

These samples are from some RPs in 2021, and a starter from an RP in 2017.

---

## **Sample 1**

Desiree started her day as she had many others before it, by waking up in a narrow tent she'd set up somewhere out of the way and out of sight of any passerby. It doesn't take long for her to roll up the battered mat she uses as a bed, tuck away the threadbare blanket she owns, and pull the tent down to fold into a decreasingly tiny size. All of it can be easily filed away into her backpack, and she's free to get on with her morning; she brushes through her hair, uses some bottled water to clean her face, and shrugs on another layer of clothes. The spring chill clings to her bones, and honestly she's over it. Desiree thinks of staying maybe another week in this area before moving on to warmer pastures.

She treks through the woods back to the street, adjusts her pack, and sets off to the little park a bit further away for some sight-seeing. Along the way she greets the people she's become accustomed to seeing on this walk; the old man who sleeps under the awning of an abandoned pharmacy, the middle aged woman who makes the bookstore her home, the teens who toss her a water bottle every time she passes them. Each living in a state of homelessness, of wandering; there is nothing but the brief kindnesses they can offer each other day-to-day. The people are nice, more or less, and she smiles and laughs and feels welcome.

By the time she reaches the park the sun has arced high in the sky. She spends no more than an hour or two taking in the sights, the sounds, the smells of the park; they card through her hair in the wind, against her skin, breathing through her body and leaving it mildly refreshed. Her stomach gives an unhelpful, disruptive rumble, and Desiree is once again at the whim of her body's needs. There's a soup kitchen she'd scouted a few streets down and, with a pep in her step, she makes her way there. Of course, there's a line, but she expected that. Making small talk with the others, she asks after their dogs or if they'd had luck with work, and they quietly whisper a happy birthday to her when she's asked about herself.

By the time she gets to be inside the building, she's feeling more than a little faint. Skipping breakfast is a bad habit she's yet to have the resources to break, but the smell of the soup is enough to keep her standing; a new man is at the serving line, and she smiles warmly as she steps up.

"Hello," Desiree greets, hands folded neatly in front of her. "I haven't seen you around here before! New to volunteering?"

---

## Sample 2

Desiree gives one last long, lingering look to him, to the dark blush high on his cheeks and ears; she turns with great effort and makes her way to the bathroom and, once the door is securely shut and locked behind her, allows herself a moment to panic. God, but he's so *genuine* and *sweet* that it's killing her inside; he was so precious, so easily embarrassed. Desiree sets the soft nightshirt on the small sink, then immediately begins the process of stripping down. It is with no lack of shame that she peels her clothes from her body; there simply aren't many opportunities to get her clothes washed.

Folding them small, small enough to tuck them into each other in a tight stack, Desiree straightens out, looking at herself in a mirror for the first time in months. She could do with a haircut, honestly, and the shower is going to do her some good. With a determined nod, she grabs her little shampoo and conditioner and turns the water as hot as she can stand it. There's a little sealed packet of soap that she snags off the sink, and once she's let the water hammer against her for several long minutes, she finally starts washing up. It takes several rinses of shampoo before the water runs clear; she feels her arms get tired with the strain of scrubbing through all of it.

While the conditioner gets a chance to soak in her hair, she scrubs down with the soap; it's some vaguely floral scent she can't place, but all the same it's refreshing. Desiree makes sure to get under her nails, in the crevices of her body, the soles of her feet. By the time she turns the water even hotter, she's rinsing out the conditioner, leaving her feeling soft and clean and fresh. Desiree dries herself off with one of the towels and, just because she can, brushes her teeth. Her hair is still fairly damp when she pulls Silas' nightshirt on, and she luxuriates in the feel of it against her bare skin.

Gathering her dirty clothes, she peeks outside of the bathroom door. "Sorry it took me so long," she says, sheepishly walking out of the room; the nightshirt hits the point just below the middle of her calves, nearly to her ankles. "Here are my clothes. I'm not sure how they'll fair in the wash, but. It's worth a try, right?"

---

## Sample 3

Desiree considered herself a good person. She was a loving, dedicated wife and a caring mother to her children; always putting the family before herself was something she was known

for. At a young age, she had run away from home, listless and looking for a reason to be alive- and that's when she met *Silas*. Her husband had found her, more or less, hitch-hiking across the interstate. With only a pack of her belongings to her name and no money to spare, he had taken her in, sheltered her, and stolen her heart.

Undoubtedly she loved *Silas*. He had shown her the light when she was at her lowest moment, and it felt like a blessing every day she woke up next to him, feeling grateful that he loved her just as much as she did him. Hell, she hoped their four children alone was proof enough; her two oldest now in college and the youngest just barely in their first years of high school. They had become the new lights in her life; something she was as dedicated to as her husband was to his religion. And by *god*, did she love her kids. Her boys were the spitting image of their father, daughters following suit with her own looks; she often got remarks asking if they were sisters. But no, she would assure the elderly couple at the grocery every week, they were her daughters.

But oh, her *sons*.

She loved them so.

Too much, if you were to ask anyone who wasn't her.

She had restrained herself when *Kankri* had started to come into his adulthood; he was growing up so fast, and as her first-born, she was particularly attached to him. He had wanted for so much, to *be* so much more than the life he was living, it reminded *Desiree* of herself when she was his age. Telling him so had him rolling his eyes and talking about how he was going to leave this old town behind, and with it, his family. But, despite this, she always got his letters in the mail and gifts come the holidays.

*Karkat* was... special to her. He was her baby, the youngest of the four, even if only by a year. It led her to treat him a bit differently than his siblings- she would stay up to watch movies with him, take him out for lunch when he would run errands with her, treat him more like a cute pet than a son. She knew it was a bit inappropriate, but *Silas* never told her to do otherwise, so she continued in this fashion for the entirety of his childhood, giving him anything he wanted if he asked nicely enough, or spent a day with her.

*Desiree* tried to ignore the feelings she got in her gut when either boy would look at her a certain way, or when they would say something a beat out of place. As if they were trying to say something, but she just wasn't listening. Of course, she felt as if she was just projecting; her husband was travelling for work, and the house was lonely with just her and her children in it- she didn't want to think about the fact that she was entertaining the thought of trying to get one of her sons to fuck her.

But it was late, and she was getting too tired to think about such heavy topics, so she found herself tucking in her daughters, well-wishes whispered to the girls in the dark of their bedrooms. Nepeta was out like a light, snoring softly, and Meulin was no less exhausted, the purr-like rumble of her snoring a comforting noise to the mother. Her vulgar, inappropriate thoughts had mostly ebbed by the time Desiree left her room to tuck in her son, walking the short distance down the hall towards his room.