

Entry 1 – 19th of Evening Star, 4E 196

They said I should go to the College. Why? Only because most of the other places in Tamriel offering Magical education, seem to have stopped offering some time ago. Some of it is only rumors, and most of that I do not want to listen to. Since I have no way to know if it is right or not. After all, why would I ever find out the real truth being the Synod? Or the long vanished...bloody spelling. I don't know how to spell it, since I have yet to come across the name in print. But that order of Mages who vanished along with their island. Was that it? I forget. That tends to happen when it is a very minuscule detail, something which barely ever, if at all, needs to come up in conversation.

So I chose to do just that. Nevermind that we are not the most populous race in this place, and I just mean Skyrim itself. I know there are likely to be far more Argonians than us, and while that fact does not scare or intimidate me, it does not exactly make me feel welcome. I have never asked that out of anyone, or rather, have never had to, since my family was always welcoming. But most I have come across by now, are not what I would put as mean, but certainly wary of me. The fact that the College is in Winterhold, does not help matters.

I only vaguely know the story, since again, it seems trivial in comparison to the reason I am here. But some two hundred years ago, give or take, Winterhold was nearly swallowed into the sea below. Most blame the College, and the Mages within, regardless of a lack of proof. The fact that the College stands firm, while Winterhold is a shell of it's former self, is enough for them. But for me, it is two-fold.

I came here with obvious intentions to join the College. That by itself was enough to have at least one guard tell me it was a waste of time. The other problem was far more, obvious. Since my arrival, I had seen no one else of my race. Not that I was expecting it. The carriage drivers were polite, at least, and perhaps, kept whatever insults or even simple questions to themselves, beyond what they had to ask. Even with what it seems, I would rather not think that much about how people see me. I hope I can break myself of the habit, just as quick as I fell into it.

Still, it was not all bad. I had one kid ask if I was really a Shark. I hesitated, but bared my teeth at her anyway. Her possible reaction scared me, but she was not frightened at all, She was just impressed. I was lucky she did not ask me any other questions, mostly since I had no idea what tell her. Our origins? Beyond mine, I could not tell her. But that, she did not ask about. If she did, I do not know what I would have expected myself to tell her. She was probably expecting some grand tale – not a Shark boy growing up with a life similar to her own.

The reception I received at the College was, actually warm. Well, as warm as one can get in a blizzard, even if I was fine. No one really cared about anything specific, just about my knowledge of magic. It was not extensive, but as my goal was to learn more, my base knowledge was enough for them to accept me. Race had very little to do with it.

The College was something of an oddity in Skyrim. Most people had a dislike, if not a downright hatred of magic, born out of misunderstanding. They were told something, and had every reason to believe it – true, or not. To say I know the complete truth, would be wrong. The prevailing reason, would be the Oblivion Crisis. Something I was not around for, and even then, to many the fine details are a mystery. But even so, they believe something, and very little can or will change that.

At most the College's presence is tolerated. Innkeepers will point you to it, Court Mages will do the same if you show interest in magic, along with perhaps others who make mention of it, in a fairly neutral way.

What I can really say, is that there are many things about Skyrim which would be irritating enough to leave it. But then there are the other things. Not too numerous, but present enough to warrant my stay. In the College, at least. I do not know if I would want to bare the scrutiny of some of those in Windhelm. I've heard that they have problems with Khajiit's and Argonians, and I would not put myself on that list of problems. Still, should I ever go?

Do. Not. Piss. Me. Off. Ignorant fools. Then again, I do not know the full details about the temperament of the city, so perhaps that sentiment is premature as a boy taking his first shot in the dark. Either way, I am doubtful I will be proven wrong.

Entry 2 – 10th of Sun's Dawn, 4E 197

I knew already that the study of magic could produce some, unusual personalities. While I think most in the College are, not too unusual, that would most likely be from the perspective of someone a lot more used to the races of Tamriel, though I could understand it. I was no stranger to interactions with them, the knowledge of their character was something I lacked. But I wanted to know – I was not looking to treat the College a solely a educational experience. I knew already, and from being told by some of the instructors, that the practice of magic was not the only thing taught at the College. Teaching history, though it would mostly focus on Skyrim's history, it was not exclusive to it. In spite of the, impression, that I received from the local Nords, I still wanted to know.

The Arcaneum, a large library above the Hall of the Elements, served as a repository of knowledge, containing books from as far back as the Second Era, as myself and a few other students were told by the Librarian, Urag gro-Shub, an Orc. I found this surprising, since my knowledge of the Orcs suggested they were proud Warriors who in most senses, shunned magic. A similar view shared by most of my own race. Though there being a few outliers like myself, who wished to practice magic, does not seem to be unusual for either race.

The Hall of the Elements below that, was mainly used for lectures, Practice sessions, and general meetings, as the College's Master Wizard, Mirabelle Ervine, explained. She seemed rather laid back, though I did not mind. Even so, it was quite obvious that she was highly knowledgeable in the magical arts, even if I had no so much as seen her ready a spell yet.

One thing that surprised me was something she explained profusely afterward. That being, the College was not expecting anything from those who joined. It was a place to study and practice magic freely, in hopes that any discoveries made will benefit all members. So I took this as, it was the effort you made, not the one you are expected to make. It was not about milestones or projected goals. It was about you having the want to learn, the interest. The will to, as the case may be, explore dangerous subjects. The only limitation was, perhaps obvious, and something I think I would never do even so. That being, to never endanger fellow students.

Lastly, Mirabelle introduced us to the instructors specializing in each magic school. Faralda, an Altmer, not only taught the use of the Destruction school, but was highly proficient in it. Phinis Gestor, a Breton, instructed on the use of Conjuration, along with being one of the best Conjurers in Skyrim. Tolfdir, an Elderly Nord, specialized in Alteration, being one of the best. For Illusion,

Drevis Neloren offered instruction, occasionally – to which I suddenly realized that the Dunmer she briefly waved to was gone. The last being Restoration, which was taught by Colette Merence, who I noticed she gave Mirabelle a look. I have no idea why.

When she was finished, Mirabelle and the instructor's left, and I headed up the spiral staircase in the center of the room, which was encircled around a magical font. I sat down at one of the tables, popping open a book, when something brushed by my back. I turned, to see a Khajiit a few paces from me, who turned. She...no, he smiled, apologizing, but I shook my head, since it was not a problem. He walked a bit closer, briefly touching a finger to my nose, saying “One does not get much warmth here, but from you...one certainly can. This one is Ko'Maru.”

I told him my name in kind, and he nodded, smiling. He said nothing as he walked off, back down the stairs. I turned back to my book, though it did not seem to hold the interest it had before. Closing it, I was just about to stand, when someone stand down next to me. It was a second before I was able to describe what I was looking at properly.

[Non-YA version]

It was a woman who sat next to me, a Nord. I could barely tell what her thoughts were, the most I could muster, all of them were guesses. Still, what I could tell about her, was that she had what appeared to be an average look about her. Nothing outstanding, nothing really grabbing your attention. Yet still, I found reason to focus. I cannot say I have ever been interested in other races before, but that seemed to matter very little.

I think I have read too many books, since the only way I can put this, is likely to be either beautiful, or lifeless.

Her hair was an almost dull, golden brown. She had pale blue eyes, giving off a cold, piercing stare, yet, somehow, they inspired a feeling of warmth. Her lips coated in a soft pale pink, I watched her smile.

[N-YA]

[YA Version]

It was a woman who sat next to me, a Nord. I could barely tell what her thoughts were, the most I could muster, all of them were guesses. But her lips then parted into a smile, and she traced a finger on her lower lip, her eyes staring at me. I had never been interested in other races before, but this was not me making an exception. No, this was me being interested.

I think I have read too many books, since the only way I can put this, is likely to be either beautiful, or lifeless.

Her hair was a shiny, soft black, looking a bit messy. She had vibrant blue eyes, giving off a cold, piercing stare, yet, somehow, they inspired a feeling of warmth. Her body was covered in dark, slate-grey fur, at least from what I could see of her hands.

[/YA]

“I'm Lana. Pardon me for asking, and I do not meant to offend, but...what...are you really a shark?”

I had to instantly think of the young girl again, but I still laughed. I told her I was, almost. I explained that most seemed to agree with the term “Sharkmer” to refer to our race, but some had problems with it. Though they still tended to use it, albeit begrudgingly, while having the belief that our race 'true' name, cannot be spoken by the tongues of Human or Mer.

She placed her hand on my nose, and gave off a slight laugh. “I like the way your skin feels...just a hint of scales, yet still so smooth.” Taking my hand, she placed her palm on mine. “I've seen this before, but...not exactly like this.”

With a startled look, she blushed. Explaining to me that she had a nearly obsessive interest in the school of Restoration, she had the want to know about people, to know how she could best help them. For purposes of healing, socially, or in other ways. With a small smile, she laughed, telling me that there was a way she could help me.

I inquired as to what that was, and she explained very simply.

“You could use a friend.”

Now it was me that was blushing. Mostly since I did not exactly expect this kind of warm welcome from other students. Not that I wanted any problems, but I was expecting them, even so. While I may not have had too much trouble in most places I have stayed, I tend to think I have just been lucky.

“So what are you going to focus on? What are you interested in?”

I thought it was too simple to just tell her, either that at this point I did not know, or that I was just here to study magic in general, meaning to learn whatever I came across. I did manage to put most of that together into a simple explanation, and tell her that. Which, was that I was looking for, perhaps a bit of strength in magic. Not a crutch, not something you eventually resort to over your own natural strength, but magic that augments such skills. That, and I understood

something about places you live in. Which is, that if you spend time there, you will learn the history of the city, province, and people around you. Either because you want to, or there is a need.

Perhaps it was more than I expected. She nodded, keeping that small, cute smile. “You are interesting. Hey, since classes do not start until tomorrow, want to explore the College a bit?”

I stood, smiling without thinking. I told her, yes.

Entry 3 - 15th of Last Seed, 4E 197

So she was curious. Why am I worried about it? Well, why would I NOT worry about this? Dammit I am ahead of myself.

She had a simple question, which was obviously more than that. Perhaps even, much more. Why? A childish game, but the outcome at this point, can be quite different. Then, it is just curiosity. Here, it is that, and then a wish to act upon that satisfaction. Not that I have a real reason to complain, mind you. That was probably one of the best nights I have ever had. I honestly do not care where it goes. I do not. A little more than friends? Lovers? Marriage? Unusual, but not something I would be against. But for now, it isn't about taking that dive into uncertain waters, but treading familiar ones. Shapes, textures, feelings...the obvious things. That, and having to deal with classes, learning more of magic, history, and the like. But all of it fascinates me.

Yes, I've done it again. I wonder if I should be so blunt as to explain, even why I question doing so, since it is so clear to me. Perhaps to rationalize it? But how should I put it?

Lana's interest in the school of Restoration was, rather unique. Certainly a student here that Colette has taken a liking to, like myself. But Lana favors it to the point that she has an affinity for it. Part of that, takes a rather sensual edge. She wants to know the people she cares for, even in the smallest of ways. Perhaps for most she is not about to strip them down, no – she would ask first. As she asked me. But it seemed more personal, like it was something else she wanted to know. The fact that I was unique in comparison to most others, the fact that she had no idea what my cock looked like? She had read books about animal anatomy, but that did not tell her about me at all. She could guess, she could speculate all she wants, but that would not give her a definitive answer. The only way she would know, was to be rather outgoing about it, and as taken aback as I might have been, I really did not think she had any insidious aims.

But again, she asked. So I obliged her. At first she called it 'cute', but that sentiment was short lived. Not quickly, mind you. She gently took a hold of my balls, softly tapping her fingers on their underside. She had a child-like smile on her face when my sheath widened, and my tip started to show. This smile gave way to her tongue, which she used to lick the tip, then circled around the inside of my sheath. With another smile, she looked up at me, before staring straight at my balls, her tongue sliding out of her lips again to lap at the underside of my balls. She bounced them on her tongue, while she nuzzled her nose on my sheath.

I'll perfectly admit. I had done things to myself that perhaps I would rather not even tell someone who would be perfectly accepting of them, but this would be the first time I had been, well, played with like this. Well, nothing involving pain or the like, but possibly things that most would, in the least, find themselves staring at me curiously when I told them.

Rubbing her face into my balls and sheath, she kissed the tip of my cock, tracing the interior of my sheath with her tongue. The look on her face was soon enough one of surprise, as what soon almost filled her mouth was not the musk of a sea breeze, or a somewhat briny scent, but the fleshy shaft of mine that was usually hidden.

This was something that caused her to pull back with a somewhat offended look on her face, her lips drawing across my length in a fashion akin to a performer bursting through tightly drawn curtains on a stage. She looked at me in a bit of an awe for a moment, explaining more for her own benefit that a few animals were similar, but she profusely explained, even if I already knew, that her knowledge was based on books and the like, not her actually doing anything like this with one. For a moment I thought she was about to stand and almost want nothing to do with this any more. But, I was wrong about that. By the gods, was I wrong.

She took my shaft back into her mouth, getting quickly into a rhythm where her lips worked up and down the length, her lips feeling tight against the flesh, and her hands kept themselves busy with my balls. I did not know or care if she had done anything like this before. I could not even bring myself to care if I was not the first. Either way, I was keen to just enjoy the moment.

It was in a stupor that I felt something familiar. Something that was perhaps not elusive to race, but I found it likely that many guys tended to not want certain aspects of their anatomy explored, no matter what it would feel like, good or not. This was not what I felt about it. I forget my first experience with it, but perhaps because it was my own choice to explore such a thing, that I could never be opposed to it. For me, it was something that was just as usual as many other aspect of such playing, be it involved with sex or not.

So when I felt one of her hands start rubbing my ass through my legs, I had a thought of what she was about to do, and had no reason to stop her. In fact, I found myself looking forward to it.

Soon enough, she moved both hands from my balls, using one to find what she was looking for, and the other to start playing. She circled around it with a finger, then slowly pushed it in. I felt her surprise, even saw her eyes widen, since now her cheeks were bulging, and I was not even done yet.

But that would not take long. I barely managed to look down at her face again before I could not hold it. I saw no reason to. But let me make this clear. I was not holding her down. I would not want to. Instead, she had her lips nearly clamped against my sheath, her hands holding the back of my legs. I could feel her throat pulsing, which in a way I was not too fond of, made the sensation even better.

When she pulled away, she stopped at the tip, sucking out whatever cum that she could, and making sure that none dropped to the floor. With that done, I dropped to my knees, about to voice the usual mutterings, but she stopped me. I noticed she still had her mouth shut. She smiled at me, then swallowed. Coming closer, she came closer, softly enticing me into a kiss. Sticking her tongue into my mouth, she did not lose her smile.

“I hope you are not finished yet. I want to feel you inside me.”

I had no discontent to voice. Still wishing to savor the moment, I obliged her again. In spite of what it seems, I do not think there is any reason to regret this.

Entry 4 - 5th of Sun's Height, 4E 198

Three months ago, Lana left the College. Not out of the blue, or anything, but she left with a group of students intent on seeing to the care of sick people in the province. I honestly regret that I was hardly listening when she told me. I would have been doing so intently, but when she woke me at 2 in the morning to tell me about it, even if she herself had the chance to tell me hours earlier at dinner, I do not think I can be blamed for my lack of attention.

In her next breath, she explained that it was perhaps something to enforce the idea that the College did not intend on being a solitary entity, it was a part of Skyrim, and wished to help it. The problem faced was the stigma associated with magic, and the supposed involvement with the Great Collapse of Winterhold. I hesitated before I spoke, but with my lack of sleep, the words came quicker than I intended, telling her that I did not think it was going to work. She actually agreed with me. She would not want the College to be completely isolationist from the rest of the province, but to act as if the concerns of Skyrim was not something to care about, would be a mistake – or so she said. I had a feeling that her related sentiment was going to cause some kind of problem, but for who, I did not know.

I cannot say I was lonely. Nor was I worried about not having her companionship. Most at the College were friendly, since quite a few were those who dealt with either criticism for their affinity for magic, if not outright hatred for it. So they could rationalize being in my company with ease, no matter how different I was. Some of them had questions, and like the girl before, I could mostly speak for my own origins, though the College did have at least a single book on my race, which I found was not written in the best light. When I asked about it, Urag said he knew I would ask for it at some point. I just shrugged, since it seemed an eventuality to me too.

I have to admit, even with my predatory nature, I do not think I act that way socially. On occasion I was either asked, or volunteered to catch some fish for dinner, since I could do so with ease. Lana would usually accompany me, if only just to see me strip down and head for the water. I once came back with a large shark, which I myself saw the irony of, as well as the...perhaps cannibalistic idea of eating it. I did not mind, as my race had gotten past that point. But I overall, I do not like the idea that I am forcing someone, or the are forcing me. Making a choice, is at times the only way things feel right, even if you have to bare the weight of one someone else makes, that is not in your favor. Still, I was not intending on it, but I gave all the chances in the world for things to stop. To be told, no. To be told that the advance was not wanted. He never said no.

Ko'Maru was a rather unusual example of the Khajiit race. I knew from books at the College that the Khajiit as a whole were a unique species, the position of moons or something to that effect, having influence on what sort of form they will take, exactly what they will look like. But for him, that is not what I mean. I felt unusual myself for noticing, but better someone like myself notices, who, well, actually likes him. Not someone who would just add it to a list of reasons why they do not. Obviously, I would say no one deserves that, but I am not blind to the fact that it happens.

Late one night, I was restless. I'm not sure why, but I got out of bed to relieve a bit of built up pressure, though not in the usual way I prefer to do so. More the kind that has you jumping around if you do not, and causing a bit of an embarrassing mess if you have to wait. But I happened to go past his room, and the door was open just enough for me to get a good look at him undressing.

His body was just as furry as I already knew, but this sight just embellished that, His chest was less furry than the rest of his body, and it looked as if that continued down to his stomach, perhaps lower. He was thin, and lithe, though not exactly lacking on muscle. Perhaps in a way, his body looked more feminine that it should, but I could not find a problem with that. My only thought was that it was, although this idea is flawed, perfect.

A slight moan coming from him sent me back to my room, without so much as a noise. I thought I had been pent up before, but the thought of him? The lack of touch, the lack of connection beyond being friends, sent me into a frenzy I thought with never stop. By morning it did, but not entirely. For a few days it was on my mind constantly, even when I tried to busy myself with other things.

Maybe I had become a bit like Lana, but for me it was not the knowledge that I would gain. It was about the connection, about knowing those around you. Not always sexually, but that can let you know part of who they really are. Though I honestly did not know if I wanted to push this forward. It was not about gender, it was the care for his thoughts. What would he think about it? Would he accept? Would he reveal a problem with me that until now, he never had a reason to show? This lead to me doing nothing about it for a month, even if I waned to. Sure I interacted with him otherwise, during classes, meals, or the like, but likely missed several opportunities to, tell him.

It was just after dinner one night, Most were off doing other things, and I was relaxing with a book in my room. "The Talos Mistake". Perhaps the real mistake was reading the book, since it made me understand why Lana was so adamant about her beliefs. But my concentration on the

book was broken not only by boredom, but hearing some soft paws run by, and catching a brief sight of Ko'Maru. He wasn't making much noise, and didn't seem at all, distressed. I got out of bed, sneaking a bit to his room, I peaked in, only catching the sight of him laying on his bed, almost looking half asleep. But he was not. He put his hand up, and a slight flick of his wrist caused a ball of light to appear in his hand. He stared at it just as I did, and then, his attention turned to me. I felt odd for standing there, and slipped into his room, closing the door. The silence in that room was deafening, almost screaming. I hesitated, thinking once again that maybe he had no interest. That he....

He smiled at me. I walked closer to the bed, and he sat up. He flicked his hand toward the door, and it briefly glowed with magic, and the effect stretched across the walls of the room. I could not help but smile. He was proficient in the Alteration and Illusion schools, and while I could not guess what he was intending on, maybe he just wanted us to be undisturbed, no matter what we did?

I climbed forward into the bed, and over him. He did not yet lose his smile, even opening his mouth to softly lick my nose. Placing his hand on my chest, he slowly slid it down, until he could reach my belt. Managing to unfasten it with only one hand, he pulled it off me, and then started with my tunic. He quickly got that off too, throwing it to the floor.

I could not stop myself. I placed my arms around him, my body almost inhaling his warmth, I removed his top with ease, and once again marveled at the sight of his bare chest,. Placing my hand just above his navel, his muscles were not heavily defined, but still there. With the soft fur, it was a joy to just touch him. Sliding my hand lower, I circled his belly button with my finger. He shook slightly, with a slight chuckle escaping his lips.

Placing my hand on the top of his pants, I softly slid my hand inside. A look of surprise etched across my face, and I smiled. My hand ran over the bulge in his underwear, and he matched the smile on my face. My fingers snaking their way inside, I could feel his shape, which was similar to mine. His shaft hidden within a sheath, he felt rather small. All of him was furry, all soft to the touch. I could not help but jingle his balls in my hands.

Pulling my hand out, I lowered myself down the bed, positioning myself between his legs. I placed my hands on his sides of his pants, gently pulling them down. My eyes took in the sight of him, and I inhaled. It smelled as if he had just bathed, the lingering scent of snowberries coming from his fur.

I nuzzled my nose into his sheath, sliding my tongue under his balls, taking them into my mouth. Running them across my tongue, I placed my hands on his hips as I slowly popped them out of

my mouth, running my tongue up his sheath. The slight moan I heard coming from him, was enough for my own pants to begin feeling too tight.

Watching as a fleshy tip slowly slid itself from where it hid, I continued with my tongue, up his shaft, running across the soft barbs. He was not too big, but I did not mind. I looked at him, and his face was almost red, but he was still smiling. He waved two fingers at me, beckoning me forward. I slid my own pants down and obliged him, our faces meeting in a kiss, and our shafts echoing this.

He placed his arms around my back, pulling my chest close to his. I noticed that he started moving slightly, our members rubbing together. Perhaps something new, but I was not keen on him stopping. So much so, where a certain lengthy move had my shaft move just below his balls. I saw the look on his face, and it was the kind of sly look one expects from a cat. He kissed me again, as I felt my shaft slide inside of him.

We both moaned, and I dug my arms under his back, holding him tight. I have to admit, with Lana, it seemed more casual, like she was just playing. Not that she did not consider things serious, but she always kept things simple. I enjoyed myself, but to the point where I had to still keep aware of what I was doing. Here, I felt myself drift, holding Ko'Maru in my arms, where he accepted everything. I did not need to wait, I did not need to say much. He responded without much pause, and I was able to enjoy myself, and let him enjoy things too.

I could see that it could go wrong. I could force things in a direction that we both did not want. But I would not. No matter what people thought of him, good or bad, I had him wrapped in my arms, and to me, he is beautiful.

I realized it then, and more so, now. I...love him.

Entry 5 – 1st of Rain's Hand, 4E 199

“I know. But I cannot ignore this. I have told you everything. All of my reasoning. I leave you no secrets why I am leaving, no mysteries why. I know what I might lose. I know the danger I am placing myself in. I cannot just ignore the conflict. No longer, at least.

I...I am sorry. I will not force your hand in this, I know your feelings about this. Words cannot express this, since they may ring hollow in the end. What I will fight for is something that will matter, win or lose.

No matter if I see you again, things will be different then. Even if you find yourself elsewhere in Skyrim.

I cannot be the one you truly fall for, and you know this. But there is someone you can. I am happy for you, and him. Show him love, Mizuno, and never regret it.”

Lana left today. I knew it was coming. She told me everything, that she would leave, why, and what she would be doing. Maybe she had orders to tell no one anything, or perhaps not. Either way, she told me. I do not know what to say. As much as I have come to terms with her feelings since her trip to Windhelm, I still think that maybe, it is a mistake. That something could happen to her, like the cause she fights for, ends up being lost – when it never had a chance.

I even watched her leave. Her and a few other students, who had the same idea. I could say nothing against them, even if I knew some were whispering of how foolish it was. I said nothing.

Lana placed her arms around me, almost like another silent “I’m sorry”. When she let go, she pulled an Amulet of Talos from her pocket. It was one she had for quite some time, which was inscribed with her name. Placing it in my hands, she folded my fingers, holding them for a moment. When she let go, I saw her turn away with hints of tears in her eyes.

In spite of my scowl, I managed to keep it together when she left with the rest, running across the bridge into the Capital, climbing into a carriage with the others. I calmly walked off into the Hall of Countenance, slowly walking to my room. I sat on the bed, not really realizing it when I laid down and just stared at the cold stone ceiling, keeping a tight grip on the amulet.

Now I broke. No sound, no bawling like a child. Just a stream of tears flowing from my eyes. I will admit, I was not fixated on her. I was not conditioned by time to believe that I needed her. But she was a friend, who I knew could perish for her beliefs. One I may never see again.

“She has left, yes? This one is truly sorry.”

I sat up, and I saw Ko'Maru smiling at me. He shut the door, and I watched as he walked closer, softly sitting on the bed next to me. I was about to tell him I was not in the mood, but he shook his head.

“That is not the kind of comfort you need, my friend.”

Entry 6 – 2nd of Rain's Hand, 4E 199

Some people endeavor to understand the world, and they fall short. Not because they are not trying, but because the true meaning of things is lost to them. They believe they understand the world, they understand what is going on, but they do not.

The usual understanding of being Alone, is that it is a solitary experience. That you have no connections, you have no friends, family. Little is thought about having friends, being in a situation where you are not alone, and yet, you are. Especially when you realize, perhaps finally, one of the only true friends you have, you may lose. That is what I felt. The idea that, even in a crowd of people I knew, I was going to suddenly be alone. Not dependent on her, not chasing a ghost for comfort. But saddened by her leave, and perhaps, in a sense, needing time to adjust to it. With nothing to ease, but my own thoughts, my own will to do so. In this, I found fear, even if it had been building since she first told me.

Close as we may have been, as intimate, it was never...close enough to feel her warm embrace in the morning. Never enough for one of us to stare into the others face in the morning, to smile as we greeted the sight.

Perhaps I had already made the choice. But it was only now where I could say it was the right one. Since I woke up to the sight of his face today, and...it felt like a dream, but it never faded. Never went away. To watch him in those moments, to know that he cared, was perhaps what I needed.

I do not see a reason I would need to regret this. Thank you, Lana.

Entry 7 - 22nd of Rain's Hand, 4E 199

[There is a copied part of a letter here, which names the sender.]

From Lana:

“I am sorry for not writing sooner. My work has been rather, taxing, and this left me little time to myself. But it is what I enjoy, bringing hope to those who have since lost it. Some have found issue with my use of magic to cure their ailments, but I just view it as something I have to prove. You know my intentions, as I do. I just need to show them what they are, that I have no wish to do anything nefarious.

When I met Ulfric Stormcloak the first time, I understood that he was a flawed man. But I saw past that, perhaps something that seems difficult for others. They find themselves swept up by the ideals, the speeches, the rhetoric, but that is not why I am here. I have chosen to fight for a cause, but my belief is not meant for the creation of a province with isolationist ideals. I have no wish to fight for Nords alone, but for Skyrim, and those who call it home. You, Ko'Maru, and anyone else. Race does not matter. My goal concerns the safety of Skyrim, not only those of my race within it. Many do not agree with me on that, which is no surprise.

Should the Empire find a victory in what will be the eventual conflict, I will be one to throw down my arms, and pray to Talos that I am granted mercy. In hopes that the Empire will not be blind to the problem, the reason for Skyrim to rebel. If I am not, then...I shall pray to be welcomed into Sovngarde.

I also have to say, I hope my leave has not, caused you any problems. If they have, then I am truly sorry. As I told you before, I have my place, and I hope you can understand that. I honestly did not think it a problem when I saw you with Ko'Maru, I felt happy for you, and him. Knowing that, if I did leave, you would perhaps, have someone there who cared about you. No matter what happens, I wish both of you the best.”

I...do not have much to say.

Entry 8 – 15th of Evening Star, 4E 199

I had done some research into Skyrim's traditions, and of course, the culture. Some of it was just casual, or more to the point, some other students who knew them by heart, doing various things, which I found unusual, but could still appreciate. I woke up a few days ago to find that the College grounds had been decorated in a much different fashion than usual. A spiral of various colored orbs floated in place around the font in the center of the Courtyard. Similar decorations were all around the College.

I was in awe of it all, and it was perhaps odd of me to say such now, given my few years at the College, but maybe it is my want to describe it now. Every other time, I was too focused on other things, to really appreciate what was going on.

But today was a little more eventful than the College being decorated for the coming holiday. One of the teachers, Vaynelle, had been taking a student who was doing some heavy experiments outside the College, food, supplies, etc. Well, it seems today she came back to the College after having fallen into the freezing Sea of Ghosts. Yisra, the student mentioned previously, was with her, and she spoke of the one who saved Vaynelle – Kori, a Selachii like me.

I honestly had no idea.

Entry 9 - 25th of Evening Star, 4E 199

I woke up this morning to an, interesting sight. A pleasant one, yet something I could not have expected.

Ko'Maru stood at the edge of my bed, almost completely nude. I say almost, because he had wrapped lengths of red ribbon, which had gold trim on the edges, around himself. Not even to the level where this, "Outfit", could be considered...decent, since he was still exposing himself.

I had very little to say about it, and he took my nonexistent remark as a sign that I liked it, and crawled into the bed. He quickly explained that, he had a few gifts for me, and to start, was...in a sense, him. To that end, I kissed him, saying that I felt I still needed to earn it. He was surprised by this, but still took my meaning.

We spent those early morning hours in each other's arms, and I would not have it any other way.

The rest of the day was, still fun, but more casual. Exchanging gifts, games, and fine meals at lunch and dinner. As much animosity that existed at the College, it seemed to be forgotten, if only for the sake of the festivities. Not that I had any towards anyone.

Entry 10 - 1st of Morning Star, 4E 200

I find it difficult to explain why, but I chose to go through that book again. Honestly, I should have explained more about it before. It is titled “Selachii Legacy”, and to be serious, it is not what it seems. For the version currently possessed by the College is a version produced later than the original book, which heavily changes around the story of our race. At least to the effect of removing certain elements from it, namely hints of sexuality, death, etc. Which seems a feat, given how the book seemed to drip with references to such things, along with a lot more.

Speaking with Urag about this, he of course knew it was not the original book, which he had heard of. I mentioned the possibility of getting rid of this book, and finding the original. His reaction to that was two-fold. He said that, he would certainly not mind adding a copy of Marin Kai's original book to the Arcaneum's collection, but the idea of getting rid of a book was out of the question. Even if he understood that this copy being in the collection meant that the exposure to the Selachii race most would get, would see a prudish, uptight warrior race that barely looks like it possesses any creativity, and perhaps even no noteworthy history.

That was when I offered to buy the book myself, just so I could do with it as I pleased. He did not say no to this. Suggesting a price of Five-Hundred Septims, I agreed.

What did I do with it? Best not think about it.

Entry 11 - 3rd of Sun's Dawn, 4E 200

Okay, so...Colette...I think I mentioned before that she is a ranking member of the College that specializes in Restoration. This means that the only reason most students go to see her, would either be for purposes of instruction on her chosen school, or because they themselves need some kind of healing. My reason? That would be the second one.

Damned idiot. Not Colette, but that insufferable Nord in Winterhold who saw fit to stab me with a dagger. Let me explain.

A tree had fallen in a recent snowstorm, which almost threatened to fall onto the Jarl's longhouse. While it did not, the guards wanted it moved, and perhaps cut down for firewood. Problem is, they had no way to do it. They were just prideful enough that they were certainly not going to ask the College for help, but I happened to be leaving the Frozen Hearth, having just finished not only a decent lunch, but assisting the owners with a simple task – they had asked me to catch some fish for them, and the pay for it was not only some of the catch, but also a decent amount of gold. Anyway, the guards did not directly ask, but rather I inquired about it. They rather brashly explained that they could deal with it themselves, but then I grabbed and pulled it, and...DAMN it was heavy. This did intrigue them, so most of them stepped back.

I could not help but think of Lana as I did this. Something selfless, that I was not asked, but I was going to do it anyway.

Focusing, I readied a spell, hearing every single guard gasp, waiting for me to apparently do something dangerous. I was going to do just the opposite, since my goal was to move the fallen tree with a method that required far more than the significant strength that I had. Magic.

Raising the large tree before their eyes, I easily moved it just outside the entrance to the town, out of the road, and obviously away from the Jarl's home. When I returned to them, some of them had nothing but praise from me, but one of them did not.

He pulled the dagger from his hip, running at me full force, thrusting it into the side of my abdomen, apparently just missing my stomach. He attempted to twist it, as other guards pulled him away from me.

I used the healing magic I knew, which was enough to stop the bleeding, but it was still painful. Within a few minutes, it seems one of the other guards had summoned the Captain, along with

binding the guard who stopped me – I think I caught his name as Alar. She questioned on the other guards on exactly what happened, and as she nodded, she pointed at the man, simply saying “The Chil. Two years, if he survives. This is not his first time, after all.”

She turned to me, smiling. Introducing herself as Krista, she asked if I needed help back to the College. I said no, but she still chose to escort me anyway.

Not long after, I found myself, sitting next to my bed, having Ko'Maru insist that Colette see to me. I had no change to say I was fine, since he left before I could say anything. So I waited that time shirtless, not really worried, just wondering exactly what she was going to do.

When she entered, she was surprised that it was me, but when I explained what happened, she had nothing but sympathy to express. The first thing she did was look at the wound, and she told me that my efforts to heal it were perhaps better than most could muster.

Then she just said it. “Now, I'm going to need to you strip down.”, which she said as she closed my bedroom door. I felt almost like this was Lana once again, but I knew it was not, since I had to ask.

“There could be internal damage that I will have to deal with. You are not that shy about yourself, are you?”

She was right, most Selachii are not known for having strict views on modesty, and I was not that against stripping down as she said. Doing it in front of Lana or Ko'Maru just seemed natural, but this was a bit different, and for obviously different reasons.

I did so, removing my belt, trousers and boots, and she had a smirk when she glimpsed the purple underwear I was wearing, though this quickly turned into a look of curiosity when I took those off.

“Interesting. So I see those notes in Lana's ledger were not just wild imaginings, but actually true. Which means...ah.” She saw the blush on my face, and shook her head. “Calm down Mizuno. Your liaisons with other students are none of my business, you are not children, after all. Now, lie down.”

I did as she asked, and she pulled a chair next to my bed. Placing her hands over the wound, I watched as her hands started glowing with magic, the effect spreading from one hand to the other, and the look of surprise on her face, was worrying.

“Gods...what...your skeleton is not bone as I have seen in other species, but a less dense, yet still strong material. It seems to show certain similarities to bone, but it is not. Most of your organs are similar to what I have seen before, but...”

I had to ask if there was anything actually wrong, since she seemed so out of it.

“No...No... it seems fine. The blade must have missed anything vital, and the wound is healing nicely, beyond the surface.”

The glow on her hands faded, and she sat up. “I have to say, your species is amazing. Dense muscles, a skeleton that seems to befit the rigors of fighting and swimming, and some very strong skin. I have seen others come to me with simple cuts, but it takes a dagger to even make you come close to injured – and even then, you are barely even wincing, having already healed most of the damage yourself.”

She recommended a salve I could put on the wound if it became worse, along with saying I should get some rest for a day or two. Once she left, Ko'Maru burst into the room, asking if I was okay.

I could barely say yes, as he threw his arms around me. I can never get enough of feeling his soft fur...

Entry 12 - 15th of First Seed, 4E 200

“This one is unsure, but the truth lies in something that many believe, even though it is wrong.”

It surprised me when Ko'Maru told me he had yet to learn how to swim. I thought for a moment it was for what could be the obvious reason, the close relation to the more usual cat, in a sense, but no. He said it was more that there never seemed to be a need, though he had an interest in learning. Suggesting that my assistance might make it easier, since he fully understood that I was truly at home in the water.

I suggested going somewhere such as one of Skyrim's more temperate lakes, but he had something else in mind. He brought up his family, which was one that had lived for quite some time in his often cold province, and he was told that due to a somewhat recent addition to his family, his direct relations seemed more suited to the cold than they were. He blushed, as he explained why.

My reading was extensive, and I had understood some of what he said, without needing explanation. Before the Nords claimed Skyrim for their own, it was the land of the Snow Elves, a race that originated in the Summerset Isles like most Elven races. The war the Snow Elves fought with the Nords was a bitter conflict, ending with the Night of Tears, and the sacking of Saarthal. This aside, Ko'Maru suggested that a Snow Elf was part of his direct family, though he could not say who.

The reason this matters, is because he wanted to experience things like I could, and while I thought he would be unable to bare such frigid waters, I was mistaken.

We found this spot just north of the College, with a Nordic ruin close by. I took things slow, since I knew I had some advantages in the way of swimming that he did not. Still, he took to it within a few days.

My worries were somewhat misplaced, since it was true that of the students at the College, most of the Nords, along with myself and Ko'Maru, had little need to wear layered clothing, or use fire magic when we left one of the College's interiors, since they were heated by magic – the pillars of blue flame in each area.

It was not a surprise when Ko'Maru suggested something, once we got a tent setup. I had little reason to disagree.

Entry 13 - 10th of Sun's Height, 4E 200

“So, you and Ko'Maru, huh? Oh stop blushing. Anyone around here who knows, is simply not worried about it. Sure, you may have someone who cares, but you should not have to worry, unless they do say something – and I am quite sure you can back yourself up.”

Loki was quite the, interesting example of his race. He joined the College only a few months ago, his reasons being somewhat, well, disgusting, really. Though it was not his actions, or words, but that of his parents. As I feel it may be a bit odd to have such thoughts without telling him, I will only briefly explain.

Coming from a family in Windhelm, most of his years up to his teens, were nothing more than what was expected of him. But then he took an interest in magic, learning from various places. From the Court Mage in Windhelm, from mages passing through, and even some Alchemy from the owner of the Apothecary shop in the city. At first, it seemed his parents did not care about this. But it was more that they were somewhat unaware. More focused on their work, than their children.

But during his nineteenth year, a brother of his found himself with a rather nasty cut. Not infected, but bleeding. Almost like an instinct, Loki used magic to heal the wound. While his brother was grateful, his parents were furious. Aghast at the idea that their child was keen on tricks to get by in life, not hard work. As would happen, the anger brought forth more insults. Admonishing his “girlish” figure, while praising the muscle bound figure of his older brother.

He told me of the one thing he said. “You believe you deserve respect from me, when you cannot respect...me?”

Loki left Windhelm in a pouring rain, traveling over the course of days to Winterhold. This part I know quite well, since I myself saw him enter the city, and he did not look good. When I asked him if he was okay, he said truthfully, “Barely”, and collapsed. I brought him to the College, and straight to Colette afterward. She questioned my choice, though still thought it was better for him and anyone else. She asked me to stay with him once she was finished, and I agreed.

When he woke up, it looked almost as if he was in shock. “I am...at the College?” He said as he sat up.

I told him he must have traveled for a while, and he told me about what happened. It surprised me, since I had no idea. It was almost a reflex, thinking that not only was the College warm, but Collected had the skills to make sure he would be alright.

Seconds later, Mirabelle entered, and she seemed pleased that he was awake. Since she wanted to know what had happened, and I did not have to say anything, Loki explained it all instead.

“I see. There is a test most prospective students must pass to enter the College – a simple show of what kind of magical skill you possess. But given the circumstances, you may take it once you have recovered. Otherwise, welcome to the College.” She nodded, and left the room.

[YA]

He then turned to me, asking my name. A smile etched across his muzzle. “Thank you, Mizuno.[/YA]

[Non-YA]

He then turned to me, asking my name. A smile etched across his face. “Thank you, Mizuno.[/N-YA]

Loki proved to be very good at various kinds of magic, surprising most of the teachers. He was very friendly to most, perhaps a little more than most liked. I did not mind, though it was true that for most, he was not too bad. But become friends with him, and it starts. I barely had to do anything, and I was already at that point. He quickly became friends with Ko'Maru, and it seemed mutual.

One of his brothers visited Winterhold a few days ago, and it seemed the meeting did not go very well. I was busy at the College, so I only know of how Loki was acting once he returned.

Dammit. Ah well, I will just make sure to show Loki all of this.

Entry 14 - 20th of Sun's Height, 4E 200