

## Late Night Star Talk - Chanara x Roe

*Chanara really likes stargazing and she has no idea why that is. Hint, it's the company.*

"You gotta be shittin' me," Chanara snorts, sitting up and looking over at me with a raised brow. I remain lying down, far too lazy to join her upright position. I'd rather keep staring at the stars.

"I'm not. You just lack imagination."

"I lack imagination?" she snorts, but then pauses and frowns, "you might got a point."

"Wow, no fight? What happened to the Chanara I know? It's the stars, isn't it?"

"Maybe," she laughs, sighing wistfully as she lies back down beside me, this time closer than normal. "I ain't never do this when I was alive. Honestly, I don't think I ever stared up at the stars. Not once. They were there but that didn't mean I gave a shit about em. Feels silly."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm alive but I'm not and," she shakes her head and gazes over at me, "you gonna stop gettin' me to talk about this emotional shit. Okay."

"How was that my fault? I told you the stars form an ostrich and you got emotional on me."

"You're the catalyst."

"Can you even spell that?"

"Shut the fuck up!" I turn over so that I am now lying on my belly, gazing at Chanara who does her best in avoiding my gaze. Random strands of grass rest in her lone afro puff and I reach forward to remove them.

"Seriously," I say quietly as she allows me to continue my work, "what's up? Is it something you want to talk about?"

“Not really,” she mumbles. “But that’s cos I don’t know how to word it. All this feelin’ and talkin’ shit is strange to me. When I was alive I didn’t do it and I wasn’t really expectin’ to do it when I died.”

“Another thing you’ll blame on me?” I question, flicking the last blade of grass at Chanara who grins at me.

“Yea. I got a whole list of shit that’s your fault. End of the world included.”

“Don’t give me all the credit. You’re an accomplice.”

“Like I always said,” she mumbles, “fuckin’ trouble.” She shrugs her shoulders before I can get a witty comeback in, “you just make me wonder how shit could’ve been different. How maybe if I just fuckin’ looked up, I might learn somethin’.” If there is anything more I want to say, her words erase them and cause me to pause. I look up, wondering if I had done the same if anything would’ve changed. My mind scoffs at the idea, but there’s something that makes me reconsider.

“But I know one thing,” she lies back down with a smirk, bringing me out of my own reflective thoughts, “and that’s that I don’t see no damn ostrich.”

*Pointless - Sydero x Roe*

*Short, cute and yes, pointless.*

Maybe if she stares just a tad bit harder, the door will open on its own accord. She was sure there was a spell residing somewhere in her arsenal that could unlock ... not locked doors? Sydero grumbles, shaking her head as she feels herself falling into Roe’s sense of idiocy. Making up ridiculous reasons for why something couldn’t be done instead of just doing them.

*Just fucking open the door and speak to Roe. Put them on the hotseat so that it rests on their shoulders. Yes, that is exactly what she should do. Yet, it is always far easier to think such thoughts than actually go through with them. Similar to how she found herself wishing to just speak to Roe. She was behaving like a child.*

“Just fucking -,” she starts, grabbing hold of the doorknob but finding it opening just as Roe opens the door. The two of them stare at one another with large, unprepared eyes.

“Sydero?” they question, blinking as if waiting for her to disappear.

Her frown deepens, “if I had an actual excuse, I’d use it now. But I don’t and so I’ll just admit that I was coming to apologize.” She crosses her arms over her chest, “whatever the fuck I’m supposed to be apologizing for.”

“You don’t even remember?” Roe questions, narrowing their gaze.

“Do you?”

“I honestly don’t. I was mad at you and after five minutes of deep breathing I just ... forgot.”

“I don’t care, let’s just understand that I’m the bigger person here though.”

“I was about to come see you.”

“Your about to doesn’t trump mine ‘in the process of.’”

“You were stalking outside my door.”

“Were you listening to my heartbeat again?”

“I can’t just cut that off.”

“You could if you mastered it. Everything can be mastered.”

“Besides your attitude, right? Because I’m sensing that as an eternal issue.” She stares at Roe and Roe stares back before both of them break due to laughter, neither able to keep the straight face that had previously been wearing.

*To Never Be Loved - Chris x Rahim*

*Because I can't ever not be mean to Chris and give him what he wants. It's illegal.*

“To be in love with someone who will never love you back,” Chris smiles, tossing the small rock in his hands across the lake. It skips across the surface two times before plunging underneath the water, ending yet another attempt. “It’s probably the funniest and sickest joke you can find yourself living. Like imagine having all this love for someone, and yea, sure, you’re not promised anything. But you have all this want and love for someone and in the end, it’s shit.”

“You and Roe weren’t meant for one another,” Rahim sighs, “that doesn’t mean someone isn’t.”

Sitting back Chris sneers, “you ever think that mindset is just bullshit too? What if you’re the most unluckiest guy in the world and everyone you meet is the wrong one?”

“Do you think you’re the unluckiest guy?” Chris stares at him, trying to find something within those eyes that may answer that question for him.

“Yea. I do.”

*Keeper - Rahim x Adoel*

*Because this was a request but I had no idea how long I could make it and so I was like, let me just throw it here.*

“Rahim,” Adoel mumbles, running their fingers through Rahim’s hair, “may I ask you a question?” Those eyes open and Adoel finds themselves staring deep into them as they stare right back at them.

“Of course.”

“Do you think an angel can love?”

“I know the answer and I don’t wish to think about it.”

“Yet you lie in my lap. You entertain me when I call on you,” Adoel leans down to whisper the next words against his lips, “and you kiss me when I silently ask for it.” They could practically feel the quickening of the nephilim’s heart. How it craves them

and their touch and as predicted, Rahim does not waste long to satisfy that craving. He loops his arm around their neck to keep their lips there, to taste and breathe in.

“Answer me. Do you think angels can love?”

“I think nephilims can dream,” he whispers back, pulling back to gaze into their eyes. “I think a nephilim can dream that an angel such as yourself would ever take even a hint of interest.”

They ran their hands along his jaw, wishing he’d just shave the beard, but that was a request for another day. “Do you dream about me loving you?”

“It is my personal plague,” Rahim practically whimpers.

“Why dream of my touch when you can feel it?” As if attempting to show this, Adoel allows their hand to travel. It ventures from his collarbone to his shoulder and arm.

“If you never touched me again, then I would be okay. It is your affection I crave. Your smile that brightens my day and is what I hope to see. That is what makes my heart race.”

“Show me.” Rahim deposits nervous kisses along the angel’s jaw as he gently takes their hand and places it over his heart. Adoel hums in discontent. “Truly, show me.” Rahim’s entire body shakes as he sits up, placing Adoel’s hand upon his flesh. He plagued his thoughts with the sweet memories of Adoel. How the angel had befriended him and stayed at his side, despite Rahim’s own origins. How the mere sight of Adoel has lifted his spirits and the thought has caused his heart to sing and rejoice. The way he craves Adoel, to please them anyway he can. It was dangerous but hardly something Rahim could control. After everything that has happened to him, for him to be able to be so lucky in finding a creature like Adoel.

“Your heart is so gentle,” the angel whispers, cradling him, “you love with every bone you have, and you can’t help it, can you? Your human side beats out your angelic each time in such an area. That heart of yours can so easily lead to your doom.”

“It is safe with you.”

