

NO MATTER HOW WE FEEL WE'VE **GOT A TASTE FOR ONE ANOTHER** AND A FEW GOOD YEARS TO KILL.



it seems **even in arcadia** *you walk beside me still.*

FFXIV WRITE 2025

Of course I was going to attempt the write again this year. Hi, my name is Sea, and this will be my masterdoc for the ffxivwrite 2025! I had a grandiose idea of getting really far last year in 2024... which did not amount. Let's see if I can hit or beat my record from 2023.

FFXIV 2024

FFXIV 2023

FFXIV 2022

I have done the event since 2020 or so, but I never compiled them, sorry!

Each prompt is separated by a page break and a bookmark, allowing for easy navigation, with the word and definition I have used squarely at the top. Beneath will be a line-break containing any important notes/trigger warnings that I encourage everyone to take a read of before they continue, as well as songs or poems that have inspired the work (where relevant). A lot of these are one-shots inspired by my roleplay and/or ships, but I am going to try to sprinkle some WoL(ship) in there intermittently! This will be noted.

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoy your stay!

descend

01. BOND / Alaice

what is god if not a mother?

02. JAWS OF DEATH / Koret

the dance of titans.

03. MEAL / Elandervier

patience is a feminine trait.

04. MONSTEROUS / Z

the violence had unmade him.

05. SHELL / Ashley

a silver moon shell.

o6. CUP OF TEA / Sarrai
Cankles

o7. REST DAY

o8. IDENTITY / Koret
i must be someone new

o9. BEAT AROUND THE BUSH / ???
sea will do this on a catch up

10. FORM / character
title goes here.

11. NAME HERE / character
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PROMPT ONE / BOND

*a uniting or binding element or force.
for example, the bonds of friendship.*

*a close connection joining two or more people
for example, there has been a close bond between them ever since she saved him from drowning.*

TRIGGER WARNINGS: This work contains mentions of gore in relation to childbirth (post-birth) and implied domestic violence in the form of emotional/mental abuse. If you are sensitive to either of these topics, I highly encourage you to give this a miss. I will not be offended if you do.

I don't mind the people staring
'cause I know they **never** see me anyway.

The midwife placed her gently on her chest.

Her.

Count her fingers, her mind reminded, *One, two, three, four, five.*

Her palm was tiny; no bigger than a walnut. Wrinkly like one, too. When she slid her thumb between the digits, she could feel each flex against her skin. *One, two, three, four, five.*

“Her toes?” Alalice asked no one in particular, but the woman to her right chuckled all the same.

“All there, m’lady,” she kindly soothed. “I counted ‘em m’self when I dried her.”

Perfect. She was perfect. Not that it would have mattered if she had extra—or less for that matter. She was the pearl that bloomed inside her womb, rode the storms with her together, anchored her when the dry monotony of life felt all too much.

Alalice thought she understood what it might be like to love someone she had never met. She pantomimed it once upon a time, twirling in her father’s arms as she declared she would marry a handsome knight and give them so many grandchildren. “*Shall I have a boy or a girl first?*” She asked, as if she had any control over the matter! “*I suppose it doesn’t matter, does it?*”

She remembered him laughing, his hold a gentle firmness as he allowed her to spin out of control. When she righted herself he took her by the shoulders, leaning down to her level so that she could meet the steel of his eyes—the same as his armour, it was only later she understood how its meaning could be cold—and

smiled warmly at her. *"It doesn't matter an ilm, my love. A girl, a boy; many or none. As long as you're happy."*

...she had been so terribly **unhappy** until the quickening came. It was a flutter no greater than a pang of hunger; the kind that could have been written off if not for the fact she was so terribly ill. Despite this, however—and despite the way her lord-husband departed at the slightest hint of discontent—she wrapped one arm around the bowl at the side of the bed while the other hugged her stomach, hoping her child could feel it.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

"Good," Alalice replied after a time, her voice choking on the vowel. She marvelled at her, this creature of jet-black hair and waxy vernix. She was quiet now as her fingers traced the curve of her back, but she knew it would be short lived.

"She's go' a set of lungs on her!" The first midwife did declare upon her birth, drowned by the wails of life as the child roared red-writhing into the world.

Surely no louder than mine? Alalice thought to ask, until the coo of another broke her from her exhausted stupor.

"Oh, but she has your nose!" *And thank Halone for that!*

It was all she could do to be patient. The nurses explained how they would have to weigh and dry her, but Alalice wanted her now! Her, her—she wanted her! Her daughter! And when she was laid upon her with those whimpering mewls she could scarce believe she *was* here. For every discomfort, for the pain of her conception, she was finally in her arms. A perfect little angel; her personal saviour.

"—My lady?" Alalice blinked and looked up to the midwife again who chuckled at her admiration. "Apologies, the servants just informed me that they have made contact with your lord-husband. They assure me he is on his way post-haste."

Liar. Draier was ever-obsessed with the hunt, especially if he could woo a new benefactor alongside the buck. If the child was not a son he would not come for hours yet—if not a night or two without feeling suitably behooved. For that, Alalice swallowed relief and disappointment both.

"No matter, it gives me more time to bond with her." With one hand placing itself at her side, the other tucked around the baby, she moved to sit up higher in the bed. "Will you teach me how to feed her?"

this is all too heavy, if you believe in yourself.
but no one can hurt you without your consent,
and I am not giving in.



[ascend?](#)



PROMPT TWO / JAWS OF DEATH

*dying or being killed.
for example, he barely escaped from the jaws of death.*

TRIGGER WARNINGS: Nothing major—some mentions of blood. I might expand on this later because we always have people over on a Wednesday so I have tried to write this while a small child talks in my ear. However, as I finished on time, I still consider this a win.

all this **glory** you did not earn, every lesson you *did not learn*.
you will drown in an endless sea.

A single eye of amber regards him. His bloody mouth widens, streaked up to his ear like a glasgow smile as he extends his hand in yearning.

“My dearest friend,” he invites.

“Shut the ***fuck*** up,” she returns.

He continued to remain ever undeterred.

What was the edge of oblivion when he had faced it before? Plucked fetid from the flowers streaked red with their ichor—he from the throat, she from the eye—Koret had long-since stopped praying to the gods for their misaligned fortunes, swallowing down the acid of his admiration when he looked at her as for what she knew herself to be. An animal. A hound.

Are you hungry? It’s a silent question. When her throat tears from screaming, her fists raise in spite of herself, and she toes the line of death she always claimed to crave, it echoes still. *You and I are not so different. I know you are. Bite down then, Miss Swan. Bite down.*

Feast in the pause of time where the thrum of her heart beats against the final song of nullity—she would not inter herself to this aethersea. Her final place was a Styx colder and darker still.

And she yearned to feed.

Her gunblade was no musket, but Zenos yae Galvus was no fool. The azure glow of aethersoaked ammunition could not be missed, nor the universal call of a pirate. She aimed it at his chest as he roared with laughter.

“Yes! Yes, my friend! Give into your rage; your rancor! You feel it, don’t you? *This* is Elysium! This is the dance of titans!”

“You talk too much,” said she, and she charged.

Won’t you show me how to dance forever?

teeth of god, blood of man.
i will be what I am.



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PROMPT THREE / MEAL

*an act or the time of eating a portion of food to satisfy appetite
for example, the evening meal.*

TRIGGER WARNINGS: I'm ragging on Ishgard again if that counts (in a ~~lovingly~~ threatening way)?

*Stand up straight, curtsy low, you talk too little, you talk too much, be approachable, don't be easy, stop scowling, uncross your arms, look him in the eye—**why aren't you smiling, Elandervier?** Don't you care about your station, don't you care about us? Don't you look at me like that, young lady; this is how the world works. You should be lucky he entertains you—you don't have the **station** for your ego, let alone the pretty looks.*

There were two times in El's life that she felt true satiation.

The first was half-mad, drenched in the blood of men who believed themselves her betters.

The second was her mother's face twisted in blind rage, gesturing wildly to the Temple Knights to the crag where she loomed, her black hair flanked by rubbery wings.

"There—OVER THERE! She's right there. **SHE'S RIGHT THERE!**"

"Wait, Gobnip," El cooed, her eyes forming into contented, cat-like slits, ignoring the manic way the ahriman chattered in her ear. She knew his words—*hungry, I'm hungry. Feed me, feed me; you promised you'd feed me; you promised I'd have my fill.*

Yes, but patience was a **feminine** trait, and she would teach him the value of enjoying a meal.

Or watch him suffer for it.

"Oh, mother dearest," was the gentle tut, a pantomime of sympathy as she listened to her wail. "You're being *hysterical* now—how unbecoming. You know they hate a woman that talks too much."

She ought to know better.

The pommel of the lance struck the woman in the back, and she fell screaming down the Witchdrop. Elandervier waited—waited until she swore she could hear her thud, even if she'd never before, and longer

still until the knights and the miserable clergy read out her last rights and turned back to the safety of the city.

“Now you may.”

Gobnip cheered and leapt from her head, following the draft of her mother’s body down into the depths were the last dregs of her dying aether would be a feast for his eye and a denial of the sea.

It was not as if she didn't know how to go hungry.



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PROMPT FOUR / MONSTEROUS

*having the ugly or frightening appearance of a monster.
for example, "a monstrous, bug-eyed fish."*

*inhumanly or outrageously evil or wrong.
for example "he wasn't lovable, he was monstrous and violent"*

Trigger Warning: Gore. I struggled with this prompt so it's not long at all.

It was always the dreams where she was crying.

He could endure the screaming, the sinew—the despair on her face. In those dreams he is laughing, dancing a waltz around her loved ones hanging flayed from crumbling ceilings; he does not care for the before, the after, or the moments in between. His memories are yawning holes of black that stretch endlessly across a bruised sky; the squelching **crack** of misaligned limbs rearranging themselves into macabre, elevated versions of themselves, only devoured by that which was greater than them still.

The violence was indulgent.

It was when she looked at him bloodied, tear-streaked and reaching for his face, cupping his cheek as though he was worth something—like the violence had unmade him—that he abhorred the most.

The dreams where he looked back at himself, and he did not look so unholy.



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PROMPT FIVE / SHELL

*the hard protective outer case of a mollusc or crustacean.
for example, cowrie shells.*

TRIGGER WARNINGS: Nothing overt! Mentions of the calamity and associated tragedy that comes with it, but that's about it. It's my baby missing her baby, you understand.

A paper fortress carved itself around a makeshift desk, dozens of tiny inkblots hollowing the words with every mistake or lingered thought. Ashe felt personally attacked by each she added to the wall, growing ever higher as the hours whittled away both patience and parchment.

She wasn't good at writing letters (never needed to until he left) and for every story of his adventures, friends and studies, the woman felt herself pouting as she recalled much of the same.

Papa is still working on Limsa's foundations. As he would for a while; much of the limestone had eroded after the Calamity and brought him to shore for a change. *I'm doing odd jobs for Baderon.* There was never a shortage of adventuring work, though it wasn't the same without him.

I miss you.
~~*I wish you'd come home.*~~

She couldn't—no... she wouldn't stop him from his work, but she disliked it all the same.

Ashe knew the reasons why Shiro didn't want to return home; knew why he poured his time and inheritance into distant shores, knew why he had committed himself to his studies, and knew he wouldn't return until he saw it through. When they both tore through the Mizzenmast turned medicinal in the carnage, row to row of makeshift stretchers heaving under the weight of writhing bodies, she could only look on helplessly when panicked cries turned dismayed at the sight of them, his fingers reached for bodies waterlogged and cold.

People mourn in different ways, love, her father soothed, but it did little to heal the hurt. She knew her best friend had felt useless in their death, but it wouldn't have made a lick of difference if he knew how to mend them.

It didn't stop him from staring blankly over the water until he had the means to traverse across it.

Dear Shiro,

Her eyes wandered to a silvery moon shell next to her hand, plucked from the newly-hollowed tidepools dotting the city's edges like cannonfire—like a dozen inkblots. A scraped knee and a cut hand later (she knew he'd fuss, but it was the closest she'd felt to him since she left; like she could impose his voice on the surgeon that treated her), she had it in her hand, twirling the calcium in her palm like it were a precious stone.

I'm sorry the food's still bad. I'd offer to make you something, but I doubt it would last the trip.

Ashe's teeth found their way over her bottom lip, gnawing at the flesh. She tried to keep her writing neat but next to his looping calligraphy it looked little more than chicken scratch.

I found something that might, though. I'll wrap it tightly so it doesn't break. You would have scolded me for how I got it, I won't tell you in this letter, but it reminded me of you. For a moment, we didn't seem so far apart.

Take care of it for me, will you? I'll keep another if I find it.

Good luck on your test. You'll ace it!

I miss you.

Ashe.



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PROMPT SIX / CUP OF TEA

*a hot drink made by infusing tea leaves in boiling water, typically enjoyed from a teacup.
ft. rift dancing's mihli mhigo*

The embers of a dying fire cast the cafe in an orange glow, throwing long shadows against the wall as the two women collapsed into a leather couch that groaned far less than they.

"Gods be good," Sarrai moaned, stretching her ankles against the stone floor as Mihli reached for a pot of tea she'd set in front of them moments prior. A far cry from the pastries, boba and coffee that haunted them before; she rolled her eyes good-naturedly at her companion's complaint as she settled into the plush. "We need a third. My charming personality cannot keep up!"

"You *would* say that," she agreed, causing the heiress' gaze to snap to her.

Mihli winked.

Her bottom lip wobbled.

"I'm being serious!" Sarrai whined, causing the other to erupt into giggles that she found hard to suppress. "I think my tongue is swollen... *and I might have cankles.*"

"You're so dramatic," said with feigned exasperation. Mihli passed the teacup into Sarrai's hands. "Here, drink this."

"Is it medicinal?" The other asked. Mihli raised her brow.

"No, why would you—"

Sarrai wouldn't let her finish before she answered, "—for ***my CANKLES, MIHLI.***"

Mihli Mhigo sighed. She dragged one hand down the side of her face.

All the trials of her shard; the hardships, the highlights... none of them compared to a single Sarrai Avery wilting at her side. She pet her knee slowly in reply.

"You might want to talk to your father about a third," she offered sympathetically.



[ascend?](#)



PROMPT EIGHT / IDENTITY

the distinguishing character or personality of an individual
for example, the identity of the criminal is not known

the relation established by psychological identification
for example, As children grow, they establish their own identities

Do you **remember me** when the rain gathers?
And do you still believe nothing else matters?

The first time they met was the same as the last—a field of flowers; a wreath of stars. Back when the winds of Elpis were calm and cool, he watched the wanderer peer curiously at a distant horizon.

“What do you think happens when we die?” Azem mused, crushing orange leaf litter between her fingers.

“Hm. While I am partial to a bit of a debate, I’m not sure you summoned me from Amaurot for philosophy.” *Not that it was unreasonable discourse, he did concede.* He heard the reports, same as she, those distant lands whereto she roamed now awash in a vapid void. He saw it in her eyes—a loss of light when she stormed from the Convocation, ignoring Hades’ demands while she shook in abject rage. Even the mention of debate—the mention of death—caused her to let out a laugh dryer than the tinder in her hands, and she released them to the wind.

“No. I did not.”

Eyes of amber met his own. For all the stoicism she tried to possess, her furrowed brows were the cracks in the marble of her countenance. She tried to not let her voice break.

“I have a favour to ask of you, Hythlodæus. My friend.”

What happens when we die?

Does a crushed leaf know how far it will scatter—how the ashes of a blaze will spark life anew? When she looked into his eyes that day, did she know then how far she would come?

The woman who took her friends into her arms was not the maiden nor the winter; not the thousands of nearly-coloured souls that caused the vaunted Emet-Selch to pause. Only when he refused to acknowledge it altogether did the irony of her arrival come to pass (as did her judgement, all hundreds of millennia of it), but even a construct in the ruins of his sunken city could acknowledge a shard for what she was.

Azem. Kore. Dread Persephone.

Yes. But also no.

Koret. Though the memory was not quite his own, he could admire the attention to detail—the boorish tedium of a centre where time had lost its meaning. Frankly, he would have complimented Hades better had they protested when she vomited light on the floor.

But she stood now in that field of flowers wreathed by stars, the pressing finality of that null bearing down upon them like a thousand years past, and he had given her his favours. He had delivered on their promises. When he crossed the threshold between old and new, her friends eyeing him with a weary acceptance to the absurdity of their presence, that same incredulous laugh was oh-so clear as he swept her hand up cleanly.

“I suppose we shall take our leave,” he said, kissing the top of her knuckles. “It was a pleasure to meet you again, my new-old friend.”

The night belongs to you.

This bough has broken through.

I must be someone new.

No, **for me.**

PROMPT NINE / BEAT AROUND THE BUSH

SEA YOU WILL WRITE THIS OR PEWWISH!!!!!!!!!!!!



PROMPT NINE / FORM

a particular way in which a thing exists or appears.
for example, essays in book form.

No trigger warnings, just more WOL!Kor for the soul. :)

But you **tore down the keep**, *I returned to find ruins.*
You left all my love in the ruddle with these walls.

He was lying to her.

It was bitter poison that paralysed her throat and curdled in her stomach, reflected in the perpetual scowl on her face as if it had been carved there by a particularly morose stonemason.

Koret Swan hardly considered herself astute. Captaincy sharpened the blade of her wit and made her clever for survival, but she was quick on the tongue and *quicker* on the fists. When she cut to the quick of it—the truth they both knew, like it or not—the hem of his robes flared from a tail that stilled when he knew he was in trouble, and her gaze could not help but slip to his hand that reflexively rose to shelter the crystal.

“I don’t know anyone by that name,” he said.

Maybe she had learned some manners, blessed be the Navigator, for she didn’t say what she thought aloud. “*You’re a cunt of a liar, G’raha Tia.*”

Her face needed work, however. The divot on her right cheek ached from how hard she sucked it in, but driving her teeth into the flesh was like an anchor against the oceans of her resentment. It was grounding.

She could yell at him. Frankly, she *wanted* to yell at him. Even in that very moment she pictured grabbing him by his shoulders and shaking him furiously until the hood of his robe fell off his head and exposed him for *who* and *what* he really was. And then she would keep shaking him just for good measure. No matter what form he took, she **knew** him.

Why are you lying to me? Why the ***fuck*** are you lying to me?
I let you walk into that tower. I let you go because you ***asked me to.***

Kor sucked in air between her teeth and released her cheek from her jaws. She breezed past him, allowing him no more quarter than to simply reply—

“Whatever you say, *Exarch.*”

Do I still know you?

Are you still my **answer**

To the **question** I've asked *since I was born?*