

Anastasia—or Anya, as she was affectionately called by her friends—sat quietly in the center of Jackal’s room, her porcelain doll-looking form looking entirely out of place amidst the edgy, rebellious atmosphere. The room was scattered with black leather, studded accessories, and chains that hung from the walls like ornaments in a gothic castle. Anya, in her delicate bonnet and soft, lace-trimmed gown, resembled an antique doll placed in a punk rock museum.

Jackal, the ever-cool and detached succubun with her black, greenish hair and piercing eyes, paced around Anya like a designer in the final stages of creation. A pile of mismatched punk clothing lay sprawled across the floor—fishnet gloves, ripped skirts, and studded belts forming a contrast to Anya’s usual soft, dreamy aesthetic.

Anya couldn’t for the life of her know what had gotten into Jackal!

“You ready for this, Anya?” Jackal asked, her voice casual but holding a teasing edge. She lifted a leather jacket off the floor, one covered in shiny silver spikes that glinted under the dim light. “This is gonna be a huge shift from your fairytale stuff.”

Anya, sitting serenely on a black velvet cushion, blinked up at Jackal, her gentle eyes full of sleepy curiosity. “Do you really think it will suit me?” she asked in her soft, dreamlike voice. The entire room felt foreign to her—the punk style, Jackal’s confidence, even the dark energy that seemed to hum in the air—but Anya trusted Jackal. Maybe, just for a moment, she could step out of her world of folklore and fairytales into something a bit more daring.

Jackal grinned, brushing her fingers through her dark hair as she tilted her head toward Anya. “Trust me, you’re gonna look amazing. Sometimes you’ve gotta try something different, y’know? Maybe this punk vibe will bring out your inner rebel. And hey, Dove is backing me up.”

Maybe the whole thing was Dove’s idea, and Jackal was just covering for her?

Anya let out a soft giggle, the thought of having an “inner rebel” seeming more like a fantasy character than a real part of her. But as Jackal began holding up pieces of clothing for her to see, she found herself warming to the idea.

“Ok,” she said.

First, Jackal slipped the spiked leather jacket over Anya’s shoulders. The heavy material sagged slightly on her delicate form, but Jackal quickly adjusted it, rolling up the sleeves to reveal Anya’s porcelain arms. The contrast between the pale, flawless porcelain and the rough, edgy leather was striking, almost like seeing a doll from a fairytale accidentally dressed up for a rock concert.

Jackal took a step back, grinning. “Look at that. Already making a statement.”

Anya glanced down at the jacket, tilting her head. It was so unlike her usual lace and pastels, but she couldn't deny it had a certain charm. "It's... interesting," she murmured, her voice lilting with a sleepy curiosity.

Next came the fishnet gloves, which Jackal slid over Anya's arms with careful precision. The netting clung to her porcelain skin, emphasizing the dainty joints of her fingers. Jackal's hands moved with surprising gentleness, despite her usual tough demeanor, as she fitted the gloves to Anya's delicate form.

"See? You're a total punk princess now," Jackal said, her tone casual, but her eyes gleaming with pride.

Anya couldn't help but smile. "Punk princess... I never thought of myself that way," she said, the idea tickling the edges of her dreamy thoughts. "But I still want to be Cinderella..."

Jackal let out a soft chuckle, shaking her head. "You can be Cinderella *and* punk, Anya. I mean, maybe you're waiting for a prince, but who's to say Cinderella couldn't rock some leather while she's out there capturing imps or hunting other creatures?"

The idea of Cinderella in a leather jacket made Anya giggle again. "I suppose if the prince is into that..." She trailed off, her imagination swirling with the strange mix of fantasy and rebellion.

Jackal, pleased with Anya's growing comfort, moved on to the skirt. She pulled out a plaid number, the edges tattered and worn, giving it a look of raw, unpolished energy. She fastened it around Anya's waist, tucking it just beneath the jacket, and added a studded belt that hung loosely around her hips.

"There," Jackal said, stepping back and admiring her handiwork. "Now that's a look."

Anya rose from the cushion, her movements slow and deliberate as she adjusted to the new weight of the outfit. The leather jacket felt heavy, and the fishnet gloves were strange on her fingers, but the ensemble held a certain rebellious charm. She turned toward the mirror, gazing at her reflection. The contrast was undeniable—her soft pink curls, gentle eyes, and porcelain skin were framed by an outfit that radiated defiance.

Jackal sauntered over, crossing her arms with a satisfied smirk. "What do you think, huh? Ready to cause some chaos?"

Anya studied herself in the mirror, blinking slowly. The image was almost like a fairytale character had wandered into the wrong story, but in a strange way, it worked. It wasn't the fairytale *she* dreamed of—no prince charming, no ballroom dress—but it was still a transformation.

"I look... fierce," she finally said, the word sounding foreign on her lips, but fitting somehow.

“Exactly!” Jackal exclaimed, giving Anya an approving nod and a slap on the back. “That’s what I’m talking about. A little fierce, a little Cinderella. Maybe you’ll even scare away the imps with this look.”

Anya smiled faintly, imagining herself stalking through the woods, dressed in leather and plaid, a camera in hand as she searched for mythical creatures. It was a funny thought, and yet, it wasn’t so impossible. Perhaps she could have both worlds—her fairytale dreams and a bit of punk edge.

“Do you think a princely bun would like it?” Anya asked softly, her gaze still fixed on her reflection.

Jackal shrugged, a sly grin tugging at her lips. “Who knows? But any prince worth your time will fall for you no matter what you’re wearing.”

Anya’s smile widened, a warmth spreading through her chest. Maybe Jackal was right. Maybe her prince would come, whether she was dressed like a dream or a rebel.