

All characters involved are:

[Logic](#) + [Loki](#)

[Sol](#) + [Pandora](#)

[Paxton](#) / [Winslow](#) / [Crowley](#) / [Nova](#)

Total Word Count: 4308

Short Story 1: 272 words

It seemed whenever he was home and nighttime had consumed the city, Logic could hardly sleep. Often times his missions afar required him to pull all-nighters with scarce naps in between, for fear of losing his targets. So when the night fell across the city and the shadows grew to become imaginary monsters, he'd lay in his bed staring at the ceiling with an arm underneath his head for support. The night was calm. Through the cracks in the window blinds, the colors of the busy nightlife filtered into the room. He watched red and orange dance on the ceilings, faint enough for peaceful sleep yet vivid enough to draw his attention.

"Logic," Loki murmured softly. He felt a dip in the bed as Loki crawled in, sneaking under the covers and pulling himself to Logic.

"Hm?" Logic smiled warmly as he turned his head to see the drowsy man. Loki wrapped an arm around his chest and pressed his face into him, breathing out softly,

"Logic."

"Loki." He turned around and wrapped both his arms around, watching as for a moment, Loki's sparkling colors brightened the room. He never needed to glow to brighten the room, though, not to Logic.

Logic held Loki even as his breathing grew to a mechanical, deep rhyme, smiling at his blissful face.

Even when his arms began cramping from the position. Even when Loki shifted, just as restless in his sleep. Even when, only a few hours later, the sun began rising. He watched Loki with soft affection saved only for him, and when Loki stirred, he kisses him softly on the head, greeting him.

Short Story 2: 656 words

Pandora woke up with a start, staring at the dark ceiling lingering above him. He slowed his breathing as his body slowly woke up, hardly covered by the mess of blankets he had supposedly thrown around. Perhaps a nightmare had startled him awake, though he could not remember a single detail of whatever disturbing images he saw.

He let out a short breath through his lips as he turned to his side, noticing right away that Solstice was missing. The observation did not alarm him, however, as he knew wherever she

was, she was safe. Still, perhaps he should check on her. She had worrying habits of torturing herself with insomnia or even exerting her energy to the point she'd grow dizzy. As capable as the woman was, it was just as remarkable how inconsiderate of herself she was!

Pandora's feet slipped into his soft slippers as he pushed himself up from bed, looking with a glare at the time glistening blue in the dark. 2 A.M. Prime time for the stars to be twinkling above, and Solstice truly did love to dream about them. While she most likely was on the roof, Pandora made the decision to wander downstairs regardless in case she was reading a book in the library. Once he confirmed she was, in fact, absent from the library he let out another slow breath and dragged himself outside to the patio, letting a guard approach him with a jacket to cover up with. It was chilly, yet the lack of clouds in the night sky allowed for crystal clear stargazing. Out here, so far from any sort of cities, it seemed the Andromeda galaxy was in their backyard.

Pandora climbed the spiral staircase he had installed shortly after Solstice started spending most nights at his home rather than hers. He still remembered the first time he caught her out on the roof.

"What are you doing?" Pandora glared at the small figure on the roof of his mansion, bundling his robe tighter as the breeze blew. "Solstice, it's dangerous up there!"

"The stars here are always so pretty, I can hardly sleep when my mind races with their beauty." Solstice's soft, dreamy voice echoed down at him. Pandora let out a scoff.

"I believe you can hardly sleep because it is freezing, and you are wearing hardly anything!"

"I'm cold," Solstice admitted. "But I don't mind. The thought of home warms me up. Though, this is soon to be my new home." Always so playful at any time of the day... or night, in this case. Solstice slowly made her way down to the edge of the roof, holding out her paw with a teasing grin. "Bring a blanket and yourself, Pandora, and we can stargaze together." And for some reason, that night, Pandora had decided to take her offer rather than go back to bed to follow his schedule that morning.

"What are you doing?" This time he spoke in a hushed, still-waking-up-from-sleep voice. Solstice was on the roof of course, her hair blowing softly with the wind as she tilted her head back as far as she could.

"You have eyes, dummy." She joked. In truth, he always asked the question when he approached, but over the months it had been for another reason other than concerned curiosity; he'd get to listen to her launch into whatever thoughts and ideas she had come up with on the roof during her time alone.

As he sat down next to her, she rested her head on his shoulder, already speaking about what was on her mind. Pandora paid attention, of course, though he was admittedly too tired to really do more than agree or remark on a detail or two. But as she rambled on about her passion, he couldn't help but be grateful that he had her in his life. His own personal shooting star, glistening brightly by his side.

Short Story 3: 897 words

Warning: Death + Abuse

"I really don't feel too good, Pandora..." Solstice murmured into Pandora's chest as she curled into him on the bed, closing her eyes. Her stomach was squirming with nausea, shivers overtaking her body despite the blanket he had gently placed over her.

"It's ok." Pandora stroked her hair, watching the monitor he had hooked up to her. He was draining a steady stream of magic from her literal body, using a specially formatted crystal machine that functioned as an IV drip tube instead. After a disastrous loss of all the magic he had been engineering and cultivating for years-- to which even Solstice and Paxton couldn't regenerate-- it seemed Pandora's workaholic attitude had turned into the frenzy of a drug addict. He was losing business faster than ever, all sorts of income had slowed to a standstill, and his guards were no longer brainwashed forcing the pair to go into hiding. Paxton and Nova had hidden elsewhere, visiting every day as they all desperately tried to find a way to fix what had happened. Even Paxton's own abilities were taking a toll with how often he would place himself back in time before the magic simply disappeared completely. And Solstice, try as she might... eventually, Pandora convinced himself into agreeing that she simply wasn't smart enough to find a method to restore the magic. But if he had her magic, if he could cultivate it, he'd fix everything. And she trusted him, because why wouldn't she? She'd known him for years, and he always cared about her first and foremost.

Or so she thought.

Pandora frowned as he watched the heart rate monitor start to pick up in speed, mirroring her own heart rate. "Deep breath in and out, Solstice, we're almost done." He looked down as he realized too late that her skin was clammy and extremely warm, her breathing shallow. He reached over and yanked out the tube, pulling her closer. "Solstice, hold on. Solstice, wait, I need you." Now there was a trace of panic in his voice as he realized he had pushed her too far. "Solstice. Sol, Sol, open your eyes-- Sol, Sol!" He shook her frantically, but now her chest had stopped rising and falling with each breath... or, more accurately, with her lack of breathing. "Solstice! Fuck! Sol!" It was an accident, he just- if only she had hanged on, he could have! He needed her magic! Had she maybe purposely given up so he'd fail? "Sol!" He echoed again, letting out a ragged breath and brushing his hand through his hair. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

"This is when it happened." Winslow watched as Pandora turned around, holding Solstice's lifeless body in his arms. He frowned, then scowled as he froze Pandora in place the moment he stood up.

"You killed her." Crowley placed a hand on his shoulder, a soft warning not to lose it, but Winslow shrugged it off as he stepped forward past Paxton and Nova, who was staring in dismay.

"I did not kill her, she-- she should have survived that. She killed herself so I couldn't get her magic!" Winslow let out a scoff, staring in disbelief.

"What the *fuck!*? Do you think your own girlfriend purposely committed suicide to ruin your life? After she helped you build up most of it!" He tried to rush up and beat Pandora up physically, but Crowley grabbed his arms and held him back as he strained against him. Instead, Winslow resorted to inflicting pain all over his body, miming a thousand stabs digging into his skin as fire lit ablaze. Pandora let out a groan, gritting his teeth. "You killed Solstice, you killed my sister!"

"Listen! Listen, all- all I need is Paxton or Nova's abilities, then I could- I could fix it all, I could bring her back!" His delusional cries fell on deaf ears.

"You're *fucking insane*, legally insane!" Winslow roared, still pulling against Crowley's hold. "First you kill your own girlfriend and now you want to give the two who are essentially your kids the same fate?!"

"Winslow, let me lock him up." Crowley urged softly into his ears.

"No, no, he needs to die! He deserves to die, he should have, not her!" Now sobs broke Winslow's voice as he leaned back into Crowley's arms instead.

"I agree, but death would be light for him. He needs to learn the consequences of his action." Crowley insisted, hugging Winslow as he shot Pandora a death glare.

"... Let me do it. He can relive that moment over and over, knowing he fucked up and he can't ever change it." Paxton spoke up softly, rubbing his eyes before it was revealed he was actually crying softly. Of course, he hated to see this; Pandora had been his only father figure since he was just barely 18, and Solstice had been warm and bright in their family. But clearly, Pandora's obsession with the magic had spiraled into something else entirely, because this wasn't humane at all.

"... Yeah," Winslow spat. "Do that, then. Fucking bastard! I hope you never get over it, I hope you suffer for eternity!"

Pandora reached over and yanked out the tube, pulling her closer. "Solstice, hold on. Solstice, *wait*, I need you." Now there was a trace of panic in his voice as he realized he had pushed her too far.

"Solstice, *Sol...*"

Short Story 4: 1912 words

It was a cruel joke, Solstice realized quickly, for Crowley and Winslow to have ditched her in the middle of an odd wheat field with no buildings in sight for miles. Solstice groaned as she looked around, then rubbed her cheek. "Winslow! Crowley! This isn't funny anymore, take me back home!" She pulled on the dress strap, feeling slightly claustrophobic in the outfit she was wearing. The pair of dumbasses had told her this was a party, so she had put on a one-shoulder silver gown that ended at her mid-thighs. It was short, scratchy, and just altogether not her usual style surprisingly.

She was definitely more of a sheltered introvert, having been raised by her parents to never talk about herself, never use her special abilities, and never reveal she had actually crashed in

the back of their yard. The result was.. well, this naïve Solstice who currently had no way of returning home without manipulating gravity to make her journey easier... ugh. For fuck's sake.

Solstice grabbed her heels and marched to the road, the only other thing present besides the massive wheat field. It was hot, it was stuffy, her feet were burning, and just how long did her brother and Crowley expect her to be missing before they fetched her? (The truth was, they only wanted her to wander aimlessly for ten minutes, but once they'd returned she was gone, and they most certainly panicked, unable to find her.)

At some point, Solstice's throat was dry as she stopped and bent over, panting. Ok, time to fly at this point, it had to be easier than walking... plus, she'd be able to get a little bit of a breeze from the rush of the wind flowing around her.

That did not go to plan, as she was apparently more exhausted than she realized and crashed after only a few minutes, passed out amongst the wheat. It was pure luck that a car in the distance had seen her flying for just a second before her plummet, and so, that was how Pandora came to step out of his limo and see the awfully overdressed woman passed out on the side of the road. He sighed and had the guard driving him to bring her bruised body in, watching her with concern and distrust as the limo sped down the road. It wasn't too long until they were back at his mansion and she still had not woken up, which now proved a problem to Pandora as he had been hoping she'd revive herself before. Without her consciousness, though, he couldn't do much with her except.. well, wait for her to wake up. And so the guard ended up bringing her into the mansion as he called Paxton downstairs, warning his apprentice of the strange girl on the couch and not to bother her. Paxton, the nosey bugger he was, hovered over the woman for a few minutes before being called once again and sent out to run some errands to further ensure he actually did not bother her.

Solstice barely remembered what happened since that morning when she came to, rolling her head around and groggily trying to think a million thoughts at once. Where was she, exactly? What happened? This dress was scratchy and uncomfortable, and the blankets really thin.. why was she mad at Crowley and Winslow again?

She sat up and stared forward with furrowed brows, realizing the modern décor she could see was not Winslow's nor Crowley's nor her parent's place... or anyone she recognized for that matter. Her head turned to the side as she heard someone approach her, and to her surprise, it was a butler! He held out a tray with a bottle of water, some pills, and cheese and salami bites. "Uhm? I-- no... thank you..?"

"You really should eat, at least. Your arms and legs are becoming covered in bruises, it's clear you're hurt. The blood vessels in your limbs have still burst, even if you aren't bleeding. These pills reduce the inflammation, and as you can see, the seal is still unopened. I did not tamper with it." The man who just walked in startled her, approaching behind the butler.

"... Are you a doctor?" She stared at the tray, then leaned away as the guard set it on the table in front of her.

"... No. You crashed in my wheat field."

"You own that field? It's practically endless!" Pandora shot her a quizzical look.

"Yes..? I'm more curious as to how you landed in the middle of my property."

"Did Winslow and Crowley not let you in on their stupid prank?" Solstice scoffed as she gingerly took a bite from the plate.

"I do not recall knowing anyone with either of those names, no." Solstice stared at him, cheese block in her mouth.

"... Oh. Er-- I- I apologize, I really must be getting home--"

"You should rest first. You must have been shoved harshly from the vehicle based on the bruises you're earning. I insist you should take those pills." Solstice stared at him again, looking for any excuse to not drug herself. But the cat had her tongue, apparently, because after a while she simply took the bottle and gave herself one pill.

".. The instructions do say three is preferable but take as many as you're comfortable with. I understand this situation must be alarming, waking up in a stranger's home and being served food and pills."

"It's one of the more tame scenes I've experienced." Solstice admitted as she took a slight breath and swallowed two pills-- a compromise, to make her seem, you know. Human.

"When you're feeling better, one of my guards will take you home."

"I really am feeling better." Solstice insisted, clasping her hands in front of her.

"Would you perhaps be ok with a quick medical scan to confirm that, then?"

".. No."

"I'm afraid you should stay here. Would it make you feel more comfortable if I called Winslow or Crowley to pick you up?"

"Yes. Yes, that would be really nice." Before the medicine kicked into her bloodstream, preferably, and she'd be drugged out of her mind. "Winslow's number is 123- 456- 7890." But there was a problem; Pandora put the call on speaker, holding it out, only for his stupid voice to pop up with 'I apologize, you have reached Winslow Halifax's voicemail. Please leave me a voice message and I will respond as quickly as I can.'

Solstice cursed. "Try Crowley's. 098- 765- 4321." And once again, it was a voicemail recording (as both were preoccupied, currently, trying to find her! Oh the irony). Pandora gave her an apologetic frown, putting the phone aside. Solstice's eyes were glued to his black gloves-- why did he wear them, as well as his all-black outfit? Looking like some goth businessman.

"I'll leave this for you in case you either do call back or you'd like to try again."

"Ah-- thank you."

Solstice was restless as she stared at the phone, bouncing her knees. She was so unbelievably pissed at the two immature men, dropping her off in the middle of a wheat field and leaving her with some strange man! To make matters worse, her thoughts were starting to

blur together as her focus was lost, seeing two different phones for a few seconds before she shook the mirage away.

Why did this situation have to keep spiraling? Lost in a field, crashed in a field, dragged into some stranger's home, spiraling into willingly drugging herself to seem human? "Oh Solstice, the things you do." She groaned out softly, rubbing her forehead.

"Solstice? Is that your name? You can call me Pandora." Her head jolted up at his voice, her heart rate picking up rapidly from the jump scare. "Ah-- sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. You referred to yourself as Solstice, am I wrong?"

"A- ah yeah, my name is Solstice." Solstice laughed nervously, twiddling her fingers together.

"... Are you alright?"

"Whaat? I'm fiiiiine." She waved a paw, turning her head to the side as she closed her eyes.

"You seem drugged. It's possible your friends may have done something to lower your cognitive skills while in the field, which just seems despicable.." (edited)

"No! No, haha, it's the pills, it's not Winslow. Winslow would never! He's my brother. Jackass one. Jackass brother. He loves me though." She hung her head, rubbing it gently. Now a headache was picking up.

"Oh dear. Either way, perhaps you should spend the night." Solstice looked back up with wide eyes. No way was she going to spend the night at some stranger's home!

"I can see the alarm in your eyes. I have spare guest rooms. Despite my appearance, Miss, I'm not as scary as I look."

"Yooou have brainwashed servants who answer your everyyy whim." Solstice pointed out the obvious, but Pandora's eyebrows raised.

"... They're not brainwashed." He stated flatly, but Solstice could tell he was lying.

"Sure, and that little light in their eyes is just to blind them then?" She laughed, falling back into the couch with a smile.

"You're quite observant. Again, I am not as intimidating as my business is. It's a means of money, but I do not stress about control or manipulating vulnerable people like most assume."

"Mmmhmm."

"Are you alright, miss? You seem to have a reaction to the medicine you took. Are you allergic to anything?"

"Noope! I'm.. fiine." Solstice brought the blanket above her shoulder, turning to the side. Now that her eyes were closed she was actually exhausted, ready to fall right back asleep. Pandora spoke again, but she didn't answer, already drifting to sleep.

The face that greeted her was most certainly not human, and for a second Solstice truly believed a monster was about to devour her whole. But then the dog slobbered all over her face, giving her wet kisses and sniffing her excitedly. Solstice closed her eyes again and reached out from under the blanket, gently pushing on its chest. "Down, down boy! Down!" The dog let out a slight whine and sat down as she pushed herself up, rubbing her face. There was a tug on her arm. She looked down, alarmed to see a tube attached, but when she saw the IV drip bag she

grew more puzzled than anything. The last thing she remembered was falling asleep as the drugs overwhelmed her, and... it looked like she was in another room now. An actual bedroom, laying on the bed.

And the dog on the bed beside her was a large albeit adorable Doberman, wagging her short little stubby tail eagerly. "Oh hello, cutie." Solstice crooned with a soft laugh, reaching up to rub her ear. "You gave me quite the scare, yes you did..."

"Did she wake you up? I apologize. I told Bismuth not to bother you." Solstice looked at the doorway, where Pandora had spoken from.

"It's fine, she didn't bother me." She smiled warmly, then looked at the drip tube. "But, er... this is.. not the hospital, and you admittedly did drug me before.."

"I apologize, I was not aware of the unique circumstances of your system. It seems your body rejects any man-made medication." He tilted his head as she looked over at him.

"Well, now I want to know just who are you to know all this and more..!"

"My name is Pandora Beckett."

"... I'm Sol. Solstice Halifax."

Short Story 5: 571 words

Logic always seemed to be multitasking whenever he was out in public. If he wasn't focused on a mission, he was checking his emails and notifications on his phones, or sitting at a table and going through documents, or even hosting a phone call with some witnesses. Even when he was out eating, he had something to keep his mind occupied. Currently, he was walking down the street with a coffee in one hand, and eyes glued to the phone in the other. News of the latest events, everything seemed normal..

Bark! He looked up at his shoulder and smiled at the pair of eyes that looked back. His spirit fox; a literal spirit that was his friend for life. It wasn't spiritual in the sense of traditional Native American beliefs, but spirit animals here were treasured pets that matched their owner's personality nicely. Whether opposites attract or a perfect clone.

"I know, little buddy, I'm being careful of my surroundings." He crooned slightly. Logic was a cold and reserved man, but even then, he clearly had a soft side. You could ask any employee of his what he was like, and they'd all say 'Stern, but the heart of a teddy bear.' He was forgiving and extremely generous; vacations were frequent, the pay was quite nice, and he'd even force some employees to take some days off after particularly stressful events for them. That being said...

He didn't have friends or family. He closed himself off to everyone, only ever allowing himself to be connected with the fox. Echo.

"Nothing is going on with the news besides mass propogan-" He suddenly stopped and looked down at his leg when he felt something hit it. And there it was, an insanely small reptile. He stared at the animal with a puzzled frown, then realized it was in fact a chameleon. And said

chameleon was now climbing onto his pant leg. Echo let out another soft bark, swooshing his tail.

Logic's eyes looked up in confusion as he stared for someone who looked like they had lost a pet. And..

Bingo.

A small young man, black with vivid rainbow stripes lighting up across his whole body. His face seemed mostly red, too, underneath the stripes. Judging by the sky-high eyebrows and wide eyes, he was embarrassed. Logic just smiled lightly, however.

"I think you've lost your chameleon."

"Oh, gods, sir, sorry sir!" The man rushed up, still beet red in the face.

"It's no worries." Logic's smile faded just as fast as it came. "I'd appreciate it if you could take him off me, however. I have somewhere to go."

"Yes, yes! Of course! Really, sir, I'm not so sure why he disappeared just to crawl onto your leg..." He murmured, crouching down and coaxing the chameleon back onto his finger. "I'm-- I'm Loki, by the way."

"I'm busy." Logic responded, not giving him any more opportunity to continue the conversation. Echo turned his head as Logic walked away, sticking out her tongue to give a lopsided grin to Loki. Loki, now to his back, gave a slight wave and giggle. His face was still red from the embarrassment his pet had given him, but admittedly he was also flustered from how hot the man had been.

Even if he'd been a bit of a jackass. Maybe he was just a sour gummy worm: sour on the outside, sweet on the inside!