

Thanks for considering me for a writing commission! These are the terms and conditions that apply as of August 23rd 2025.

THINGS I WILL DO

- Any kind of short stories from the following genres: sci-fi, horror, romance, erotica and NSFW, post-apocalyptic, horror...
- TTRPG summaries or stories (e.g. a tale a bard might tell in a tavern).
- OC stories and backgrounds.
- Fanfiction (please check the specific terms about fanfiction).
- I will write it in English and/or Spanish!
- If you want it both in English and Spanish, extra fees will apply.
- If you are looking for something else feel free to ask me!

THINGS I WON'T WRITE

- Noncon/dubcon or any stuff related to it, as well as sexual violence or other similar topics/tropes.
- Hateful stories (I won't write homophobic, sexist, racist, transphobic, queerphobic, etc stories).
- Minor/adult stuff.
- Animal torture or violence.
- Academic essays.
- Stories for contests.

I reserve the right to decline a commission even if it meets my initial requirements.

PRICING LIST AND REFUND POLICY

All payments will be done via Ko-fi, in the commission section on my page.

Drabbles under 800 words	5€
1000 to 1500 words	7€
1500 to 2000 words	10'5€
2000 to 2500 words	14€
2500 to 3000 words	17'5€
3000 to 3500 words	21€
3500 to 4000 words	24'5€
4000 to 4500 words	28€
4500 to 5000 words	31'5€
5000 words and onwards	Negotiable

- *I won't charge for changes unless they make the word count go dramatically up (e.g. you paid for a 2000 word story and it goes up to 4500).*
- *I won't allow refunds once I've started working on your piece.*

WORKFLOW

- Work will begin after I receive the payment and the details about the commission have been discussed.
- I will send snippets of how it is going by your preferred method (email, Twitter, or Ko-fi).
- Once I'm halfway done, I will send you what I have and will check in, in case you want to make any changes.
- Once the story is finished, I will edit it and send it to you in PDF format (if you want another type of document like EPUB it can be arranged).
- Depending on how many commissions I have, workflow may be delayed.

INFORMATION I NEED TO START WORKING

- The type of story you want (e.g. a quiet day in a post-apocalyptic setting in rural Britain, two OCs being on a date that leads to sex...) and the desired length.
- Descriptions of your OCs/characters (both physically and personality wise).
- Any other details you think that might be useful for me to write (e.g. the floorplan of a house, the description of the landscape they're in).
- In the case of a TTRPG session summary, I will need notes and details, and how detailed you want it to be.

FANFICTION

The following only applies to fanfiction.

- I will only write for fandoms/media I know [Sueños de Libertad, Doctor Who (2005, 2024), A League Of Their Own (2022), Fallout, Concord, Stray Gods...]. Feel free to ask me if your fandom isn't here.
- It will be a private commission meaning you can't claim it as your own, or post it on AO3, Wattpad, fanfiction.net or similar websites.
- If you want me to write a missing scene from a fic, it has to be yours. I won't write anything about this that doesn't have the explicit consent from the author to write.
- I won't write pairings I don't like (e.g. Tensimm) or stuff I feel uncomfortable writing.

COPYRIGHT

- I retain rights to the stories I write.
- I can use them as part of my portfolio or share samples on social media.
- I won't post them on platforms like AO3, Wattpad, fanfiction.net or similar websites.

EXAMPLES OF WRITING (ENGLISH AND SPANISH)

Short story (Horror, Spanish)

Miró su reloj: quedaba todavía más de una hora para que dieran las doce, así que se afanó en terminar su trabajo de prisa y después, subió a la última planta, la número 50, para investigar de qué puerta se trataba. Dos de ellas daban al tejado del edificio, tres eran para los cuartos de los ascensores, una para las escaleras de emergencia y una última que tenía un cartel que ponía «PROHIBIDO EL PASO» en letras mayúsculas y rojas, dentro de un triángulo blanco con el borde rojo.

Esperó pacientemente, y cuando dieron las 0:00 en su reloj, abrió la puerta. Dentro del espacio no había nada más que una oscuridad densa y asfixiante, y se mostró decepcionada. Pensaba que iba a encontrar un monstruo como el de otras historias del estilo, o un fantasma. Cerró la puerta y cuando se giró, se encontraba en una planta distinta. Tenía una puerta delante de ella y un espacio grande, lleno de mesas de oficina, todas colocadas a la misma distancia, con precisión milimétrica. En cada una de las mesas había el mismo número de papeles, el mismo modelo de ordenador y la misma taza. La silla era exactamente igual en todas. Y al final de la sala, otra puerta. Andrea avanzó con paso temeroso hasta ella, viendo como cada uno de los cubículos era exactamente igual que el anterior.

Short story (NSFW, Spanish)

No tardó mucho en agarrar de la camisa a Aedh y atraerla hasta que sus cuerpos chocaron; volvió a besarla con intensidad, intentando transmitirle todo lo que sentía, todas las ganas que había acumulado. Quería deshacerse de los nervios, de sus inseguridades, y Aedh supo leer su pensamiento. Correspondió el beso de manera exigente, haciendo que Catalina se deshiciera contra sus labios, suspirando, intentando agarrarse a cualquier resquicio de cordura que quedara en su cuerpo. Sus labios eran adictivos, igual que sus caricias, que demandaban su piel. Sobraba la ropa, y también las palabras.

Se separaron apenas dos segundos para mirarse y respirar; sus miradas se cruzaron, comiéndose, intentando adivinar quién iba a dar el primer paso. Aedh no quiso esperar y sus labios besaron el cuello de Catalina. Un gemido se escapó de la boca de la castellana, que se aferró con fuerza a la camisa de la capitana, quien fue bajando lentamente hasta que su piel tocó la ropa de Catalina.

TTRPG summary (Spanish)

La batalla contra los rebeldes es intensa: los pistoleros son los que más daño hacen al equipo junto con unos orbes mágicos que no dejan de molestar. El grupo intenta evitar más daño como puede: Gapei saca a su torreta PROTEC, que otorga puntos de vida temporales a todos los que estén a diez pies de ella. Sin duda, una de las cosas que logró mantener a todo el grupo estable. Además, la clériga enana bendijo a todo el grupo antes de comenzar, lo que también les permitió tener algo de ventaja.

Magnolia demostró que ella y el fuego son uno, y que Asra y su Guadaña Maldita también saben pelear, aunque a costa de la salud de su portadora. Graciosa, que se encontraba descansando en el barco, llegó a la batalla para proteger al grupo y otorgarles una capa de protección extra contra los ataques de los rebeldes, los pistoleros y los orbes. Genoveva pone toda la carne en el asador con su magia y convoca a su arma espiritual, que se dedicó a perseguir a uno de los pistoleros sin descanso.

Shiki decide usar castigo divino (aunque maldito) con bastante acierto; el joven mida acabó siendo objeto de la mayoría de los ataques, y se desmayó dos veces. Genoveva, sin embargo, le ayudó a reponerse para que pudiera seguir. Anne, con su rabia, hizo aparecer a un enorme hipótido con una maza que sirvió de apoyo a la bárbara mientras peleaba.

Fanfiction (SFW, English)

The trips in the TARDIS are a bit busy on the side of the Doctor; she's always taking care of something broken or that needs to be looked at, and Yaz usually follows her, watching her movements around the ship. There is always the sound of tools clanking against the floor or walls, as well as muttered words from the Doctor when something doesn't go as planned or something else breaks. The TARDIS doesn't go easy on her, and Yaz usually laughs when the ship complains and the Doctor argues with her. They're like a really old married couple, forged in events no human could ever imagine, who don't agree on a handful of things, but love each other unconditionally. Yaz is a spectator to this particular relationship as she finds her way with the ship—who likes her and appreciates how gentle she is when she touches the controls—as well as the one that unfolds between her and the Doctor. It's like an enormous painting that is being drafted in front of her, changing as the universe observes, with both fascination and awe, their trips across galaxies and times as Yaz welcomes all those wonders with an open heart and an open mind.

There are moments when she can't quite believe how much her life has changed in the past years since she first met the Doctor, that humid night in September. She has been a witness to recent history and has taken part in some other relevant events in distant places, things she daydreamed about when she was just a kid. Now her days are filled with trips to planets many galaxies away, meeting alien species... And she feels a mix between being overwhelmed and wondered by all of these new things for her human eyes. All of that while saving the day as the Doctor's companion, trying to help everyone in any way she can. Despite it being way too dangerous, exhausting and even mortal sometimes, Yaz wouldn't change it for anything else in the universe.

Fanfiction (NSFW, English)

"Perfect," he says. "You look perfect, Doctor." His right index finger lifts her head, and she becomes aware of the hunger in his eyes, of his wanting to devour her in every single way possible. "Would you please kneel before me?" His words pour from his mouth, dripping over her body, and she just obliges, her knees hitting the ground with a loud *thud*. "So, so good, my Doctor," he purrs.

The Doctor sees how hard he is already, his length pressed against his trousers, fighting to be freed from all of those layers of clothing restraining it. The Master grabs a fistful of her hair and pulls her face closer towards it, pressing her nose and cheek against the trousers, making her feel every single inch of him. She sighs and closes her eyes, taking a deep breath before he pulls away. The Doctor stays put, waiting for him to undress; he leaves all of his clothes neatly folded over a chair and stays in his boxers and a tight, white sleeveless t-shirt that frames his arms beautifully. She feels a little bit breathless as the Master walks towards her again with such sure steps the Doctor feels her heartbeats matching the rhythm of his steps, and she gasps again when he grabs another fistful of her hair, harder than the first time.

“I’m going to take all of your control away, Doctor. I’m going to have you follow every single command that comes out of my lips.” The Master sounds so earnest she shivers. “Remove my boxers and start sucking me off.”