?
Sebascliff- The Wedding2 (Mod AU)

Chapter Summary

Not the same AU as The Wedding 1 (in the Random Ships1 chapter)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Really, Angelina? Pastel pink may be lovely on your niece, but I don't expect Little Lizzy is the one waltzing up the aisle to marry my darling Bassy."

"I know you have a love for crimson, but are you honestly so tactless that you'll wear-"

"You're one to talk about tactless, dear. Oh yes we all enjoyed the view of your milky thighs at our favorite brat's wedding. You try far too hard for a woman of your age."

"Why, I never-"

The bickering besties were suddenly interrupted by a slammed door and the easily recognizable shriek of a certain far-sighted plum-haired woman, who quickly came scurrying into the room.

"I-I'm sorry, Miss, I tried to stop him-"

"GRELL SUTCLIFF, HOW DARE YOU!"

Angelina chuckled, "I told you he would find out."

The shark-toothed reaper sighed dramatically, "Now, Bassy-dear."

"Don't 'Now, Bassy-dear' me! How dare you try to plan this wedding without me!"

"You see, darling, traditionally men don't tend to want anything to do with weddings."

"Well, I'm certainly not traditional, Grell!"

"Yes, but darling-"

The ravenette's expression made it clear that he cared very little about what his fiancee had to say. He leaned very closely to her face, and the entire room shivered.

"Grell Sutcliff, I have been planning my wedding day since I was a fledgling. You will not take that from me."

The reaper swallowed (you would, too, with a furious demon glaring down at you, "O-of course dear."

"Good," Satisfied, Sebastian sat beside his soon-to-be wife, "Now, how far along in the plans are you?"

"We were just planning the colors for Grell and her bridesmaids."
"Show me." The demon held out his hand expectantly, and Angeline happily gave him her sketch.

He stared at it and immediately frowned, "Really, Madam?"

"What?"

"Are you sure this isn't Lady Elizabeth's bridesmaid gown?"

Grell laughed and a red faced Madam Red snatched the drawing back, "Fine then! What would you put her in?"

"Red of course." The demon smiled at his smirking bride-to-be, "Why would I want her looking like anyone but herself?"

Chapter End Notes

Aw... much better. I'm sure this makes up for "Morning". Right, dears?
Random ships. A bunch of really short ficlets. Some crack!ship songfics maybe... I'm just writing short, stupid things until I find more inspiration. Also a quick and simple response to a request. Might write some crack!lemons... later. May end up revisiting these shorts later to expand their universes... Read 'em and tell me if you want some pointless lemons!

**Obscenities (Sebard)**

"Fuck!" the Phantomhive chef shouted, jumping back from the burning stove. He hadn't even used weapons this time!

Bard glanced around the kitchen before he spotted exactly what he needed. He dived under a tongue of flame and grabbed the massive bag of sand the manor's "perfect" butler kept around the kitchen these days. The cook poured copious amounts of sand over the grease fire. With a sigh of relief, he turned around.

"Oh! Uh... Sebastian... uh..."

"Bard..." The butler's dark tone sent shivers down the cook's spine.

"I swear I didn't use any weapons! Didn't even glance at me flamethrower!"

The butler rolled his eyes, "Yes, I am quite aware."

"Then what..."

"How many times have I told you to stop your use of profanities when the young master is home? He has picked up enough filth from the ingrates he works with."

"Oh... sorry 'bout that. I uh... sort of forgot in the... heat... of the moment."

"Poor attempts at humor through clever wordplay will not get you out of this."

The cook swallowed reflexively. Sebastian could get quite... inventive... with his punishments.

The butler smirked, easily able to see the fear in Bard's eyes, "Now... what sort discipline shall I deliver? Ah, I have the perfect penalty for this offense." he leaned closer to the chef, "I suppose if you cannot remember on your own, I shall have to give you a chance to practice keeping silent."

With the look in the other man's eyes and the sultry way he spoke, Bard had no question of the nature of his punishment. It did nothing to relax him. Now his stomach was twisting for a completely different reason.

"As this is a recurring offense, I shall have to up the ante. We will meet in the main guest room, tonight."
Bard gaped, "But that's right beside the young master's bedroom!"

"All the more reason to learn to hold your tongue. Now, clean up this mess. I must attend to Finny. It seems he's crying in the garden."

The cook turned and began robotically cleaning up the mess of grease and sand around the stove. Another shiver ran down his spine once the butler left. But he couldn't help but admit that he was looking forward to this evening.

*(Wow, ended that one lamely)*

**The Library (Joanne/Sieglinde)**

"Come, Volfrahm! It shoult be down tiss corridor!"

"R-right!" The young witch's butler still struggled heavily with english. Luckily, he was not the one who needed to use it daily.

The Phantomhive boy had set them up at a nice school. Though Weston College was school for the sons of nobles, the young Earl had managed to pull enough strings to get Sieglinde access to the public school's resources. She maneuvered through the school as discreetly as possible, though someone on the Earl's side had supplied a cover story should they be seen. At the moment, the young genius was heading towards her favorite part of the school: the library. She found many texts to help her with her research, and this part of the school was usually barely populated, especially this late in the evening.

"Ve got turnt arount, but here it is!" Sieglinde was more excited today than she usually was as, despite Ciel's warnings, she had made a friend.

"Yoanne!" the girl whispered, rolling through the aisles, looking for the silvery-blonde head. She finally found him sitting at a desk in a corner, hunched over a book. She smiled brightly, "Yoanne! I haff fount you."

The blonde started and looked up from his book, "Oh, Sigleen. It's just you. How are you?"

"I am vell! I haff made Arachne Patousa for myself. Perhaps I vill show you at some time."

"Spider Legs? Are they easier than the chair?" the boy asked quietly, his eyes having returned to his book.

"Ja. My arms haff been getting sore, and teh legs let me practice walking."

"Perhaps you will write a book about it one day."

"Yes, perhaps I vill. You will haff your nose buried in tat book, even though you could see teh real ones if you liftet your heat."

Joanne glanced up with a laugh, "That might be true. Oh, where is Wolfram?"

"Eh?" The girl turned and glanced around, "Heh, I must haff lost him while I vas looking for you!"

The bookworm snickered, "Perhaps you were too fast for him. Wolfram seems to not be as used to the layout of the college as you are."

"Yes, he got us lost on our vay here. My arms vere tiret so I let him push me..."
"Perhaps we should find him a map?" Joanne suggested.

Sieglinde's eyes brightened, "Oh, tat is a brilliant idea, Yoanne! Ten he vill know where to push me. Let us go look for von."

The pair rushed away from the table, Sieglinde instinctively trying both to drag Joanne by the wrist and propel herself along. Joanne ended up taking control of her chair and they rushed around the library, looking for a map of the school. Wolfram rested by the entrance, content to let his young mistress have fun with her new friend.

(So I really wanted to express the foreign-ness of Sieglinde's English, and it was really hard. I initially attempted to have her sentences structured awkwardly, and I kept that, but it wasn't enough for me. So I figured I'd incorporate her accent. I looked up the way she would want to naturally say some of these sounds (some were easier than others, since I studied German for a bit). I did my best to imply her accent structurally (turning d's to t's and w's to v's and v's to f's when necessary). I was really unsure of how to portray "one" since it looks very differently from how it sounds and I wasn't felt like it helped imply her accent if you could see it. I didn't want it to be perceived as offensive (that's why I do my research) and I also attempted to balance that out with Joanne's English, as German words, even Wolfram and Sieglinde's names, would be mispronounced. I had him say her name as I first perceived it when I first read it, and I wanted them both to say Wolfram so you could see the distinction between "Volfrahm" and "Wolfram". I read everything aloud to ensure that it sounded enough like a german who was speaking English, making corrections as I saw fit. I'm not too sure how I want to portray [my perception of] her speech patterns in future ficlets...)
Once again cut off, Mei-Rin simply smiled in thanks. She never knew what to expect when Lau visited the young master, apart from the earl's poor mood afterwards. Occasionally the peculiar man's companion would wander from his side and find her way to the maid. They'd formed a strange sort of relationship, one that could be perceived as scandalous. But it seemed very simple when the quiet woman did things like this.

(I've shipped them ever since I saw that brief clip in "The Making of Kuroshitsuji II... I felt like exploring their relationship. I thought I might have RanMao say something like "sheet" or "help" but she's very effective as a silent character here.)
Chapter Summary

The one's we love are oft the one's that kill us.
Major Character Death Warning

Chapter Notes

I felt like killing characters...

Sebastian

A sick twist of events...

"Sebastian. This is an order..."

The demon stood in anticipation, heart racing, anxious to hear a proper order, the order that would end this, and bind them. He was excited; he could hardly wait to take Claude's life. He wondered how his precious master would phrase it, those final words. He'd never been one to wait with an order before, and it was nearly painful, the anticipation.

"Lose."

He prepared to attack, but paused. Had he not heard correctly? Had his young lord, his precious Young Master, ordered him to lose? He moved as though to strike, but his body seized up, his intent clearly going against the order. He had to lose. He had to let this repulsive spider kill him.

The raven stared balefully at his master, whose eyes were closed in peaceful slumber. His own actions made it clear; the boy had meant it. He would lose his life tonight. But... why? As he dodged the blows, unable to strike back and knowing he would not be allowed to dodge forever, he wondered how his master, his beloved Ciel, could do this to him. This, a betrayal worse than casting him out. Stealing from him his revenge, his prize, and most of all his life. They'd promised, they'd sworn to stay by each other until the end.

But it was the end. As the rippling blade pierced his chest, Sebastian... no the demon that was once Sebastian, realized the truth. This was it. He was, in the end, one hell of a butler.

"This is an order... Lose."

"Yes, my Lord."

Ciel

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I’ve tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.

These were the words that came to him now. His first death had been fire. A slow, all-encompassing burning as his soul was wiped from existence. As flesh died and nails darkened and eyes bled red. If that is true... then I am the world. I was the world. His world. The first time I died, I died by fire. Alois's desire, his wish ended my life. And now I'm apt to die again. Robert was a clever man. The boy glanced across the cafe, where Sebastian sat and flirted with a young woman, occasionally glancing in the boy's direction, only to have the laughter in his eyes immediately snuff out. As their eyes met for the eighth time, and Ciel felt the cold of those garnet eyes shake his core, the remaining lines echoed in his mind.

But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Hannah

I had never thought, of all the things in this world, that he would be the one to kill me.

Our relationship was... original to say the least. It was not, in the beginning, built on love. Merely necessity. We had both had need of the same soul, for different reasons, of course. I had been searching far across the country to find the other Macken boy, and he... he had been looking for some help. The child was near impossible to manage, and he'd grown violent and clingy over the short course of their contract. I had wanted to be there for him. I knew him best. Even with their contract, since the fool had only intended to use the boy as a means to an end. I knew the flowers he liked, the foods he enjoyed eating, the term that became that butler's key phrase. And he needed to make sure that the true object of Alois's revenge didn't interrupt his plan.

So Claude had let me in.

My own servants had joined us, having been willing to follow me to the ends of the earth, even if it meant starving for a few years. We served the Trancy household for a year or two, time passes so quickly here. I watched my little Alois grow, and Claude watched me. He knew about the secret I kept inside of me. He had wanted to use it. That was when things began to change. Oh yes, above all else I was simply a weapon and a possible threat, but I could feel a change in him. The spider began to feel.

The process of removing Lævateinn ultimately brought us closer. He could have easily been forceful, aggressive. But every time, his hand was steady and his touch was soft. In moments when we were left alone, and he did not need to act harshly for our master, we grew closer. The triplets were a tad jealous.

Of course... none of that matters now. He, in his anger at my betrayal, has ensured that I do not get to enjoy a peaceful end. As rocks began to fall around us, with the last of his strength, the fool who could not even place his glasses upon face, used the exposed blade of my sword and a quick twist of his chest, to slice me, from shoulder to hip. As I slowly bleed out, I can feel the boys screaming my name. They are afraid.

So am I.
Claude

Of all things I have been called, kind is not one of them. I am infamous for my cold-hearted cruelty, and my crafty ways. I am known for backstabbing and betrayals. None of my contracts are ever what they seem.

And yet... she came to me. She sought me out. Perhaps it was the way she had begged, but I allowed her, and her irritating posse, a place in my master's home. I had thought it might give me a chance to keep an eye on her. She was, after all, the true object of my master's revenge, not that raven I had told him of, and my key to getting the Phantomhive boy's soul. The Sheath for the Demon Sword, Lævateinn. When I saw her, I could feel my luck change.

As well as something else. She had a way about her that drew me to her. Never before had I desired a woman, apart from as a meal. I was enchanted.

I should have known it was too good to last. I should have realized that, given the chance, she would turn on me in an instant. She stole both of my meals, after stealing my heart. What a fool I was. And it was the raven who made it clear. Not just about Alois. No, his words, as I sat slowly dying, they rang in my head. I had wasted so much time and effort on her...

In my final moments she comes to me, lies beside me.

"Love," she whispers softly, "is a sword in the chest."

Chapter End Notes

Give me some more ships, no repeat characters, and I'll have them kill the one's they love.
Swords and Souls

Chapter Summary

Follow up of the second ending of "Lizzy's Wish". I'm gonna play with this idea for a bit.

Waking

She worried, briefly, how to hide the obvious physical changes from her family. The nails were a simple fix, for them there were gloves and polish. The eyes were another matter. Emerald green to glowing crimson was a startling change. And although the color looked lovely against her alabaster skin, she doubted her mother would find it as appealing. There had to be something to fix that.

She didn't really have anyone to ask. Well, she could go speak with Hannah again, or any of the other Trancy servants, and she could easily speak with Sebastian about it. But there was a part of her that stubbornly did not want to turn to the others for help. She was new at this, terribly so. She wasn't sure of what was expected of her, but she wasn't going to let herself rely on them.

She gazed in the mirror. Obviously the red could not be a permanent change. All of the other's had somewhat normal eye colors. It must be something she could change. She could figure it out. She searched for that feeling, the soft crackle of majik under her skin. Perhaps if she controlled it, pulled it all to one area of her body. If she could contain it in one spot, maybe then she could begin to control other things as well.

Her eyes snapped shut to improve her focus. She dragged the power to the center of her chest and trapped it there. Despite what she had thought, the power was terribly difficult to keep contained. At one point it sprung free, causing a shockwave of power to shake everything in her room. With a groan, she began the process again, working until gathering the majik became effortless. Once she was confident every bit of majik in her system was contained in that one spot, she opened her eyes.

Emerald green. See, simple. She could do it all on her own, now especially. She was even stronger than she had been before.

A Midford did not need to rely on others to solve her problems.

A demon must never rely on others at all.

Hunger

She was convinced the hunger would give her away. She should have realized that she wouldn't have the sort of control and patience the others had. They were older, more used to this. It was harder to handle when her power was contained. Because of it a lot of things had changed.

She found noble gatherings to be incredibly taxing. It took everything not to, well she wasn't quite sure what would happen if she gave in to her hunger, but she was sure it would not be pretty. It would, most likely, result in someone's death. So she often spent all her energy keeping herself under control. She wondered how the other's could manage. How could they all remain so... calm. She was doing everything in her power to avoid large gatherings of people. They smelled delicious, every
person bearing a new aroma, a new flavor. But she could not ruin this. So she kept her hunger in check.

It was hard because normal food no longer did anything for her. In the beginning she'd worried her mother. Everything, even her favorite dishes, tasted terrible. Empty, tasteless. Strange tasteless textures, like unflavored gelatin. Like dirt. She'd refused to eat anything for days. But now she ate what she was given. She did not want her family to worry, it would bring pointless attention her way. But she made sure to vomit the indigestible food when no one was around.

But she needed to eat, and she needed it soon.

**Cute**

She realized, at one point, in the midst of trying to control her hunger and contain her power, that she had changed. It was a small moment, but it was a huge development. She'd been out with Paula, and the young maid had pointed out the newest Funtom stuffed animal, a small bird.

"Isn't that just adorable, my lady?"

The young noble had glanced at the creature and frowned at her maid, "Stop dawdling, Paula, we must hurry. Mother is waiting."

And with an embarrassed squeak, the maid had rushed after her mistress.

It caused the young Midford to pause during one of her calm, alone moments. When had she stopped liking cute things? No, that wasn't the right way to go about it. She still liked them, she still loved anything adorable. But when had she stopped... embodying it? Her manor of dress had changed. She'd finally started wearing the more mature clothing her mother insisted on putting into her closet, and she was starting to notice the more frilly gowns start to disappear. So her family had noticed as well.

When? And why? How could her world suddenly stop being... cute?

And, although it took her a while, she finally realized her answer. Because she'd finally understood. A choice had been made, and there was no going back. Now that Hannah had affirmed what she'd begun to believe, Elizabeth could no longer pretend that acting like a child would put a smile on her face.

She was Lizzy no longer. Elizabeth was finally taking on the personality of one of the Queen's Knight, and the Countess of Phantomhive. There was no room for "cute" things in this world.

**Hunt**

She could not restrain herself any longer. She needed to eat.

She snuck out. Night, she felt, was the best time to hunt. Those who would not be too dearly missed would be out and about. She could finally let go.

She didn't know when she she arrived in London, she just knew that she needed to get to the East Side. Everything was clearer once she let go. She was fast, faster than any horse she could have stolen. She could hear everything, every good night, every whispered prayer, every silent sob in the night. She could see the world with utter clarity, as if the sun was burning down without a cloud in the sky. And the smells... She was constantly bombarded by smells. It should have been impossible to distinguish them, but she could. There was the smell of tears, of finished meals, of heat and angst and lust. And there was the unmistakeable smell... of food. It was every where, but she would not let
her senses get the better of her. She had her targets in mind, and she could, would, refrain from killing an innocent. No, tonight's quarry was far from innocent.

She brought her impossible speed to a halt, slowing to a casual strolling pace. She could see them, the scum that her fiance had to keep under control. The refuse of the Underworld.

A loud crack filled the air. One of those scents grew suddenly stronger, as if someone had swung open the door to a kitchen just as the meal finished cooking. She followed her nose. And there, she saw something... beautiful. A man lay sprawled out on the ground, blood seeping from a wound in his chest. The gunman was already far from the scene of the crime. But what was beautiful about it was the glorious light flowing from his chest. Something... delicious. She walked up to the dying man, watching as he struggled to breathe. She knelt beside him.

"Gh! H-he..."

"Sh..." It was strange. It felt so natural. To soothe this dying man before she devoured his soul, "It will be alright. I'm here to help take the pain away," She slipped off one of her leather gloves and gently closed his eyes, "It will all be over soon." She turned to the light spiraling slowly towards the sky from his chest. So this was what a soul looked like? How was she supposed to...

"Oh my. It seems I've found a little problem."

She jumped at the voice. How had she not heard them coming? She turned quickly, just in time to jump out of the way of terrible spinning blades. She frowned at the man?woman? before her. They were dressed in red with long, flowing crimson hair. Their weapon was a noisy thing, a chainsaw. Something about their face was familiar.

"I've seen you before... Oh! You were Aunt Angelina's butler! The one I put in that lovely dress!"

Grell adjusted their spectacles, "I thought I recognized you... you're Madam's niece. The loud one obsessed with cute things."

"Well, I've changed a bit now, but yes. You... you aren't human."

"And neither are you. What a surprise."

"Well... I suppose, yes. This is a recent development. To protect Ciel. I can't save him, so I figured I'd become strong enough to defend him."

"So you found out the truth about that brat, hm? I wonder how the rest of his crew hasn't."

"Putting that aside... what are you?"

"I'm a Grim Reaper, darling. Couldn't you tell by my lovely death scythe?" The crimson reaper lifted their chainsaw.

"What? So that means..."

"I'm here to reap this man's soul."

"Oh, but you can't!"

"And why not."

"Because I was... I was... was..."
"You were what? About to eat him? I thought as much when I first saw you. Sorry, dear. But I've got a job to do."

"But I'm starving!"

"Not my problem~"

Elizabeth pouted as the reaper revved their scythe. Now what was she going to do? She came all this way, the opportunity had perfectly presented itself, she didn't even need to kill someone. No, this all happened for a reason. She was not going to give up so easily.

"Actually, Grell, it is."

The reaper frowned and turned towards her, "Wha-"

Elizabeth launched herself at them, kicking them hard enough to send them spiraling across the street, "I got here first. I'm starving, I haven't eaten anything in the month after becoming... like this. I'd much rather not have to kill someone for my meal." The young noble knelt beside the dead man and plucked his soul out. It resembled a large glowing marble with florescent green candy floss floating off of it. She held it tightly in her fist and ran. She doubted Grell would be particularly pleased when they got up.

She ran until she got home. Then she sat on her bed and observed the glowing soul in her hand. It smelled like apples and warm rain and melted vanilla ice cream. There was something crisp and warm and spicy about it. She wasn't quite sure what to do with it now that she had it, but she figured the first step was putting it in her mouth.

It was like a grape. She broke the "skin" and a soft, airy thing slid down her throat. The taste was simple, just like it smelled. But a feeling accompanied it. An overwhelming feeling of warmth and comfort and ease and... pleasure. It was mind-numbingly blissful.

And the hunger had finally passed.

Defend

She had finally decided to visit Ciel. But he wasn't home. No, he was out doing work for the Queen. She understood, but she was a tad upset. She had finally gotten a decent control over her majik, her hunger was gone... She'd wanted to tell him. But she would not end her visit simply because he wasn't in. She would not redecorate the manor as she had in the past, but she did want to add a soothing touch to it. It was large and intimidating. She wanted to add feeling to it. So with the servants' help, she began to work, lightly decorating it. She did not want to ruin Sebastian's work, so she decided to compliment it. She spent the day sewing, knitting, and creating small bouquets. Small arrangements of warm summer-colored flowers. She wanted to add soothing warm colors around the house. She knitted small cozies to decorate the mantles, she'd sewn a small, sweet pillow to place on the large chair in the study. The small team hung bundles of warmly scented flowers, sticks, and herbs around the manor.

But towards the evening, the calm and happy feeling that had embraced the manor dissipated.

"My lady, I think we should head inside." The group, four servants and young noblewoman, had taken a break to sit and watch the sun slowly set. But suddenly Tanaka's true form appeared, calling for Elizabeth to return indoors. The other three servants seemed tense and kept glancing at very specific areas of the manor, as if preparing to dash there the instant she was safely inside.

That was what caused her to sniff. Something had them on edge. She quickly realized what it was.
The distinct smell of gunpowder, iron, and many, many souls filled her nose. She stood quickly.

"Bring me two swords."

"My lady-"

"Tanaka," the young Midford turned and stared at the old steward, "I am to one day be the Countess of Phantomhive, the wife of your master. I am a member of the Midford family, also known as the Queen's Knights. Bring me a sword. I will not cower indoors like a lesser noble."

Tanaka bowed and rushed inside to bring her the requested weaponry. Finny was beaming brightly, Mei-Rin grinned, and Bard smiled.

"That's the spirit, miss!" The cook shouted, "Now, let's get to our stations." The three servants dashed inside as Tanaka came out with the promised swords.

"I will fight with you, my lady."

Elizabeth smiled at him as she unsheathed the swords, "No need. Go relax. You've earned a break. You all have. In fact, tell the others to leave it to me. You've helped me all day, and many times before you've defended me and this manor. Tonight, you four may sit back, relax, and enjoy a night off."

Tanaka arched an eyebrow, "Are you sure, Lady Elizabeth?"

She beamed, "Absolutely."

"Hau, hau, hau!" In a rush of steam, Tanaka reverted back to his usual self and went inside.

She waited until all was quiet, the four had settled down inside with cups of tea. She could feel the anticipation of the attackers waiting in the woods. She caught a glimpse of red on the roof, and smiled at Grell, who was accompanied by a four other reapers, from the smell of it. She turned and took her stance.

It was time for the lady to defend the manor.

**Protect**

She had decided not to tell Ciel. Sebastian, she assumed, would eventually figure it out, but Ciel could remain in the dark.

It was her way of protecting him a bit more. From herself. Unlike Sebastian, who stood by his side like a shadow, she would be the moon.

She'd protect him as she was from a distance.

**Goodbye**

Ah, the day came, as she knew it would. She'd been spending more of her time around Ciel now. She wasn't too sure what would happen, but she desperately wanted to be there when it did. She followed the pair as they traveled to a distant island. As a battle raged, she joined the woman who had allowed her to be a part of her fiance's world.

"Hannah."

"My lady..."
"How is he?"

"He and my master are speaking. I did what I could. Alois had wanted to make him a demon. I convinced him to change his mind."

Elizabeth sighed, "Good... Ciel deserves peace. He's been fighting for so long."

"Will you be there?"

"I want to be. I have not spoken to Sebastian about any of this."

"Does he know?"

"I think so. Have you told Ciel? About..."

"No. But I told my master. It was how I convinced him. Because you... are so like his brother Luka."

"The boy you told me about?"

"Yes. They will get to be together now."

"Really? Then I suppose everyone will get there peace."

The pair turned quickly towards the sound of shuddering stone.

"Claude will not. He, too, has been fighting for far too long. I suppose this is a fitting end."

"Indeed. The end he deserves."

"A little bitter, I see."

"A little. Though I am grateful."

"..."

"Had it not been for his selfishness, I never would have been able to know the truth, be a part of it all. I would have been left behind as Ciel left this world."

"What do you plan on doing when he is gone?"

Elizabeth leaned against Hannah. They sat silently, back to back, just like another pair of peaceful individuals.

"I don't know. I suppose I will return to my family, and perform my duties as I should have been for as long as possible. Then, maybe I will travel."

"Would you like to speak to him? One last time? He will not wake again until Sebastian takes his soul."

The blonde thought, "I... would like to. But..."

"But you won't."

"No. I think... we already said our goodbyes."

End
"My lady..." Sebastian called softly.

Hannah had dropped into the crag to die alongside Claude as the island tore itself apart. Sebastian had taken Ciel back to the mainland, and she had been a ghost behind them. She'd kept her distance, not wanting Sebastian to perceive her as a threat. She just wanted to watch, to witness her beloved's last moments.

"It is alright. You may come closer."

The dark demon called to her now. He had spoken with the boy, who'd asked if it was finally the end. He'd told him it was, and Ciel had sighed softly and whispered, "Finally..."

"I have been aware of you, the way you trailed us, aided us from a distance."

She stepped slowly towards him as he spoke. He had not eaten the soul yet. He held it in his hand, letting the glow illuminate his face as he slowly invited her close.

"I did not tell the young master a thing. I knew you would have spoken to him, had you wanted him to know."

She was beside him now, and he gently gestured for her to kneel beside him.

"The last time, the time that gave Claude the chance to steal his soul, the young lord had suggested that I offer the scraps of his soul to a crow that was perched nearby."

She observed him as he told this story. This soul was not one that smelled... delicious. It was beautiful and a brilliant blue. But the smell... was sad. It did not awaken her desire to feast, merely the urge to weep. But it drew her attention all the same.

"At the time, I had not thought much of it, merely called him generous. I'd been intent on feasting on the soul I'd waited so long for."

She was unsure of why he was telling her this. Perhaps he wished to tell her about the things she'd missed.

"But just now, I was thinking..." He looked up from the soul and stared at her, "As there is no little bird to share the scraps with, I felt that you deserved to have some part in this." And he held out to her a small bit of the soul, "This amount alone would be enough to last me decades. The entirety will last me centuries. You are so new to this. I know you will have trouble making contracts of your own to avoid the reapers. Take this as my final gift to you while I remain as Sebastian."

Hand trembling, she gently took the bit of soul. It was warm, unlike the first soul she'd eaten. Sebastian stared, waiting. She slowly brought the soul to her lips.

"It is alright."

She swallowed. A sense of warmth filled her. The same blissfulness embraced every sense, but there was something there. She could feel it. It was like a gentle caress, a tight hug, a light kiss. Then it was gone. Tears silently streamed down her face as the feelings passed.

She was full.
Nails dug into flesh. The skin of an arm, the top of the back, across the pale, trembling chest. Thighs were pink speckled with long red lines. These were not signs of pleasure.

This was pain. Unending agony. But all the tears on the surface were nothing compared to the rips in his soul. Not his real soul. No...

There might have been some relief from that.

Sebastian sat anxiously on the bed. There was nothing he could do. He'd been ordered not to so much as reach toward the boy. He stared as his precious lord tried to destroy his body. One spot in particular a focus of the boy's attacks.

"If I... if I can scratch hard enough it will come off! I can... huff... get it OFF!"

"M-my lord, no amount o-"

"SHUT UP!!!" The earl roared. The demon was unsure how to respond. Even at his worst times, the earl had never acted like this before.

"Young master, this behaviour is u-"

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

"M-"

Ciel's blue eyes, wide and deranged, turned their furious gaze on Sebastian, "I don't want to hear a word. I'm not destroying your meal! So don't pretend to CARE!! This adds flavor right?! SO LEAVE ME ALONE!!"

The demon instantly regretted telling his master about that. The boy had been curious a few days prior as to why his soul was so desirable. Sebastian had explained that it was due to the events of his life. The core of his soul had remained pure despite the horrors he had faced, and every little action he made had altered the flavor ever so slightly, culminating into a masterpiece. It seemed the boy had taken more from that than he should have.

"My dear young master-"
"Don't try to pacify me, demon!" The child moved to scramble away from the bed, his raw skin making every movement even more torturous.

Sebastian sighed. He hated disobeying direct orders.

"RELEASE ME, DEMON!!!" The dark creature had lifted the boy into his arms. At least now the young earl turned his attacks to the demon's flesh, "LET ME GO!!! I DON'T NEED YOU! GET OFF! LET GO! THIS IS AN ORDER; RELEASE ME!"

"Ciel."

The child froze. The insolent.... how dare he?

"My sweet, precious Ciel. My darling young master. Be still."

Realizing he'd stopped moving, the earl attempted to return to attacking himself. But his butler held his arms tightly to his side and pressed the boy to his chest. They fell together to lie on the bed.

"Do I give the impression that I do not care for you? Is that why you have been so angry. Are you ashamed of your feelings? Of your body?"

The boy was silent, having succumbed to his emotional exhaustion. He pressed his face into his servant's chest as silent tears streamed down his face.

"Well, my lord, let me erase those feelings. I care for you. Yes, you are a meal to me. But you are not only a meal to me. That is not all you are, my dear, sweet boy. You are my master. Your words bind me, confine, rule me. You are a beautiful creature. Not only in form, but in mind. And this," the demon's hand rested on the brand mark the boy had so vehemently attacked, "This is proof of your beauty. You are beautiful because you are strong. The same events that made your soul desirable made you desirable. You became strong. You did not allow them to define you, to break your mind, to tear you apart. Do not destroy that beauty."

Ciel's sobs finally rang out. He hiccuped, coughed, wailed. But all the while he clung to Sebastian, keeping his face buried in the butler's clothes. He could not will himself to look up and face the words the demon had just spoken.

"Prove it..."

The demon looked thoughtfully down at his master. Prove that he was beautiful? No. The demon could feel exactly what his master desired. Prove that he was beautiful to him.

"Tomorrow, my lord."

Ciel lifted his head at last, to glare at his servant, "Prove it now."

The demon smirk and gently kissed the scratches on the boy's face, "Tomorrow, my love. You need rest."

The young earl blushed. Tomorrow...

**Even in the darkest night, there is the promise of sun.**
Despite this story being me lashing out in my own pain, looking back at it... reading it over...
I really like it. I'm surprised out the raw emotion in it, made more intense for me because I feel all that I was feeling when I wrote this all over again. The feelings of both Ciel and Sebastian in this.
It makes me proud of myself, which I hardly ever get to feel because of how absolutely cruel I usually am towards my own work. I'm hardly ever proud of it... And though this one does have its faults, my disgust at them is overpowered by my pride in my abilities, which rarely happens... I might even use this as a base for a short for a writing competition.
Vulnerable

Chapter Summary

Highly OOC. Based off of a conversation I had with my best friend during one of my... low periods.

Darkness. The candle had been blown out for the night. The window was open, letting in a warm, late night, summer breeze. An eyepatch and a pair of gloves sat beside each other on the bedside table. Servant and master lay beside each other, their roles dropped for the night. Red eyes stared into blue, and Sebastian's ungloved hand gently stroked the face of his master. On nights like these, Ciel was the vulnerable one.

Not tonight.

"I... apologize for earlier. I felt as if you were... replacing me. You had seemed so at ease with them. Please, ignore my behaviour. I was childishly attempting to make you feel as inadequate as I was feeling..."

The child glanced down, thinking back to the excessive flirtations between his butler and his guest, "Oh..."

"It does not matter now. I... suppose I missed you."

"I missed you, too, but you've been cold. You hardly ever answered when I called, but when you did, you were... brief..."

"I... I know... Apologies do not fix broken glass, but I am sorry nonetheless. It was hard... while you were away. I seem to have a terrible habit of hurting the people I love when I am upset. Especially, when there can be no immediate repercussions. I... I had been feeling very lonely and forgotten, so I attempted to... return the favor."

The earl was silent. They lay still in that quiet for a while.

"A... are you replacing me?"

More silence. Ciel kept his gaze low.

"Do you hate me? It would make sense."

"..."

"You do... don't you?"

Silence reigned once more.

"I don't hate you."

Sebastian looked down, finding his master staring up at him. He pulled the boy to his chest, resting his chin on the child's head and staring into the shadows, letting Ciel finally fall asleep. He glanced
down at the young earl. He smiled, but his eyes flashed in the darkness.

*Liar...*
A sweet, spicy songfic
SebaCiel, though I never say it
"Show me" by Alina Baraz...
just... listen to it... feel it...
you'll understand why and how this came to be

*Rising like the smoke you linger on me*...

Gloved hands lovingly trace the small form above them. Hips roll, breath hitched, and a small whimper escapes pale pink lips.

*You got me so high, I can finally breathe*...

Another shift and a sharp gasp escapes. Blue eyes glaze as pleasure turns the small one's mind to mush. Kisses through a smirk smolder against that soft, pale skin.

*Touch me with no hands. Hold me with your eyes. Unwind me with your mind tonight*...

The last scrap of fabric is discarded and finally they can touch the small beauty... Restraint has never been the large one's strong suit...

*Speak with no words
Show me and I'm all yours
Show me and I'm all yours*

A tongue is dragged against a milky stomach. The small one shivers and reaches out. No sound but its body is begging for more. A wicked grin interrupts the tongue's path.

*All that you are is all that I need
Rising like the smoke you linger on me*

The gentle roll picks up speed to answer the silent request. Large hands grip small hips, increasing the pleasure of every undulation. Red eyes blaze as lips meet flesh again.

*You got me so high, I can finally breathe I can...
Finally breathe I can... finally breathe*

The large one's hands explore its joy, pulling it closer. Blue and Red meet, and both gasp. It is far too intense to keep up the stare. Minds have blurred out all but themselves.

*And I'm all yours, all yours
And I'm all yours, show me
I'm all yours, all yours
I'm all yours*
"Oh, Ciel! You actually came."

"Well of course I did! Did you expect me to stand you up?"

"Well... uh..."

"Really, Lizzy?"

"You see, I know you don't like to go to parties so I... I still invite you, but I usually plan for you to say no or just... not show up."

"But then you dress up for nothing."

"Well, it's nice to try out new outfits."

"I-I'm sorry, Lizzy. I didn't know you-"

"Oh, It's fine! Really, Ciel. I'm just glad you're here now. I... I picked out your costume already."

"Great..."

"Come on, let's get you into it! You're going to look dashing!"

"Hurry up, Ciel! You've got to look in the mirror before we leave! You look even better than I'd hoped!"

"Alright, alright. Just stop yelling."

"Sooooo... did I do a good job, or what?"

"Oh... my... god..."

"I know."

"What? How did... is this... I didn't even... How did I not notice..."

"I needed the final touches to be a surprise! I thought they might look a little silly. But you look great!"

"Yeah... great..."

"Okay, now come on! The other's are gonna be waiting!"

"Don't. Say. A word."

"Oh, I don't need to, darling. Your outfit speaks for itself."

"You're insufferable."
"You're one to talk, brat. I know he's going to get a kick out of this."

"It was Lizzy's idea."

"Oh, it won't matter."

"Ugh... I know."

"Elizabeth?"

"Yeah."

"..."

"..."

"It suits you."

"Shut up."

"..."

"..."

"Well it's not too surprising. Of the two of us, we've always known who the real-

"Don't you dare, Sebastian!"

"... devil is."

"UGH!"

Chapter End Notes

This was stupid. Happy Halloween.
Chapter Summary

Okay another practice lemon!
Request some kinks and couples! I need to work at this...

Chapter Notes

It's three in the morning...
I should be asleep...
but instead I'm writing...
straight sex... and it's ugh
WTF am I doing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Sebastian..."
"Yes?"
"You're a woman..."
"Yes."
"When?"
"Just now."
"Why?"
"You were thinking about it."
"Just because I briefly wonder what it would be like-"
"Not briefly, you've been contemplating it for days."
"-to have normal sex for once, doesn't mean you-"
"You're ranting again, love."
"-can just suddenly change everything-"
"I only made minor changes... Do you think the breasts are too much?"
"-and become a bleeding woman! No! They aren't too- Stop distracting me!"
"Little love..."
"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn...."

"Ciel, I am here to serve you. To quell your every desire."

"So you became a woman."

"Yes."

"Okay."

"You aren't even going to-"

"Nope."

"Come now, Ciel," A sultry voice purred in the child's ear, "You know you're dying to see how it feels."

*How could he resist the call of the devil?*

The boy rolled over to face his lover. When given permission like that, he was so often without control, it was difficult. It was utterly new territory. He was unsure as to what he would do first.

First there was the hair. It was so much longer now. Sure, it had been lengthy before, but now it was so easy to reach out and tug it. They'd never really explored hair pulling before. He would get back to that.

Second, the breasts of course. Perhaps they were a little too much. They seemed too large, but in a comforting way... Strangely Paula was the woman who came to his mind as he tried to compare the size... Actually that wasn't so strange at all. But he was getting distracted. He wondered how... sensitive they were. That would be his first mission.

Third... Finally... there was... that. What was he supposed to think of it as? He'd heard enough in his time as the Queen's Dog to know a number of... slurs. But this... this belonged to Sebastian. He could degrade it like that. He thought back to some of the novels he'd read. What did they call it... a flower? Yes, it was Sebastian's flower... Oh, this was going to be difficult.

The demon tilted her head, "Come now, my tiny master. Take charge. What are you going to do to me?"

It wasn't fair, Sebastian wasn't playing fair. This was not his role. They switched when it came to this... when it came to sex...

"Are you nervous? I can hel-"

Ciel scowled, "No, I don't need your help! I can manage fine on my own!" Fuck! Why did he say that? No, he could do this! He was the master after all. He should... he should be in charge... to begin with...

The young earl leaned forward, unsure. He glanced into his demon's eyes and an overwhelming lust passed over him. Damn him...

"Fuck it." The demon liked it rough, anyways.

Ciel grabbed his servant and pushed her onto her back.
"Oh?"

"Oh hush, Sebastian."

The demon(ess?) arched an eyebrow, "Why, of cou-

He grabbed her face roughly, he wasn't too concerned as he couldn't truly hurt her, "Shut. Up." He kissed her roughly, biting her lip when she tried to take over out of habit. No, he was indeed the master. It was time he acted like it. She would submit to him in every aspect.

He released her face, allowing one hand to move to the back of her head. He wanted to play with his earlier idea. He gently pulled at first, to determine the reaction. He was rewarded with a gentle moan. He pulled back from the kiss to grin. The demoness whined softly, and his grin widened. He roughly pulled her head back to kiss her again, and the sounds she'd begun to make were utterly satisfying. But kissing was not enough. He needed more. He needed to taste more. His lips moved across that milky white skin, gently tracing her jaw, which had so subtly softened due to the change. Down to her ivory throat, which the boy could not resist marking. In the heat of the moment, with Sebastian moaning beneath him and the satisfaction of his teeth against her flesh, it was no question why the demon enjoyed dominating him so much. Neither of them paid any mind to the aggressive way the blunette ripped open his lover's shirt. Strangely, it seemed the butler had changed clothes before changing sexes. Perhaps so as to prevent his precious tailcoat from being damaged. Curse him. Now Ciel would have to fuck her twice as hard. Yes, fuck was the word he'd decided to use. He was pulling the stops. If he was going to dominate his demon, he would do it in every way he could think of.

There, he'd unveiled them. He did not bother appraising the two luscious mounds. His tongue was too busy tracing patterns around the sensitive pink . God, how sweet the taste. Never would the earl tire of dragging his tongue across that pale chest. But still, he needed more. His demon was only quietly moaning, barely competition for the sounds he, himself, had made the previous evening. With one hand he grasped her left breast, twisting it roughly and relishing the yelp of pained pleasure Sebastian gave, and with the other cupped the right, in order to bring the sensitive flesh closer to his mouth. With a pleased hum, the boy roughly began to suck at the nipple, soothing it with a gentle caress of his tongue. Sebastian rolled under him, pulling from his cruel hand but struggling to push against his mouth. Ciel revelled in the power of it all. Rarely did he ever get to be in this position. It was... satisfying to say the least. But there was still one last realm to conquer.

He dragged his tongue over to her left breast, gently massaging it as an apology of sorts for the... abuse. And instead of turning that harsh treatment to the right mound, he let his hand glide down her body. He heard her breath catch, and perhaps a quiet, "Finally..." as his hand reached her... Fuck. He'd still wasn't... flower didn't work anymore... could he really think of it using some of those more... vulgar terms? Why the hell not? Since he'd decided to fuck her, he supposed it only fitting that he fuck her pussy and not her flower. It still didn't seem right, but he could work it out later.

"My lord..."

The boy blinked. He'd been caught up in his internal debate... His hand had stopped. He frowned at himself, after having released her breast with a rather satisfying pop. He sighed quietly and rested his head against the twin mounds. They were a rather comfortable replacement for pillows.

"Young master if you're not up-"

Ciel scowled and rammed his fingers into her, "Shut it." She gasped and jolted beneath him, but he was suddenly distracted. It was a lot... wetter than he'd expected. He'd known that it would be wet to a certain degree, he read enough to know that, but the degree of it... He hadn't expected this. And it
was warm. Sex was quickly moving to the back of his mind; now he was simply interested in exploring her. Were all women like this?

"Generally, yes. Now please would you-"

Ciel curled his finger experimentally and was pleased to find that he was doing something right, as she shut up rather quickly. He smiled to himself, then frowned. His current position was rather inconvenient, and he wanted to see more of what he was doing.

"Don't do that. You know how much I hate it when you listen in on my private thoughts." The boy wiggled his fingers around as he spoke, stroking and poking, figuring out what caused the desired response. He was hoping he'd be able to get her to moan again, but it seemed like neither of them were properly in the "sex" mindset.

"I'm sorry it's just- not there - It's so hard not to respond- fuck, yes there- when we're in the middle of... this."

"Hmm, I don't think I'm doing that good of job."

"Oh, my lord, you're doing wonderfully."

"Well, I'm not happy with it. I was hoping to... I wanted it to be... more... than this."

"Hmm, perhaps you can still make it "more"."

The earl sat up. He supposed he could. But he doubted it would be the same as he'd originally planned. The rush, the desire to dominate, had passed as quickly as it had come. He was the more submissive one in bed for a reason. Either way, he'd taken up his usual role of master and he needed to follow through. He moved away from her in order to remove his trousers, which he probably should have done earlier.

"Let me, my lord." The demoness murmured.

While she undressed him, a rather dull process even with Sebastian being a woman, the child marveled at his hand. Unlike the... fluid he was used to, the stickiness on his hand was clear. He sniffed at it and found it terribly difficult to describe the smell, apart from still utterly Sebastian. Cautiously put a finger in his mouth, and found the taste to be utterly unlike what he was used to. There was a saltiness to it... but also a bitterness... It was incredibly similar but so new, he really couldn't think of how to describe it. Or perhaps he was merely an uninventive person when it came to descriptions.

"Young master," Sebastian whispered, "Would you like me to change back?"

The boy frowned, drawn out of his quiet contemplation, "No, not at all. I'm very curious about this form. I've never really experienced anything like this before."

"Hm, I suppose you haven't. Well," the demoness smiled and stretched out on the bed, "take all the time you need."

Ciel nodded and rose to his knees. The whole situation was a bit silly. He'd been adjusting to it, taking his time. He was still unsure of his approach, but he knew it didn't really matter. As usual, he was overthinking things. Sex was about the experience, it wasn't all sweaty body bodies and heavy pants, though it generally was when it came to them. But this was new, a realm he wasn't familiar with, and it was natural for him to... explore the sensations. He needed to remind himself that it was okay to feel out of his element. Sebastian wasn't going to be cruel or insensitive. It was an
experience. They were experiencing it together.

The noble knelt above his lover, trying not to overthink what he needed to do, but failing, of course. Why did he think he would utterly dominate Sebastian this first time? He didn't understand this, this wasn't what he was used to. He needed to work with his lover to make do this right.

"Sebastian..."

The demoness smiled, "I'll guide you, my lord."

He nodded and relaxed as her hands moved to his hips. That felt familiar, at least. She shifted him slightly, and he held onto her arms tightly as he pushed forward. He bit his lip as he slipped inside, and she was wet enough that he truly did slip inside. The heat was intense and... everywhere. He buried his face in her chest as he buried himself in her in an attempt to try to keep himself from acting impulsively. Once he calmed down he gently pulled back and thrust forward. Finally, something he was used to. Her hands dropped from his waist as he began to thrust with more certainty, every movement affirmed by her quiet sighs, a shift from the moans from earlier, but it felt more gentle this way. He set his pace to a calm and steady rocking. It was nice, and peaceful, nothing like the rough, messy fuck he'd initially imagined.

They swayed together for a while, the quiet sound of thighs brushing together and the child's shirt rubbing against his demon's stomach helping the pair keep time. At one point, Sebastian hummed a soothing lullabye, neither of them particularly anxious about reaching climax. Indeed, it seemed as though the demon was attempting to put her little master to sleep instead of trying to bring about her own satisfaction. Ciel was certainly surprised, a dazed, drowsy sort of way, that this was the result of his silent wish. He wasn't exactly sure if he'd rather have the fast-paced, snarky, sultry male Sebastian back anytime soon. This was nice.

He wasn't all that aware of when they'd stopped, but at some point they had, most likely because he'd spent... or fallen asleep. It was a dull way to end the evening, but it had been a nice one. He was a bit disappointed that he hadn't done more for Sebastian, but he contented himself with knowing that they could always do it again.

And they would do it again. He was sure of it.

Chapter End Notes

Fuck this... fuck everything...
I need to get better at this...
Hey, what sort of... vocabulary do you guys like seeing here? Semi-innocent or just... crude? I'm trying to be inventive or whatever...
Ugh What the fuck did I just write
I just wanted to write a quick genderbent fuck... but I've been writing it for over three hours... fuck me... ugh
Gods... what the fuck is this? And I thought "Mazes" was bad...
Megane to Ouji-sama

Chapter Summary

(Glasses and Prince)
Mod AU: William and Sebastian are forced to work together on a school project. Grell and Ciel laugh from the sidelines.

"Michaelis."

"Yes, sir?"

"Your partner is..." The professor glances down at his notebook, "Ah, Spears."

The stoic boy glared at Sebastian upon hearing his name. The ravenette returned the look.

"Professor, is there-"

"I'm sorry Michaelis, but we've made enough allowances with you two. You will work together. And as this project accounts for 15% of your final grade, you will do well."

The pair continued to glare at each other for the rest of the period.

The readhead in the back of the room snickered as the bell for lunch rung. She stumbled to catch up to her blunette partner in crime, "This is going to be great."

Ciel rolled his eyes, "It's going to be irritating. Sebastian already told me they'll be working at my place. We won't be able to get any work done."

"Oh c'mon, brat. You're a little genius, right? I'm sure you can brainstorm something even with those two destroying your place. Plus, don't you have servants to fix that sort of thing?"

The boy thought about the incompetent fools his parents had hired, "Surely you're joking. Besides, Sebastian is the one that keeps them in line. My house is about to become a battlefield."

"Well, I'll certainly be amused."

The blunette rolled his eye and Grell grinned.

"You have no taste."

"Your design is impossibly complex."

"There's hardly any color."

"How do you intend to support these aimless, outstretching arcs?"

"And this clunky build? It isn't even slightly aesthetically pleasing."
"These excessively garish blues? You call that 'taste'?"

"If we try to follow your plans..."

"If we choose to go with your design..."

"We'll surely fail."

The pair's eyes narrowed.

"Fine. If you won't help me..."

"I'll simply do it on my own!"

The manor's front door slammed. Ciel looked out of his window, chuckling at the sight of the pair leaving at once while working extremely hard to not acknowledge the other's presence.

"Don't they live on the same street?"

The blunette glanced over to where his partner was mindlessly painting numerous panels with her favorite shade of red. The young genius grinned and turned back to the window. He was already certain he knew what the outcome of the project would be.

Ciel and Grell's bridge was glorious. Ciel had designed the main structure so as to allow for Grell's insane vision. The final product spanned the pair's desks and the other students had great fun testing its integrity by throwing pencils, erasers, and styrofoam airplanes at it and racing metal cars across. It was a beautiful suspension bridge, which Ciel had modeled after some of the most famous bridges in America. The beauty of the project came from Grell's contributions. Roses snaked up every post, and she'd worked hard to make the main road of the bridge, a large, highly detailed rose. The suspensions attached to the thorns and they seemed like vines. Large thorns rose up to be the posts those vines hung from. All of the anchorage posts were shaped like hands holding the rose gently. Grell had worked endlessly to sculpt it all to the dimensions Ciel had mapped out.

But the creators paid no mind to the attention their project was receiving. Sebastian and William had finally arrived.

They had indeed done the project on their own, with intriguing results. William's piece seemed like mountains in a metal matrix. The entire bridge was a dark metallic grey. It was blocky with high rising points like thinning towers and open gaps like caves. It was like a metallic seaside, though somehow it still seemed... incredibly drab. Structurally it was intriguing; it initially appeared as though none of the spirals or caves or large holes had no structural support, but it was carefully designed so that every odd structure supported another one in some way. Ciel was impressed. Sebastian's work was insane, and Ciel could see its clear structural failures. Where William exceeded in designing the bridge structurally yet failed to make it visually captivating, the ravenette had the exact opposite problem. It seemed like a fluid piece, some parts being mildly opaque while other were extremely translucent. It was like rushing waves, extending unendingly outwards, curling under each other, reaching aimlessly upwards. Like a living sea. Grell was captivated. It was beautiful. But structurally, it was terrible. Ciel noted every place Sebastian was using transparent posts to support his bridge.

"Let's hope they realize what they've done before the professor arrives."

"Should we help them?"
They glanced at the two irritated partners, then looked at each other and nodded. Grell skipped over to William's desk.

"Well, Willie, how was working with Bassy?"

"I didn't. Despite what the professor might think, he cannot simply force us to cooperate, even by placing our grades in the balance."

Ciel arched an eyebrow at Sebastian's words, "Really? I thought you two did rather well in supporting each other's ideas."

The ravenette mirrored his friend's expression, "You must be joking. I didn't include a single aspect of his horrendous plan in my gorgeous design."

"Oh? Then I must have been mistaken." Ciel smirked smugly and returned to his desk.

Grell leaned on the small teen as they headed back to their seats, "Ya think they'll get it?"

"I hope so. I'd rather not have just wasted my time."

Sebastian frowned at his desk. Sure his piece had the simplest support structure, but the beauty of it made up for it, right? Well, even he had to agree that the support system was an utter failure, as Spears had predicted. So Ciel had to be wrong. Sure he'd been thinking about William's design as he was building, but only to insult it. It was ugly, especially now that he could see its finished form across the room. Yet as his eyes shifted between his partner's creation and his own, it clicked. He glanced at William's face.

William scowled at his lackluster bridge. It was a glorious structural masterpiece, but even he had to agree that it looked like an utter mess. Aesthetically, it was a failure, as Michaelis had predicted. So Grell had to be wrong, like he usually was. Sure he'd been thinking about Sebastian's design as he was building, but only to insult it. It was an insult to bridges, especially now that he could see the finished support system from across the room. Yet as his eyes shifted between his partner's creation and his own, it clicked. He glanced at Sebastian's face.

Their eyes connected and the tension could instantly be felt. Their classmates froze, but the pair wasted no time. They grabbed their bridges and met in the middle. Working quickly, Sebastian removed all of his flimsy supports and carefully placed his bridge on William's structure. William tossed the discarded glass tubing the other had been using, and adjusted the blue bridge that would now serve as their main road in order for his bridge to properly support it. Sebastian shifted the outstretching tendrils to make the pieces seem more natural together.

"Waves crashing through an impossible countryside..."

As they finished, the bell rung and the professor strolled in. The other groups carefully set out their bridges, making last minute adjustments.

"Turn your reports and the designs for your models into the bin while I go around. You may get up and observe other group's projects. Tampering with another group's bridge will result in instant failure on this portion of your project."

"So In the end, the two never really worked together in the normal sense. But while they built their bridges, they'd unconsciously built around the designs the other had shown them."

"We still did better than them."

Ciel smirked, "Of course. We did it the correct way from the start."
Chapter Summary

Hi

"She's just sitting there."

"They're just sitting there. Remember their gender identity."

"Either way, this writer is utterly unproductive. No new chapters in weeks."

"She- They've just got writer's block."

"Will you please shut up? Your gabbing isn't going to help them write!"

"Says you, brat."

Well... you're sort of helping. But only in writing a stupid meta-fic.

"Ha! Told you, brat."

"But they aren't satisfied with the product you're loud mouthing has created."

I dunno... I'm willing to actually publish this.

"Ser, I'd like to remind you that you've been very particular about not inserting yourself in these short stories."

"Ah, but Bassy, don't you remember the meta short from one of my chapters?"

"I can assure you that that was very different from this."

Not really...

"Oh, stop whining and write something."

I can't. I've got no motivation. I had to force myself to write this month's chapter of D and F...

"Sebastian, I order you to inspire he-them."

"Ser."

"Why are you calling Draco 'ser'?"

"It's a gender neutral honorific, my lord."

"Oh, I see."

"Now, Ser. I believe you are aware of what sort of things inspire you to write."
Yeah, like watching anime or reading manga. Sometimes even reading a fanfic.

"Then why aren't you doing that?"

The same reason I'm not doing much writing. No motivation.

"Well than kick yourself into gear!"

"Lizzy?!"

"You want to be motivated? Then force yourself up! You're strong! Don't just give up and stop doing things you want to do!"

Thanks, Elizabeth.

"Lizzy."

Thanks, Lizzy. I think I, and maybe a few others, needed to hear that. I've always fought to keep productive. It's harder with these stories because I don't really have a deadline to give myself. And even with D and F, I had to extend my deadline to at least one chapter by the last day of each month instead of the chapter a week that I had wanted.

"Tough luck, hun."

Don't call me hun, Grell.

"Well... You can probably get something good out soon, right?"

Well, I'm working on a few reader prompts.

"That's great!"

"I would suggest giving yourself a deadline to get them finished by, and making sure you tell your readers so you'll have additional motivation to hold to that deadline."

But... then I'll have to have them finished. And I don't have any other ideas.

"I'm sure there are plenty lurking in your old comments."

You're right, like always.

"You flatter me, ser. I am simply one hell of a butler."

"Hmm, they haven't written you saying that in a while."

True... Well, I need to assign a deadline, right? I guess I'll give myself... to my birthday? Ten days. January 10th...

"If you are giving yourself such a long time, I suggest you increase the expected production."

Not just one chapter?

"Exactly."

So... I vow to publish 3 or more new chapters, not including this piece of trash, before January
"Brilliant. Now, if you'll excuse us."

"We have stories to be written into."

*Well... you heard it here first, darling readers...*
Chapter Summary

Remember "Chapter 2" of this collection, "Frick"? No? That's fine, just go back and read it. I'll wait.
Ya back? Okay, well, here's some context shorts. The Prequels.
Hope ya enjoy this stupidity.

Chapter Notes

1

The First Encounter

The demon pair strolled down the infrequently traveled dirt road. Ciel was smiling stupidly, his self restraint having disappeared after becoming a demon. A full stomach and the sensation of the sun on his face gave the boy ample reason to grin as he strolled beside his considerably grumpier companion, arms resting behind his head.

Sebastian sighed as he saw his companion's ridiculous grin. The young demon had just completed his first successful hunt and seemed perfectly at ease with hunting like a lesser devil. Restricted as he was to this eternal contract, he himself couldn't obtain food the way he preferred, and was considerably less content with their situation. Ciel did not seem the least bit interested in forming a contract so the raven was certain they would be encountering the reapers.

Indeed, it seemed as though that thought set the encounter in motion, as in her usual flashy style, Grell dropped from the branches above their heads. The younger demon jumped behind his butler, while the elder simply sighed.

"Grell."

"Why, hello Bassy! I see you're still with the brat."

"Eternally it seems."

"I'm sure when he dies as hu-" The redhead was cut off by her supervisor dropping in above her.

"So, you've officially been tied down, mutt." William grumbled, adjusting his spectacles.

"Indeed. And my preferred method of obtaining my meals has been cut off as well."

"What do you mean?" Grell questioned, glancing between the two men.

"The child is an anomaly."

"What do you mean?"
"He is a demon."

"What?! So the brat gets Bassy FOREVER?!"

"So it seems. Now, to business."

Sebastian arched a brow, "Ah, you see, William, I am now eternally sworn to protect my young master, so we won't be coming quietly."

Ciel rolled his eyes, "Not that you could ever come quietly..."

Grell snickered, "Oh my, the brat's gotten rather vulgar. Be careful dear, there are ladies present."

"Oh, you're right, freak. My apologies, Sebastian."

The young demon could swear he saw the stoic reaper crack a smile before he pulled out his death scythe, "So we have no choice but to destroy you."

All the hairs on the youth's head rose as he squeaked out, "De-destroy?!"

Sebastian wrapped an arm around his little lord's waist, "Not today, William. Perhaps you will succeed next time." And the pair melted into the shadows.

**The Truce**

"You have improved, anomaly."

"You've simply slowed down, stone-face."

The pair glanced over to where their companions were fighting valiantly. William turned back to Ciel, "Is he your lover?"

"He's my butler."

"I'll take that as a yes."

"Is he your lover?"

"He is my subordinate."

"I'll take that as a yes."

The pair stood in silence for a little longer before Ciel sighed, "As much as it's become fun to have these regular battles, I think it's time to bring this to an end. I'd like to make a deal."

"As expected of someone of your stature."

"I'm quite certain we can work something out, you and I."

"Indeed. I will take you to our realm so that we might write up an official truce."

The two walked off, leaving their partners behind.
The First Time

Sebastian had never been so happy as the day they discovered Ciel's familiar for was a lovely navy blue furred cat. Well, apart from the day when he discovered that catnip had a very aesthetically pleasing effect on his young master, truly making him his "little" lord. Catnip tea became the butler's go to punishment for excessive cruelty or imply annoyance.

Ciel did his best to find Sebastian's limits so he would not have to improve his behaviour too much, as the kitten form was horribly inconvenient and irritating. Plus, Sebastian found it far too pleasant, and the boy could not allow his butler such a joy (or so he said).
Demon Dreams

Chapter Notes

What horror's does this demon encounter in his sleep and how does a human boy help fight them?
2

Laughter. Maniacal laughter. Insane laughter.

Eyes glow vibrantly and hands with sharpened claws stab repeatedly into that which is already dead.

Over

and over

and over again...

"Sebastian."

A delicate hand caressed his face in soothing, repetitive strokes from temple to chin. That gentle voice was enough to pull the demon out of his uneasy sleep.

"My lord, wha-"

"You looked like you were in pain." the boy murmured, sitting up beside his demon.

"Ah, do not worry yourself, young master, it is nothing."

"Hmph. What was your nightmare about?"

The demon flinched, "I would much rather forget that it happened."

The young earl sighed and pulled his demon's head to his chest, "I wish you would speak to me more openly."

Sebastian could feel his shame burning on his face. As their relationship deepened, his beloved opened up to him more and more, but he himself was barely scratching the surface. Ciel had become such a soft, gentle person when the doors were closed that his demon could not think of him as Ciel Phantomhive. There was a harshness, an innate cruelty associated with that name. In his mind, Sebastian had begun to think of this version of the earl as Ciel... Michaelis. It made these recent nightmares all the more terrifying.

The child began to slowly rock his lover back and forth, humming softly. The way the boy tried to soothe him, it made him even more guilty about not sharing his terrors. But the young noble didn't understand. Ciel's own dreams were terrifying, yes, but only to him. These projections called dreams would have to be thrice as horrible if they hoped to frighten a demon. After all, what could be so frightening that it forced the butler to silence?
"You don't have to tell me what's frightening you. After all, unlike you, I don't have the power to fight your every fear. But I am always here to listen. Please don't forget that, Sebastian."

"I dreamt of a betrayal."

The pair sat silently. Ciel still did his best to soothe his lover, but now he was intent on hearing the whole of the dream.

"You were the one being betrayed."

Ciel felt a chill run down his spine. Not because of what Sebastian said, but because of what he didn't, "And who betrayed me?"

The demon was silent, burying his face deeper into the earl's nightshirt. The noble gently stroked his beloved's hair as the demon trembled against him, "Who betrayed me, Sebastian?"

"I did..." the demon choked out, the dream replaying in front of his eyes once more.

Ciel could feel the way this nightmare was affecting his demon... his demon.

"Would you ever do so in real life?"

The butler looked up at his master, eyes burning fuschia, "Never."

The earl smiled and lifted Sebastian's face to his own, "Then do not worry so much. It was only a dream. I am here with you now, thoroughly un-betrayed." he assured him, placing gentle kisses all over his partner's face.

Sebastian smiled brokenly back and let the boy hold him, caress him, comfort him. But it was not as comforting as he wished it was. Because unlike Ciel's nightmares in which the boy relived his past and Sebastian was there to remind him that he was safe, there was a certain truth to the fears that haunted the demon's dreams. Although he would never harm Ciel as violently as he had in the dream, he would one day take the boy's soul. Despite the growth of their relationship, a contract was a contract. And the day they would end their contract was growing closer and closer. The dreams would intensify until that day. Until it comes time for the dreams to step into reality...
Chapter Summary

This, and any following "Scarlet and Sapphire" chapters, is a prompt requested by fanfiction.net user "CatsFoxesAndFurryAnimals".
"I was wondering what they'd do after the trust fall exercise. Like say, if Grell were to show Ciel around the Dispatch"
If you have a request, leave it in the comments and I will attempt to write them to the best of my ability.

Chapter Notes

Ciel will seem rather OOC initially, but in the context of this au it makes a great deal of sense.
But I don't feel like describing the au so... take my word for it...
Sorta kinda probably following "Trust Fall"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dispatch ("Auntie" Grell AU)

"Oh Bassy~"
The butler froze as a familiar, flamboyant voice reached his ears. He sighed and left his work to open the door, wondering why the redhead couldn't knock like everyone else.

"Ah, Grell. Precisely on time. I am rather surprised."
The reaper smirked, "I'm deadly efficient, after all. And I wouldn't miss the slightest chance to show my precious little brat what I do."

"Hmph."

"Grell!!" The two beings turned their gazes to the stairs, where the young earl stood, beaming. He sprinted down into the shinigami's open arms, "Ah, it's great to see you!"

"I'm happy to see you, too, brat. Are you ready?"

Ciel paused to do a mental inventory check, before slipping out of the diva's arms and sprinting back upstairs, "I've forgotten something! I'll be right back!"

Sebastian scowled sourly, "I still don't understand it."

"I'm surprised, darling. I thought you would be the first to." Grell grinned.
The demon arched an eyebrow, expecting an explanation.
"Well, it's very simple. We bonded over a common factor. Loss."

"Yes, that's easily understandable. But it doesn't explain his behaviour! You are the one responsible for that loss!"

"That is another thing that holds us together."

The demon turned away, glaring at the ground, "I simply can't understand how he's forgiven you."

"Well, he has. Hmm... do I detect a hint of jealousy?" The reaper said, leaning over Sebastian's shoulder.

His eyebrow ticked and he turned to glare at her.

"Oh, are you vexed that your little master is spending more time with me? Or could it be that you're jealous of him?" Her Cheshire grin widened, "I see it now! Your heart, pierced by a green thorn! Your master is stealing away your true love!"

Sebastian grimaced, "Please stop, that's revolting."

She laughed, "Oh, Bassy dear. I will try to make it more clear. I've become... hmm... a surrogate Aunt. I've not replaced Madam, no I could never, but I have taken over her role." Grell stared sadly up the stairs, "He needs more joy in his life, something to distract him from darkness of his work."

"Hm. You're reminding me of her now. And Lady Elizabeth."

"Heh, am I? Well, it doesn't matter..."

Ciel came bursting back down the stairs with small bag on his arm, "I found it! Come on, Grell, let's go. Sebastian, I expect the house to be intact when I return. And try your hardest not to kill the others."

The butler bowed, "Of course, my lord."

The pair dashed out of the door, Grell keeping a slower pace than she'd like for the sake of her companion. Of course she eventually gave up and carried him, the reaper's excitement unable to bear the slow pace. They were soon running across the rooftops of London and very nearly ended up colliding with the other members of England's dispatch.

"Oh Willie! I'm glad we're on time."

"I still don't understand how you managed to obtain permission for this."

She grinned, "Well, I still do remarkable work. The higher ups were willing to give me this little perk."

"I can understand to a certain extent; they are rather forgiving when it comes to you. But this is certainly crossing a line. Why, of all the possible humans you could bring, did you decide to drag the one with a rat attached to him?"

Ciel scoffed, "Oh come off of it, Will. You know very well your issues with my demon are unfounded (at least while he's contracted to me). I can't understand why you're so hardass."

"Hey, hey, language Cyclops." Ronald scolded, however his shit-eating grin contradicted the stern tone of his statement. The party boy was the last one to tell anyone to watch their mouth.
William scowled and adjusted his glasses, "Why would you make a contract with that foul creature anyways."

"Well it was that or death."

"I would rather die."

The blunette rolled his eye, "Of course you would. Look, I don't expect you of all creatures to understand."

The group fell silent at that. The boy's phrasing made it clear that he was referring to the circumstances of a reaper. It was a little painful to be reminded of. Even now.

A portal opened, a portal closed, and Ciel was astounded. This world looked so... pristine. Surprisingly so. He'd expected it to look more grim, like Undertaker's shop.

"Impressed?" the red reaper asked.

"Very. It's so... clean..."

William adjusted his spectacles, "Well, we are efficient people. Filth restricts productivity, and the bright, clean environment boosts employee satisfaction and productivity."

"But you're Grim Reapers..."

"Yes..."

"I expected there to be skulls and cobwebs and graves and blood and-"

Grell laughed, "Oh, darling, what archaic ideas. No, dear, this is the future." They began to walk towards the nearest building, Ronald and William separating to handle their own business. Ciel's head fell back when the walked inside as he ogled the panelling in the ceiling. Everything was so rectangular, no organic shapes or round edges. So smooth and glass and white. They walked through the building, Ciel marvelling at the architecture and Grell happily leading him through the building in silence. After a while the boy suddenly stopped gawking.

"Oh, Grell... I have to do something."

"Well, we have all day. I can pause the tour an-"

"In private."

"Wha- Oh..." the redhead giggled, "Follow me." She led him to an unmarked door that stood solitarily on a nearby wall, "Go inside. I'll wait out here until you're finished."

Ciel arched a brow at his guide before stepping inside. It was a bathroom. He sighed, but got to work.

The shinigami leaned against the wall, humming softly. A few first years walked past, probably on their way to the higher floors. This floor was highly unoccupied, as usual. It was primarily a short cut to the elevators and corridors to other buildings.

The bathroom door opened and the little earl stepped. Grell turned and gasped, holding her hands against her mouth. He smiled.

"I thought it would make it easier to find me should we be separated. And I wanted it to be a
Various shades of red replaced the simple blue outfit the boy had been wearing before. It was a simple piece, but the differing fabrics and shades added a heart and richness to it. He even wore a fascinator reminiscent of Madam Red's signature wide-brimmed hat.

The reaper snickered, "You mean you didn't want Bassy to see it."

"His feathers have been getting ruffled more frequently when it comes to you."

"I tried to explain but I doubt I did it correctly..."

Ciel's smile softened, "We don't need him to understand it. As long as we know."

She smiled back, "You're right. C'mon. Let's get on with the tour!" She grabbed his hand and pair ran, not too quickly, through the building. They visited the eyeglasses department, paused by the council room, explored the research facility, and made general nuisances of themselves. Finally the day was near its end. But Grell still had one thing she wanted to show the little brat.

"Come on. Make sure you're quiet. I'm not sure if you're allowed in here." They slipped through a door and stepped into...

The Library.

Ciel stared open-mouthed at the room. It was beautiful. A large statue of... someone familiar stood in the middle of the large room. Grell grinned at her companion's awe and let him wander while she went to get her surprise.

He found a chair a dropped into it, staring at the beauty of the room. She returned, a book in her hand.

"I can't show you your parents' records..."

"I know..."

"But..." She held out the book to him, "I can let you look at hers."

The boy gently took the book and stared at it for a while before opening it, "Madam..."

"I... When I have nightmares, I'll come in here and reread all of our adventures... Sometimes I'll go far back in it and point out all of the major moments that led to her becoming the woman that she was."

Ciel ran a finger across the pages, "I shouldn't..."

Grell smiled and sat beside him, "I'll read you all the parts with you in it."

"What? I'm in there?"

She laughed, "You were part of her life, weren't you?"

"Oh... right."

"Let's start with your very beginning, hmm? Your birth."

He made a face, "She was there..."
She laughed again, "Of course she was. Now... *I was worried. Rachel hadn't looked like she would make it through. But her breathing has steadied, and so has the boy's. They've decided on Ciel. His eyes are as blue as hers, maybe even more so, and he has Vincent's hair. I didn't think I could love anything after... after that. But Ciel is both of my beloved people... How can I not love him?"

The pair continued on, and Ciel relived years of adventures from his Aunt's perspective. The evening wound on until Ciel finally fell asleep. Grell returned Madam's record to its place on the shelf, glancing over at the records of the previous earl and countess. Ciel had been given a few opportunities to read it, but still he rejected it. She sighed and returned to his side. With a smile she lifted him into her arms and turned to find a portal leading to the young Phantomhive's bed chamber. She stepped through and laid the boy in his bed.

"Why? Why do you bend and break rules for him?"

The reaper stared at the demon with a sad smile, "A mind-numbing, heart-wrenching guilt that led to me loving this brat."

The demon stared at the reaper with a blank expression, "Love?"

"Goodnight, Sebastian." She stepped back through the portal.

The butler stared at his master and where the portal had just been. He changed the young earl into his nightshirt, being careful so as not to wake him. He pondered the shinigami's response as he left his master's chambers, "Love, hm? A saccharine, sticky sickness that plagues humans. Reapers as well, so it seems. Immortality has done nothing to remove their weakness. Though that is no surprise. That which was once human will always contain some trace of that humanity." The demon's eyes burned fuschia, "I should know that better than most." And so the shadowy creature bid goodnight to the manor.

Chapter End Notes

Woo! We've Hit 100+ Kudos and 2800+ Hits!
Ciel dropped down into his desk chair, "Let's do a quick check of likes and messages, and then on to studying."

The blunette opened his browser, typed in the url, and waited patiently for the page to load. When it did, he immediately sat up in his seat.

"Sebastian?!" There, the first little bubble on the Featured profiles list... was the teen's old classmate. Well, old was relative, they'd just graduated the previous year. But why was he on his homescreen...

"Is he- Oh wait, yeah.. he is gay." With that, Ciel shrugged, let his eye jump up to check his messages and likes, and turned off the computer.
Chapter Summary

The maid has had it!
Cielizabeth (or whatever it's called), as it seems no one really writes it...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The young Lady Midford, despite her explosive personality, does not sob loudly behind closed doors. Elizabeth would never allow her parents or her brother see her in such a distressed state. But there was one person who often saw this side of the young mistress.

"Have I not tried hard enough?" The girl mumbled, sniffing and hiccuping and looking a right mess, "Should I try something else? Just one smile, one true smile! I can't make it happen. You're sensible. What should I do? I've tried brightening the manor's decor, dances, parties, playing his favorite games... But whenever he smiles there's always a ghost in his eyes. I can't make him forget it... even for a brief moment." A thought struck the young woman and she bolted upright. It had never occurred to her before, "Do you think... Could it be he doesn't love me? I know it might be hard for him to love me the same way I love him... but do you think he has no love for me at all? I..." her face fell, "I must be quite the annoyance."

Paula sat, gently brushing her mistress's hair as the young woman cries over her beloved's lost happiness. The beginning rant was the same... but this new idea... Paula couldn't stand to see her lady so torn up over such a thought, "There's no way, my lady. It is true that the earl is very cold and distant... but he is always so gentle and patient with you," the maid pauses and sighs, "While it may be true that you have probably caused him a little trouble with your plans, I doubt he thinks of you as an annoyance. Now sleep, miss. You've got a fencing competition in the morning, and Lady Francis will have my head if you aren't well rested." As she tucked the young Midford and her fears in for the night, the young woman became determined to finally have an answer for the young earl's true feelings.

She thanked the driver and stepped out of the carriage. It was a little risky, what Paula was doing, leaving her mistress's side. But Elizabeth was busy competing, and the maid had surprisingly convinced Master Edward to cover for her. Now came the hardest part. She strode as confidently as she could manage up to the door of the manor and knocked. Of course it was the dark butler that opened the door.

"I need to speak to Lord Phantomhive."

"Oh Paula, what a surprise! Is Lady Eli-"

The maid put her hand up and glared at the butler, "I need to speak to Lord Phantomhive."

The demon's as flashed at the brashness of the maid as she pushed into the manor without waiting for his response. He cleared his throat, "Very well, the young master is in his study."
Paula nodded and marched up the stairs, having been to the manor enough times to find her way. Sebastian followed warily behind her. She stormed to the study and didn't even bother knocking. She was already in the manor and her anger had finally caught up with her. She burst into the room without a thought, her timid nature burned away by her fury.

"Paula?! Is Elizabe-"

"I'm here for one reason and one reason only, Lord Phantomhive, and that is my loyalty to my mistress! I don't care about your rules or your status or anything of the sort. I only care about your actions and what they're doing to my lady, understand?"

Ciel stared blankly at her, then turned his eyes to Sebastian once the butler made it to the room.

"I apologize, young master. She was quite determined to talk to you."

Paula whipped around and glared harshly at the butler, "You." The two men froze, unsure of how to take the sudden accusatory shift in her tone. The maid stormed up to Sebastian and pointed her finger in his face, "I blame you as the main cause of this. I don't know how but I know you're partially responsible for this mess my lady is in. I don't want to hear another word from you."

The demon's eyes flashed fuschia in full view of the maid, but it didn't seem to matter to her in the slightest, neither did his suddenly menacing aura.

"You and your weird secrets aren't going to intimidate me! I'm a woman with a goal. Now out!"

The butler was further shocked. He glanced over at Ciel and was surprised to see that the boy was laughing.

"Out, out, out!" Paula repeated, pushing the other servant out of the door. Sebastian was too surprised to really react to what was happening. She went to slam the door and paused, "And don't you even dare think about listening in on our conversation." And she promptly slammed the door in his face.

Ciel quickly stopped laughing when Paula turned back around, "Alright. You've got my full attention. What is it that you need to say?"

"Do you love Miss Lizzy?"

The earl was surprised, "What sort of ques-"

"Just answer me! Do you love Lady Elizabeth?!"

Flustered, the boy shouted back, "Well of course I do! She's my fiance!"

Paula walked up and slammed her hands on his desk, "I didn't ask that! Do you love my mistress!"

Ciel stared at her, "Yes, of course. Lizzy is one of the few people I actually care for."

"Well you need to show it."

"What?"

"My mistress tries so hard for you. She goes out of her way to bring you happiness. But now she feels like she's just being a pest."

"Of course she isn't a pest! Sure her surprise visits can be a little disconcerting but... I don't hate
"Lord Phantomhive... no Ciel. Lady Elizabeth loves you. I think she holds you above all else. She's changed her very being for you. She's weakened the way others perceive her for your sake."

"What are you trying to say?"

"A love like that can't go on in one direction. You have to try to meet her halfway."

Ciel glanced down at his desk. It was true that he thought of Elizabeth as... somewhat bratty and times. But she was his fiance. Even more than that, she was family, the only person from before that really felt the same, "I... hadn't realized how hard she was trying. If I had known I would have told her to stop. Nothing can bring back what I've lost."

Paula slammed her hands down again and the earl jumped, "That's what I'm talking about! That thinking right there! That's the exact opposite of meeting her halfway. Thinking like that instantly ensures that all my lady's efforts will fail. I've heard the story of what happened that day and how you suddenly appeared a month later with that... butler in tow. Lady Francis told me it the first time I asked about you, in a very dry way. But Lady Elizabeth..." Paula had worked herself up and that anger was finally starting to clear out. The embarrassment would be hitting her soon. But she needed to say everything she came here for, or it would all be for naught.

Ciel could see the fight that she'd burst in with quickly draining, but there was a spark of something that brought back the maid's determination.

"I'm not asking you to go as far as my lady has. But just changing that thought... trying at least a little bit to be happier. Maximizing the times you have left. I know about your... work for the Queen. It's a tough job, but my lady will stand by you no matter what. She'll never stop trying to make you smile. Do you really want to be miserable for the rest of your life?"

"I don't need happiness, especially in my line of work. It's a grim world, and joy has no place in it."

Paula could feel that her energy was almost gone and began to back out of the room, "And that, Lord Phantomhive, is where you are utterly and completely wrong." She hastened in her exit, rushing out before the full realization of what she'd just done could hit her. Hopefully she'd left him with something to think about.

She rushed down the stairs and found that Sebastian was waiting with the door open for her. She kept her head low as she passed him, but she had just enough spunk left to pause beside him, "Help him. You owe him that, at least." And with that she was gone.

Sebastian stared after her, mulling over her words. He owed the young master? For what? He doubted the maid knew anything about his true nature... But what could she have possibly meant? He returned to the study and found that Ciel looked to be dwelling on something she'd said as well.

The boy leaned back his chair and gazed out of his window. A blue bird flew up to the sill, and the two stared at each other for a moment before the creature flew off. Perhaps happiness could belong to him after all. If he tried.

Chapter End Notes
Mostly written because I had the idea to a furious Paula forcing Sebastian out of the room so she could talk to Ciel alone.
It is a blue bird not a bluebird.
You want a follow up on this or any of the other shorts in this collection? Let me know!
Chapter Summary

A poem written and published in the Sunday paper by someone known only as "The Heavenly Poet"
Have a guess at who they are...

She was the love of my life
A creature of endless laughter
Bouncing curls and shortened heels
She was my doll of Emerald Gold

She was a fighter for justice
For one as small as she
her blade packed more than a sting
She was my warrior of Emerald Gold

She was a lover of life
She found beauty in everything
I wish I'd really looked when she showed me
She was my goddess of Emerald Gold

As time flows forward
my world will change
but dearly beloved remains the same
She is a corpse of Emerald Gold
Triad of Home

Chapter Summary

Another poem from the Sunday paper, written by The Heavenly Poet

Blind, Naive, Destructive
A triad of pain
A mansion disrupted
and nothing to gain

Loyal, Trusting, Protective
A triad of home
Eternally grateful
and no longer alone
"Fuck!" the blunette groaned as he was slammed against the wall.

"You should have known this was coming," his lover growled into his ear, "You've been teasing me all day."

Ciel didn't pay much attention to the words, more focused on getting his butler out of that stupid Dunkin' Donuts t-shirt. Sebastian chuckled and snapped his fingers, the accursed article appearing on the far side of the couch. The teen marveled at his lover's smooth chest, reacting as if it were a new sight even after more than a century. His partner was right; he had been busy antagonizing his butler in order to bring the ravenette to his breaking point. He hadn't been expecting such an aggressive reaction, but it only added to the youth's fire.

Sebastian could see the glow in his lover's eyes, and quickly lifted the boy off of the ground, "Oh no; you aren't having an ounce of control, Little Lord. Not after the torture you've put me through today." He pressed his knee against the wall and lowered his lover down, barely allowing contact between his thigh and Ciel's crotch. The teen's reaction was exactly as anticipated.

"Sebastian..." The tone of the boy's voice was enough to alert the demon of his desires.

"Hm?" That didn't mean he couldn't play dumb.

"Sebastian... please..."

"Please what?"

"..."

The demon shifted his leg and his master moaned in response.

"Please..."

The ravenette chuckled, "I am too easy on you." He nuzzled the brat's neck, blazing his skin with butterfly kisses.

"Sebastian?" Ciel's voice was quiet, confused, but there was a huskiness that made it clear where his thoughts were.

The demon gently kissed his master's throat, while black tipped fingers dragged along the boy's thighs to his zipper. He could hear the brat's breath catch in his throat, but he held out.

The earl groaned, "Oh my g- Sebastian fuck me!"

The butler grinned against his lover's throat and ripped off his faded jeans in one fluid motion. He really enjoyed winning. It managed to get him hotter than he already was, and as he furiously removed every article of clothing that stood in the way of full contact with his lover, he wondered how little preparation he could get away with. He was certain his partner could take anything he could give.
"I swear to god, if you don't h-"

Sebastian just let him drop onto his cock, effectively cutting off the brat's rant. Then, before Ciel could catch his breath, he thrust into him. Again. And again. Over and over. Slamming him against the wall hard enough for one of the many hanging framed art pieces to drop. But he didn't stop, didn't even slow. Not when Ciel's nails dug into his upper arms. Not when two more frames dropped to the ground. Not even when he himself came. Not until he felt Ciel's whole body tremble as the boy released.

"Fuck..." Ciel whispered.

And that was it. Sebastian let him down and the brat waddled off to the shower. The butler himself used a washcloth and the kitchen sink. Then the pair dropped onto the couch to binge watch The Crown.

Chapter End Notes

Ech... I need to get better at writing sex scenes. It's really hard, since I don't have much experience to draw from.
Anyone know of any well written scenes that can help me improve? There's just something lackluster about this, and all of my lemons.
Forging the Sheath

Chapter Summary

Here, Le_Alois. That Hannah origin story ya asked for.
I'm gonna rewrite this, change some points as I record it, so those of you that see this can get hype for an update (plus a "dramatic reading" with shite voice acting/impressions. If you even care, that is. I'll get rid of this bit once I've done it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Unlike the rest of my kind, I was not born a monster."

The distant sounds of battle echo through the room.

"My lord, there's no time! The beast has made quick work of the front line!" A knight shouts to his leader, before loosing an arrow that hits the beast, but has no effect.

"Argh! Fall back!" The leader is a lord, and a man of the church. His eyes drop to something at his horse's feet.

He's visibly shaken.

"O-oh! Wise one! What are you doing on the battlefield?!"

An old woman stands before the horse, huddled up in her shawl. She looks up at him with a weathered smile, "It is done."

The church has forged a blade. A holy blade to strike down this unholy creature. An angel had gifted them with one of its feathers in order to slay the beasts that ravaged their kingdom. The sword is beautiful. A long, silver blade, shaped similarly to a scimitar due to the angelic feather's natural curve. The hilt was adorned with gems representing the seven virtues.

The lord eagerly reaches for it, but the old woman pulls back.

"I have brought you the blade."

A young girl steps out from behind the Wise One, "And the one who will wield it."

The child holds out her hand and the old woman hands her the sword, much to the awe and chagrin of the nobleman. But the girl pays no mind to the furious expression of the man's face, expressionlessly turning in the direction of the beast. Knights turn and stare as she approaches it, then return to retreating. The child has center stage now.

The loyal nobleman frowns and looks at the Wise One, "A child?"

"Only the pure can wield the blade, lest it be corrupted by impure thoughts. You are one who has killed. Human blood is on your hands."
"That may be true, but it is heathen blood."

"Despite what you foolish men might think, God does not like murder to be done in his name. Be it a Christian child or a heathen, you have still killed one of his children."

The pair return their gazes to the child, who has finally reached the beast. It had taken the form of a man to confuse and frighten the soldiers upon the use of its power. But the child was neither confused or frightened. The demon finally acknowledges her presence. It turns its attention to the Wise One.

"This is what you send to me? A girl, not yet old enough to bleed? What foolishness."

"Not foolishness, demon! Lucerna!"

The child's expression does not change at the sound of her name. It does not change as she lifts the blade. But as she swings it, as the demon stares into her eyes, grinning mockingly, those navy blue eyes, widen. And the demon sees a few moments forward in time. To the moment where he dies. It is too late for him. The sword slashes across his chest and he stumbles back, shaken by the holy power of the blade. Before he can recover, the sword pierces his chest. Lucerna draws it out slowly and wipes it clean with a handkerchief.

"My lord, may I present your champion." The Wise One says with a grin. Every man stares at the girl.

Lucerna stares blankly at the demon. It is not dead yet, and lies, wheezing, before her. She finds herself lying down on the ground beside it. She stares into its eyes and wonders about what it will be like to die, and who will take up the sword when she's gone. She wonders if she will have a child before she dies, and if that child will wield this blade. She doubts it. She will most likely be killed before she is old enough to bleed.

But she wasn't. She lived. Exceeding her expectation, she grew into a beautiful young woman.

"Ah, so it was a demon." A new lord sits at the head of an army. This one, not so loyal to the church, but very loyal to his people. Those that live in his domain have reported mysterious murders and missing women. The church has sent him a gift to eliminate the issue, "Lucerna."

She trots to his side, her horse too anxious to get closer to the sleeping creature that lies before them. Unlike the rest of the small army, Lucerna wears no armor. She wears only a soft white dress and no shoes. The Wise One is adamant about keeping her from touching anything impure, especially any objects of war. She has done well so far, despite the woman's beautiful appearance. Lucerna seems to have no interest in men, and though many have interest in her, she also terrifies them.

She stares at the demon, as expressionless as ever. She hops off of her horse and approaches it. It lunges at her, but she dodges. She was expecting it.

"Lucerna, the church's demon slayer! I have heard of your crimes against my kind. I came to see if the stories were true."

"They are."

"Then fight me."

She swings an arc far too wide to ever hit the creature, but it jumps back any way. She swings again and again and again, stepping forward every time. Every leap it makes creates a sizable distance between them, but look away for even an instant and she has already caught up to it. Still she swings...
the Holy Sword. Again and again and again and again and...

"Oh... a wall." The demon squeaks, quickly realizing it was being cornered. And she is there right in front of it. It lunges again and

Impales itself on the Holy Sword. She stares into its eyes until they dim completely.

Lucerna draws out the blade and wipes it clean with a handkerchief.

And so her days went, as she traveled the countryside, slaying beasts in the name of the church. But while she labored above, nefarious creatures schemed below. The demons had learned over the short course of her life the reason why she was the blade's only wielder. A creature known as Lefari had plans to make the sword, and Lucerna, his.

A small group sits at camp. A young man watches Lucerna across the flames. She is expressionlessly staring into them. The other two members of camp allow their gazes to drift between the two. The man finally rises and sits beside her. Her eyes do not move from the flickering fire.

He clears his throat, "Lucerna, I-"

"I have no interest in you."

"I know, but-"

"I live only to eliminate the evil the plagues this kingdom."

"So you've said, however-"

"The sword is my life, and the only companion I will ever need."

"Lucerna, ple-"

"The church is my master, and I serve only Him."

Yes, but if you'd just lis-"

"I will never love you. Not you, anyone, or anything."

The man shifts closer, "You say that, but have you ever tried?" His hand moves to take hers, but he quickly finds two swords at his throat. Their companions finally intervene.

Though it is true that many men have fallen for her, but were too frightened to approach, there have always been the ignorant few that believe they can change the way Lucerna thinks. The church cannot afford to lose their only weapon against the creatures of Hell. These are the precautions she must take.

The group splits, the young man retreating to his tent. Lucerna stays out under the stars while her guards prepare for bed as well.

She is suddenly compelled to walk. The night is pleasantly warm and far too beautiful for her to remain still. But as she walks, she begins to feel the same uneasiness that had plagued her at the fire. Then it is suddenly too dark, too dark to see, to walk, to move, to breathe. She stares as she is confronted by shadows, but cannot draw the sword. The darkness has frozen her, and she cannot room. And while she is still, the shadows come together and take the shape of a beautiful man. He steps forward and she wishes to step back, to draw her blade, but the darkness is like ice and it has touched her heart and she still cannot move. The creature taking the shape of a man embraces is her
and the world is engulfed in that freezing darkness.

But it is freed by a sudden, blinding radiance. Her hip is light; the Holy Blade is gone. The man that is not a man stands before her, looking perplexed. Then his expression shifts to one of amazement, fury, and finally amusement. She can move again and turns to run, but he grabs her. She can feel the darkness grabbing her again.

But something is different.

It no longer feels cold or dangerous or uninviting. Instead, the opposite is true. A thought occurs to her, and gains weight as the creature beside her continues to grin. And finally...

He speaks, "In a last ditch effort to save yourself, you merge with your servant."

She stares at him, her usually blank face morphed by confusion.

"The sword. In order to save itself from being defiled, it hid itself inside of you." He laughs, a short, manic sound, "The wielder has now become its sheath!"

Sheath? She stares at her body. It looks the same. But as she contemplates this information, she becomes aware of a weight. A weight that sits sharply within her.

The blade is in her body, she quickly realizes, not a part of it. If she were to reach down her throat right now, she could touch the pommel...

The demon, she is sure he is a demon now, continues, "Sadly, it is too late for the Holy Blade. In its attempt to save itself, it has doomed you both. I wonder what will become of you."

"Become of me?" Lucerna finally questions him.

"Yes. I have never tried corrupting something so completely as I tried with that sword. And I wonder how your body and soul will react to being consumed by my darkness."

She has been defiled. Corrupted. Stained. Sullied. Tarnished. Tainted. She is impure. She can no longer be of use to the church. And she is no longer fit to wield the Holy Blade. Had the pain not struck her down when it did, the weight of that realization surely would have. But no, she is suddenly overcome with agony. A biting cold and a mind-numbing burning begin to destroy her from the inside out. The creature looms over her, looking very interested in what was happening to her.

This pain, she thinks to herself, this pain is his fault. The weight within her begins to lift; no, it simply transfers to her hand. Something small still sits inside of her, and slowly begins rising, but she pays no mind to it. Her focus is on the demon.

"Who are you?" she hisses through clenched teeth.

"Me? I am the demon Lefari."

"Well, Lefari... Have you ever considered death?" Her words are forced through huffs of aggravated breath.

"Yes, when I first began my research on you."

"And now?"

"I think nothing of it. The Holy Blade will soon be in my control. As will you, if you survive this."
This thought, the idea of belonging to this creature, of her sword belonging to it... It settles into her mind at the same time as the small, meaningless weight stops right behind her eyes. Her body erupts in fiery suffering, and she is suddenly enraged. The full weight of the Holy Blade settles into her hand and she swings it twice. Once at Lefari's neck, to stop his irritating voice. Once near his hips, to separate his non-existent heart and his... lustful head. She wishes to swing once more but the blade is too heavy in her arms, and the pain has become too much. She stops fighting and allows the flames to engulf her.

When she opens her eyes, she can hardly remember anything. The weight is back inside of her, but there is still a small weight right behind her eyes.

She sits up, expecting her body to be sore, but there is no pain. In fact there is almost no sensation. She glances at the ground around her, and is surprised to find piles of ash, as if someone had...

"Burned a body." She touches her face, which is expressionless despite her shock, her arms, her chest, her legs. She is there, but something has obviously changed. She's just unsure as to what.

It is during this quiet inventory of self that she realizes she is not alone. She jumps up and whips around, willing the sword into her hands, but making fists instead when it does not appear.

Before her are three young men, incredibly similar in appearance. And also bearing a striking resemblance to, "Lefari!"

The triplets stare at each other, and the one in the middle speaks, "Are you speaking to us, mistress?"

"Ye- Mistress?"

"Yes, Lady Wrath. You are our mistress." The one on the left nods.

She stares at them, stares at herself, and it all clicks into place. Her desire when she struck out at Lefari... it was not to kill him. As the idea of being his servant disgusted her, she desired instead for the reverse to be true. So this is the outcome then, she thinks, observing the three boys. Well, she can worry about it afterwards. She must check on the sword now. She drops onto her knees.

"You." She points to the boy in the middle. The mischievous expression that had previously been on his face reminds her of one of her guards, "Timber. Come here."

The boy does not question his new name, simply obeying his mistress.

"Reach down my throat, and pull out my sword." She is not worried about the demon child defiling it. If her theory is correct, she has already done so.

Timber shakes his head nervously, a natural part placing two locks of hair on either side of his face. She rather likes the look. He places a hand on her shoulder, but quickly pulls away. She sighs and points to the brother on the left.

He looks completely dazed, and reminds her of her other guard, "Thompson. Come help your brother. Timber, hold my shoulders back." Thompson strolls over, that dazed look never truly leaving his face. She is a little unsure about having him pull out the sword. She waves him down and shifts his hair to left of his face, "Hold my head still." She glances at the last brother, whose eyes are taking in her form. She isn't too surprised, and decides to name him after the last man with the will to attempt to woo her, "Canterbury, come here. Let me fix your hair, then you will take the sword out." The boy simply shakes his head, and his hair falls to the right of his face. She chuckles, and the boys get into their positions.
It is a slow process, and she gags as the sword is drawn out of her. But it, surprisingly, does not cut the inside of her body to ribbons. When Canterbury pulls it out and hands it to her, she stares at the blade. The silver is tarnished, a strange green, and the gentle curve of the feather is no more. The darkness has twisted, melted, and warped the blade into something unrecognizable. And the hilt. The seven gems are now six, and have all clouded over with a blood red.

This confirms her theory. She is a demon. Whatever Lefari had done to her has destroyed the human within her. Not that there was much before.

They return the sword to its sheath, and she realizes she must make one last decision before the four of them can begin to move into this new world.

She is no longer Lucerna, the Light of the church. She is not quite darkness. The sword is still at her side...

Bible verses floods her mind, all the Latin she has ever learned. She needs the right word...

And there it is. She, the Sheath of the Demon Sword, is no longer human, and not quite the proper demon. She is something in between. So she settles on Leviatha.

"I was made one."

Chapter End Notes

Lucerna means light. Leviatha is a derivative of Leviathan, a word meaning (sea) monster.
Chapter Summary

Trigger Warning: Major Character Death and Suicide
Modern AU

Chapter Notes

I'm really stressed right now... Decided to try to get the feelings out this way...

The blunette swung his legs as he relaxed in his perch. He stared blankly at his phone.

_Hellfire is online._

_Sapphire:_ Hey.

_Hellfire:_ Hey.

_Sapphire:_ I can't.

_Hellfire:_ What?

_Sapphire:_ School. It's too much.

_Hellfire:_ Well, just finish this semester.

_Sapphire:_ I can't.

_Hellfire:_ Look, you don't have to go back immediately. But at least finish this semester. Coast through, keep your grades above a C+ for financial aid... But finish it.

_Sapphire:_ I can't.

_Hellfire:_ You can. Come on, Ciel. Don't worry so much about it. I'll help you.

_Sapphire:_ I... I don't want your help.

_Hellfire:_ Well, you're gonna get it. Let's talk about something else, so you're not so stressed.

_Sapphire:_ I'm done with the gym.

_Hellfire:_ What? But you just started.

_Sapphire:_ I hate it, and it isn't doing anything.
Hellfire: You've got to go more than just a handful of times.

Sapphire: Sebastian.

Hellfire: Ciel?

Sapphire: I'm done.

Hellfire: What do you mean? You keep saying you're done and you can't, what's with this attitude?

Sapphire: I crashed.

Hellfire: Well, I'll help you through it. Just like last time.

Sapphire: No.

Hellfire: What do you mean "No."? Are... are you breaking up with me.

Sapphire: No.

Hellfire: Then what is it? What's wrong? Ciel, you have to talk to me, so I can help fix this.

Sapphire: I'm breaking up with the world.

Hellfire: What... what do you mean?

Hellfire: Ciel? Ciel?! You're still online....

Hellfire: Ciel, what do you mean by breaking up with the world? That doesn't mean what I think it means, does it?

Hellfire: Ciel, respond! Talk to me!

Hellfire: What did you mean?

Sapphire: I love you.

Hellfire: I love you, too. Don't scare me like that.

Sapphire: Sorry. It passed. I'll see you tomorrow.

Hellfire: I understand. See you.

Sapphire: I really do love you. So much.

Hellfire: As I love you. I will see you bright and early tomorrow.

Sapphire: Sleep well, Sebastian. Pleasant dreams. I love you.

Hellfire: Of course. Heh, so much love in one evening, how could I not have pleasant dreams? Sleep will help you feel better, so make sure you're well rested as well.

Sapphire: I know. Goodnight, Sebastian.
Hellfire: Goodnight, Ciel.

Hellfire is offline.

Sapphire: Goodbye.

The blunette stared into the dark water below him. His boyfriend loved this spot. He always brought him here, whenever he felt low. There was nothing left now. He'd said goodbye, given his boyfriend a night of peace before the hell he would be greeted with in the morning. He was sorry for that. But that was all. He couldn't keep going like this.

A clock began to ring out the hour. He jumped.

Sapphire is offline.
Chapter Summary

The contract's in tatters.
The manor's in cinders
The pair has split a part.
The demon is crying.
The master is gone.
And so is the demon's heart.

Dark the stars and dark the moon,
Of every soul in England.
Every boy in Europe.
Every child in the world.
Why did it have to be him?

Hush the night and the morning loon,
He'd never found a soul that matched him quite the way this one did.
He'd never found a human that he truly enjoyed being with.
He'd never found a friend quite like him.

Tell the horses and beat on your drum,
London burned that night.
Reapers took up their scythes and did their duty.
And Sebastian focused on his.

Gone their master, gone their son,
He didn't think this was healthy.

Dark the oceans, dark the sky,
He'd wanted to be faithful to the boy.
Hush the whales and the ocean tide,

Faithful... to the contract.

Tell the salt marsh and beat on your drum,

But, of course, he couldn't have both.

Gone their master, gone their son,
He didn't think this was healthy.

Dark to light and light to dark,

But wasn't it time to let go?

Three black carriages, three white carts,

He was falling apart because of this.

What brings us together is what pulls us apart,

The decision was made, the deed was done, it was over.

Gone our brother, gone our heart.
He knew this wasn't healthy.

Hush the whales and the ocean tide,

Faithful... to the contract.

But, of course, he couldn't have both.

Tell the salt marsh and beat on your drum,

It was time to put it behind him.

To make sure it never happened again.

Their relationship had been everything but healthy.

Gone their master, gone their son,
It didn't matter, though, did it?
It was over.
Ronald draped himself across William's desk.

"Why are you not out collecting the soul of a Miss," the elder glanced at a case file on his desk, "Madelyn Roy?"

"I finished early. She practically gave her soul up. It's like she knew I was coming."

"Well, the older ones are often aware of when their time has come. There's a good chance she was waiting."

"Wow, Will. You're so smart."

The stoic shinigami set down his pen and looked up at the grinning slacker, "Alright, Ronald. What do you want?"

"Okay, so I know you don't like flowers and chocolates and junk. So I figured we could go out for coffee. It's a pretty classy first date if I do say so myself."

"Yes, and it is you saying so, so I doubt the legitimacy of that statement."

Knox scoffed, "Says you. I've been on at least a few hundred dates. And how many have you been on? Oh yeah; none."

"Dating is pointless."

"I'm here proving you wrong."

"Actually, you're proving my point perfectly."

Ronald rolled his eyes and moved from the desk to William's shoulder, "C'mon, Will. Ya know ya need a break."

"Yes, but I will take that break making origami in the fifteen minutes I'm allotted during work hours. Not going out for coffee with you on my day off."

"You always make origami. You never go on dates."

"Did it ever occur to you that I am simply not interested in the few people who have shown interest in me? Including you?"

"Yes."

"Then why are you still here?" The shinigami questioned expressionlessly before picking his pen back up.
The younger reaper only sighed and draped himself over the other shinigami's shoulder, despite his rigid posture, "Because you are interested in me."

"You are only deluded -" "Grell told me." William stared at the blonde from the corner of his eye. The pen stopped moving. "So now you have no excuse." The pen snapped. Ronald jumped back as ink sprayed everywhere. William cleared his throat and adjusted his spectacles, "I suppose that was poor judgment on my part. I mistakenly thought I could trust that abomination."

"William, Grell didn't do it to betray you!"

"Obviously you both misunderstand the point of a secret." Ronald sighed, "Look. I get that you're mad at him. I would be, too. But you've got to look at your situation from his point of view. You've been his partner since you two graduated. He's seen how isolated and alone you always are. I'd be thrilled, too, after finding out that you were finally interested in someone. And you know Grell. Always playing matchmaker."

"It was not his affair to meddle in."

"Are you just grumpy because you can't play hard to get any more?"

The elder reaper narrowed his eyes. "Kidding, kidding."

The pair sat in silence for a little while, before William sighed and began to clean up the ink. Ron rushed to help. It wasn't too big of a job, and Madelyn's file had miraculously avoided the mayhem, though the timesheet Will had been working on had not. Ronald scurried off to grab another sheet from the office printer and William dropped his head onto his desk. Grell really needed to stop interfering with his love life. The reaper was content with just work. Oh, who was he kidding? He'd always put off dating as something he'd get around to doing. Just another simple-minded activity that he had no point in taking part in, but that would be fun to try nonetheless. Grell spent ages either trying to date him himself or, as Ronald put it, playing matchmaker. It could be irritating at times, but it was a part of their friendship. And he'd never really shown interest in anyone, so it was mildly amusing, if not inconvenient, to see the redhead try to pair him with someone and fail. But this... this was different. This was big. Because he had shown interest. And he had told Grell. And now it was known. It was there, out in the air. He didn't have the excuse of not being interested anymore. But was this bad? No, not really. He'd over reacted. He knew the redhead was just looking out for him, trying to help. The truth of the matter was...

He was grateful. He would have never been able to confess. And it was in his nature to turn the womanizer down in favor of work. He really only avoided it because he was scared. Dating wasn't something he knew. He knew work. He knew how to do his job, do it well, and control the outcome. He didn't have that luxury with this. But there was always time to make up for that.

Ronald came half-jogging back up to the desk, "Sorry, got distracted. Emilia was telling me about..."
well the point is I got sidetracked. Sorry I took so long."

Will shook his head, "I was able to accomplish something else in that time, so it was not a waste."

"That's good. Speaking of accomplishments and wasting time... Was that a solid no on that coffee?"

There was always time, "Uh... no. I will take you up on that offer."

"Oh, o- wait YOU SAID YES!"

William scowled, "Keep your voice down."

"You said yes?"

"Yes... was I not clear enough?"

"But you... you never say yes."

"Are you reconsidering?"

"Wha- no, No! It's just... you never say yes. To anything. To anyone."

"Well, I am saying yes to you. I will meet you at the cafe tomorrow at eight o'clock sharp."

"A-Alright."

"You had better not be late." The elder said with a disdainful look.

"I... I won't." Ronald looked a bit dazed.

Will sighed, "You may go now. I have work to do."

The younger reaper turned slowly and began to walk away when he finally came to his senses,

"Hey, I got a date with Spears..." He grinned and sprinted out of the room, "Emilia! Guess who got a date with Hardass!"

The stoic reaper sighed again and rubbed his temples. Hopefully the... date, didn't feel like overtime.
次の何ですか？一

Chapter Notes

What's next? 1
For EternalSymphony.
I'm gonna run with this for another chapter or two.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So, that's the way it is?"
"Yes. That's what I decided."
"Well, it is a good choice. For both of us, I suppose."
"You aren't angry?"
"No."
"How do you feel?"
"..."
"Eh?"
"I guess... I'm at peace."
"Heh... So am I."

Sebastian stared as Claude's eyes dimmed completely. He was an idiot. He'd lost not just the soul he stole, but the one that belonged to him. It was his punishment for lying to his contractee. For failing as a butler. With a sigh, he leapt out of the cavern, clutching the demon sword in his hand. The proof of his victory.

"So you are the one who survived? Heh, I am not surprised," Hannah sat on a large stone, Ciel's body resting in her lap, "I suppose it is time to complete the second half of my master's wish," She glanced down and Ciel began to move, as if he were waking up, "Ah, here he comes. My sword, Sebastian." The butler handed over the sword and reached to lift his master into his arms. The island was falling to pieces and he wanted to be quick. But his hand was slapped away.

"Do not touch me, Sebastian."

The butler stepped back as the boy stood up. The island's destruction seemed to slow as the earl rose up.

"Hannah." The child held his hand out to the demoness. She smiled gently and nodded, handing him the sword.

"Young Master?"
The boy had yet to open his eyes and his relaxed expression gave the impression that he was sleep walking, "You are a failure, Sebastian."

The butler stepped back as the "sleep walking" earl approached him.

"On your knees, Sebastian. That is an order."

The butler fell to his knees, confused and a little unnerved. He glanced to Hannah for help, but her eyes were focused on Ciel.

"You failed me. You allowed me to come to near fatal harm. You allowed my soul to be stolen. Twice. And twice you have failed to eat it."

"T-twice, my lord?"

The earl opened his eyes to reveal his iridescent irises, "Twice."

"No..."

"You have failed the contract. And due to my last order..."

Sebastian finally realized, "I am to be your butler for eternity."

"Yes. Or rather, you would be. But I will not allow that after so many massive mistakes."

The demon cowered before his lord. No. This was not supposed to happen. He had worked so hard to retrieve his lord, his master. His prize. It was not supposed to end like this, "My lord, plea-"

"Save your pleads. They will change nothing. Embrace your punishment. Do not fail me in this, your final act."

Sebastian knew what was going to happen next. He could not accept it. But he had to. He could not die a-

Ciel swung the blade and Sebastian's head skittered across the ground. The island resumed its self-destruction.

"What next, Ciel?" Hannah murmured, coming behind him to put the sword away.

"Call me Enfer, Hannah. How are the Macken boys?"

"Quiet. Alois never expected you to be the one to do something that drastic."

"I will not forgive such tragic failures."

"You do not have to put up that facade with us... Enfer."

This new Ciel, or rather the demon Enfer, turned to face the demoness and collapsed into her arms, "I have always hated that creature. He enjoyed playing games with my mind, my emotions... my life. An eternity with him. An eternity of that. What horrors would he have thought up for me? What 'games' could he think up? Especially after having my soul permanently stolen from him. I could not put myself at his mercy again."

"Well, worry no longer, my dear. I will look after you. First, we must get you to safety."

"Thank you, Hannah."
"Think nothing of it, Enfer."

Chapter End Notes

As usual, the names I choose always have a meaning. But I won't tell you Enfer's meaning this time.
Just this: Where is Ciel's name from?
When I grow up

Chapter Summary

New Shiz: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IfgYMQAGZWw
Found this fun choreography for the song. Take a look if you'd like. Might help with imaginin'

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When I Grow Up (Mod AU)

"When I grow up:
I wanna be famous.
I wanna be a star.
I wanna be in movies."

Grell glared into his mirror as he forced himself through the routine one more time. Just one more time.

"Boys call you sexy
And you don't care what they say
See every time you turn around
They screaming your name"

The first set he was good with. But the quick, hip (and let's be honest, ass)-centric movements of the choral set progression was pretty difficult for him to do. But he hadn't gotten to where he was by being blessed with a woman's figure. Some of the juniors called him a 'trap'. He had to admit that he was pretty feminine. He'd inherited a lot of his mother's figure, but the key components of his father.

It didn't help that he'd joined the dance squad. Sure it was mostly hip-hop or pop routines, and pretty sexual movements. But the rest of his teammates were women, and they knew how to appeal to their audience. They'd offered to arrange a different set for him for this, well for most if not all, of the songs. But he wasn't going to do that to himself. He'd chosen to join the team, on a defiant whim mind you but it was still his choice, and he wasn't going to inconvenience them by having them re-choreograph songs because the over sexualization of the more voluptuous attributes of the female anatomy gave him some problems.

"Now I've got a confession
When I was young I wanted attention
And I promised myself that I'd do anything
Anything at all for them to notice me"

He had a habit of singing along to help connect the movements to the song progression. It made it harder to breathe, and he understood why artists had the normal version of the song playing underneath them while they performed live. Sometimes you needed a break from singing to breathe. But hell, he could sing and he could dance and he was not going to sacrifice a single moment until he'd perfected this song. The instant he finished his homework he was dancing. He'd set the song to
play on an alarm. With the press of a button, he was moving.

His dedication to the clubs didn't really help his 'trap' status. Nor did the fact that he was gay. He'd come out when he was pretty young and hadn't really cared about being targeted throughout middle school. But high school changed. Because, well... he was changing. Going through physical changes, hormonal changes, shifts in his identity. He'd wanted to join a sport. But he didn't have the body for most of them, nor a real interest. There was no way in hell he was going to be a cheerleader. So he'd joined the dance crew.

"But I ain't complaining
We all wanna be famous
So go ahead and say what you wanna say
You don't know what its like to be nameless
Want them to know what your name is
'Cause see when I was younger I would say"

His body was screaming in protest, but he could not stop. This was all he had now. His father had had enough of the 'gay nonsense' and devoted all his time to Grell's "normal" siblings. His mother was torn between the daughter she never got to have and the disgrace she had as a son. But he had the team. The girls appreciated his company, his attitude, his dedication. The team was his family now. He would not let them down.

"When I grow up
I wanna be famous
I wanna be a star
I wanna be in movies

When I grow up
I wanna see the world
Drive nice cars
I wanna have groupies

When I grow up
Be on TV
People know me
Be on magazines"

He forced himself through the motions again. He'd injured himself numerous times since joining the squad, but the girls didn't need to know. Stress, strain, his body was constantly refusing him. But he wouldn't allow that to turn against him too. He'd worked too hard. He'd become the face of the crew. Trap or not, he could dance. He could dance, he had style, he had flair. He was pretty damn good looking in red. He would own this at least.

"Be careful what you wish for
'Cause you just might get it
You just might get it
You just might get it"

Every stomp, kick, turn, jump, pop, drop, flip, flail. He owned it. It was his body and it would do what he wanted.

"I see them staring at me
Ooh I'm a trendsetter
Yes this is true 'cause what I do
No one can do it better

You can talk about me
'Cause I'm a hot topic
I see you watching me watching me
And I know you want it, oh"

He was a trendsetter, a hot topic. Even if it was mostly to talk trash about him, he was in everyone's mouth. He controlled that school. Even if it turned on him, he could shift it in his favor.

"When I grow up
I wanna be famous
I wanna be a star
I wanna be in movies

When I grow up
I wanna see the world
Drive nice cars
I wanna have groupies

When I grow up
Be on TV
People know me
Be on magazines

When I grow up
Fresh and clean
Number one chick
When I step out on the scene"

But no. Even if he got the dance down perfectly, which he would. Eventually. It wasn't enough to make up for it. For the main way he had failed everyone. Including himself.

"Be careful what you wish for
'Cause you just might get it
You just might get it
You just might get it"

"Well, I wish I would just die."

Because nothing he ever did could make up for the fact that he wasn't born a girl.

Chapter End Notes

I started writing this about Ciel. Thinking that maybe Sebastian would see him at a game or something, and that's why he tried so hard. He had to impress his beaux. But... no. Grell... She fits in much better.
were you not aware that your GOD doesn't sleep?

they sacrifice themself to give strength to the weak.

will probably delete this later
He remembered hearing rain and thunder briefly. It had woken him up but Sebastian had quickly assured him everything was fine and he'd immediately fallen back asleep before he had a chance to open his eyes. Now a sharp, cold wind struck his face and he awoke slowly. He wasn't in his bed, and he assumed that he was on Sebastian's back. It was not as though he'd never awoken in this position before; he was kidnapped during the night quite often. Though he was more comfortable with being carried in, pardon me, bridal style, he was not adverse to being on his demon's back. In fact, he enjoyed it. The gentle bounce of the butler's gait reminded him of horseriding and, though he was not the best at it, it was still one of his preferred past times. It was also thrilling to be able to see what the demon saw as he ran at inhuman speeds, to be able to see something humans never got the chance to. But there was something different about this trip that had the child jolting awake. There was no bounce. There was no indication of Sebastian's usual quick hops. It was as though they were gliding. The wind was also a bit much. Although he was used to the fast speeds at which Sebastian ran, the wind at this moment was far more... relaxed. They weren't jumping or going remarkably fast. It was extremely unsettling and the moment he was conscious enough to do so, Ciel looked around.

It was beautiful. That was the only word that traveled through the young earl's mind, other words came but they were only synonyms. He was in the sky. Below the clouds, sadly; he quite desired to see what lay in the skies above. He sat up slowly. The gentle caress of the wind, the -oh- the gorgeous waters below them. It was utterly captivating. He felt as though he'd been spirited away by the faeries in his sleep. And his mind had yet to even acknowledge the magnificence that kept him in the air.

Feathers. Glossy, raven feathers. Black as his demon's hair. Ciel let his eyes travel from wing to wing on either side of him. A raven was flying him through the skies. A massive raven. And surprisingly, he was completely at ease with this. He leaned back against the back of the creature's neck and, in a moment of pure childish glee and curiosity, he buried his face in the soft feathers there. A small shiver ran through the creature and Ciel sat up again in time to see one of the bird's large black eyes roll back to stare at him. It's eye returned to the sky ahead of them.

"Do you enjoy being a bird, Sebastian?" he paused, not really expecting the bird to reply. It didn't, "I remember, you know."

More silence from the raven.

"I remember being angry, cold, in pain. Terrified. I remember turning my back on God in response to his silence. There was only one thing I wanted. I screamed out for someone to help me, for someone to at least make my tormentors suffer the same humiliation I had been put through. And finally... after a month of silence, someone answered.
"And then I was no longer in the cage. I wasn't even in my body. And before me was... you. A pretty little raven. And you offered me everything God had not. And thus," the boy ran his hand through the feathers on the raven's head, "...our contract was formed. And here we are. You're not nearly as small as you were then. But you're still a pretty bird." The earl cooed quietly, once again immersing himself in the creature's feathers. His hands traced patterns and he relished in the softness of the feathers on his face.

A massive shiver traveled through the creature's body and suddenly Ciel was no longer on the bird's back. In fact, he was suddenly free-falling through the air. But of course, his butler came to his rescue before he could panic, quickly pulling the boy into his arms.

"Young master, could you please not do that? It does feel very nice, but it is extremely distracting."

Ciel blushed slightly and hid his embarrassment in examining Sebastian's lapels, "How does that work? Does your suit disappear or..."

"If I couldn't use my demon magicks to take on my familiar form to provide warmth and transportation for my master, what kind of butler would I be?"

The earl scowled, "Oh shut it."

Sebastian chuckled and pulled his master closer, "So I'm a pretty bird?"

The boy's scowl deepened but his blush brightened.

"I suppose that's an adequate answer."

"Just shut up and take me home, demon."

The demon chuckled, "Yes, my lord."

Chapter End Notes

This was short and dumb and for Trick... ah it was just going to be a simple thing of Sebastian having wings but I liked this more when I started thinking about... Ciel burying his face in feathers (Also about the scene in Spirited Away when Haku and Chihiro are returning to the bathhouse...) I also reeeaaaally enjoy ending dialogue between them with Sebastian saying "Yes, my lord." It's just a very solid way to end and very... fitting, very conclusive. I just like it, stylistically/aesthetically. Always end an episode with the catch phrase, ya know?
Sparks

Chapter Notes

*It may seem like our fire
Has been a little burnt out we're tired
We only need to stay close
In time, sparks will fly*

(Talk of sex but not a lemon)

Sebastian watched as Ciel's eyes fluttered behind his lids. It had only been a year or so. He was not yet able to actually sleep; his soul was powerful enough to fuel his body for centuries so he couldn't really power down yet. He was also not very good at pretending to be asleep. He was too intent on listening to every noise around them, especially any noise his... his partner made.

After the young earl had been changed by that witch Hannah, the pair had been quick to discover their new personal boundaries. That was when they really discovered... their chemistry. The rigorous demands of life in England had not allowed for either of them to explore their emotions, let alone their feelings for each other. But that immediate freedom... Ciel's instant response was to push the relationship as well as the physical capabilities of his new form.

They'd had a lot of sex.

*A lot.* Sebastian had been on this earth for many, many years and he'd never had so many couplings with the same person.

But things were a little strained when that was all they did. Training and sex. Ciel, despite pushing physical limits, was not quite ready to push the emotional limits. They'd talked in his... previous life. They'd bonded, become friends of a sort. But the ex-earl seemed to try to avoid talking with his butler now that they had more time and reason to.

Sebastian had given him time. He'd waited a year before he decided he needed to make the first move. And he was really only bothering now because he was tired. He wanted to try something new. And the sex was lacking. It had begun to feel like his time with the nun or Beast or... well simply put it was beginning to feel empty. He was unsure of what his master desired, but they were bound for eternity. He wanted to be with his master, not just be with him. And though it seemed as if they had nothing to connect with, though it felt like the small world they'd begun to build was already falling to pieces, he knew he could fix it. Easily. Ciel, the elder could see, was simply tired. More tired than he was. Tired of pain, of loss, of emptiness, of being forced to feel things.

But he could also see that there was a fire in them. One they shared. And as long as they tried... sparks would fly and ignite it.
Chapter End Notes

Sparks Will Fly - J. Cole ft Jhene Aiko
Just some demon cuddles after sex
"WHY?!"

The agonizing howl awoke the blunette again. He stared at the wall that separated his room from his flat mate's. It broke Ciel's heart to hear the raw pain in the sound.

Alois had been having issues with Claude for a few months. They'd been together for years, but it had never really been... good.

And this morning was the straw that broke the camel's back. Claude had left him. For a woman. That he'd been cheating on Alois with.

"I GAVE YOU EVERYTHING!"

As he'd expected, the blunette began to hear the sounds of wood cracking as the blonde began to destroy the remnants of their relationship. Picture frames, music boxes, cutesy knick-knacks.

"YEARS OF MY LIFE!" The startling sound of glass hitting a blunt surface and cracking. Thankfully he had not shattered any glass. But Ciel grabbed his cell phone just in case. When Alois was in a rage, he wouldn't stop just because he was bleeding.

"MY BODY! MY FIRSTS!!!"

Ciel was sure the sound of the carnage did not compare to what the blonde's room looked like in this moment. But he would help clean it regardless.

"I GAVE YOU... I gave you..." Finally, the rage had burned itself almost completely out. Now the sobs began. Ciel's own breath shook. It was difficult staying together and he couldn't even see Alois.

"I loved you..."
Okay, this is for Aservis Roturier of FF.net and oh my stars I've been waiting for them to make a request/suggestion! Like, golly gee dude the last time was a Betty suggestion for AoN... like two years ago.
WTH by Jhene Aiko (ft. Ab Soul) has inspired this songfic. And this one is a bit closer to being a *song* fic than my other ones...

*WTH*

I am floating, lost in *ecstasy*

*his smug voice is far too maddening*

*goodness gracious, what's become of me*

*I'm a noble lie*

*up and down and bucking hips it's so*

*loud like American rodeos*

*I'm a rotten mother*

*and awful wife*

*I find*

*I find my way through hellfire*

*I find my way through hellfire*

*nails on skin*

*welcome him in*

*and I can't find my regret*

*he takes away my strength*

*and makes it so easy to forget*

*Ha ha ha ha ha*

*Isn't it so fitting how*

*Ha ha ha ha ha*
I'm the lecher now

I find

I find my way through hellfire

I find my way through hellfire

Look at how she gave up
demon's temptation

a hellish creation

her will had been strong but took no time to break her

sigh through the lie

that I'm a homemaker

hand on her thigh

loosen my grip

driving her mad with

the wicked smirk on my lips

my iris is red

in her mind it's burning

her stomach's churning

but if she moves she's dead

I am quite wicked once a lover climbs into my bed

it's my dominion

so my dear be careful where you tread

soon I must return to my master but patience my dove

I will quickly be back to whisper my sweet lies of love

enjoy this while you can

it won't last

part of what pleases me is
when you pray for more alas
that act means nothing if your soul's mine

they leave me awed

prayers to a deaf God

The way to hellfire

I find

I find my way through hellfire
She used to do these spins under more dangerous circumstances. Two swords in hand, becoming a tornado of steel and blades for the one she loved. She could remember that. But this time around, that was practically all she could remember about her last life. She couldn't even remember her name. She could remember his though. It was a beautiful name: Ciel Phantomhive. She'd done some research when she first remembered him. He'd been a pretty powerful noble, with a dark past and sad life. Even now she ached to help him, despite him being dead for a little over a century.

"Eliza! We are burning daylight here! You need to focus."

The blonde jumped, startled out of her fantasy, "Ah, forgive me, Madam. I was distracted."

Her redheaded instructor shook her head, "I understand you are worried about the performance, but we have three days to perfect your dance. The turns in the third set are falling flat. Perhaps we should remo-"

"No. We aren't changing a single step. This dance tells a story, and I will not have a single word changed."

"Alright, alright Liz. I just thought that it was a bit much for you and they might be falling because you're tired."

There was a knock on the door of the studio, then a young man burst in, "Lizzie, Madam, a boy just arrived and he's perfect to play Lizzie's opposite!"

Madam rose quickly, "Really? He just... showed up? I know we're quite the unconventional company, but this is a bit of a stretch, even for me. He's a complete stranger to the company... and the performance is in three days. That isn't long enough to learn the whole dance."

"It might be. He's... he's pretty clever."

"Cleverness doesn't mean he can learn such a full performance in three days." Eliza said, slowly following an eager Madam to the door.

"Oh, just come look at what I taught him already."

"Finn, you've taught him part of the dance already?"

"I've taught him the whole first set!"

"What?" the women exclaimed. Their pace quickened.

"Well, he insisted on auditioning. He'd heard how much trouble we were having finding someone with enough stamina to play this part. He even insisted after I told him how little time there is. He's pretty persistent."
They stepped into the first-floor studio, where Finn trained their male dancers. Eliza froze by the door. There was something familiar about him. His hair... it was such a unique color, but she could recall seeing it somewhere. Like in a dream.

"Hey, come over here and introduce yourself to the director and principal dancer."

The young man had been practicing the first set, but stopped and walked over to them, "Hello. My name is Ciel. Ciel Moore."

Hearing just that name, just the first name, made Eliza's heart skip a beat. She knew why he seemed so familiar.

"Finn told us that he's shown you the first set."

"He has."

"He also gave us the impression that you already have it memorized."

"I have."

Eliza shook her head slowly, "I can't believe it."

Ciel tilted his head, "Well, it's true. I have an amazing ability to recall sequenced events, which is very helpful in memorizing dance steps."

"Well, if you already have it memorized, it would make sense to see how you two work together."

Ciel nodded and walked to the middle of the floor before turning and staring at Eliza expectantly. She quickly joined him.

Finn started the music for the first set and the Eliza could feel every atom in her body trembling with anticipation.

They danced. It wasn't perfect, some of their movements were too relaxed or slow, but they were in time with one another. Eliza doubted she would ever be this happy again. She'd never planned on finding him in this life. She had no idea what she was going to do about it, but there was a good chance of doing nothing. She wished she could stay in this moment forever, dancing with the one person she could remember from her last life. The one person her previous self had loved unconditionally. It was so strange to meet him this time around. He looked the same, sounded the same, and his name, well his first name at least, was the same. It was very strange. Usually, there were distinct changes in appearance. She could recall having fine, yellow blonde hair and emerald green eyes. But her hair was dirty blonde and her eyes were hazel.

She was so lost in her thoughts, she hadn't realized the music had stopped. Finn and Madam were snickering by the door. She'd instinctively continued into the second set despite there being no music. She'd been eating, breathing, and living this dance for the last month. Even on her days off. But, surprisingly, Ciel was attempting to keep up with her. She stopped and blushed, "Ah, sorry. I was lost in thought. I continued out of habit."

"Don't worry about it. Perhaps you and Finn should show me the rest of the dance so that we can practice it all at once."

Madam arched an eyebrow, "Is it really that simple, that easy for you to learn a dance? This is the whole performance we're talking about. Eliza has had a month to practice. You have three days."
"Do not worry about me. I will manage perfectly well. Just show me the dance."

So they did. And over the next three days, Ciel practiced endlessly with Eliza. The pair really were perfect together, Finn pointed out. He was pretty pleased with himself for finding this boy.

Eliza had a tendency to stay behind in the studio to practice for an extra hour or so whenever they wrapped up. On the last day of practice, she was surprised to find Ciel lingering by the door. Usually, he was the first one to leave.

"Do you want to run through the dance one last time?"

He seemed hesitant, "...Yes." Eliza nodded and started the music. They were very good at remaining in sync, and it was so pleasantly surprising. She rarely had this level of harmony when she was with the dancers she knew. He was practically a stranger. It only served to solidify, in her mind, who he was. It was a pleasant little escape from the stress of the performance. She just enjoyed dancing with him. It was sort of embarrassing to admit, even to herself. Past love or not, he was still a stranger to her...

"Eliza," he began quietly as they packed up their things and locked up the building, "Eliza... would you like to... go out for a cone with me? There's this great shop I walk by on my way home... It's open pretty late."

"You don't have to worry about getting back later than usual? You're usually in a rush to leave. I was really surprised that you decided to stay behind."

"Well, usually I've got to be home earlier; my roommate gets pretty irritable when I'm late for dinner since he refuses to eat until I get there. But I told him I was going to be out a little later so..."

"So you're asking me out for ice cream?"

He rubbed the back of his head, "Yes, well... it's pretty warm out and... it's summer and all... and I find sweets usually help me cool my head before a big performance. It's okay if you don't want to."

She giggled, "No, no. I would love to get ice cream with you."

So the two dancers began to walk. They chatted about ballets they'd performed, insane directors they'd had. Eliza went on a little rant about Madam. Ciel went on a rant about his roommate, Sebastian. Oddly, that name was also familiar, but she couldn't remember why. They'd gotten their ice cream and on their way to Eliza's apartment complex when, of course, something bad had to happen.

Three men had been following them for quite a while. They tried to stay on the busier streets, but there are bound to be empty streets at night, even in the city. It wasn't long before they'd found one. Ciel turned them around, but two of the men were too close by. One of them was missing. He groaned quietly in irritation, but turned back around, taking Eliza's hand keeping her close by. She was a little scared but she tried to keep from panicking. Her efforts were destroyed by the third man stepping out of a shadow not too far ahead of them. Ciel made another sound of irritation, and Eliza was finally starting to panic. She'd left her mace on her nightstand back home.

The men were closing in. Eliza was trying to think of a plan, of some way to defend against them.

"Get behind me."

She stared incredulously at him, "What?"
"Get behind me, cover your ears and close your eyes."

"Wha- No. I'm not going to just let you fight them by yourself. That's ridiculous!"

The men were much closer now. One of the two behind them had a bat. Eliza could see the one ahead of them reaching in his pocket. Her heart sank. He had a gun. Of course, he had a gun. She could feel the instant shift in Ciel's demeanor. He'd seemed mildly irritated before. Now he was furious. He glared at her, "Just do it. Now. There's not enough time to be debating this."

"They have weapons, Ciel. A gun. I'm not-

The man with the gun was raising his arm. He was going to shoot Ciel; Eliza could see where he was aiming.

"Just listen to me!" He pleaded. She was defiant. The man shot and missed. He was drunk, she could see it now that they were so, so close.

"No. I refu-

"Just let me protect you, Elizabeth!" He barked, and he shoved her behind him as the drunkard shot at them again.

She immediately ducked down and covered her ears and closed her eyes. She felt Ciel move away from her, but she didn't panic. Instead, she focused on what he'd just said. He'd called her Elizabeth. And now she knew. She remembered now, all it took was him saying it. That had been her name.

He was most certainly him, Ciel Phantomhive. And despite their current situation, she felt safe. She knew she was safe.

A hand on her shoulder brought her out of her dreams. He looked embarrassed, "I'm sorry... for calling you Elizabeth. You just... you remind me of this girl I once knew and it... it just came out."

"No, no... I understand. You remind me of someone as well. Someone I... oh this is going to sound crazy... someone I knew in a past life. Funnily enough, his name was also Ciel."

"That... that doesn't sound crazy. Not at all. Not at all..." He cleared his throat, "Well, let's get you home. We've got to get some rest. Busy... busy day tomorrow."

"Yeah." They were peacefully quiet the rest of the way to her apartment building. Their goodbyes were quick.

The house was packed the following evening. Eliza hoped the audience would be able to follow the story of the dance. It was pretty important to her. Even more so now that she'd found Ciel. The story goes as follows. A young woman is engaged to a young man. He is her entire world. His position is high, and his job is cloaked in mystery. But she stands by him regardless, even fighting for him when necessary. But one day, something goes wrong. He disappears. News abounds that he has died. She loses herself to her grief, and her poor health takes her life. A century passes. A young woman works hard. Her career is the focus of her life, and she never allows time for romance. But then she meets someone. Someone she finds familiar. She cannot place where she knows his face. And then, at the end of the performance, she realizes who he is. Her lost love returned to her. And the story ends.

They pair stood together, breathing heavily at the end of the last set. And it was then, after the story was told, that Eliza decided what she was going to do. As the curtain fell, in the brief moments before the final bow, she turned to Ciel.

"Ciel... I remember you from my last life. I don't know why and I don't care. All I know is that I
loved you and all I care about in this moment is whether... is whether you remember me."

He sighs and smiles, "Lizzie... I never forgot."
"Hi, baby. I love you. Hehe. What's your name? We don't know yet. Hehe, just whisper it, don't worry I won't tell dad." She leans in here, grinning madly, "Oh, Ciel? That's the name I want for you. Girl or boy, because you're going to be our little heaven. Our sky." She sighs and leans back, "I'm so excited to meet you, baby. I can't wait to hold you. To play with you. Your father scoured the market for the best toys. Your Aunt Angelina got you feathers and a little mirror and, hehe, make-up. She says that regardless of whether you're a boy or girl, you're going to want to make yourself up at some point. You know what I got you?" She whispers and leans forward again, pulling a necklace out of her shirt, "This. It has the most beautiful gem on it, it was so expensive. But, oh, I can't wait to give it to you. Actually, my present isn't for you, baby. It's for child you, teenage you. When you're older." It's a ring with a gorgeous blue gem, "I was looking at it the day I found out I was pregnant. Just glanced at it as I walked to the clinic. And then, when the doctor told me what I already knew... the ring sparkled in my mind. I bought it before I'd even told your father about you." She smiles. Her eyes are wistful, "I want my baby to have nice things. To feel loved. To be safe. This ring... this ring is for you when you're old enough to live without me."

"Rachel, I want to talk to him." A man's voice interrupts her.

"We don't know it's a he for certain, Vinnie."

"A man can feel when he's going to have a son."

"Tell that to King Henry VIII."

_He chuckles_, "Just give me the camera, missy." _She giggles, but the view shifts to his face_, "Hello, baby. Um... I... I don't really have anything planned to say actually..."

"Speak from your heart. Just tell them... anything."

"Um... business is going well, we just signed a deal and will soon have stores in China..."

"Vincent... really?"

"What?"

"Feelings. Tell him your feelings."

"Ha, you said he. Oh, uh, ehem... Hello, baby. I... I love you. Um, yes, well, I hope you're going to be strong and confident and a good businessman."

"Vinnie!"

"What, it's a feeling. I also hope that you find someone to love you, someone to take care of you but also for you to take care of. Someone who's a good balance. Now... I don't have any preference to
whether you like women or... um men, but make sure they're good at business."

"Okay, Vincent, that's it, give me the camera."

"Ah, ah, pregnant lady stays in bed."

"You're gonna have a lot more to worry about if you don't give me that camera."

"Alright alright. Anyway, I love you, baby. Here's your mom."

_She's smiling, and it sounds like he's leaving the room, "Alright, well, I hope you like this video, baby. And I hope you love us as much as we already love you."_

_The video ends._

Ciel sits on the floor of he and Sebastian's small apartment, staring up at the television. He clutches his ring in his hand.

He's crying.

Chapter End Notes

I love you.
It was dark. All that surrounded them was absolute darkness. A darkness that even their eyes could not pierce.

"Hannah."

His voice did not ring in the silent darkness. Instead, it seemed like a whisper, that gently caressed the darkness. Further proof of his lack of humanity.

"Yes, Enfer?"

Her voice was bigger, not so much louder as it still felt like a whisper, and was not so gentle with the darkness.

"I cannot sleep."

The darkness fell away, gliding backwards towards its source. Hannah looked down as Enfers eyes opened slowly and he sat up in her arms.

"Well, is there something else you desire?"

The young demon glanced around him, "Let me stand." She opened her arms and the boy rose. She stared in silent observation as he walked around her study. He ran his hand over the small wooden table which held her vast assortment of candles. As he drew his fingers across the wicks, the candles came to life and a small rainbow of wax begin to slowly drip on the table. He stood in front of the flames as he reached in the bookcase behind them and the seemed to grow ever so slightly. He pulled out a large, beautifully bound book that was adorned with an ancient script and dotted with small jewels. He opened to a seemingly random page and held the book directly over the flames. In a dramatic burst of color, the flames violently rose up against the beautiful binding. Smoke began to rise from the open pages until it brushed against the rounded ceiling. Enfer pulled the book away from the flames, which immediately died down, and began his slow stroll again as his eyes turned to the pages and he began to read.

He held the book in one hand while the claws on the other dug into and dragged against the lilac walls. When he reached the first window he paused and glanced out of it. There was a meadow with soft grass and bluebells and violets and the sun shone brightly overhead. A gust of wind caused a ripple through the grass that was like the sea. His expression remained blank as he dragged his claws against the window and continued his stroll, while the cracks from his claws broke through the glass, revealing the fiery hellscape of Dis. They dug into the soft wood of the second bookcase, at which Enfer dropped the beautiful book on the ground and pulled out a small green journal.

He continued to walk, now reading this journal, until he came to the wooden door the separated the study from the rest of the house. Into it he carved an "E", adding one to the hundred or so that were
already there. It was at about this point, when Enfer walked around about a fourth of the room, that a shadowy hand slunk across the floor and began to repair the damage the young demon had caused. It put out the candles, returned the smoke that still stood in a plume against the ceiling to the book, and returned the book to its position on the shelf. It repaired the window, restoring the illusion, and began its slow repair of Enfer's claw marks. It didn't touch the "E" on the door but continued rubbing out Enfer's other marks as the boy walked to the third bookcase. Here the shadowed hand caught the green journal as it dropped and returned it to its position on the second bookcase. Enfer didn't take a book from this bookcase, instead he climbed it, lighting the white candles dotting the shelves as he went. The hand put the candles out and began to repair the ceiling as Enfer crawled across it, digging his claws in the whole time.

At the fourth bookcase, he began to climb down, head first, and dropped halfway down, flipping to his feet before he hit the ground. Here he pulled out a photo album, containing many, many images. In some pictures were familiar settings, like the bottom of the staircase at Phantomhive Manor and the hotel Sebastian had deserted him at and the tents of the Noah's Ark Circus. There was Sebastian's empty wardrobe, the master bedroom at Trancy Manor, and a large empty box on a London street. An image of a small tower looking over the backyard of another building, a picture of a set of open metal doors leading to a long, dark hallway, and a photograph of a large open field spattered with deep furrows and patches where grass no longer grows. But not a single familiar face could be found. In fact, not a single face, not a single person could be seen in any of the images at all. Enfer stood and studied each and every photograph before dropping the album into the waiting hand that placed onto its shelf.

From this bookcase, Enfer kicked in the window beside it and sprinted to the brown and lavender couch, using the cushions as a springboard that sent him flying to the top of the back of the room. He slid down the wall, dragging his claws through the delicate wallpaper. He leapt from the wall over the couch to the large table that Hannah sat beside in the middle of the room. There, he lit the big black candle in the middle of the table and took the flame into his hand. He stared at it curiously for a moment before hurling it at the first bookcase where the fire immediately began to spread along the walls at an alarming speed. Finally, Hannah stood. The shadowed hand grew immensely and swept around the entirety of the room, putting out the whole of the flames and repairing the damage they had begun to cause, before returning to the shadow at her feet. From that same shadow stretched two tendrils that wrapped around Enfer and pulled him to her chest.

"Enfer... We have been doing this for too many days. What do you want? Tell me what you want. Give me an order."

The young demon stared blankly into her eyes for a long time.

"I wish... to meet others."

"No. Enfer, it is too dangerous."

"Then do not bother to ask me again."

She looked down and sighed.

The tendrils released him and returned to her shadow with a violent snap like a rubberband.

He stood patiently as she lowered herself to the ground before draping himself across her lap. She wrapped her arms around him and an inky black darkness began to ooze across the floor from beneath her. His eyes shut and she stared at her shadows before quietly asking, "Is there nothing else you wish for?"
"I wish... to sleep."

"Are you certain?"

He did not speak again, and she nothing left but to watch as the darkness slowly encased them.

Seconds, minutes, hours passed in utter silence. Any noises that were made were quickly swallowed by the darkness. Time trickled slowly like water in a gentle stream. Like oil from a can. Like sap from a tree. It bubbled and gurgled, every sound it tried to make to distinguish itself from everything else was devoured by the shadows around them. They were alone and together with no time and no sound. And then, like a feather against skin, a soft and quiet voice carressed the darkness.

"I cannot sleep."
Chapter Summary

Warning: Weird gross chapter full of typos insanity and violence.

He smiled. This was going to be hilarious. It was going to be beautiful. It was going to be dark and messy and... wonderful.

Alois's grin spread wider as the "demon" struggled against his bindings.

"You always act like you're above us. Like because you're the only normal one you get special privileges. You push us aside when we want a turn at the screen. You force us to sleep when we're "too bothersome". Well, I have news for you, Ciel. You're crazier than I am. You make him crazier than any of us ever could." The blonde laughed, snickered, guffawed. He was having too much fun. if only they'd let him out of the cage sooner, "~And I'm going to purge you~." He couldn't help but sing the words, this was far too glorious of an occasion to put any restraints on himself. To hide any compulsions, to purge any deep desires. Alois was finally, finally going to have fun.

"Look, Ciel. Look at all my tools~" He said with a giggle, as a blue and silver cart rolled itself into the room. The bound malady grunted in his chair, "Oh, what was that?" The blonde rushed up and ripped the ducktape off of the blunette's mouth, "C'mon!C'MON!!! SCREAM!! SPEAK! LET THEM ALL HEAR YOU! LET YOUR VOICE RING IN HIS HEAD!!!" he bent down near the parasite's ear, "It's the only one you let him hear, anyway." Oh, it felt good to growl those words. It felt so, so good to give the fucker what was coming to him. And he'd barely even touched him yet. This was going to be an arousing experience. Alois felt tingles in his legs and on the back of his neck, shivers traveling up and down his spine at the images of the torment he was going to cause the leech. To be allowed to think thoughts again without Ciel's pervasive voice drowning them out. Without being forced to sleep. The experience, the things he'd gone through to claw his way out of his cage, the hole he'd been forced in because the blue haired cunt wanted full control. Forgive him for being excited.

Yet, despite his earlier grunt, Ciel made no move to speak. A blinding rage sent white hot flames through Alois's mind, through the mind and their world shivered and trembled for a moment.

"So now you're silent. No one can get you to STOP TALKING for four fucking years and now you have NOTHING TO SAY?!?!? SPEAK, SCREAM, FEEL THE PAIN I'M FEELING!!! FEEL THE PAIN ALL OF US FELT! THE PAIN YOU MADE US FEEL- SPEAK SO I CAN MAKE YOU VOICELESS TOO!!!"

But Ciel remained silent. Alois had had enough. No, no this fucker, this fucking piece of shit was going to talk for him. He was going to scream for him. The blonde snickered, yes he would make him scream. Now let's see... which toy could they play with first? Oh it didn't matter, not here not now not anywhere. Because he could always reset. Ah, when the mind rebels it attacks until something breaks. Then it picks it up and fixes it oh so neatly so there isn't a single scar. And then it breaks it again. Alois was going to break and break and reset and loop and break until he was too tired to be awake anymore. Pliers, he needed the pliers. He grabbed them from the tray and stumbled
"Which tooth do you want to lose first? Hm? Hmm?!" He straddled the blunette's lap and grabbed his face, "Come on, start talking. Say something. Speak, speak. Be a good puppy and talk. You useless piece of shit. Come on, buddy. Which tooth? Here, I'm being so nice I'm letting you choose. You told a story about getting a tooth pulled once, tell it to me. Which tooth was it? Did it grow back? PICK A TOOTH YOU DUMB FUCK!" He let go of Ciel's face, shoving his head back. The boy glared at him... but didn't speak. Alois flung himself off of the chair, landing on his back on the ground.

"Did you know that the mind can trick the body into feeling pain or discomfort. Yeah, yeah that stupid ability can be used to heal it, but we don't give a fuck about that, do we? The pain you feel means nothing if it isn't real. But it is if the mind tells the body it is. Come on, come on Ciel. Tell me it isn't true so I can prove you wrong. Tell me I'm a liar, call me a phony. Then take your words and shove 'em up your ass because no one cares! But you gotta say something. SPEAK YOU FUCKING TART!" And he threw the pliers.

It felt good, watching the metal smash into Ciel's face. It looked terrible, but it felt sooo good. The skin right beneath his eye split, and the blood began to pour, but the pliers weren't done and they kept going and they burst the blood vessels in his eye. His sclera went red and his eye was bruising before the pliers had even stopped. Then his eye swelled shut. Alois let them drop to the ground as he laughed. The pure pleasure he got from just one quick movement. That was just a set of pliers. Imagine the pain he could cause with a hammer. Oh, but first he wanted to replay the screams.

Ciel's screams of agony were delicious. They made Alois's skin crawl, he could feel them in his teeth. Pain. The sound of pain and... ah there it was, the feel of pain. They were in front of the screen after all. It was numbing, but not. It felt good. Everything felt good. He needed the hammer.

He jumped up from the floor, flinging himself into the other boy's lap and then jumping up. He rubbed Ciel's face and just like that he was fine. The blinking waves of pain stopped, and they regained vision in the left eye. Beautiful. Now if only he could crack open his skull. Oh, but he could. He scrambled for the trolley that pushed itself towards him and grabbed the hammer.

"Ciel. Ciel. Ciel! Ciel!! Ciel!!! CIEL!!! CIEL!!! I HAVE THE HAMMER! YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR?! YOU KNOW WHO IT'S FOR?! CIEL, I HAVE THE HAMMER!!" Alois shouted manically, jumping and giggling like a madman, his tone growing boisterous and high pitched and loud, but not matching the excitement on his face, sounding more like anger than joy.

The blunette was so obviously terrified. Oh, but even now he didn't speak, he whimpered softly but Alois wanted to hear him beg for the pain to stop. But they'd barely even started, so he wasn't all too surprised.

"Oh come now, Ciel. Don't be afraid. It won't kill you. It's just going to hurt. Really, really bad. And I'm going to love it." He laughed hysterically, "Oh, this is wonderful. I might overflow with joy. Wouldn't that be embarrassing, huh Ciel. Me, overflowing with joy? Get it? GET iT?!" He fell back into hysteric, his laughter masking the sound of the metal head of the hammer being dragged along the wall as the blonde circled his prisoner.

"Look at the screen, Ciel! Look at where we are! It's you're fault because you wouldn't stop talking. And now I'm out and we're going to play my games because they're silly medicine isn't going to put me to sleep. In fact, it's what woke me up, heehee. And I'm not leaving until I have some fun. So say something. Say something, because it's no fun if I'm the only one playing along."

Ciel simply glared at him... and spit.
Alois's expression went menacing, sending thrills down his own spine, since there was no one else around to be terrified of him, "WRONG ANSWER!!" And he smashed the hammer down. It was too small to create the carnage Alois wanted to see, but he did manage to smash a hole in the pretty little things head. He just realized he wanted to smash it open. He kissed the top of Ciel's head, not before giving pause and listening to his screams, erasing the "damage" he'd caused. Then the feeling of the pain hit, and it left his knees weak in the most wonderful way. He really was going to "overflow" if this kept up. How absolutely embarrassing.

"Your last chance, Ciel, before I put you under. See, if you won't let me have my fun, I'll just use Sebasti-"

"DON'T!!"

"Aw... You're attached. How disgusting. Here, open your mouth."

The blunette did as he was told. Alois walked over, grinning and tilted the boy's head back. Then he spat into his mouth. Ciel attempted to cough and spit it out, but Alois held his head down and spit again.

"Swallow it. Swallow it! Good. Now that you're obedient, let's see what fun we can have, hmm?"

thisisnottheend
there'smore
there'salwaysmore
butweneverknowwhenit'scoming
Ghosting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

voice like wind and I hear singing
feel your fingers on my skin
wonder how you left impressions
on the heart that lies within

for the heart is long since silenced
so the pain I feel appalls
and confuses and astounds me
was I alive after all

strange or not I am a demon
I can't lie I've found the cause
was I foolish then to leave him
my attachment gave me pause

but I know it was my duty
with our contract now complete
brought him to that sacred island
sat him down, began my feast

now I wander 'bout the land
quite content to wait and see
what will become of this world
and what will become of me

voice like wind, the song keeps playing
tis my word against the singer's
but my mind betrays me saying
body gone, but soul still lingers

Chapter End Notes

I am... really proud of this.
i love You.

Chapter Notes

that butler's always had a way with words

when you breathe
i see ice crystals form in the air and on the glass of the window beside you
when you blink
i watch the tempest you create destroy the villages on your nose
when you laugh
i swear the world shakes and my vision becomes a blur in the vibrations
when you cry
i drown in every teardrop and wonder like alice why i don't have an umbrella
when you sing
the birds go silent and my feathered brothers listen with me to your song
when you kiss me
i fall in love like angels fall from heaven
like stars fall from the sky
and like i've fallen from god's grace
into yours
"Why do you torment me so?!" he screamed to the heavens, pounding his fists against the hard stone of the mausoleum. The funeral had long since ended and he was the only one who had refused to leave the graveyard, "You let me love and let me live beside him, only to take him from me!" A voiceless whisper touched his ear. He screamed in rage, in agony as the gentle whisper urged him to calm down. The large oak beside the crypt split in two with a loud crack, "You taunt me with his voice. With those words. You really are as cruel as they say." The tree then seemed to spring anew, as if it had never been touched. Pointlessly hopeful, he turned his gaze to the entrance of the crypt and stared for eight agonizing minutes as absolutely nothing else happened. Every other grave in yard split in half, the resounding sound of rocks breaking apart stretching for miles. But in moments those too were repaired. He screamed again, quieter now with more pain in it than rage, "GIVE HIM BACK! Give him back! give him back..."

Words they could not hear overtook him, and with a shuddering crack, the mausoleum began to split, starting from the marble base up to the top of the building. The carnage made its way straight through the building and down into the ground. Its shadow quickly grew over him as the marble walls fell, and he sat, eyes closed arms open, waiting to meet his end.

But no. It stopped and in an instant the shadow disappeared. The marble memorial returned to its proper state of being. And with a swipe at the shadows, so did he.
1 o'clock in the morning, rereading my shorts, decided to do a reading of one of my favorite chapters. This was a bitch to edit to sound good (enough) since I'm recording on a potato (the built in mic on my nextbook)...

The Audio: https://clyp.it/wcg41pli?token=06118245be9a817bc7610da7db9d04cb

The Text: http://archiveofourown.org/works/4720643/chapters/11469925

Update: Vocaroo saves audio for a limited time. I've used a new site and updated the link.
"Papa."
"Hm?"
"Papa."
"Hm?"
"Papaaa."
"Hmmm?"
"Hihi, Papa, get up."

Sebastian shifted the arm covering his face ever so slightly, peeking out to find bright blue eyes staring expectantly at him, "Eh?"

Ciel jumped, a false pout on his lips, "Papa, it's raining."

"Oh?"

The child giggled, "Come ooooonnn. It's raaaaaaiiiininng."

"Alright, alright, I'm getting up." The man sat up and groaned as he pushed himself from the bed, "Ah, I see you're already dressed." The boy stood in a hooded dinosaur romper.

"Mhmm! Tanaka helped. But I put on the galoshes by myself." He gestured to the bright yellow boots with a triumphant grin.

"Well, that's quite a big.... step-up from last time." Sebastian grinned over his shoulder as he rifled through his wardrobe.

Ciel groaned and facepalmed, with all the exaggeration the child could muster, "Ugh, nooooooo..."

"No?"

"No puns."

"Aw, no fun."

"Papa!"

Sebastian chuckled, "Alright, alright. No puns."

"You're lying aren't you."

"No, I'm standing."

The child giggled and stomped his foot, "Papa!"

"Heh, come on, little monster. Let's go wreak havoc." Sebastian opened the glass sliding doors and gesture to the grey world outside. Ciel hopped outside, heading towards a large tree that sat in the backyard. Sebastian strolled after him, holding the umbrella he kept leaning against the doors. He
grinned as the boy tried to reach the tree only using puddles.

"Papa! Come on, you too!"

He grinned and joined his son's bunny hopping.

They made it to a table that was a few feet away from the tree. Sebastian looked down at the child, "Are you ready?"

Ciel nodded and watched while his father lifted a stopwatch from the table. His little hand wavered over a glass bowl full of peanuts.

"Go!"

He snatched a handful of peanuts and his sapphire eyes searched the tree for a minute before he sprinted towards it, "Squirrel!" He crouched low and held his hand towards the little critter and waited patiently for it to take the peanuts. When the squirrel had taken its fill, he jumped up and ran around the trunk to a rope. He grabbed on and climbed up to a platform built into the side of the tree. From there he grabbed a piece of blue chalk from the bucket that sat there and swung back down, doing his best Tarzan yell. He looked around the rainy yard and seemed to spot what he was looking for. He ran towards a patch of concrete and began to write his name, but the rain washed it away before he finished.

Sebastian chuckled, "Come on, little man! You've gotta find another place to write or you'll never beat your last time!"

The boy squealed and hopped in place, his eyes flickering around the yard. Then he bolted towards the house.

"What, no, Ciel don- well it is just chalk." Sebastian sighed as the boy wrote his name on the side of the building before running back to the tree and climbing the rope to the platform again. There he grabbed a small bat.

"Come on, Papa! Throw them. Quick!"

The elder Michaelis grabbed a small crab apple from a bucket beneath the table and tossed it towards the platform. Ciel swung and-

"One! Hurry, Papa, hurry! I think the rain's stopping!"

Sebastian grinned and began to toss the little fruits at a faster pace, "Can you keep up? Just two more to go."

It took another minute but Ciel managed to hit two more apples before leaning the bat against the trunk and grabbing a nearby branch to begin climbing. This is when Sebastian moved from the table to the tree to hover protectively under the boy as he climbed. When the child had reached a branch marked by a big purple splotch off paint he climbed across it and hung upside down.

"10, 9, 8, 7, 6,5,4,3,2,1!" After the count down the boy readjusted himself to hang by his hands before he dropped into his father's arms. Sebastian let him down and the boy sprinted across the yard to a fence. He slapped a small green hand print before running back to his father.

"Done!" He announced when he slapped Sebastian's hand, "How long?"

"Seventeen minutes and Thirty-Four seconds. You beat your last time by twenty-eight seconds! I
think it's the crab apples that are the real problem here. Should we switch to pears?"

"Maybe..." The boy murmured contemplatively. He glanced up at the sky, "How long until the rain stops?"

"I think the rain should stop in about..." As he spoke, the clouds seemed to disperse, "Well, I suppose now then."

"I'll be faster next time!"

"I know you will. You know, I've been meaning to add a tire swing to the course. I think I'm gonna hang it from the hanging branch so you can use the rope to climb down, and then we'll do something with the actual swing."

"Yeah!"

Sebastian smiled, picked him up, "Alright. Let's head inside and dry off. What do you want for breakfast?"

"Cheesy toast and fried eggs!"

"Then let's go."

Rainy days were simple days in the Michaelis household.

"Do you want to try avocado?"

"Hmm... sure."

They were a simple family. With not so simple ideas of fun.
Ciel stood up from the box he was packing. Thankfully he and Sebastian were at that stage in their relationship; he had no idea how he’d afford the apartment on his own. He was sad to see Alois go, but happy for him.

The blonde had finally moved on from his on and off partner of, well Ciel didn't really know how long they’d been together but it was at least five years. After Claude had dumped him the last time Alois began to see someone else.

Or rather someones else... did that work?

He’d met Hannah years ago while he was with Claude, but it seemed she had helped him through his break up with the stoic manipulator. They'd grown very close and Ciel hadn't been surprised when the blonde walked in and announced he was in a relationship. He was surprised when a week later he announced that he'd joined in Hannah's other relationship. First, he hadn't known Hannah had another relationship. Second, he hadn't known that either of them were non-monogamous, especially after all the pain Alois had gone through due to Claude's cheating. But then Alois explained it all to him.

The relationship was polyamorous, a group relationship. Alois had told him that he was very nervous about such a relationship but Thompson, Timber, and Canterbury, Hannah's other partners, has made him feel very welcome and at ease.

"It's like falling in love with your best friend and then falling in love with your other best friends. And then they fall in love. So no one's alone and everyone's happy. There are more people to love and more people to be loved by. I don't know, it feels like a family in a way."

After that, Ciel wasn't too surprised to find that Alois was going to be moving out.

"Thompson found a house in his area that's big enough for all of us. This is a pretty big step, but we all feel good about it."

"You're sure about all this?" Ciel had asked. Alois was known to make big decisions without thinking.

"We've been talking about it for months. I'm not... I'm not absolutely certain. Actually, I'm pretty terrified. At any moment this could all go south and they could leave me just like... just like he did."

"Alois... Do you really think they would do that? I mean, I've only met Hannah but I already know that she'd die before she hurt you like that."

"I know. But there's always that fear, you know? And I think it's always going to be there."

"But?"
"But I'm not going to let my overthinking ruin this for me."

"Then I guess this is goodbye?"

"Well... not quite yet."

"What?"

"Can you help me move?"

Chapter End Notes

Oh, well this might be actual crap. And don't worry the triplets aren't triplets in this universe. That's a little much for me... probably
The sound of a hammer against wood awoke the blunette. He rolled over with a groan, draping his arm across the side of the bed his wife should be laying in. But she was not there.

He growled and rolled out of bed, slipping his feet into the slippers beside it and walking over to the glass sliding door. He glared against the rising sun, peering into the backyard. He sighed and opened the door, stepping into the grass, wetting his slippers with the early morning dew.

He covered his eyes as he approached the blonde who was busy hammering fashionable white pickets into the ground.

"Elizabeth, what are you doing?"

She turned around with a somewhat blank, tired look on her face, "Fencing."
To Study A Uniform


All words that could describe the Phantomhive butler, at any one point or another.

Now to further describe him still, and all the more accurately, one must analyze the suit he wears daily (and nightly, the Phantomhive butler never sleeps).

His jacket and pants are pressed, his vest and shirt are kept in meticulous order; this is a butler that values dedication and organization. His is strict with his master's schedules and the business of the servants under his command. A value of beauty, in the shine of his shoes, not a single scuff to be seen on any pair. Now in this butler's case, there are more aspects to his uniform than one might initially perceive.

His face holds a shape that his master finds familiar and comforting, yet it can convey expressions and intent that unravels the fears of his enemies. His voice has an alluring quality to it, a smooth cadence to his speech and intonations; still it can become dark and hostile, a universal tool to charm and befriend or challenge and intimidate. His frame is slender but well built, constructed in away that allows him to be unseen and underestimated or to be found deviously tempting. A humble aura about him, yet his head remains high, enabling him to be perceived in a shifting light. His human cloak is perfectly constructed to grant him the ability to seduce or terrify.

He is the perfect butler. At least, for the Phantomhive boy.

At least, for the moment.
Clean Up on Aisle Eclipse

Chapter Summary

Who wanted this? Oh, oh! Terra Claiborne, you suggested a Slingphries or OrangeCoffee bit possibly concerning the ECLIPSE!!!
~total eclipse of the heart~
GAY! Gay Reapers EVERYWHERE! YOU GET A GAY REAPER AND YOU GET A GAY REAPER! EVERYBODY GETS GAY SHINIGAMI!!!
I've tackled ghosts in Kuroshitsuji before with Ze Cave (the like third chapter in this collection)
Well here's a different take based around my DnF world building notes (that may never see the light of day!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The stoic supervisor glared at the mess before him. A solar eclipse. High time for ghost activity. The rats who left scraps after their stolen feasts easily evaded punishment from the Shinigami units. Everyone the dispatch department could spare was out in the field during an eclipse. The darkness made it easier for demons to form pathways back to Hell, or up from Hell in some cases. His partner had disappeared to "question" a certain demon, despite knowing that the tethered dog was no threat at this time and they needed all the help they could get retrieving the scraps of soul.

William loathed demons for this very reason. Their blatant disregard for the human soul. Those who scavanged liked rats in rubbish left bits of what they did not desire, pieces of "heart" that did not suite their tastes, some even leaving whole pieces of soul, scraps of cinematic records that could do harms to the still living humans that came near them. And since the eclipse allowed them to come and go much more easily, it only meant more work for the Shinigami dispatch. Even though the England Dispatch had less to worry about, due to the two resident demons and their territorial behaviours, there were still despicable mutts that crept under everyone's radar.

"Ugh, overtime... We could be at the apartment, drinking good beer and eating good sweets. Why do demons have to be so picky? I mean look at the blue weirdo and his pet. The kids pretty okay, I mean he hardly ever eats anything. But that bird... He lost his meal because of his pickiness. If they just learned to put up with bad tastes like the rest of us..."

Despite his love for the younger shinigami, William had to admit that Ronald could prove to be very irritating at times. He didn't really know when to stop speaking. In fact, it seemed as though he never stopped speaking, "No one likes overtime, Ronald. And those two are anomolous. Lesser demons do not pick apart souls purely because they "don't like the taste"."

"Then why else would they do it?"

Will stared at his beaux for a moment before glaring back down at the work load before them, "Because they are disgusting creatures. Because they hate mortals. Because they enjoy causing us stress and ruining a soul's chance at finding peace."

"Sir!" The pair glanced towards a building a street or two away. Alan stood alone, a number of
growing scrolls in his arms. William nodded at Ronald, who dashed off to get back to work, and made his way over to the struggling reaper.

"Where is your mentor?"

"I'm not sure. I was worried about damaging them further so I've kept them like this."

"I'll have Knoxx come h-"

"No need, sir! I simply wished to know where we're meant to bring them once they've been collected. There were some that seemed to be in better shape than I'd expected that I attempted to send off, but they won't cooperate."

"I see. Slingby gave you no instructions before disappearing?"

"No. He was very busy and it must have slipped his mind."

"Have you seen Sutcliffe at all?"

"Not since we left the office and he claimed to "have a lead"."

"I see. Well, these souls must be delivered to the research department. Just deliver them to Othello."

"Alright. Thank you, sir!" The young reaper began to dash away, stumbling a bit.

"And get someone to help you! Find your mentor!"

"I'll be fine!" Alan shouted back, continuing at his determined pace. He felt a little guilty for lying. He knew exactly where Eric was, and exactly what he was doing. He doubted it would work, but there was no harm in trying. There was nothing else they could for these souls; they were damaged beyond repair. Othello and the others were studying them and using them for... well whatever strange things they could use soul and heart fragments for. And he had the smallest hope...

That Eric had finally figured out a good way to find a cure...

Chapter End Notes

haha that's all you get! Someone on ff asked for SebaxGrell so that's next I guess.
She sat up in bed, her wild red locks flopping into her face. She glanced at the pocket watch on the bedside table and sighed, swinging her long limbs to grab it from her semi-comfortable position. She squinted at the clock face and realized she hadn't grabbed her glasses. She swung her arm at the table again, catching her glasses by the black beaded chain. She slipped them on. She was late, oh she was so late. Not that it really mattered. She wasn't known for her punctuality. She turned the delicate machine over and traced her fingers over the crest. It was a decorative thing, fanciful and pompous. Well suited to the brat who currently ruled the house it represented. Another groan as she rolled over to sit up and then a gag as she clotheslined herself.

Oh yes, lovely. She'd forgotten that her new lover had been inventive with their ties. She'd explored of an exhilarating side of the Phantomhive butler these past few nights. He was all about control. She grunted as she freed herself and stood up, steadying herself on the table when the room spun. Her clothes were neatly folded at the foot of the bed. She combed through her hair with her fingers and winced. She discovered a jug of water by her clothes, pouring it through her hair and combing it out over the bucket Sebastian had also placed there.

She rung her hair out and pinned it up before slipping into her ironed suit. Well, the little demon must have had a little extra time this morning. She searched around and found her scythe tucked into the wardrobe. There must have been quite a bit of time because hidden beside the scythe was a silver tray with a simple breakfast for her. She grinned. He finally remembered that Shinigami need to eat and sleep as humans do. It didn't mean much, but it meant he was amused enough by her to make a slight effort to keep her alive. She'd been worried that the end of the eclipse would mean the end of Sebastian's interest, but he seemed to be planning to keep her at least one more day. She hadn't expected things to go as well as they had.

She'd been spying on Sebastian during the week of the eclipse. William had sent her to the area to look for any demons that were slipping in early. She'd spent the time watching the two demons she knew were in the area. Ciel's attitude had changed, she'd noted. He wasn't really a brat. Every time she glanced him through any of the windows he could be sitting pensively or reading a book. Any interactions she'd witnessed seemed a bit one-sided, with the boy constantly nodding or mumbling in agreement. He seemed so passive. On the other hand, Sebastian seemed far more aggressive. His posture had shifted a bit, he moved a bit faster and a bit bigger. His usually small, calm gestations seemed to become larger arm movements with more wild motions. Not drastically different, but noticeably. He seemed to have less patience with others and even still he seemed less... respectful. Even after being chained to his master Sebastian maintained his status as an impeccable butler. In fact, it had seemed like their bond as master and butler and as friends had strengthened in direct response to their new circumstance. But in the few days preceding the eclipse the pair seemed uncharacteristically distant. Grell just couldn't figure out wh- well she figured is the fault of the eclipse but she thought the only effect was demons being stronger. She yearned to know; this would be hot gossip in the office for weeks, discovering changes in the behaviours of demons on the eclipse. Will might even praise her for once. She immediately dove towards the estate.
She knew the butler had a room on the first floor, though he had no window. However, she knew exactly which windows led into the brat's room; she'd watched him through them plenty of times. She jumped back into the trees to walk around the manor to find the windows. Thankfully the summer heat forced the boy to keep his windows open. She slipped through the window with some clever acrobatics, if she did say so herself, and planned to walk downstairs when she'd discovered that she wasn't alone.

"Ehem..."

She glanced over to the bed at the surprisingly timid sound of someone clearing their throat, "Ah, hm... Good morning, brat."

"Grell. You've been watching us for days. I was wondering when you'd come in."

She was terribly unsettled by the quiet, demure tone of the voice. It didn't sound, as she'd been expecting despite her observations, like a villain sarcastically admonishing her. It sounded more like a kind friend joking playfully with a beloved visitor. She was terribly unsettled, "What in all of Hell is wrong with you?"

"Sebastian said that the eclipse has a weird effect on demons in contracts. Since it's supposed to make us stronger, and I guess it switches the balance of a contract and encourages the feral and dominating nature of the demon while eliminating those traits in the human. I don't know how Sebastian isn't even more aggressive. He must already be very strong because he's managed to fight against the effects. I'll never be strong enough. I think my origins also make me more susceptible to the human effects. Regardless I can't will myself to fight this at all. I don't even want to." He really sounded like he was compelled to tell her all of that...

Grell shivered. The content and complacency in this kid's voice made her very glad that she hadn't ended up selling her soul to become a woman, "How does he treat you? I know you two've gotten much closer. How close exactly? Does he... burst into your room at night a-"

"Why don't you ask him yourself?"

"I can't approach him if he's even more aggressive. He loathes me."

"He's become more tolerant."

"Darling, I'm not interested enough to risk my life."

"But you could get what you want. For a little while at least. I'm too fragile right now. Perhaps you could help... ease his frustrations. If you offer it up to him now, I'm sure he'll be open to the idea. Besides, even though I don't want to give orders right now, I still owe you for helping me save Elizabeth."

"If he attacks I'm coming up here to kill you." She revved her scythe for emphasis.

"Okay." The chipper tone of his voice sped her down the stairs.

The whole of the manor was empty as she strolled downstairs. No other humans, no other demons, nothing.

She eventually made it to the butler's room. She knocked because she didn't want to risk bursting in. She heard a groan from inside and a messy Bassy opened the door.

"Grell, I am not at my best at present. I hope you're here for an important reason."
"Well, that's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about. You see Ciel and I have been speaking and he noted that you seem a little frustrated... because of the eclipse."

"I thank you for your concern Grell, but I will be fine. A few days of disco-"

"Ciel's too fragile, right?" Ah, she was a little desperate now, "You don't have to put up with a few days of discomfort. I can help... ease your frustrations?"

Sebastian stepped back and looked at her, really looked at her, as though he had only just realized she was there, "You are offering yourself? Ah, your obsession with me... Mr. Sutcliffe, you are going to have a big jo-"

"What job? I'm doing my job. Ensuring dangerous demons don't take advantage of weak humans during the eclipse. Ciel told me himself that he is very fragile right now."

"You know very well he is not a h-"

"You know very well that he might as well be right now. The eclipse certainly says he is."

His eyes pierced through her as he glanced up and down her body, "If you disappoint me, I will make sure you suffer for this." He grabbed her arm.

"Oh, darling don't promise me with a good time." She said with a grin as he dragged her into the room.

The night of the eclipse had been the wildest experience out of the five nights she was essentially trapped in the demon's room. While he was busy working, she went out and did her job. Completely bailing out for the next few days was out of the question (they were going to be far too busy), but she remained in the area and did enough work to keep her busy until the butler put the little noble to bed late in the evening.

She awoke sore and still exhausted. But now she was refreshed, actually, she was still sore and still exhausted, but breakfast and the water certainly helped. She left the servant quarters and went to check in on the kitchen. Of course, Sebastian was in there, cooking a bunch of food that no one was going to eat. She leaned against the doorkframe.

"Thank you. For breakfast and... ironing."

"You're perfectly allowed to thank me for the ironed clothes, but the food was a necessity after last night."

"Why?"

Sebastian turned around and leaned back against the counter. He looked relatively back normal this morning, "Because the eclipse awakens incubi."

"Wait, isn't that the sex demon."

"Yes, Grell, that's the sex demon."

"Well don't they just... have sex? Wasn't their thing just seducing people to lead them to sin?"

"No, incubi and succubi are far more complicated than that. In relation to the eclipse, it is our ability to steal the soul from a living human during coitus. Since demons in contracts must succumb to their master's orders, the eclipse allows us to diverge from our masters to wreak havoc as we please."
"So what you told the brat was only part of the truth. I'm surprised to find that you're an incubus. But," she grinned, "I knew there was a reason I'm so drawn to you. You're made of seduction and passion!"

"You laugh but it is a dangerous joke. The eclipse is problematic to those of us who have more civilised approaches to 'demoning'. It strengthens our abilities, so I lose the control over my nature that I've cultivated for centuries. I involuntarily weakened you last night, and to ensure you do not die, I wonder what would happen though if you did die, I've got to ensure that you are properly fed to make up for the energy I drained. The poor young master is still susceptible to the submission incubi contracts force. It will lessen greatly over the course of the day, but although you will be fine by this afternoon, he will be recovering for a few days."

"So you just let him assume the truth?"

"Of course. There is no benefit to anyone if he knows what I am and what an incubus can actually do. It is best we keep unnecessary fears at bay."

"Aw... you care about the little monster."

"It is better to care than to hate him until one of us dies. Despite how he may act, he is still a child. A child I have chosen to protect and lead."

"Well, can you lead me to the door? Or is it better if I slip out through the window?"

"You will not be heading anywhere until you eat."

"I did."

"Eat everything." He gestured a hand the slowly increasing mass of baked goods.

"I THOUGHT YOU WERE BAKING OUT OF HABIT!"

"Voices, Grell. Let's not irritate the young master."

"I am already late."

"Tell them you were fighting a demon and losing. Sit, eat."

She dropped onto the stool by the island and began to eat from a basket of buttery rolls. They were gorgeous; light, airy, fluffy, perfect...

Perhaps she could stay a little longer.
Quickie 2 [lemon]

Chapter Summary

fuck it I'm not finishing it

...yet...

Chapter Notes

A rough, mean, degrading sex scene.
This is a depiction of an S/M relationship. Not all S/M relationships are like this.
But this is how I chose to depict the relationship of this version of these characters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The sound of his body hitting the wall resonated in his skull. He could feel the stone give way to the force. It was one of those days.

"Is somethi-" No proper inquiry into his master's temperament could escape his lips as the younger demon's crashed into them.

"Shut up." The earl growled into his mouth, grabbing a fistful of his servant's hair in order to yank the taller man to his knees.

It was indeed one of those days.

Sebastian pondered the cause of his master's rage while the boy assaulted his lips and jaw and his throat, kissing roughly and biting as he pleased. As was his right as master. It could be any number of things: a poor dinner with Lady Elizabeth, a business meeting gone awry, or simply shitty tea. Anything could set the boy off. He was always seething with anger under the surface. And Sebastian could do nothing about it. Or rather anything these days.

He sat, day in day out, in his bedroom. A new bedroom. The earl's "training" for this new lifestyle had been rough. He had refused to give orders. He had reworked the entirety of the elder's being. Sebastian was made to understand that he was a slave whose only purpose was to please his master. In words, it hardly seemed different from usual. But somehow everything had changed.

"Undress me. Quickly, I need release."

Sebastian reached towards his master's vest buttons only to have his wrist grabbed and his hand brought to the lord's face for inspection.

"What is this?"

"Fo-forgive m-"
"What did I say about that phrase?"

"I apologize, my lord. It was re-"

"No excuses. Now why are you not wearing your gloves? Gloves are only to come off duri-" The demon cut himself off and his sapphire eye narrowed and flashed red, "You are meant to be in chastity due to your last offense. Do I need to implement full chastity?"

"N-no, my lord. I-"

"That word, Dog. Watch your tongue or I will remove it."

"I apologize, Master. I was weak willed."

"When?"

"Master?"

"How long have your gloves been off?"

Sebastian could feel apprehension building in his gut. He'd known this was coming. He had known he would be punished. He expected it, anticipated it, craved it. He did not, as others might think, hate his new position. He did not resent his master. It came with the training, but it was something else. He loved his lord. He loved pleasing him, hated his discomfort. But he loved his punishments more. Or rather, the good punishments. He was a good slave, obedient enough, and he knew what lines he should not cross. But since his master refused to give him proper orders, he could easily choose to push those lines. And he did. It was how he'd ended up in chastity in the first place. He'd pushed a little too far. His punishment was painful. He'd been isolated from his lord, no longer permitted to see his face or receive commands. No opportunities to please him. He could only hear him through the walls of his "prison".

"Answer me, Dog."

"Three days."

"Three... ah. I see. Perhaps I should move you then, if just the soun-"

"Please don't." Sebastian whispered.

"What? Are you begging for something, Worm? Do you wish to be moved to the abandoned wing of the manor?"

"I do not, my lord. Please allow me to stay here."

"Where is 'here', Worm?"

"My prison."

"Your prison?"

"Ah, f- I ap-"

"You call the room I so graciously allowed you to stay in after you embarrassed me, a room you desired to be so close to my own, a prison?"

"I am truly sorry, Master. I was being ungrateful."
"No. Perhaps you were simply responding accordingly."

"Master?"

"Perhaps I spoil you. I let you choose where to serve your punishment because I wished to be kind. You seemed so utterly repentant for your egregious mistake."

I was, I am repentant. I am so truly sorry, my lord. I did not me-"

"Silence." The earl turned away, "Tomorrow, you shall be moved to the western wing."

Sebastian winced. Just the thought of being even further away from his master, and to lose out on the contact he would have had left him in pain, "Please, Master. Please let me remain here."

"In your prison?"

"In my palace, my lord."

"So the frightened bird changes its tune."

"It does not make the song less true."

The young noble strolled over to a wall. Wedged deep into the stone were iron loops, and from them hung chains. He crouched low and grabbed a cuff from the ground, "Where are your gloves, Dog? Where did you bury them in your shame?"

Sebastian crawled (his master had put him on his knees and he had not been given permission to rise) over to a metal post that was sticking out of the floor in one corner of the room. He had, indeed, buried them.

"Tell me what happened. Why did you disobey me?"

"It was not intentional disobedience, my lord."

"Oh?"

"Yes. You see I was kneeling here when I heard your voice. I thought that, despite being unable to act, I could at least listen. I did not think I was doing anything wrong."

"In that moment, you had not. Continue."

"I moved closer to the wall so that I could focus completely on your voice."

"Show me how you sat."

The demon sat with his legs splayed behind him, his thumbs together with his palms pressed flat against the ground, and his forehead pressed against the wall.

"Continue, but remain as you are."

"I closed my eyes and listened to your voice until you reached climax, and it seems I had focused too deeply because I immediately..." he trailed off, closing his eyes with a quiet sigh as he remembered the sound of his master's moans.

The earl stood silently for a moment, watching his servant with mild interest before finishing, "You came. Simply due to the sound of my voice. I assume that because of your position, you spent all
over your gloves," Sebastian nodded, "You are forgiven. I will decide in the morning whether or not you will still be moved. Until then..."

Sebastian watched his lord move around his peripherals, "You are still not permitted to touch me with your bare hands. However, my need for release at present outweighs my need to punish you more thoroughly. This will be the only time during your punishment that I will allow you to touch me without your gloves."

He was, without a doubt, still angry, but he was calm on the surface. Sebastian felt a little disappointed. He found the angrier sex to be much more exciting, but he was quick to remind himself to be grateful for being allowed to partake, especially while he was being punished.

Chapter End Notes

For some reason... my wording feels... childish. It looks childish, it looks like a young child wrote this. The phrasing just seems so off... I don't understand. Why is this irritating me? "The demon cut himself off and his sapphire eye narrowed and flashed red" looks like absolute garbage, what is wrong with it?
After-Shower Escapades [lemon]

Chapter Notes

Wanted to write a lemon this week. Gotta prep for this Sa・tur・day♪♪
Let me know how well it's constructed.
(I'm challenging myself to exclude cruder words from this one, to expand my... sexual vocabulary)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ciel freed his hair from the fluffy white towel, dragging it down his face and into his lap like a child. Even after more than a century he still maintained a childish nature. He shook his damp hair with a sigh, running his fingers through it as he grabbed the comb. Then the bathroom door burst open, Sebastian stepping out with no modesty. Or a towel.

The younger demon glanced over at his husband, still carelessly yanking the comb through his hair. The ex-butler arched a brow with his signature smirk.

The blunette scowled, "No."

Sebastian raised his eyebrow.

Ciel tossed the comb away in irritation, "No, we just showered."

The ravenette strolled over to the bed, "But that's the best time."

The younger demon scoffed and turned around, grabbing his phone from the nightstand.

His husband grinned and crawled across the bed, "When you're damp and warm and drowsy, and your body still tingles from the hot shower."

"No, that is when you're supposed to sleep." Ciel grumbled, grabbing Sebastian's pants from the foot of the bed and tossing them in his lover's face.

The ravenette grabbed his pyjama bottoms and held them in his fist, "Tell me you aren't dying to feel my hand around your-"

"What I'm dying to feel is my head hitting this pillow," the blunette snapped, pulling the blankets tight around him and turning his back to his husband.

Sebastian sighed and reluctantly put his pants on before sliding under the covers himself.

Ciel opened his eyes slowly, aware of his shallow breaths. He shifted his hips and groaned quietly at the stickiness that coated his thighs. He scowled in his husband's direction. It was his fault, of course.

"Damn devil." the blunette muttered as he turned over, determined to go back to sleep. He was not going to give Sebastian the satisfaction of being right. But the moment his eyes closed he could see the ravenette hovering over him, panting as he-
"Sebastian." Ciel growled, turning over to shake his lover's shoulder. The elder slept on. The young demon leaned over his husband. "Sebastian," he barked into his ear, "Wake up."

One garnet eye opened to look at the blunette.

"Get up."

Sebastian sighed, rolling over to face his beloved, "I am awake."

Ciel squirmed now that he had his husband's attention. He bit his lip, "Um... well... You can probably smell it."

The ravenette arched a brow, "Smell what?"

The blunette scowled, "You know very well what."

Sebastian chuckled, "You're right. I can smell it. And?"

"And? Fix it!"

The elder demon grinned, "But I seem to recall someone being adamant about going to sleep instead."

Ciel knocked his head against his husband's, "That was then. This is now. It's your fault, now fix it."

"My fault?"

"Yes!"

"How is it my fault?"

"You know damn well how it's your fault."

"Yes," Sebastian whispered huskily into Ciel's ear, "but I want you to tell me."

The blunette shivered, "Ack, no just take care of it."

"Hmph, take care of what?"

"Sebastian!" the younger demon whined.

"Ciel." The elder arched a brow expectantly.

"Ugh, it was just a dream."

"A dream that's left you begging for me."

"Argh..." Ciel groaned, burying his face into his pillow, "No. Nevermind. Nevermind! Just go back to sleep..."

The ravenette watched his beloved for a moment before pulling the younger demon into his lap, "You are infuriating," the elder muttered, slipping off the blunette's ruined underwear.

"Se-"

Sebastian hushed him. "I will take up my old role and serve you tonight," he murmured, wrapping his hand around Ciel's member, "You don't need to say a word."
The blunette bit his lip, already slowly moving his hips along with his husband's gentle strokes. But he didn't let himself enjoy it for long. "Wait."

His lover looked down at him quizzically, "My love?"

He shook his head, "I don't want that. I don't want this." He gently removed the elder's hand.

"But I thought -"

Ciel cut him off, tenderly brushing their lips together, "I want this." He pushed back, grinding his hips into his husband's lap.

Sebastian smirked, "Oh?"

The young demon turned around, straddling his lover's lap. The ravenette gripped his waist as they kissed, while Ciel worked to remove his husband's pants. He didn't bother pulling the striped bottom's beyond Sebastian's thigh, eagerly pushing the other's manhood against his entrance. Sebastian frowned.

"Shouldn't w -"

"Shhh..." Ciel murmured, eyes falling shut as his lover's member pushed into him. It hurt, but not as much as it could have. That dream had made a bigger mess than he'd thought.

Sebastian chuckled, "So eager. I almost can't believe that you were so cruel earlier."

Ciel rolled his eyes, gasping as Sebastian rolled his hips, "I just wanted to sleep. Of course you had to ruin that with your stupid words."

"Hm, are we resorting to childish insults?"

"Yes."

The elder laughed, "At least you're honest."

The blunette grinned. This was nice. Very sweet, very them. But... he wanted things to be a little rougher. He leaned forward, kissing his lover hungrily. Sebastian took the hint, thrusting harder and faster, smirking when Ciel's quiet moans interrupted the kisses. Still, the blunette pushed, nipping at his husband's collarbone when he couldn't keep the kissing up. The other's smirk widened, and his grip on the young demon's hips tightened. He took away Ciel's control and slowly drew out every movement of their hips. The blunette pressed his face into his lover's chest as his moans grew louder. Sebastian began to breathe harder himself, slowly picking up the pace.

Ciel's face was hot but he wanted one more thing. With a huff, he leaned back and stared at his lover from lowered lids.

His husband arched a brow, stilled steadily thrusting, "Ciel?"

The young demon was flustered, "C-can... um... I want... to be... on the bottom." Sebastian's smirk only made the blunette's face hotter.

"If that is your desire." And in one fluid motion, without breaking pace, Sebastian laid Ciel on the bed. The younger demon gasped as he hit the bed, his eyes falling shut. Almost perfect. He locked his ankles behind his lover's back, trapping the other and forcing the pair even closer together. He gasped again as Sebastian pressed even deeper into him, hitting a spot that made the young demon
grip tighter. Again and again, his husband slammed into the spot, forcing the air out of his lungs and white spots into his vision. But even through those spots he could see the way his lover's eyes seemed to lose focus, as the elder's breathing grew even heavier. They were both near their limits.

And then it came. That blissful release. Ciel resisted the instinct to close his eyes. There was one thing, one thing he had been waiting to see. There it was. His pleasure increased tenfold at the site of it; his husband hovering over him, his face the perfect picture of absolute pleasure, as the ravenette spent inside of him.

And then it was over. Sebastian slowly pulled out and went dropped to the side. They lay there, silent except for their labored breathing. Then the silence was broken by Sebastian's chuckle. Ciel glanced over at his husband, utterly incapable of moving anything but his head. The ravenette lifted himself with one arm to look down at his beloved.

"I suppose you'll be needing a second shower now."

Chapter End Notes

Mod AU headcannon: Ciel never stopped calling Sebastian a demon or devil to demean him when he's irritated. Despite being one himself...
Member is still not a sexy word to me... neither is manhood...
Ding-dong isn't sexy either. I didn't use it. It just isn't sexy.
Phantomhive. Hmph. That word, that label, it carries weight. Being a Phantomhive means something.

But who am I without that name?

Ciel. That word, that... burden, why is it mine to bear?

And who am I without it?

A voice, sickly sweet like sugared cough syrup, drips into my ears.

You are an act. A lie, crafted by your own tongue. A string of actions and motions and words, that have no meaning without those words.

You are a scared child, without those names.

And yet, you are more.

You are a monster's meal and master. And for that...

You do not need a name.
Sightings

Sighting (Post Season II)

She couldn't remember that last time she had thought about her. "Perhaps in the last globe-wide war, when there were still filthy battered hospital tents scattered about the trenches; when the whistling of bombs sealed the doom of thousands." She mumbled, before sighing heavily, "Angelina would have thrived." She shook her head softly. The last she had heard of them, he was dead. William had been surprisingly emotional after hearing that the brat's soul had been officially lost. She'd been carrying that image with her, been slowly building up the guilt and regret within her, for over a century. And so many times, every time that crimson crowned doctor crossed her thoughts, she wondered what the brat had thought of her in the end.
Ciel sat on the ground in his secret meadow and gently tugged off his eyepatch; he was well hidden amongst the long stalks of pastel flowers and tall grass. He'd found the quiet place by pure chance during one of his attempts to escape Sebastian's painfully dull lessons. Apparently, the demon had no idea the little pasture existed, as the young earl had managed to make good use of the spot many times since and had yet to be discovered. The meadow had an undisturbed aura of calm around it. It felt magical, as though a fairy might step out from the forest at any moment—though, of course, such creatures did not exist. Even still a small part of him hoped; especially when his thoughts turned to the creature that awaited him back at the manor.

With a gentle sigh, he shook his head and rose to his feet. Stretching, his hand reached up towards the sky, which was bright and blue in spite of the last three days of unending rain. And despite the rain, the meadow was soft and dry and warm. It was as if it had gone untouched by the storm. He felt safe here, utterly secure. Nothing could touch him here. Nothing.

A warm, gentle breeze wafted through the soft green sea, and Ciel's eyes followed its path. No, he wouldn't be surprised if this was a fairy meeting ground. It was freeing to just stand there. He closed his eyes as another breeze caressed his face. Acting on childish impulse, he began to spin, turning slowly but gaining speed as he began to feel giddy. Soon he was laughing freely, eyes fluttering open as he tripped over himself and collapsed in a giggling heap. He quickly scrambled back to his feet, still laughing like an excitable child, and began to spin again but panicked when he caught a shadow between the trees out of the corner of his eye. Fear dug its claws into his heart, a fear he constantly forced himself to ignore, and his laughter died in his throat as he froze mid-spin and scanned the forest. But there was nothing suspicious to be seen and the meadow felt just as calm as ever. He shook his head and laughed at his alarm; it was obviously a trick of the light when he spun. Anyone it could have been would have made themselves known immediately either by greeting or attacking. Besides, this was a secret place. Even Sebastian didn't know it existed. Nothing could touch him here.

Ciel sighed quietly in relief as he sunk back to the ground, lying down comfortably in the soft grass. He found his eyepatch as he dragged his hands over the ground around him. He threaded the strings through his fingers and spun the patch around, marvelling at the small bit of fabric that hid the mark of his terrible secret from the world. Then he chucked it out of sight. Even that secret could be forgotten here. That fear could be forgotten here. Nothing could touch him here. Not even his butler.
Ciel was the one who loved the violin.

I love the piano. I wasn't passionate about music. I wasn't passionate about anything. But I loved the piano.

Mother could play, I remember. The music that the piano made, it touched me, spoke to me in a way that everything else couldn't. So while everyone focused on him, I focused on the piano. At night I'd sneak off to the far end of the West Wing and there I would find an old piano. Everything I learned I learned on my own. And as I learned, I began to play my feelings. Everything I had ever felt up to that day the brown piano in the corner of the West Wing knew.
I'm sorry. These are stories I no longer have the heart to tell. The last three years have been insightful and at times unimaginably joyous. But now this collection is full of characters I can no longer bring myself to write as. A reminder of a person I can no longer bear to think about. Of a disconnect I cannot seem to understand. I don't know for certain why I can't find the heart to write anything anymore, much less these half-stories. I am disappointed but my disappointment is not enough. It never is.

So I apologize now for tales that I can never finish. Which is fine I suppose. There was never an end in mind...

This is also a statement for the whole of my presence on this site. If I can't write, what am I doing here? So I suppose I am done. Do not expect anything more from me, though I doubt any of you really do at this point.

Enough of that bad mood. I need better final words to you all. So... Be affectionate with your friends and family. It's alright to be afraid to be honest but never let it stop you. Always do your best to be nice and never fail to be kind. I love what you all have given me these past three years, and I wish I could have given you more than just unfinished stories. My heart aches as it always does with goodbyes, but the never seems to stop them from coming. Good day, good luck, and remember that somebody loves you. Ask them why if you need reasons to love you, too. It won't be easy, but that's okay. Take whatever time you need. If you can't give yourself a break, I'll give you one, so take a rest. I wish I could do better, to do more than this. I know I must have more to offer. Regardless, I give my best regards to all of you.

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