

Festival Of Fools



An Unofficial Rollo Fanzine

hey, psst....!

Happy Topsy-Turvy Festival!
We decided we'd celebrate this
year!

The president doesn't really like
celebrating, but we put something
special together.

We wanted to show our
appreciation for him, just like if
he was the "king" of our festival!

So, please enjoy the president's
glorious presence with us...!







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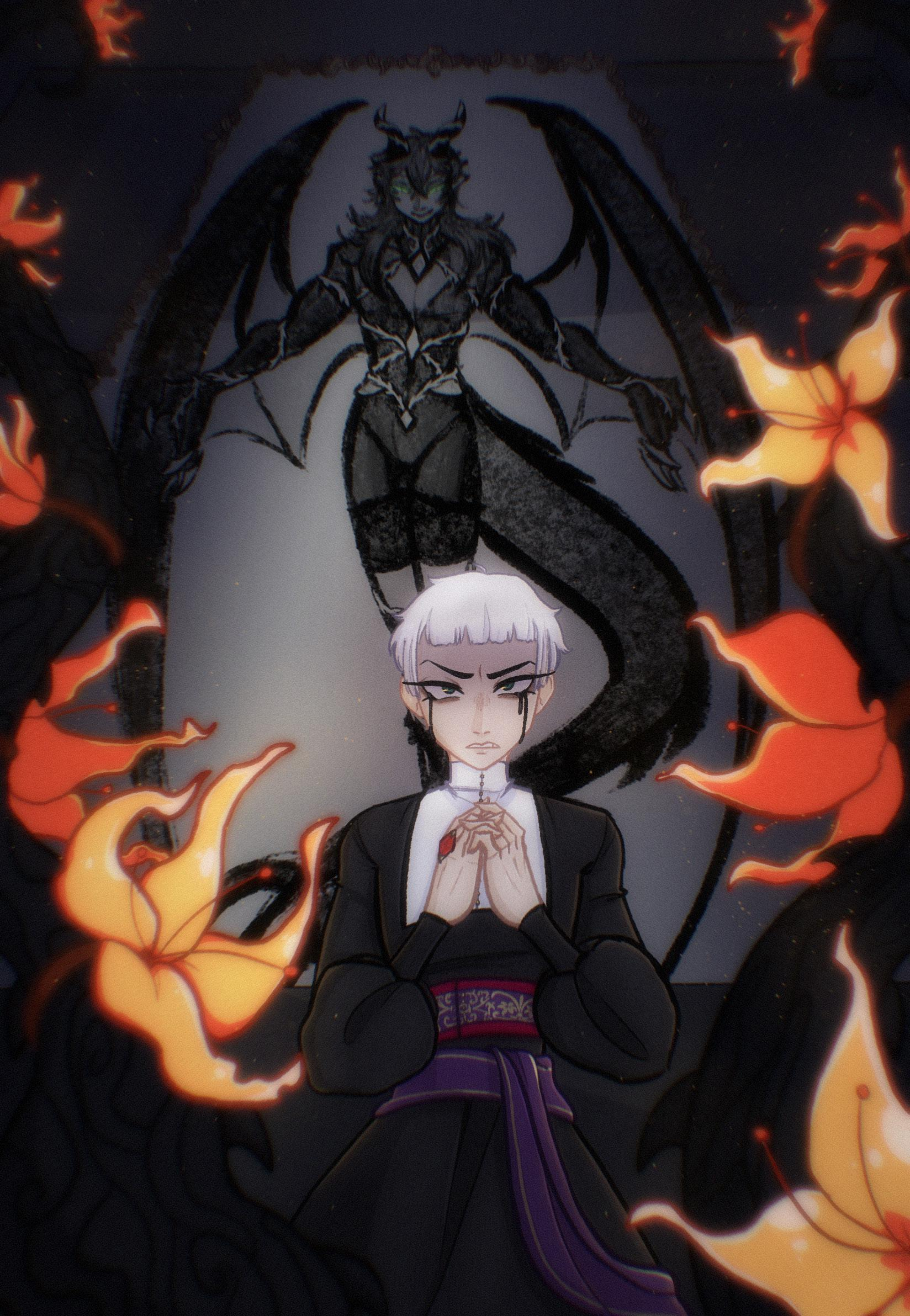
Syren Socks



Siren Socks



pomponvikiu





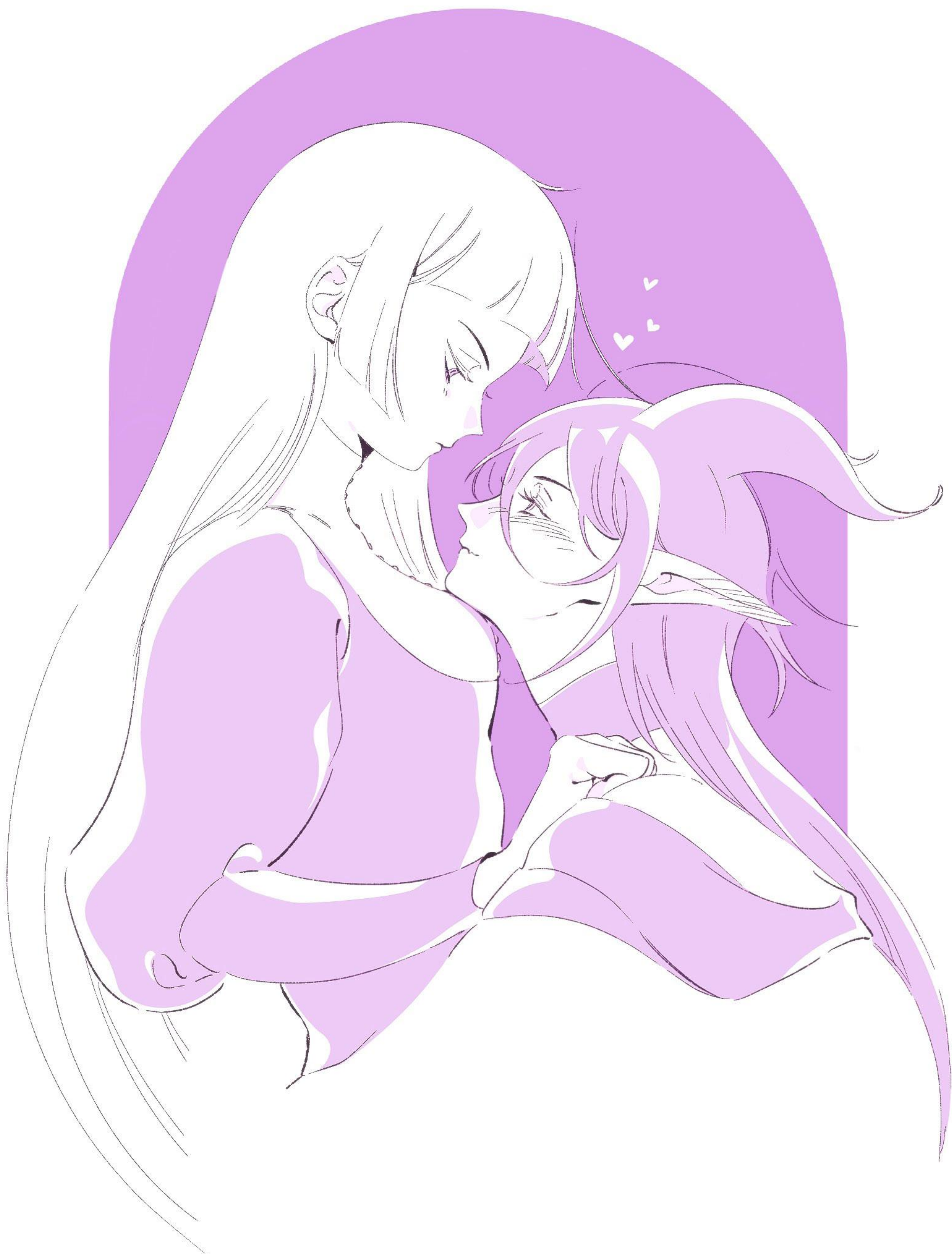






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Cleaning GO!

We cleaned every inch!

NBC Bell Boys

student council president

student council advisor

Vice President

Our Council meetings are always fun!
Rollo doesn't say much but he remembers every word

WARNING
Rollo is VERY strict
But it makes you want to do better



Always by his side if he needs us!
Faithful aids!

Regular clothes

"We enjoy trying new boba places"

He likes taking pictures

Even Rollo gets surprised

The Vice President is really really strong!

The president ALWAYS orders:
2 croissants
16 singular grapes
1 café au lait

ROLL OOOO!

Thank goodness!
He saved us from the magic eating flowers!



Wooooo!!
Higher, President
higher!

We're gonna
Faaaaa!!!

Don't
squeeze
me!!

I'll
lose
contr-





Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained

By Takoazul

Graduation day.

Though the third years were not yet free from their schooling, they would leave for their internships.

And this meant that Valentin would no longer be the Vice President of the Student Council. The actual duties of the position held little interest to him by themselves; it was President Rollo that had a stranglehold on his attention.

Throughout his studies at Noble Bell, Valentin had found himself in classes with Rollo. From the start, Rollo's presence demanded respect from anyone with whom he was in contact. As a newcomer himself, he had gathered up confused students during the entrance ceremony, combing the campus to find stragglers.

Valentin had been one of those wayward boys. He'd mistaken the meeting place, thinking it was somewhere outside. Rollo had found him and insisted he follow.

Valentin had done so ever since.

The image of Rollo's back was burned into his mind. The short crop of his hair, the bit of exposed neck, the shoulders that carried the weight of the school upon them. Then there was his gait—he never bounced up and down like most people did while walking. He glided, untouchable. In their first year, Rollo hardly noticed him. But, thanks to the seating charts in most classes being based on their last names, Valentin usually sat behind him. Not a school day went by that Valentin didn't hear that quill scratching against paper.

That was perfectly Rollo. Yes, a ballpoint pen would be easier, but he insisted on doing things in a particular way. His way. He liked routine and Valentin quickly learned his habits.

Of course, Rollo also valued his privacy, so Valentin had never managed to even eat lunch with him.

And now it was too late.

He and Adelard were hurrying this way and that, getting things ready for the ceremony.

Decorations had to be put up, seating arranged, and guests ushered to their seats. President Rollo was busy doing rehearsals with those giving speeches. He was chief among them, of course.

As Valentin and Adelard finished placing the last row of seating in the massive lecture hall, Rollo stepped up to the podium. He held nothing in his hands—no paper, no note cards, not even scribbles on his palms. Without the slightest hint of fear in his voice, he began to recite his speech.

“Graduating students, faculty, and guests, it is an honor to speak to you today,” he began.

Clad in his president’s uniform, sun streamed through the windows behind him, showering him in heavenly light. The sight of his beloved President Rollo taking the stage the penultimate time took Valentin’s breath away.

He may never see Rollo like this again. Their paths could diverge and, despite living in the same city, circumstances may force him to persist bereft of Rollo.

His throat tightened. Why did this have to happen? Why had he listened to his parents and refused a teaching internship? He could have taught alongside Rollo!

As he lamented this, an elbow collided with his ribs.

“Ow!” He turned his miserable gaze toward Adelard and rubbed at his side. “Why?”

Adelard sighed. “Don’t gawk. We have work to do.”

“But today might be the last time...”

“It *will* be if all you do is stare.” Adelard frowned, but the expression soon melted away. “Why don’t you tell him? Others will... You should get to him before they do.”

Others?

Valentin’s mouth hung open. What a fool he’d been. Why *wouldn’t* other students want Rollo? That wasn’t fair—he had spent so much more time with him! But if he had competition, would Rollo give him a second glance?

Valentin turned his gaze to the floor. “I can’t.”

“If you don’t, President Rollo will never know how you feel. Isn’t it better to try and fail?”

Logically, maybe. But the possibility of Rollo giving him a flat, ‘No, thank you,’ would break him.

Valentin shook his head. Adelard grimaced and changed the subject.

The ceremony proceeded smoothly. Thanks to President Rollo's tireless efforts, of course.

As Valentin sat and waited for irrelevant speeches to end, he turned the words Adelard had said over in his mind.

Was he right? Should he try?

Oh, but it was so daunting. Why would Rollo be interested in him, anyway? Despite being his vice president, it was like he saw through him. As if he hardly registered as someone that was worth a conversation.

But maybe it was some kind of shyness? Valentin sometimes struggled to look him in the eyes.

Adelard had mentioned the possibility of someone else confessing their feelings to Rollo first. That idea was terrifying—he had never considered it before. What if someone else, someone who hadn't spent three years trailing after Rollo, caught his eye? A nightmare! No. He had to tell Rollo how he felt before someone else could.

After the ceremony, as people drifted off to speak with their friends and families, Valentin pulled Adelard aside.

"Should I...?" he trailed off, unable to even voice his question.

But Adelard smiled. "Yes. Go!"

"N-Now?"

"Obviously!" Adelard stood on his toes to search through the crowd. "He's gone... But I bet he's in the bell tower."

"I... I bought him a handkerchief as a goodbye present. Should I bring it?"

Adelard clicked his tongue. "Yes, but stop stalling. Go get it and go find him!"

Just then, another student called for Adelard. He gave Valentin a pat on the shoulder and a quick, "Good luck!" before leaving him alone in the crowd.

Valentin hesitated a moment. But every second he wasted here was one where *someone else* could talk to Rollo first. He had to hurry.

His gift in hand, Valentin climbed the immense staircase leading up to the Bell of Solace. Each step brought him closer to heaven... or his doom.

As he reached the last landing, sweat gathered at his palms, under his arms, and in his hair. Panic swirled in his gut. His legs trembled with every step. The present was getting soggy.

What was he doing? He shouldn't even bother. But Adelard would surely have something to say if he turned tail and ran at the last possible moment...

He took a deep breath. This wasn't impossible. Other people did it; he could, too. Couldn't he?

His pulse did not slow.

Valentin inched up the final staircase. As he reached for the door in the ceiling, two voices wormed their way into his ears. One, Rollo's. The other, a man's.

A tingly white void engulfed his gut. Was he too late?

Biting his lip, he lifted the door. What was he doing? He should just turn around and go... And yet, a part of him had to know to whom Rollo was speaking. Maybe it was a teacher or, or he had brought his family up to the bell. He could be hearing things. Yes. There were a whole host of possible explanations.

Before he could poke his head high enough to see anything, the man spoke again.

"I assume your internship will take place within Fleur City?" the man asked.

"Obviously."

"You will teach?"

"Yes."

"That suits you," the man said, a smile in his tone.

"Hmph. And what of you?"

There was something strange about the way Rollo spoke to this man. It was almost as though he didn't want to talk to him at all, but Rollo was adept at getting out of conversations he didn't want to have. Valentin had been on the receiving end of that disinterest more than once.

Did this person not take no for an answer? Maybe Rollo needed his help.

Valentin peeked over the flooring, the door resting on his head. At the edge of the bell tower stood Rollo, his back to Valentin, and a man in an NRC uniform. Two black horns perched on his head. Malleus Draconia. The fae prince that had been part of the Masquerade earlier in the school year. They stood against a darkening sky. The sun had set and only a few reds still lingered as evidence of the sun's departure.

Draconia's green eyes briefly flicked over to Valentin, who froze. But he focused on Rollo again as though Valentin's presence warranted no concern at all.

"I have asked to join a group that returns ancient objects to their original splendor."

"Artifact restoration? An odd choice... I suppose it's related to your precious ruins. Why choose that?"

"Well." Draconia gestured toward the bell. "Witnessing your devotion to maintaining this tower has moved me, Flamme. I wish to emulate your efforts."

Rollo's ears turned pink. He retrieved his handkerchief and covered his mouth.

"Th-That's... a pitiful attempt at flattery," Rollo huffed from behind the cloth.

"It is no attempt." Draconia smirked. "Truthfully, however, I had an ulterior motive in choosing this path."

"I expect nothing less from *you*, Malleus Draconia."

"As you should. Do you have any guesses as to where my internship will take place?"

"How could I possibly know?"

"You should be aware; it was on the list you perused."

A gasp. "You don't mean—"

"I do." Draconia took a step closer to Rollo. "I will be here, in Fleur City. Hopefully alongside you."

Alongside.

Valentin's entire body tensed. But— This was salvageable! Rollo could refuse! And surely he would.

What could he possibly have in common with a fae? Or with someone from Night Raven College?

Draconia didn't know Rollo half as well as he did!

Right?

"Malleus..." Rollo breathed, a horrible undercurrent of tenderness in the syllables.

Valentin's heart cracked.

"To that end, I have leased an apartment in the city to house me during my stay." Draconia took one of Rollo's hands. "I... propose that you join me there." He kissed Rollo's knuckles.

Propose?!

Rollo's ears went pink again. He did not pull his hand away. "You villain... enticing me to live in sin

with you.”

Draconia chuckled. “I have no need to encourage you to do such things.”

“Tch.” Rollo let out a long breath through his nose. “I had thought that this might be the final time we rendezvoused beneath the Bell of Solace.”

“Not yet,” Draconia said, a faraway look in his eyes.

For a moment, silence dominated. Valentin, rooted to the spot, could not bring himself to leave.

His body had turned to lead.

It was too late. Perhaps it had always been too late.

“Oh, Malleus. I had prepared myself for a goodbye.” He moved closer and rested his forehead on Draconia’s shoulder.

“Not today,” Draconia repeated, looping his arms around Rollo’s waist. “I cannot let you go just yet.”

“You fiend,” Rollo said petulantly. “All of my effort, wasted.” He pulled back enough to look up at Draconia once more. “I accept your... offer.”

“Proposal.”

Rollo scoffed. “Ludicrous. You know as well as I that such a thing is impossible. And I certainly wouldn’t agree to it now.”

Draconia’s eyebrows jumped up, hurt bafflement all over his face. “What?”

“We haven’t been... *involved* long enough.”

“Ahh. Yes, I see.” Draconia’s shoulders relaxed. “Easily remedied with time.” He cupped Rollo’s cheeks, smiling down at him. “Thank you for accepting my proposal.”

“Don’t call it that,” Rollo snapped.

“I will call it whatever I please.”

“You’re insufferable. Stop talking before I change my mind.”

One corner of Draconia’s lips pulled upward. “How charming you are. If you desire a kiss, you need but ask.”

This time, Rollo went red down to his neck. He spluttered and, before he could gather himself, Draconia leaned forward and pressed his lips against Rollo’s. Soon, Rollo threw his arms around Draconia’s shoulders.

This was worse than any rejection.

Valentin turned away, his chest aching. He trudged down the steps, the box containing the handkerchief destined for the garbage bin.

How stupid he had been. A cowardly man like him couldn't dream of competing against someone like Malleus Draconia. It had been hopeless from the start.

Acknowledging that did nothing to stem the tide of tears racing down his cheeks.



Architecture

Confession of Sins

part one

By Whisp

Rollo Flamme was not a religious man; and, in his correct opinion, he was a good man for avoiding the worship and idolatry of the common, *vulgar*, weak, *licentious* crowd... however... there was one weakness. Architecture. Rollo Flamme took in a deep breath. Never would he vocalise how he felt, how *he felt* in these worn and unspoken halls.

Old doors, worn and rusted. A darkened, dusty rug that may have once been red.

If it wouldn't have broken the solace of this place, Rollo would have shared the location with the gaggle of Noble Bell College students obsessed with those strange power washing videos.

But this was not a place for entertainment—it was one for *silence*.

Rollo's eyes softened as he looked up.

It was not technically a temple, but a hall. Nonetheless, it had pews and an altar, details carved into wood and stone by desperate, poor, loving hands eons prior.

Rollo Flamme was not a religious man, but how he *revelled* in its architecture—the endlessly high ceilings, the stained glass that twisted moving light into multicoloured hues. Rollo was standing beneath one, now, and he watched as the red tones covered his body, like flint and fire pouring into his face.

It was here he had conceived his plans, and here he came to mourn the loss of the crimson lotus flowers. The plants had died, as did his hope for a better future. The ruthlessness inside him was like fire, and he had been feeding it wood for as long as he could remember... but it had grown cold.

For now.

“It was,” he spoke out loud, “An obsession.”

It would come again. Even now, rage would burn at night when he was alone, the urge to destroy his entire dorm room... but so too did a strange peace wash over him. He closed his eyes, almost hearing faint hymns in this abandoned building.

With his diary having been read, there was a wound he didn't know how to heal. He could still remember Azul's and Idia's faces... the *scorn* as they revealed they had molested his most private journal. To an extent, Rollo supposed it was only fair, but that single act had made the safest place in the world violent for him.

His eyes moved to the side.

It fell upon a booth.

A confession booth.

He had sat inside, once or twice, mostly to marvel in the details. Rollo's eyes tightened as he began to walk towards it. Prior times, he had thought of it as cramped and unkind, more of a torture chamber than a confession booth... *and yet.*

Somewhere in these high ceilings, somehow from the worn eyes of rotted paintings and cracked stained glass, Rollo found himself wanting to be inside that small booth. Like a child looking for a hiding place.

And so he opened the door, and looked inside. Dark wood, as he remembered, formed a dark booth, a simple seat. There was a darkened latticed wooden window for the other individual, and Rollo looked deeply to make sure the booth was empty before he turned to sit in the booth.

He closed the door.

Should he... confess?

"Foolish," Rollo muttered. *What nonsense.* "No one would listen."

And the *light* in the other booth *lit up.*

Rollo was not a religious man, but for a single moment his eyes widened as he—

"Rollo Flamme."

"Absolutely not." Rollo's face distorted into hellfire. "Of all the *people* in the world... You've come to stalk me now, *Malleus Draconia?*"

"Truthfully, no." The voice that came was rich, like dark liquor sweetened with honey. "I got lost."

Rollo's mouth formed a thin line. He could only see a shadowed outline of the person next to

him. "...Lost?"

"I wanted to see the gargoyles again."

"And you came here instead?" Rollo's eyes narrowed. "You didn't go to the very tall building at the centre of the city?"

"This building is also quite tall."

Rollo couldn't tell if Malleus was kidding or not; and, for some reason, that infuriated him *more*.

"What is this room, Flamme?" Malleus' shadow shifted slightly through the latticed window. "Is this a little house... for smaller humans?"

"It is a confessional booth," Rollo muttered dryly. "People come here to confess their sins to someone who will listen. A priest absolves them."

"Is this place... sacred, then?"

"Hm?"

"Have I violated some human custom by sitting here?"

"This place is abandoned." Rollo sighed, leaning back further into the booth. He slumped over, letting himself close his eyes. "It was a place built for refugees, hundreds of years ago. Despite the style, it serves no particular one faith."

"So it is a shelter, then? Shelter for the damned?"

"Sanctuary."

"I see..." A rustle of fabric might've meant Malleus was also getting more comfortable as well. "So, then, why are you here?"

"I come here." Rollo was wondering why he was speaking at all, to *Malleus Draconia* of all people, but Malleus did not reply. In the stretch of silence, Rollo could still hear distant hymns sung by people long gone. "I..." His brows tightened together. "This damn booth is making me talk."

"Speak, then."

"Will you absolve me of my sins, then?"

"Oh no—I will *revel* in your suffering." Malleus was smiling on the other side, even Rollo could

hear it in his voice. “But you are a bright fire, and you seem too smothered out to enjoy.”

“Fire burns again,” Rollo muttered. “Smoulders can make forest fires if you’re not careful... and then it destroys again. Fire burns, wrecks, *takes*.”

“Humans die without fire, Flamme. Even dark fire.”

“This metaphor annoys me.”

Malleus chuckled, low rhythmic tones filled with bright laughter.

Rollo hated it.

“Hm.” Rollo’s face twisted again, crinkling like a scrunched up napkin, while his teeth shook like they had lightning inside it. He wanted to rupture that laughter, cut it up until there was blood spilling out of the confession booth. “I’ll kill you one day.”

“I see,” Malleus had an amused tone, but wasn’t dismissive. “Hm... You scare me, Rollo Flamme. Humans are so fascinating... born weak, with fractional lifespans, and yet capable of greatness. Your kind burns bright, then burn out. If I look away, generations change... but *you*, Flamme. I don’t think I can look away.”

“This booth is to confess *sins*,” Rollo muttered. “Not... *whatever this is*.”

Malleus said nothing.

“*Leave*.” Rollo shut his eyes. Despite how small this booth was, he could still *feel* what this place *made him feel*. *Architecture*. He *revelled* in its *architecture*—the endlessly high ceilings, the stained glass that twisted moving light into multicoloured hues. If he shut his eyes, Rollo could see himself standing beneath one, now, and watching as the red tones covered his body, like flint and fire pouring into his face. “Draconia.”

“Yes?”

“I do not like being seen, and you have seen too much of me.”

“Ah... and what will you do about it, Flamme? Set me aflame?”

“This structure.” Rollo used his knuckles to tap the dark wood to his side. “Is very dry and old, and will burn in seconds.”

“Your fire doesn’t scare *what I am*.”

“Even *dark fire*?” Rollo raised his hand closer to the latticed window and *set his hand aflame*. “I’ll take us both down.”

“Sanctuary.”

Rollo paused for a moment. He considered the architecture of this place, what it symbolised. His eyes only darkened and a smile formed on his lips. “Nothing is safe for you, Draconia.”

The *light* in the other booth *turned off*.

Rollo raised an eyebrow, knowing Malleus wouldn’t just *run away*, and when he peered into the dark lattice—

Two serpent eyes stared at him from the dark, dim green with a slit pupil.

Rollo extinguished the flame, only to get a better view—

But, with a fae ring, almost like a bell, Mallues *blinked* out of existence.

“Where—!?”

“Flamme.” Malleus appeared in front of him, in his booth, a towering figure in the cramped booth. He *grabbed* Rollo by the *collar*, and lifted him a little out of his seat.

Rollo’s eyes were wide and he gasped.

“Confess something to me.”

“This is *not* how the priests do it!”

“I am *no* priest.”

“Then *what are you*?”

“If I recall correctly, your worst nightmare.” Malleus smiled. “I take it as a *compliment*.”

Rollo *grabbed* the hand holding him by his collar and *began to burn*.

Malleus’ eyes seemed to crinkle with a small joy, red hues dancing off his green iris as he watched the flame. He was unbothered, not even as his sleeves burned up. He knew, it seemed, that Rollo wouldn’t use his full power in this tight space. Not because of *Malleus’ safety*, let alone *his own safety*, but could he see that Rollo loved this architecture? “May I see you tonight?”

“I— *what!?*”

The fire crept up his sleeve, but Malleus was unconcerned. “If it is here I must confess a sin, then let me confess that I desire to partake in sin. My interest in you is uncouth and self-destructive.”

“I— *excuse me!?*”

“Humans are so lovely when they burn.” Malleus’ arm was entirely on fire in the tight wooden space. “But.” With a small movement of his eyes, the fire *extinguished*, black smoke pouring out the latticed window. “Let’s not *burn out* before we’ve *begun*.”

“You... *slithering... lizard!*”

“Now in turn.” Malleus eyed Rollo, still holding him up a little off the seat. “You must confess something to me.”

“That is not how this tradition works.”

“This is how *the fae* work,” Malleus pointed out. “And this place follows no one faith.”

Rollo glared at the disgusting man in front of him, the source of all his rage and hatred. It was here he had conceived his plans, and here he came to mourn the loss of the crimson lotus flowers. The plants had died, as did his hope for a better future. The ruthlessness inside him was like fire, and he had been feeding it wood for as long as he could remember... but it had grown cold.

For now.

But his obsession would come again, and it seemed Malleus was hellbent on *feeding it*.

“I’ve lost my direction since I’ve failed,” Rollo whispered. “I know what I want to do, to destroy *you*. But a *dream* is not the same as a *goal*. The steps to get there... it’s unclear. I have no plan... no path.” He reached up, not knowing *what* possessed him to, and he *touched Malleus’ face*. Disgusting man, and yet... Those sickly serpent eyes... they were beautiful in the way that fungus was, like rot, spreading infections... like flowers that would bloom and drink the world’s magic in their destruction.

The confession came in full:

“*I want to kill you.*”

“If you wish to destroy me, Flamme...” Malleus leaned in, faces so close to each other. “You should see me first in all my glory... so I can show you what you are *truly* up against.”

Rollo gasped, taking in the very air that Malleus breathed out.

Malleus glanced to Rollo's hand still grazing his cheek. "I consider this an invitation..." He smirked. "Unless I'm wrong...?"

"I..." Rollo couldn't look away from those sickly, slithering eyes. "Well... the president suite is still a part of the dorms... be subtle."

Malleus smirked. With a fae ring, almost like a bell, Malleus *blinked* out of existence.

Rollo fell back against the seat and breathed hard, chest heaving. He felt his body *burn*, and it wasn't just rage—a thread of *excitement* coursed through him. *Vulgar*. Rollo put his hand to his mouth and squeezed his eyes as he *fought the urge to scream*.







Fools Beware



*The following pages contain the darker
desires of man and are unsuitable for fools
below the age of 18.*

Viewer Discretion is advised.



... Don't tell the President, please!





THROB

twitch
twitch











*My, My... How
eager you are,
Rollo Flamme.*

*Allow me to
sate your sinful
desires.*



Architecture

Sins of Confession

part two

By *Whisp*

Rollo Flamme was not a religious man; and, in his correct opinion, he was a good man for avoiding the worship and idolatry of the common, *vulgar*, weak, *licentious* crowd... however... “*Damnit!*” Rollo envied those who believed, wishing he could pray to some form of deity now.

He *scrubbed* himself as he bathed.

He was going to be spotless, clean, by the time he was done.

Whore, he wanted to call himself. *Immoral*. He hated that man, but the truth was he hated himself more—and if he hated himself more than *why not let a man use him as—*

Rollo, having finished bathing and drying, put the rich purple handkerchief to his nose, taking in the scent. It grounded him in a way nothing else did. His room. The Student Council’s President Suite was... honestly not that impressive, but it was a room for him alone and that would give him enough discretion for this... encounter.

The sun had long gone down, and he had neither lit candles nor turned on any lights.

Only half-lidded moonlight poured through the open window.

Long shadows extended throughout the room, rich in their blackness, and the tendrils of that gloom seemed to curve around the edges, like tentacles or roots...

Rollo had just finished fixing his bed, for the sixth time, when he paused. He looked up, not to anything in particular, and sighed. “... Draconia.”

Indistinguishable from the darkness, a figure *smiled*. “Hm? No stake? No magic-drinking flowers? No trap...?”

“I need...” Rollo wanted to cut his words on his teeth as he glanced away. “*Inspiration.*”

“Oh?”

“I told you, a *dream* is not the same as a *goal*.” Rollo turned to face Malleus, frowning as he was

unable to find those sickly serpent eyes in the wall of shadow at the other end of the room. “If I am fueled by my hatred for you, then this will only help me hate you more.”

“Is that so?”

Rollo was about to reply—

Malleus stepped forward, and it was like the wall of darkness moved with him. “If I didn’t know any better, Flamme, I would say you fancied me.”

“Tch.” Rollo’s face twisted. Uncharacteristically, Rollo used a higher pitch as he said, *‘If I didn’t know any better,’* tone loud and mocking, *‘I would say you fancied me.’* His head jiggled a little before he fought the urge to spit on Malleus’ feet. “That’s you. That’s what you sound like.”

Malleus blinked once, twice. “Absolutely not.”

Rollo turned away, reconsidering—

The hair on the back of his neck suddenly stood.

“This—” Malleus was the shadows crawling closer. *“—is me.”*

Rollo turned, finally seeing those sickly green eyes.

Something lurched out—

Rollo felt the darkness wrap around his throat, but it was gentle, only holding and not squeezing.

Two massive curtains seemed to move in the dark, and Rollo could only barely register in time that they were *wings* before *all light vanished*.

“Now...” Malleus’ face was closer, hot breath tickling Rollo’s lips.

Rollo squeezed his eyes shut—and soon a pair of lips met his—the scent of green fire and shadows curling around him, like a dark choir ringing in his ears. It was *foul* and it was *wonderful* and it was *life changing—to drink from a disease, to swallow destruction, to breathe in the thrum of Malleus’ magic*.

“Poor you,” Malleus broke away to whisper. “You’re *enjoying this*.”

“Shut up!”

When Malleus pressed against him, it was like the weight of the world was crushing him from everywhere. He was suspended in darkness, wings and tendrils, shadow and hands, holding him in a

continuum without space nor time.

Malleus whispered, “You truly are... *fascinating*.”

Rollo couldn’t reply—Malleus’ mouth found him again, and he *accepted it, invited it in*.

Malleus was faceless, formless, a shadow, and Rollo was suffocating. Rollo couldn’t even see, and so his *hands* became his *eyes*. Like an inexperienced man fumbling in the dark, Rollo’s hands rolled over Malleus’ sides and chest, reaching lower down. Malleus smiled. “Eager?”

“Shut up!”

“I don’t think I will,” Malleus whispered in return.

And the *darkness moved*.

“I will have you, Flamme.”

Rollo didn’t know what was touching him—whether it was tendril or hand—but it felt him up in the same way that he had touched Malleus, only this time it was rolling down his back until it moved lower. Rollo felt it press against his rear and he *gasped*—

In this space, Malleus was in control—like a dream or a nightmare that Rollo could only survive.

Clothes meant nothing, as something *pressed inside him*.

“Ah!”

“You prepared yourself for me?”

“You think I would trust you!?”

“Come, now. I know how easily broken humans are.”

“Shut up!”

The sensation was darker, deeper, and Rollo *moaned*. Moaned in a way he would never have let himself, but in this dream his head rolled back in the darkness, and the sequence of shadows holding him aloft in this black space were rocking him in a way that lidded his eyes.

“Easy,” Malleus whispered. “Give in...”

“Shut up!” Rollo grit his teeth. He cupped what could’ve been Malleus’ bicep, but something

between skin, liquid, and scales was all he felt in return. “You freak!”

Malleus chuckled, low rhythmic tones filled with bright laughter.

Rollo hated it.

Malleus’ mouth was human enough, at least, for their lips to meet.

Rollo moaned into that mouth, rocking his hips against whatever was inside him now.

“Had I known you to be so easy—”

“Shut the *fuck up*.”

Malleus kissed his neck in return. A clawed hand trailed down his chest, moving down over his stomach and lower.

Rollo hadn’t even realised how painfully hard he was until Malleus’ hand brushed against him. He *rocked* against it, *needing it*. “You wretched lizard!”

“You may mock me as you wish, but *you* Flamme are a sinner all the same.”

“*I’m the worst of them all.*”

“You are,” he almost *purred* in the dark. “How terrible of me that I can’t keep you out of my mind.”

Rollo scoffed, about to bite back, but the hand closed fully around his cock and the shadows *thrust* him into Malleus’ hand in rhythm to how the tendril thrust deep inside him. “Ah...!”

“Nothing can protect me, Flamme. My desire is burning. I can’t stop the siren from casting her spell, can’t stop your fire from searing my flesh and bone—”

“Enough! You—”

And then he felt it.

He didn’t know when the tendril had been replaced, but something *hot* and *warm* and *thick* pushed into him. Rollo threw his head back in a moan, feeling Malleus’ hips against his rear, knowing in some way that it was not one but two, and equally as monstrous as the being that held him with nightmare threads.

Malleus let out the most *satisfied* noise.

Rollo's eyes were wide as he felt it *pulse* inside him. His legs wrapped around Malleus' waist and he *whimpered*, a *loud* and *unbecoming* noise.

"There," Malleus purred—his voice had become thick, gutteral, with an echoing staccato that reminded Rollo of dragons. "Look at how well you take me—one could say you truly aren't made for humans."

Rollo couldn't form words, *needy* and *desperate* noises fell from his lips, ringing out in the everdark around them.

"I admire you like this."

Rollo's eyes snapped back, just as a mouth pressed against his. He grit his teeth into the kiss, before *that tongue* unwound him, easily overpowering the strength of his jaw. His eyes shut.

He was suffocating.

If Rollo Flamme had wanted to confess his sin, he would admit he *wanted* to be *fucked* and *ravaged*, but not *admired*—*never* admired.

Absolutely not.

Cinders began to echo around him, his skin beginning to light up. Fractal lights and flecks of ash brought the scent of dark smoke, the smouldering rivers of red that would carve out forests, destroy cities, end so many lives.

Rollo was trapped, like prey. Weak.

Rollo was lost... but he was not *weak*—*never* weak.

"*Dark Fire!*"

A floodgate broke, a riptide snapped back, a gunshot of magic *flared* against the *dark*.

Bright red burned with hues of orange and crimson, blood and autumn, and Rollo opened his eyes.

Finally, he could *see*.

Malleus' monstrous form was halfway between draconic and human, scales flicking over his skin and dark rich sickly serpent eyes. The *smile* he wore was sadistic and elated, and his dark leathery wings were so massive Rollo couldn't see where they started and where they ended.

Rollo Flamme was a good man for avoiding the worship and idolatry of the common, *vulgar*, weak, *licentious* crowd... however... there was one weakness. Architecture. Rollo Flamme took in a deep breath. Malleus' form—his true form—in all of its twists and turns, the scales and skin, darkness bending to hide the nightmares beneath.

Never would Rollo vocalise how he felt, how *Rollo felt* in this dark, worn, and unspoken nightmare.

No booth in the world would ever make Rollo vocalise the confession he wanted to make.

“You!” Rollo *burned, a monster all the same*. “Are you satisfied now!?”

“Of course,” Malleus, despite his appearance, wore the same aggravating joy. “I have never wanted to snuff you out, only to feed your flame. Now—”

On the next thrust, Rollo *screamed as he let his heart burn*. The sheer *joy* of being *released*, as he *howled* louder than he had ever before, allowing his magic to *consume him* as he pressed his burning body against Malleus' true form.

“Flamme,” Malleus purred. “Cum for me.”

Feeling that hand wrap around his cock, Rollo's scream hit a new pitch—

From ash to cinders, cinders to flame, flame to blaze—

Blaze to flame, flame to cinders, cinders to ash...

Rollo Flamme had his back on the bed. He could see his room again, his ceiling. He only had partial awareness of Malleus having thrust a few more times until he finished himself. He breathed hard, still seeing stars as he felt his breathing ease, little by little.

Malleus was laying by his side, smirking. He opened his mouth to speak—

“Not a word,” Rollo whispered. “... I trust no one else heard our encounter?”

“I can assure you, *everyone else* is *fast asleep*.”

“Good.” Rollo turned over, turning away from Malleus. “I'll kill you.”

“I await it.” Malleus smiled. “Shall I take my leave?”

Rollo said nothing.

Malleus raised his head off the pillow as he glanced to Rollo, tilting his head a little as well.

“I’m exhausted,” Rollo muttered. “I’ll take you to the gargoyles tomorrow. Might kill you after.”

Malleus, to his effort, made an effort to stifle his chuckle this time.

Rollo was glad he was naturally expressionless, or he might’ve smiled.





Compline

By Pep

Rollo's tread on the stone steps was near-silent, his passage through the corridor lit only by the flickering glow of his oil lamp. At this time of night, it wouldn't do to draw attention to his comings and goings, this most recent part of his routine. Despite the fact that nobody would know what happened behind closed doors, gossip spread so quickly in these cloistered halls, and there were those that delighted in cultivating rumours, whether they were based in fact or not.

Arriving at an arched door, Rollo looked both ways up the corridor, listening for footsteps, distant voices. Only when he had assured himself he was alone did he knock gently on the door, two smart raps of one knuckle.

"*Entrez,*" came the voice on the other side of the door, deep and smooth, and even just that one word had Rollo needing to take a moment to compose himself. Taking a breath, lifting his shoulders, straightening his back, he pushed the door open, inclining his head in a deferential nod as he entered the private study.

"Good evening, Monseigneur Frollo," he said softly, and the older man didn't look up immediately from his papers. Just as expected - he was a busy, well-respected man, and Rollo knew his own import. When that intense gaze finally deigned to lift his way, he felt nothing but pride that he was worthy of his attention - of these private *tete-a-tetes* they shared every evening.

"Good evening, Rollo," he said silkily, and oh - that such a man knew him on a first name basis! Someone with lesser self control might have given into a delicious little shiver at that casual social intimacy. But Rollo wasn't about to disgrace himself acting like a giddy child. He was a young man now, an intelligent and cunning scholar, well respected in his own right. That was why Frollo indulged his visits, after all. "I see you've brought something for us to discuss?"

Rollo nodded, bringing the book out from under his arm. "Leoniekus's History of the Catacombs. After you recommended it last week, I've been making my own study of the volume, and I had a

few questions. If you have the time for me, sir, I would appreciate...”

Frollo cut him off with a raised hand. “For you, always,” he said, and the half smile that quirked his thin lips was rich in double meaning, his gaze tracking Rollo closely as he took the seat beside him. Their sessions together always began like this - the exchange of ideas, the pursuit of academic excellence. Frollo was an exceptionally intelligent man, after all, and Rollo was honoured to be allowed to talk with him about matters of history and law, to be treated as an equal. He never talked down to him, or made him feel small - he indulged his questions, challenged his intellect. His incredible mind had been why Rollo had developed an... *affection* for him in the first place.

Unbidden, Rollo chanced a look over as they studied the book together. He’d be lying if he tried to claim, even to himself, that his attraction to the older man was nothing but intellectual. In the flickering glow of the fire, Frollo’s profile was thrown into relief, illuminating the handsome patrician features that age could not dull, and Rollo felt his gut tighten with a slow, deliberate, aching want.

“...but you must, in reviewing this chapter, beware the writer’s biases,” Frollo finished, and Rollo realised, with a sudden jolt, that he hadn’t been paying attention, too busy staring at the monseigneur. He hoped that his lack of diligence hadn’t been noticed, but Frollo’s keen eyes saw everything, and the hint of arch disapproval there cut Rollo to the core. “Have you been listening to a word I said, Flamme? Honestly, I expect better from you. Explain yourself at once.”

Rollo flushed a deep red up to the tips of his ears, his head hanging in shame. “Forgive me, sir,” he murmured, gaze fixed on his hands folded penitently in his lap. “I make no excuses for my poor behaviour, but I find your presence...” He trailed off as elegant fingers curled around the point of his chin, forcing him to look up, to meet the burning intensity of Frollo’s eyes - which were now filled with wry amusement.

“Dear boy, whatever am I to do with you?” he drawled, running his thumb across Rollo’s lower lip. “You know full well what these sessions are meant to be for, and yet you come here with lust in your heart every night.”

Rollo couldn’t breathe, a strangled little gasp coming past his lips. That touch was slow, the gentleness of it belying the dominant, possessive intent. Frollo could do this to him so effortlessly - knock his careful self control off kilter, leave him sprawling in search of solid ground. And he found that firmament in Frollo himself, leaning into his hand, sighing out a soft gasp when his

hand curled around his face.

“Forgive me--” he began once more, but was silenced by the press of the older man’s lips against his, and he could finally stop pretending that he was here for anything but this. He had assumed, before all of this, that he had control over himself, that he wasn’t susceptible to the pleasures of the flesh. His fellow students might have attempted to get close to him, but their approaches left him cold. He was above them, pure and untouchable.

But he’d been severely wrong. When the monseigneur had come to college, to take on a temporary teaching position, Rollo had been drawn to him at once. His morals were unimpeachable, his intellect great, his wit sharp. He was, in short, everything Rollo aspired to. Even to be allowed to learn from him at a distance was a great honour. And when he’d been first invited to his study for private discussions in the evenings, he had been flattered beyond measure.

Their closeness had left him unable to hide, though. Frollo’s keen gaze saw right to the core of him immediately, to the impure thoughts brewing inside him. But, magnanimous and generous man he was, he hadn’t banished Rollo into shame - he had explained that these sorts of feelings could be very proper, as long as they both knew the meaning of *discretion*.

Their meetings continued like this, every few days, always the same. They’d talk, discuss Rollo’s lessons, Frollo’s research. Rollo would listen to him talk, soak in every drop of knowledge the older man deigned to share with him. And finally, when Rollo could hide his urges no longer, Frollo would give him what he needed.

Their kiss broke, and Rollo ran his tongue across his swollen lips, breathing hard. “Please, sir,” he almost whimpered, his lust rising out of control. “Please, allow me to service you.”

“As you wish,” Frollo waved one hand in affirmation, and Rollo eagerly sank down to his knees before him. Both his hands were trembling as they parted his robes, and it was always such a thrill to find him already hard - Rollo had done this for him, had aroused genuine desire in this superior man, who should not have even bothered to glance his way. How could he do anything but show his gratitude?

Sitting forward on his heels, he opened his mouth eagerly. He liked to take his time, worshipping every inch of him, gazing up at Frollo with reverence as he worked his tongue across his dick. He knew he was pleasing the monseigneur when his hand came to rest in his hair, threading through

the silvery strands, curling around the back of his skull to urge him forward gently. “Good boy,” he murmured. “Diligent, obedient, beautiful... you are utterly perfect.”

More praise, and it sent a satisfied shiver down Rollo’s spine. From a man like him, it wasn’t hollow flattery - that meant something. He pushed himself forward, taking in more of his cock, swallowing until it slipped down into his throat. This had seemed so disgusting and immoral, when he’d first heard whispers of it in the dormitories at night. Surely, who would lower themselves to do such a thing? But now he realised - when there was someone worth doing it for, any indignity could be the sweetest form of worship. And he was the only one for whom Frolo would allow this. He was the only one *worthy* of him.

He could feel the grip in his hair tightening, and he readied himself for the pulse of hot, thick seed down his throat. Swallowing it down, he gracefully lifted himself off, his head nudging against Frolo’s hand once more, feeling a flush of satisfaction when he stroked his hair tenderly. He didn’t even need to be touched back - he would pleasure himself later, remembering this very moment. He wouldn’t presume to demand that such a man debase himself for Rollo... even if, one day, he hoped he might. That they could lay together, as lovers and equals. “Did I please you, monseigneur?”

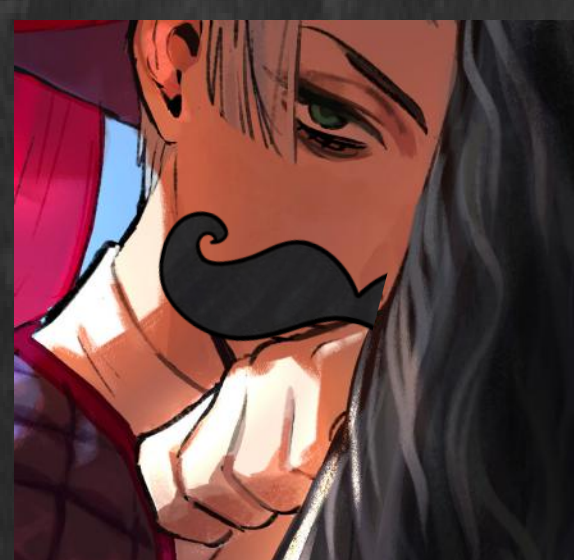
Frolo favoured him with a smile, gazing down at him. “More than you know, dear boy,” he murmured, voice like smoke, and the desire in his eyes glowed orange in the reflection from the fire. “More than you might ever know.”



Extra



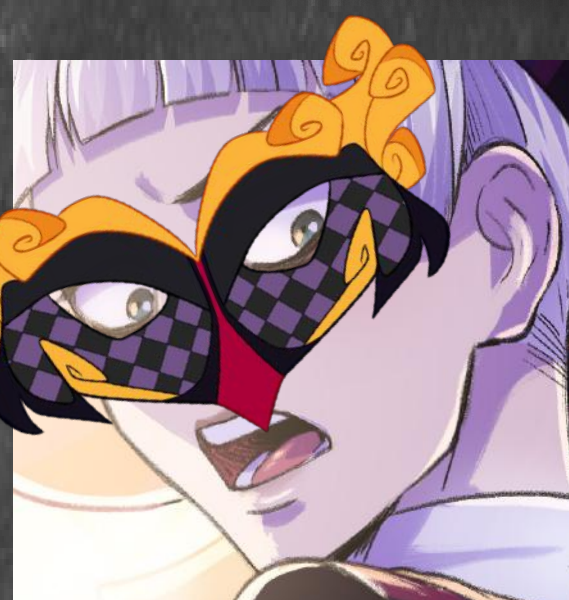
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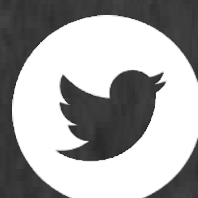
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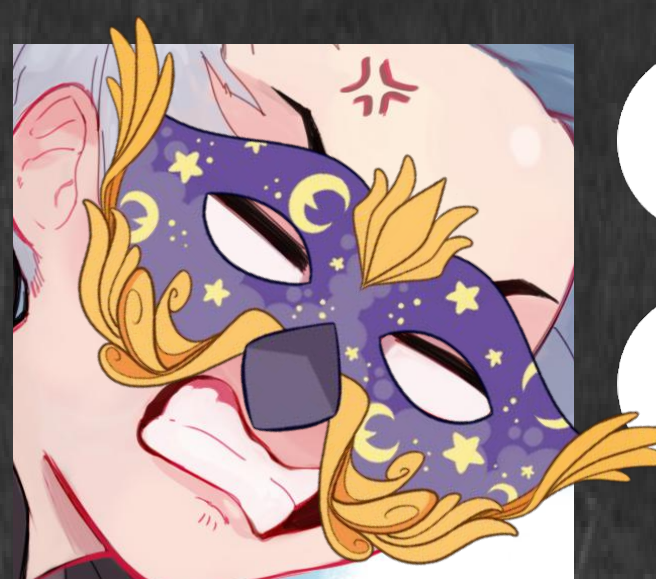
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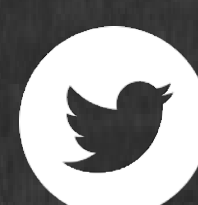
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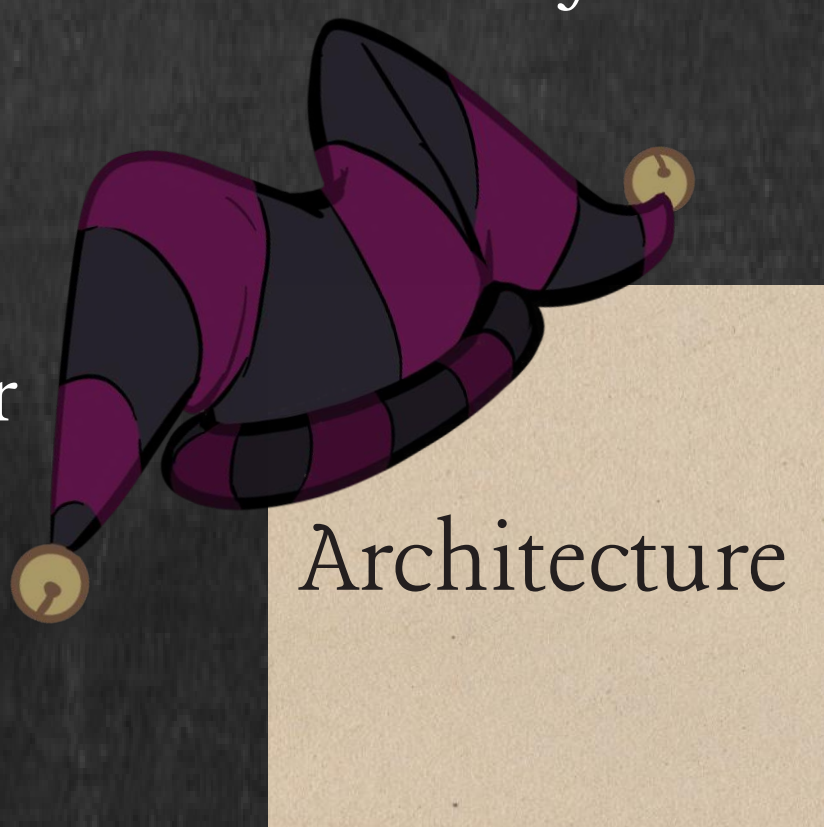
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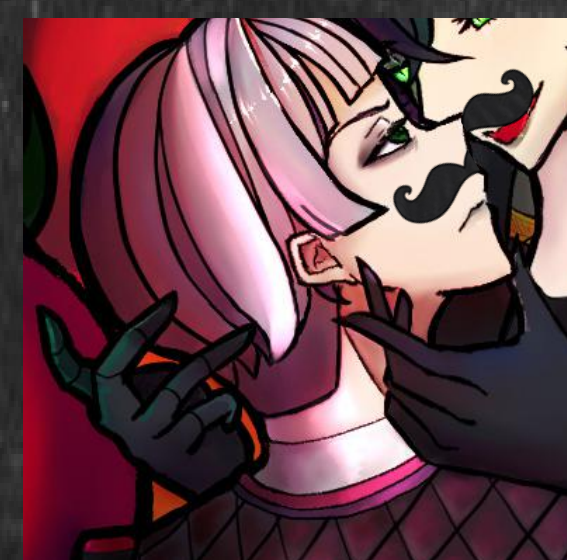
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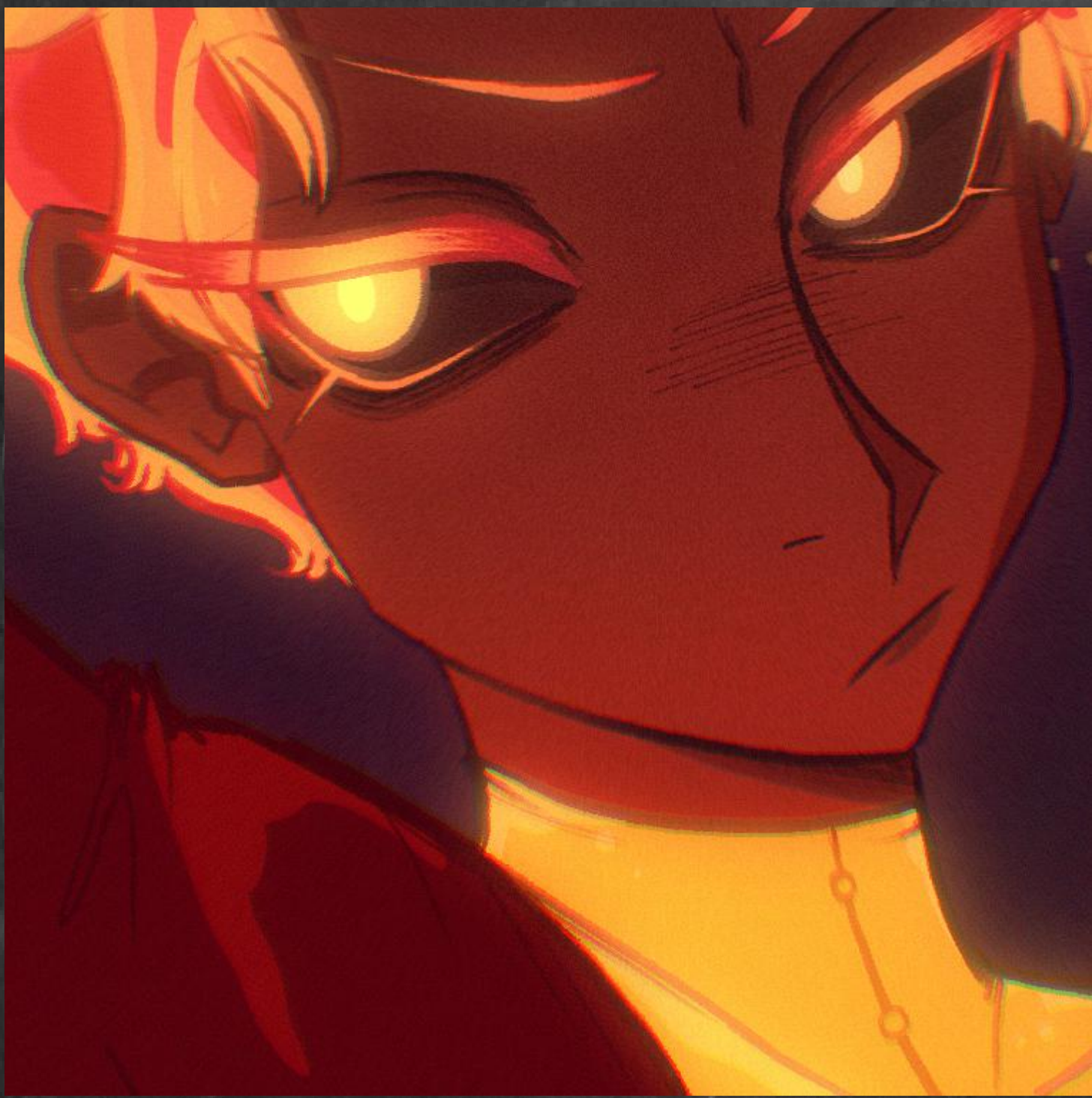
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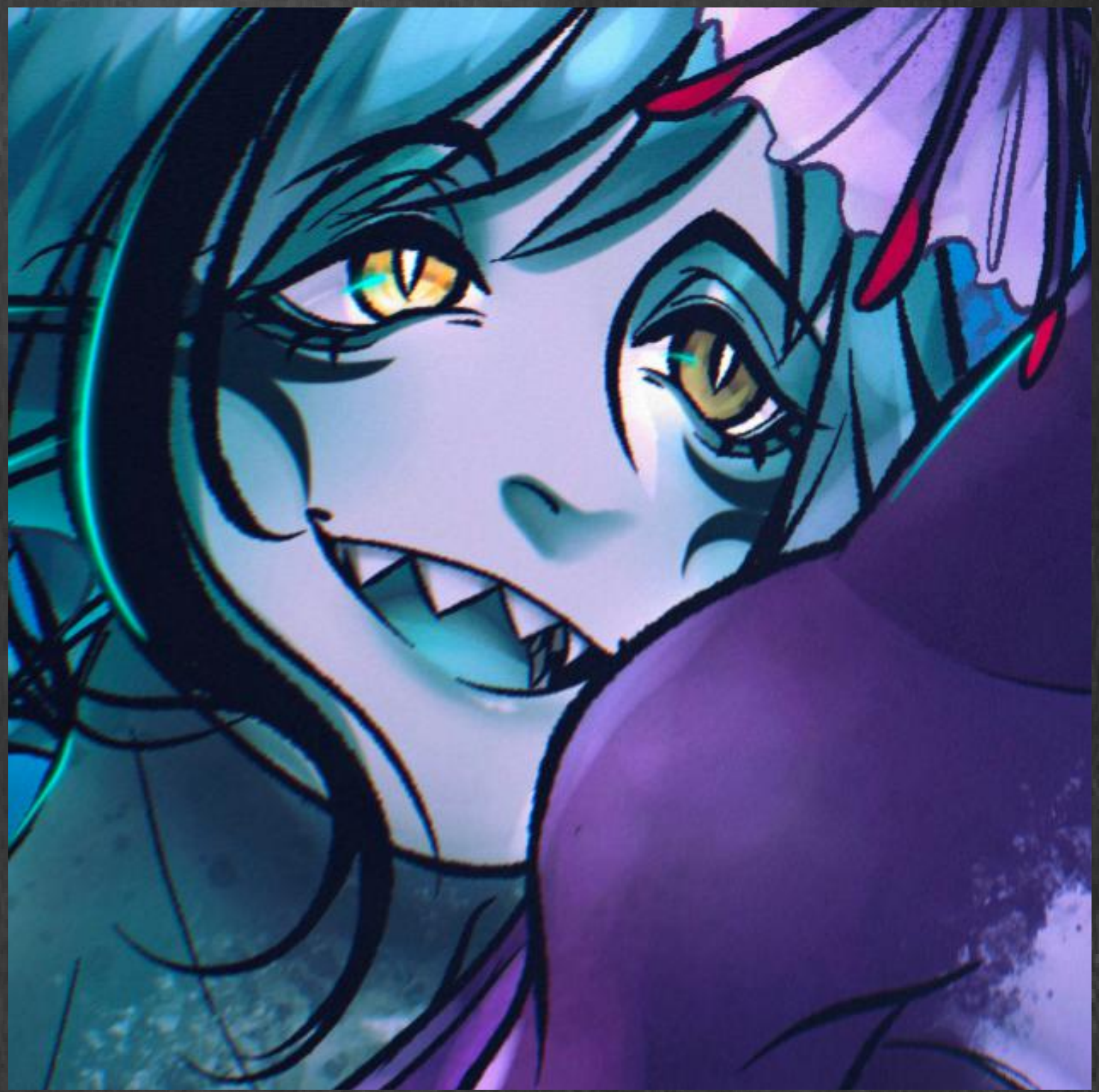
Mod Team

Head Mod • Asset Design



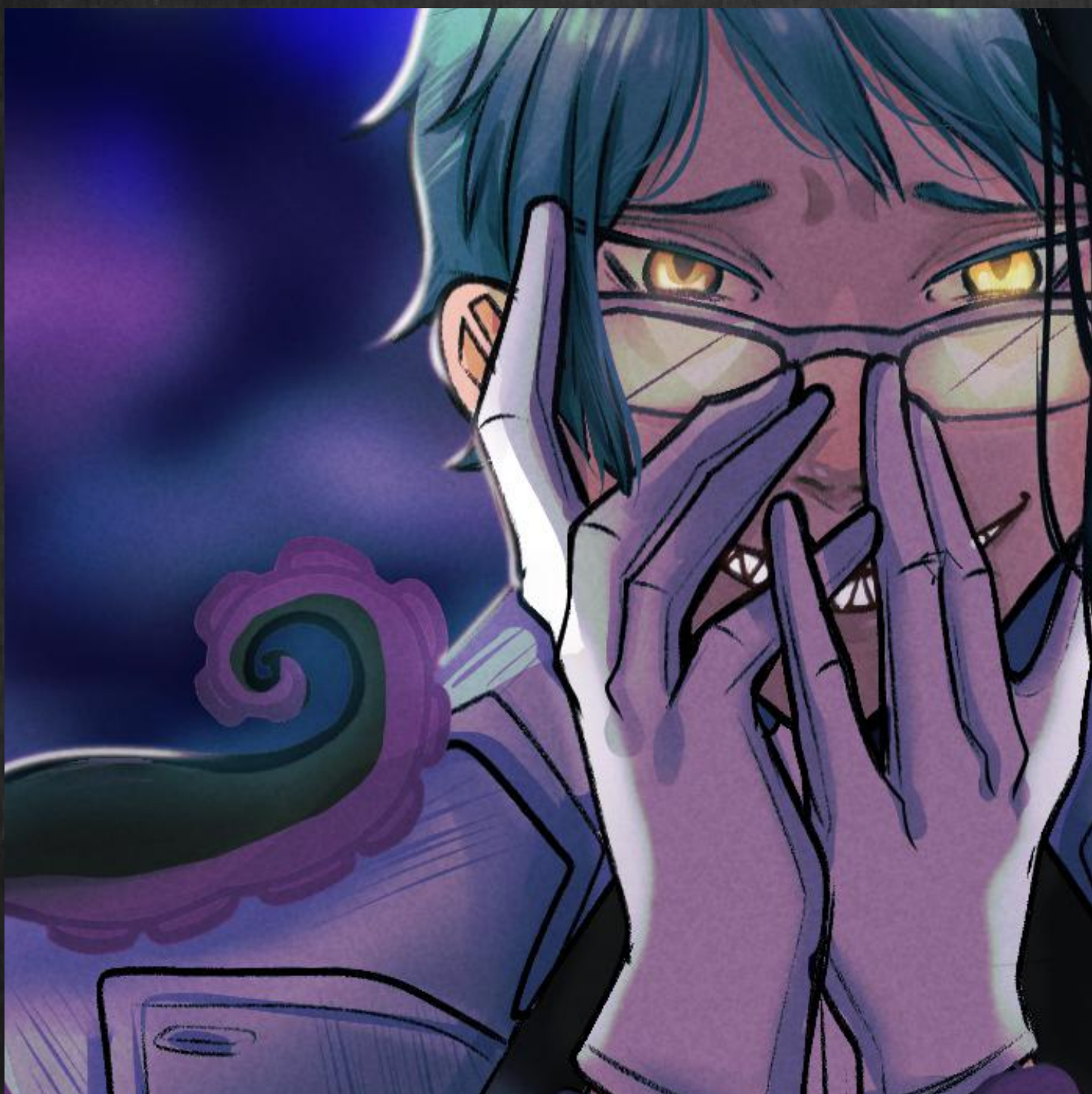
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Art Mod • Co-mod



SyrenSocks

Formatting • Asset Design



Rosesharks

Asset Design



Fayette

Thank you!



... Hmph.